

THE GOLD COAST REVIEW

Vol. IV. No. 1.
JANUARY—JUNE



THE GOVERNMENT PRINTER, ACCRA, GOLD COAST.
1928.

**Authors of Articles and Notes appearing in the
Gold Coast Review are solely responsible for
their statements and expressions of opinion.**

1/DP/DT 507.1 G59
African Cases

ADANGBE (ADANGME) HISTORY—Concluded.

BY NOA AKUNOR AGUAE AZU.

(ARRANGED AND TRANSLATED BY ENOCH AZU).

[Continued from Vol. III, No. I. Page. 116.]

CHAPTER XX.

KING SAKITEY.

Sakitey was made King after the death of his father on the 29th of December, 1867. The name of his mother was Dsabakuo.

We read in the preceding Chapter about the testament made by the late king re his successor. Of course the elders met and appointed one Asale as their Chairman to elect a king.

Asale, the Chairman, told them plainly that their late father the King had left the stool to Christian Akutei, his beloved son, therefore they were not to keep long on this matter. They all agreed that the will must be considered powerful.

By this time Christian Akutei was in the Seminary under training by the Missionaries. The elders therefore sent to the Missionaries at Odumase to give him to them in order to enstool him. The Missionaries, having trained him to be a catechist, cunningly advised them that the prince was too young for his post, therefore they would better give the post to his elder brother Akute. The people agreed, as in reality they were not in favour of being ruled by a Christian, who would object to many of their so-called obligatory customs then reigning. The elders therefore offered the stool to Akute, but he frankly told them that he would not like to take it inasmuch as his half brother Sakitey, who is older than he, was still alive. The stool was

therefore given to Sakite and a proviso was made that Akute should act in absence of the king and that after his death Akute might reign.

Both of them were taken first to the Djebiam stool and sat on it three times and were marched to Dorm Akwenor, where Nate Odsaraper, the then keeper of the Dorm Stool, took hold of their hands one after the other to help them to sit on that stool also. This was done because Muela Okumsono had given the Dorm stool to Odonkor Azu (*see* Chap. XIX).

In the year 1873 on the 9th day of October a letter from the Governor was received by King Sakitey in which he was requested by the former to meet him at Akropong, the capital town of Akwapem. The King therefore went to Akropong together with all his Chiefs under him. On his arrival he saw that all the other paramount Chiefs had assembled with the Governor in their midst. When the latter saw him, he expounded to him the cause of his invitation and the necessity of the present meeting—which was the united effort of all the Gold Coast Chiefs to help the Government in waging war on the Ashantees in their own country. “I know”, said Captain Glover, “that your subjects are good shots! Will you kindly swear to me that you will join me in this expedition?” On hearing this King Sakitey unsheathed his dagger and pointed it to Captain Glover and said: “I swear! I swear! I swear by our elders who are dead, that, if you ask me to join you to Ashantee in order to kill my enemies who have wrought many a wicked deed on my race and kinsmen, and I decline, know that I have broken this my oath, and therefore have this very head of mine cut off!”

This action caused the other Chiefs to be exceedingly annoyed. They therefore charged King Sakitey for having consented to the Governor's proposal without first consulting them; for they who were first with the Governor should have done that when convenient. He tried in vain to render all kinds of solid apology as any one would do when he is between the horns of a dilemma; yet they fined him some rum. Captain Glover realized that the Chiefs were not in favour of

going to Ashantee to fight them on their own soil and proposed that all the Chiefs should come to Accra after a week's time just to bring to an end their plan of war.

The appointed date came and about 31 head chiefs met in Accra in front of Ussher Fort (Kinka-mo-na).

All these Chiefs with the exception of King Sakitey, counselled together and said: "What are we to do now? Sakitey has sworn to go to the expedition and therefore it appears that we are bound to follow his example or we shall lose the favour of the whiteman, yet the rub is that even during the time of our forefathers, nobody has dared to attack the Ashantees on their soil." "I am going to tell the Governor," said Ga Manche Taki, "that the Ashantees and the Awunas are allied and the latter would certainly attack us during our absence and capture our defenceless wives and children, so we would fight the Awunas first and then proceed on to Ashantee; but you know if the white man agrees to this proposal, we can clear ourselves when the Awuna war is over by saying that we are tired of warfare." They unanimously agreed to this suggestion and returned to take their respective seats among the assemblage.

King Sakitey went round to salute them, but everywhere he was met with abusive words and hooting. He returned the abusive words. The Krobos started to beat their Obonu drums and their King started to dance. While dancing he plied his body downward and pointed his left thumb to his back to tell the people that they may come and lap there. One Accra man rose up to push the Krobo King down, then a fearful hand to hand fight followed. The Krobos fought with all their might, but they were beaten. Prince Akute, their leader, rallied them and ordered them to fight on while retreating to Osu. The enemies followed. When they reached Tunyea now called New Site, they took their stand near a heap of stones gathered there for some purpose. Being experts in stone fights, they easily drove the enemies back with wounds. Soldiers were sent out to disperse them, and order was given to the officer to bring King Sakitey and his brother into the Governor's House for their safety. The Accras reported to Captain Glover that King Sakitey was a

bad man and in vain he had sworn to him at Akropong, because he had told the people not to join the expedition and this brought on the fight. The Chiefs wrote a petition to Captain Glover to send King Sakitey away to Sierra Leone to remain there till the end of the war, as they were not willing to do anything together with him. The Governor's interpreter, Mr. W. Ado, *alias* Kofi Mensah, also misinterpreted all that the Krobo King and his people had said; and therefore the King and his brother were sent to prison. A runner went to Krobo and reported the fight. The news was exaggerated that King Sakitey and his brother Akute had been killed. Now, Catechist Noa A. Aguae Azu, who was then a schoolmaster in Addah and had come to Krobo on casual leave, was informed. He at once gathered some men around him and proceeded on to Accra in order to learn the truth in the matter. The whole story was told to him at Osu, and he therefore went straight to Captain Glover to see him about his brothers at Accra. He was friendly received by the whiteman, yet the latter, believing the false charges framed against his brothers, unreservedly declared that King Sakitey had proved through his actions to be treacherous and disloyal.

This caused Mr. Noah A. A. Azu, who knew his brother very well, to express himself as follows: "I know my brother very well and, moreover, we Krobos never go against our oath! Did you ask him to swear before you at Akropong?" "Yes, I did," said Captain Glover, who, upon saying this, produced the petition written by Mantse Taki and the other chiefs. Mr. Noah A. A. Azu read it and then asked Captain Glover to tell him the statement given by King Sakitey. Captain Glover replied: "Your brother has refused to go to the war and this was the cause of the fight and his imprisonment."

"I want to see my brothers, Sir," asked Mr. N. A. A. Azu. "I am going together with you," remarked the whiteman. The prisoners were brought out by the command of Captain Glover. When they saw their brother, they were greatly relieved, because they knew also that he could speak English to the white-

man and their grievances will be known by him. "Why were you imprisoned?" asked Captain Glover, who was passing the question through Mr. N. A. A. Azu. "Please your Excellency," said the latter, "let your own interpreter do this, as perhaps you would not believe me." The interpreter, Mr. W. Ado, who was not far from the place, was brought. Through him Sakitey informed the Captain that he was beaten and imprisoned for his sake, as it was he who asked him to swear an oath of allegiance to him at Akropong, which he did. "Have you not told the other chiefs that you would not go to the war?" asked Captain Glover. "Never in my life could I do such a base thing," replied Sakitey. On this occasion Mr. W. Ado could not change what Sakitey was saying, as the Krobo scholar was standing there. Captain Glover, who was moved with compassion and wrath, gave Mr. Ado several kicks with his martial boots, who ran away crying that it was not his own fault, as the Ga Mantse and the other chiefs had asked him to do so. The Krobo scholar was sent out by the Captain to bring Mantse Taki. He saw the Mantse in his house, who promised to follow soon, but did not make his appearance for some hours; then the Captain sent one dozen soldiers to bring him. They entered the Mantse's house with the Krobo scholar in front, but the Mantse was nowhere to be found. One old man in the house told them that the Mantse was drunk and that he would beg to see the white man to-morrow when sober. This was reported to the Captain, who laughed and sent them back to the town to bring all the Krobos who had been wounded and taken prisoners in the fight. They met them in a very sad state. Some were in fetters with undressed wounds on their heads as well as their bodies. They were unfettered and brought to the Captain, who handed them over to Mr. N. A. A. Azu to take them home for treatment.

He thanked the Captain and then asked him to call all the chiefs to court in order to investigate the matter which brought out the fight. The Captain replied that his attempt of taking judicial steps in this case would frustrate his plan of war for which he was

sent. Moreover, as the chiefs knew that they had done wrong and perhaps they might be punished, they would rather avoid punishment by returning to their towns without taking his leave. He friendly invited all the chiefs to a meeting solely convened in order to bring the plan of war to a material end; yet he warned them that if any one of them should absent himself from this essential meeting, there was to be a severe punishment to such a one. All the chiefs assembled on that appointed day; and to their surprise they saw King Sakitey sitting by the side of the Captain. Consequently they were stirred into wrath and unanimously cried out "We are not going to this war with Sakitey accompanying us." The Captain asked them their reasons and they replied that once they, Gas, Akems, Akwapems and the Krobos, united together to fight against the Akwamus at Aboatia and Sakitey forced them to swear that if they should desert him during the fight to give the enemies a chance to molest him after the war is over, then the fetish Laloe might kill them and their race. They, of course, swore, yet did not stay till the end of the war, therefore this fetish had been killing them up till now. The Captain said nothing, and even forbade King Sakitey to speak, when he asked for permission to do so, but rather sent him back to the prison. He now called the attention of all the other chiefs and then fixed a day for them to meet him at Addah, where they would encamp to attack the Awunas. Ammunition was served them and the meeting was dissolved. Captain Glover now called Mr. N. A. A. Azu to a private room and told him that he had seen that the other chiefs hated his brother without any material reason, so he was going to give him three hundred capguns, sufficient powder and lead and three barrels of rum to take to Krobo in order to distribute among his best fighters to meet him at Addah, for he was afraid to give his brother Sakitey to him, to trek back through his enemies to Krobo. Again he must not tell any one that he was going to put King Sakitey on board the ship that will bring him to Addah and after he, Mr. Noah A. A. Azu, had brought sufficient men to Addah, there he will give King Sakitey to him. The

Krobo scholar thanked the Captain and started for munition. On his arrival, he gathered all the Krobos to Nuaso, and there he related to them his missionary enterprise to Accra and its result. Three days after he received a letter from the hands of a certain white man sent by Captain Glover, in which he was asked to construct a road from Odumase to Akuse within a very short space of time. He read the letter to his brother Peter Nyako, who assembled the Krobos to let them know the contents of the letter. At first they were unwilling to construct a road that could bring an army to the town. While they were exchanging thoughts on this, the white man sent by Captain Glover recognised two men among the crowd and called Mr. Noah A. A. Azu to his side and said that he had seen these fellows at Akuse and entreated them to row him in a canoe to Kpong, and after he had given them something in advance, they cunningly deserted him, so he wished them punished. Mr. Noah A. A. Azu suggested to him that they must be imprisoned, but the white man objected and said that they must be bastinadoed, as martial law had been declared. They were then tied to a palm tree, which was then standing in front of the present Basel Mission Chapel at Odumase, and corporal punishment was inflicted on them. The people were frightened when they saw this uncommon public whipping, therefore when the gong-gong beater warned them with the sound of the gong-gongs to take up their cutlasses to cut the new road, they quietly responded and within a few days the road was completed. Another letter was brought again to Mr. Noah A. A. Azu from Captain Glover requesting that the former should bring his armed men to Addah immediately. He therefore divided his army of about 500 men under Tei Dakro and Mate Adipa and started for Addah the next morning about 10 o'clock. They passed the night at a place called Zandor, as many of them went to the Krobo mountain to take leave of their wives and war jujus.

Next day they reached Lolonya on the coast of Addah and, marching eastward, passed Futeh and reached Addah at 5 o'clock p.m. An incident hap-

pened when they were quite near to the town—that is : when Manche Taki of Ga, who had also gone to Addah to fight the Awunas, saw the Krobo army coming, he took them to be part of his followers and went out with a few followers to meet the Krobos. The Krobos, on seeing Manche Taki, were excited and wished to create a fight in which they could take vengeance; but their leader, Mr. Noah A. A. Azu, assuaged them by promising them a better occasion. They then marched straight towards the Captain's camp singing as follows :

No do Lamiano ne eye ble !
Ye ble gu Taki lo ? Ble pi lo kpa !

English : Sorrow has caused the nobleman to eat a snake ! Taki, do you for the sake of nothing eat a snake ? A snake is not a fish.

Later in the evening Captain Nater Okumador of Dorm, and some other tribes with their Chiefs, arrived and made their camp near Azizanya, together with the van-guard. Early in the next morning a white man, an officer, came to the camp to pay them a visit. By that time there was a hawk hovering overhead; a young man called Kpabitey Bortier took up his cap-gun and shot the bird down dead. The white officer took the dead bird and went back to Captain Glover's camp. Not long after a soldier arrived in the Krobo camp and told Mr. Noah A. A. Azu that his presence was urgently requested by Captain Glover. He followed the soldier to the white men's camp and there upon a small table he saw the dead hawk lying. Captain Glover opened the conversation in this way : I have seen that your men are good shots, as the wounds on this dead bird testify; I am therefore going to give 200 snider rifles which you are to give to the best shots among your men for exchange of the cap-guns I gave you at Accra. This was accordingly done to an uncommon elation of the Krobos as they threw up their rifle, catching them, dancing and singing. On the day following, they were ordered to march to Sukpe, where the enemies were heard of to be encamping. King Sakitey and his brother Akute were taken on board a launch which was to take Captain Glover to Sukpe. The Krobos reached

Sukpe not long after the Captain arrived, with King Sakitey and his brother.

The enemies' camps were sighted on the other side of the bank of the Volta, and their songs as well as the sounds of drums were also within hearing. Captain Glover told Manche Taki to cross the river to the other bank in order to fight the enemies, but the latter replied that his men were not yet come.

On hearing this, Prince Akute told his brother King Sakitey that he would tell Captain Glover to let the Krobos cross to the other bank. This request pleased the Captain who had already told Mr. Noah A. A. Azu to tell the Krobos to prepare for that same purpose.

On 24th December, 1873, the Krobos were put into boats and rowed to the bank. Not long after they had landed a severe fight followed. The Krobos poured a repeated volley into the Awunas' camp from their rifles, which caused the latter to run pell mell to save their lives. The Krobos followed them, set their camp on fire and plundered all they could get.

About three hours after they returned from the chase with many heads, their favourite trophy.

They formed their camps on the battlefield together with the Hausas. Next morning, namely on the 25th December more skirmishing took place and some other villages were taken. On the next day Captain Glover gathered all his fighting men, including the chiefs, and told them that a letter had been written from Sir Garnet Wolseley ordering him, together with his army, to march at once to the Pra; so he was going to re-cross the Volta and they had to follow him. Manche Taki insisted that they must first defeat the Awunas, and that after they had been completely brought down on their knees, then they would accompany him to the Pra.

Captain Glover became very angry when he noticed that the Chiefs were actually insolent and uncomprehending; he therefore left them under the command of Mr. Goldsworthy and Lieutenant Moor, R.N., while he re-crossed the Volta with his Hausas and the Donkors, followed by the Krobos, who did not like to lose sight of their King Sakitey. They marched

victoriously to Odumase. where, after a short preparation, they proceeded on with King Sakitey at their head, under the command of Captain Glover, *via* Akim to Kumasi.

Mr. Noah A. A. Azu and a dozen soldiers were left at Odumase, Krobo, to look after the transport and peace in town and suburbs.

Three days after Captain Glover and his army had left Krobo, the King of Akwamu sent his messengers to Krobo to tell them that he was coming with his army to pass through Krobo to Ashantee.

Mr. Noah A. A. Azu who was then acting king, sent back the messengers to tell the Akwamu king that, if they were willing to go to the war, they could find another way; not through Krobo.

After the messengers had left for their town news reached Odumase that the Akwamus were coming; the acting King on hearing this went out with four of his soldiers and one Osom and Kpabite Bortier to meet them at Kpong. They found no sign of the Akwamus coming there; yet they marched on as far as Adawurumadan, where the Akwamus used to ferry across the Volta to Krobo. They sent two men to tell the Akwamu King from Adawurumadan that if he allowed any of his subjects to cross the Volta, he might know that he had wronged the Krobos and the consequence would be bad.

The soldiers set a flag pole at Adawurumadan and hoisted the British flag there and some Krobos with their guns were posted there to watch and check the Akwamus from crossing the river.

One day the following incident happened: at a village called Huekper, about a quarter of a mile or less from Odumase, some war juju priests assembled to try the power of their juju. After they had performed all the necessary ceremonies due to this juju and also put on their anti-bullet garments, one of them loaded his gun and asked a friend of his to aim the gun at him and fire, hoping that the bullet will never take its ordinary effect on him.

Unfortunately, at the sound of the gun this juju man fell down dead.

Mr. Noah A. A. Azu, the acting King, was called to the spot. He was greatly surprised at their folly, yet he said nothing concerning the crime, but simply asked Captain Tetter Agbo to bury the dead body and also to take the rest including the murderer to the war. This order was successfully carried out.

On another occasion the soldiers who were occupying the house of one Djabatse Lawei Akuma carelessly set fire to the grass-roofed kitchen. The usual alarm on such occasions was given and the acting King and a band of women put a stop to this awful conflagration after three different roofs had been burned to ashes.

After this incident small-pox broke out and carried away the lives of many a child and woman including that of the only sister of the acting King by name Akuki, who was given to the English as a hostage by King Odonkor Azu during the Freeman war or Ologo Patu war in 1858.

About the end of February, 1874, King Sakite and his army returned from the expedition. They were gladly received by the women who formed a long procession with leaves and palm branches in their hands to meet them.

They also responded to this warm reception by firing their guns. This performance was carried out from one end of Odumase town to the other end. Last of all they took King Sakitey to his Royal House, where through his Chief Linguist he thanked his veteran warriors as well as the women and the rest who had given him such a cordial reception; and before sending them to their respective homes, invited them to a meeting which would be held on the next day.

On this day during the meeting the King of Manya Krobo in duty bound related to the subjects behind him their war adventures as follows: "Acting King and my people: I am very glad to see you again and although I have been told that the epidemic has carried many lives away during our absence, yet I am glad to tell you that my men who accompanied me to the war are all back, and not a single hair of any of them has fallen to the ground. Supposing the epidemic were to be like

the Ashantees, who fled everywhere before our victorious army, we should have had no loss at all.

“ Where is the home of the plague? Who can fight it? God knows!

“ Now on our way to Kumasi we passed through Akem; there we were asked by Captain Glover to wait for the Akem levy to join us. After a day's rest, we marched forward, together with the Akems. The latter as scouts and leaders, being the speakers of the Ashanti language; and leaders, because they knew the way to the enemies' country; but one day they were detected to be perfidious by Captain Glover, as none of their reports had proved to be of any value. We the Krobos were asked to take the van. Prince Akute and some others volunteered to scout and left the main body immediately. Near dusk, the scouts returned with a newly cut-off head of an Ashanti man and also reported to have seen thousands of the enemies behind a river. Captain Glover was well pleased with this report and planned for the crossing of the river and how to give the enemies a surprising attack. Next day after marching some miles we reached the bank of this river and we were ordered to cross it first and then to construct a temporary bridge over the river.

“ Of course every one was expecting to hear a volley from Ashanti camps up the river and therefore the attempt was quite suspicious and nervous in action.

“ Mr. C. A. Azu, through whom the captain gave this order of crossing the river, put his feet into the water just to wade through it, but he found it to be deep and therefore swam across it; others ventured his example and found themselves safe on the other bank. Soon a bridge was made from trunks of trees hewn down to fall on both banks on the narrow part of the river. Marching a little forward we saw the camp of the enemies in a long row both on our left and right; went there and found foodstuff in great quantities everywhere, abandoned by the enemies. O, we had a sufficient meal on that day.

“ After passing through skirmishes of little importance we reached Kumasi on the 12th February, 1874.

“ We found this famous and historic town burnt down to ashes and smoke rising still into the sky above to tell the tale of its fall.

“ We remained a few days in Ashanti, and after the whitemen had caused Kofi Karikari, the King of Ashanti, to sign some paper we left Kumasi for our homeward march. We halted at Prahsu and Captain Glover dismissed all his native levies on the 17th February, 1874, and we took our course without any emergency to this place.

“ Thank you for all you have done on my behalf during my absence.”

Towards the middle of June Dr. Gouldsbury came to Odumase and asked the King of Akwamu to come there in order to make a treaty of peace. Akoto, the King of Akwamu, refused to attend the invitation for fear that the Krobos would do him harm. It was therefore arranged that two hostages might be sent to the Akwamus to prove their fidelity; next day King Sakitey sent the two hostages, one his own son, to the Akwamus and on the following day Akoto came to Odumase and a treaty of peace was completed between the Akwamus and the English on the 15th June, 1874.

Sometime after a sword and a medal with a neck-piece were presented to King Sakitey by the Queen of England as a reward for the loyalty and valour of his people during the Ashanti war.

In 1885 Mr. Thomas Odonkor was made Chief of Kpong by King Sakitey and his Councillors. This town was founded by a Krobo man called Tetter-Yumu from Ogome tribe. When Tetter-Yumu was a lad about nine years old, he was kidnapped and sold away to some Awuna man. He remained in slavery for about 30 years before his whereabouts was known. A ransom was paid to his masters and he came back to his own people as a fisherman, because that was the industry of his former masters. His love of fishing brought him

to the banks of the Volta, where he built a hut on a parcel of land called by him "Kpong," which means an island, because during the rainy season water used to surround it. The meaning of "Tetter-Yumu" is Black Tetter. He became chief of the place also. After Tetter-Yumu there had been some other chiefs in succession about six in number before Thomas Odonkor, the first literate chief in the whole of Krobo, was enstooled. Through his influence and skill, trade and improvement of the town in general was advanced. He was loved by many Europeans—officials and non-officials. He was on some occasions temporarily employed as interpreter by the Government, as he could speak Adangbe, Ga, Twi, Ewe, Hausa and English.

* The year 1892 was a remarkable year of great importance in the annals of Krobo. In the early part of this year some Krobo men of the Dorm tribe killed an Akwamu man, a hunchback, between Apra and Sapor, who was also a golden breastplate carrier to the Akwamu King. They purposely killed him in order to use his head and skull for making their juju. In order to conceal his trunk, the murderers dug a straight round hole in the ground; and into this hole they placed it. After they had covered it with swish, they planted a sucker of plantain on the spot, just to make the site less attractive to an expert detective.

The Akwamus reported the case to the English Government. King Sakitey was made responsible for the crime, as the action had taken place within his jurisdiction and among his subjects. A search was made and the murderers were arrested, four of them, Dangmor, Narh, Asare and Doku, and sentenced to death. Some European officials with Hausa soldiers brought the culprits back to Krobo and erected a scaffold at Somanya, Yilo Krobo, and before the Head Chiefs and the sub-chiefs, men and women, Dangmor and his companions were hanged, in order to avoid the continuation of such crimes.

In the same year the Krobos, who had been on their mountain home for hundreds of years, were notified by Governor W. B. Griffith to abandon it. The Krobos at

first took it for a joke; yet they strongly determined to fight against any power on earth that would make the attempt.

In the midst of this crisis King Sakitey expired from old age and heart failure.

He was brave and fearless, fond of juju, in which he had a strong belief.

CHAPTER XXI.

KONOR EMMANUEL MATE KOLE.

On the death of King Sakitey Prince Akute was proclaimed King, according to the arrangement made before the late King ascended to the stool. All the Krobos were glad to have Akute as their ruler during this crucial time, for he was brave and a clever leader in fight, and also the rightful heir.

A meeting was held and a plan to defend their mountain home was made by him.

During this time Mr. Peter Nyako, the younger brother of the late King, had formed a rival party against the enstoolment of King Akute. This party was secretly supported by Chief Thomas Odonkor of Kpong. They selected Mr. Emmanuel Mate Kole, the son of Mr. Peter Nyako, who was then a teacher in the Basel Mission School at Ada, to be made King. This party again hired the most learned men in Accra, namely Mr. Edmund Bannerman, the barrister, and "Sir James" Buckle, who put all their statements into writing.

The Basel Missionaries residing at Odumase during this time also were pleased to have a Christian King who would not like that unnecessary war which the Krobos were every day preparing, to defend their mountain home and their fetish customs. The discontent of the people led to seditious riot in Krobo. Governor Sir W. Brandford Griffith, K.C.M.G., with all his Hausa

force, sufficient ammunitions, Maxim gun, and seven-pounder guns came to Krobo in the 3rd week in July. A grand meeting was held on the 24th July, 1892, and after a long discussion the Governor gave his decision in favour of Mr. P. Nyako's party. A blank shell from the seven-pounder gun was fired among the poor innocent crowd which dispersed them.

Mate Kole was made king on the same day by the Governor after he had sworn to take Odumase for his capital town instead of the mountain home, and also to abolish Nadu Fetish, Kotoklo Fetish and even Dipo—the female training institution.

One Osiekutse Kwaoyo, whose father's name was Katsi, an Ayigbe man, and his mother's name was Mamle Kperkperter, a Krobo woman, falsely swore that he was a son of Odonkor Azu and therefore was allowed by the Governor to place Mate Kole on the stool. Soldiers and officers were sent to the Krobo mountain and the inhabitants were driven away and the fetish houses demolished. Old and feeble were carried in hammocks by their own people down the mountain to their respective country homes.

The Shais, finding their allied Krobos driven from their beloved home without a shot, followed their example; and thus the famous homes of defence were evacuated.

In the year 1895 war broke out between the English Government and the Ashantis. Konor Emmanuel Mate Kole was asked by the Government to join this expedition. He therefore collected 300 men under him and marched away with them to the war. They reached Kumasi on the 18th January, 1896, without a fight; and on the 20th, Prempe the King of Kumasi, the Queen Mother, the King's father, his two uncles, his brother, the two war chiefs and the Kings of Mampong, Ejisu and Ofinsu were taken prisoners.

Konor Mate Kole and his army returned to Krobo in the latter part of January. A grand reception was given them on their arrival. On the next day, a meeting was held in which the Konor related to his people their war adventure through his Chief Linguist, Tete Amlalo.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE YILO KROBO STOOL.

Formerly the whole of Krobo—Eastern and Western as we see them now—was under one King of the Eastern Krobo who ruled from the Noiyo on the East to the foot of the Akwapem hills on the West; and again from Yogaga on the North to Asabi Stream or Akoledor on the South.

About the year 1739 the tribe of Ogome in Yilo murdered an Accra man called Tetetsuru of Kinka, who had brought his wares to Krobo for sale. The relatives of this man came to Krobo in search of their brother but he was nowhere to be found. The Accras did not give up the search, for almost every month they fervently sent to Krobo to inquire after their lost brother.

Now after some time, the murderers, thinking that their crime had been perpetually concealed, took out the wares of the murdered man to share amongst themselves. A certain girl happened to see them and related the whole secret to her grandmother. As a matter of fact, the grandmother also went boldly to the then king and prosecuted the murderers, who were accordingly arrested.

The Accras were invited to Krobo and after a long discussion peace was concluded on the terms that seven murderers should be given to the Accras to be slain for the soul of the murdered Tetetsuru.

After this incident, the whole of Krobo as one body held a conference in which the agendum was "The necessity of giving the Yilo Krobo a Chief to supervise them." This agendum was cheerfully seconded by many of the elders, and all of them agreed to select the chief from the relatives of the woman who reported the crime to the King and who also prosecuted the criminals.

A young man by name Saki, a grandson of the prosecutrix, from the Ogome tribe, was chosen and enstooled under the title of Akro Saki. He was empowered to suppress the outrages and depredations committed by the Western Krobos.

One day Akro Saki went to see his relative the Chief of Akwerno who was then very old and void of perception. The former entreated the latter to place him on the Akwerno stool—a performance which he thought would give him some supernatural power to rule the people of the Western Krobo. The old Chief consented and the deed was done between them privately. In this way Akro Saki got to know this particular stool from the others and also the place of its concealment. One day the stool was missing and after diligent search it was found in the hands of Akro Saki in Western Krobo, who promised to send it back with necessary gift to redress the wrongs he had done to the stool—which is considered as a fetish.

Years passed away with no sign of any fulfilment of this promise. Now in the reign of Ozeno, when Odonkor Azu was acting, the question about this stool was raised by Muela Okumsono. The case was brought to Odonkor Azu to settle, who after deep consideration made a new stool for the Akwerno tribe in lieu of the stolen one. Although the old stool's case was decided in this way, yet the Ogome tribe had no right to enstool any person by themselves.

In the reign of King Odonkor Azu, Chief Akro Saki expired and Odikro *alias* Adawara succeeded him. This new chief had not sufficient money to hold up his chieftainship, he therefore asked monetary help from Ologo Patu of Nyewe-Sra tribe, who unhesitatingly lent him a certain amount of money. They then became tight friends. Ologo Patu, who had purposed to usurp the chieftainship from his friend, willingly advanced him more money.

On one occasion when there was war between the Krobos and the Akwapems Chief Adawara became hard up again and to get money to defray his expenses promised his chieftainship to Ologo Patu, who gave him

all he wanted. Chief Odikro Adawara was unable to pay back all he had taken from Ologo Patu until his death.

After his death Ologo Patu made himself Chief of Western Krobo. A dissension then arose between the family of the late chief and Ologo Patu. The former claiming his right given him from Eastern Krobo and the latter his right by the money he had lent to Adawara. From that time two rival parties began to rule in Western Krobo. One from Akro Saki's family and the other from Ologo Patu's family.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AKWERNOR SUOTENYA STOOL.

The Dorm Akwernor (Suotenyia) tribe came from Akem. Ba Asare their Chief brought them to Krobo.

It was said that there broke out a quarrel between this chief and the Paramount Chief of Akem, and the former noticing his life to be in danger, deserted his fatherland with his family and also some few of his faithful subjects to find a substantial refuge in a safe place. They reached Krobo about the year 1719 and gave themselves up to the Krobo for protection as we have seen in Chapter V.B. 2.

Not long after their reception a sister of Ba Asare their chief slew a Kroboman called Abaya when she was out of her temper. This wicked action of course did not at all please the Krobos, yet the humble intercession displayed by this noble chief quelled the revengeful wrath of the blood-thirsty Krobos.

Now Ba Asare, in order to prove his loyalty and faithfulness to his benefactors, gave one of his sisters and two maid servants to one Djebiam prince to marry all the three together. He again allowed Kofi Asare, who was the son of his own slave, to marry his own

daughter. Such actions caused Ba Asare and his people to be loved and honoured more by the Krobos. Again their ways and manners of attending their Chief at home or in any assemblage pleased the Krobos and therefore were not abolished but rather adopted.

Ba Asare made a garden on the Krobo mountain which was named "Konor Piem" which means Chief's garden. This garden afterwards became a little cottage, and in this cottage he died. His remains were interred in a cave at a place called Akweryi on the Krobo mountain. Through intermarriage the name "Asare" became common in Krobo. One of Ba Asare's grandsons was named "Muela" by his mother. Literally the word Muela is equal to "Mue no ela" which means: who is the owner of this bead?

Her meaning in giving the boy this name was that a child as a present is worth more than costly beads. When this boy attained manhood, he became a hunter and luckily one day he killed an elephant.

This feat caused him to get the title of Okumsono, a Twi word which means an elephant killer.

He afterwards succeeded his grandfather under the title of Muela Okumsono.

Another daughter of Ba Asare, married a certain nobleman of Manya Lomodje Krobo tribe. Although they lived as a happy couple, yet their great misfortune was the death of their children in their infancy which cast a shadow upon their happiness.

On one occasion a female child was delivered, and as the parents were naturally despairing they named her "Dale" which is equal to Edawole, meaning "she has simply come to tease us in order to know us and then to return". Luckily this girl survived and was married by Batsa Kwate and became the mother of King Odonkor Azu.

In later days there arose a civil quarrel in this Dorm tribe and one Asare Donkor Labor, a relative of Muela Okumsono, separated himself from the children of Muela Okumsono and formed his own chiefdom known in Krobo now as Asare Donkor of Akwenor.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE OLD NADU FETISH OF KROBO.

The word Nadu is an old Adangbe word meaning an elephant. This fetish found its origin from the Gberse tribe now known in Accra as Gbese, part of the tribe known in Krobo as Kplelii. This Gbese tribe stayed in Krobo after the Accras had left the Krobos

When the Gbese tribe of Accra were leaving Krobo they left this fetish in the hands of their brothers the Kple tribe. The latter fearing to take this juju up to the top of the Krobo mountain left it at the foot of it at a place called Kpatii, because human sacrifice was given to this fetish yearly.

Now one day a Krobo boy of about six years old was missing; a careful search was made to no effect. About four days after, the mother of this boy saw a group of vultures on the top of a silk-cotton tree standing near Kpatii; she therefore asked her husband to make a search that way. The dead body was found under the silk cotton tree with neither head, heart nor intestines. Tracing further these were found in the Nadu fetish pot belonging to the Kplelii. They were charged with this crime. The case was brought before the elders of Krobo who unanimously agreed to kill all the males of the Kple people and capture all females and children. The criminals explained that they did not know that the boy was a Krobo boy, as he was not circumcised. Again Nadu fetish is a war fetish and could fight all their battles for them. Moreover it hates all the uncircumcised nations. The Krobos, who were then the bitter enemies of the uncircumcised nations, were easily satisfied and the charge was abandoned. A proviso was then made that this juju must be brought to the top of the mountain and be placed in the hands the elders. Again priests for this juju should be selected from Dsebiam, Dorm and Akwernor tribes. Thus Nadu became universal juju in Krobo. The Nadu priest and his Labias or servants are to give yearly human sacrifice to this fetish. The best sacrifice is a man or a boy who is not circumcised. This offering

must be brought alive to the fetish house and there be slain, and the blood, brains, heart and intestines are put into the pot where the juju is supposed to live.

The fetish Priest used to tell the public that the very person who had been killed last year would come back alive again this year and be killed. When the time for celebrating the yearly festival of this famous fetish had come, the fetish priest would give a decree as follows:—

1. No Krobo man is allowed to travel within these four weeks.
2. No Krobo man is allowed to roam about in neighbouring woods.

Now after the decree the elected servants of the fetish would be busy lying in ambush along all the main roads in order to find an offering for the fetish. If they could not succeed in this way, then they would go to the neighbourhood of the uncircumcised nation, where they would venture so far as to hide behind their latrines or water supply until they would succeed.

During this road closing period, the following song would be sung:—

Okōne fō ta si; We mādo—Akro-węlo

English: Death has felled a palm tree, Krobo nation will dance their country dance.

Now four weeks after the decree the roads will be opened, provided they had succeeded in getting the offering. The public are informed in this way.

Okōne gu tā nō dā pe muo—Klegbōgbō.

English: Death has passed over the fallen palm tree, therefore the wine has turned into blood and brains.

After this a Sunday would be fixed for the celebration. On this day all the people gather up at a market place called Dorm-mano on the Krobo mountain and there they will dance. The Nadu priest dresses with a long cloth around his waist and a spear in his hands. The second priest or Labia covers his head

with the skin of a black monkey with the tail hanging behind his head, and on the top of his head a pair of ram's horns are fixed up. In his hands you will see several human jaws strung on a rope; and also that he has painted his face with some black paint, and his mouth is red from chewing of kola nuts. The assistant priests whose duty it is to bring a human sacrifice to the fetish, behave quite gentle and calm on this day for they hold no weapon in their hands but a short forked stick like the handle of the native hoe; with this they dance, and while dancing they point the sticks in the direction of an enemy's country and then pretend to be hoeing; a gesture sufficient to explain that they would treat their enemies as a farmer does to the weeds on his farm.

The other essential thing, which every young or old man is required to show on this day, is a human skull. A man dancing without a skull in his hands is laughed at by the women spectators. They also drink their palm-wine from the skulls.

Two small drums called Okrema are beaten to stir the dancers. Everybody when dancing, motions to show the way and manner he took to get the skull in his hands.

Some sitting down, others kneeling, whilst others standing. The celebration goes on from morning till evening the whole Sunday, until the last song would be sung as follows:—

1. Siamu ye (me) obee yo! Siamu yo obee yoyo!

English: We awaited you (the enemies) yet you did not come!

Kẹkẹ yō, kẹkẹ Akoto yo gbo
Kẹkẹ yo, Kẹkẹ Dako yo gbo,
Kẹkẹ yō, Kẹkẹ Osei yo gbo,
Nyē huo me o! Hō ō ō.

English: We wish that Akoto of Akwamu be dead.
We wish that Dako of Akwapem be dead.
We wish that Osei of Ashanti be dead.
Hoot at them, Hoo-o-o.

The Krobos have a great respect for this fetish and even call it the first son of God; their belief is so strong in it that they would not go to any war without receiving a sign of success from it. The sign is obtained in this way. The priest and his assistants would go into the fetish hut and blow a kind of whistle covered with the skin of iguana, then they would pour down some drink and call the name of the fetish, the drums would be taken out and singing and dancing commenced; in the midst of this, when a whirlwind is seen, then the sign has come and all would shout out; Anyenmle! Anyenmle! meaning, Whirlwind! Whirlwind!

It is said that when the Krobos were fighting their enemies, this fetish used to reveal itself and be seen as a human being, and that it would fight and lead them as a general would do to his army.

It is also said that rain falls during the celebration or a few hours after it.

Here are the titles of Nadu :

1. Akwetsetsebi—Akwetse :
English : Son of father boa.
2. Sumui Sikpe. English : The heavy lead that keeps one to stand still.
3. Okpa-yege.
English : Thou who pushest one to fall headlong.
4. Tesa no pie.
English : A fence on the rock.
5. Gegle-bu.
English : A huge thing.
6. Dsetinme.
English : Thou who resemblest a bride.
7. Ahue leke anyewe.
English : A thing that can never be carried successfully between two.
8. Anyenmle.
English : Whirlwind.
9. Pupu! Nmanma!
English : Silence.
10. Apuni nya.
English : Well fermented palm wine.
11. Sokosoko, mi Suwe.
English : A jumping buck in the bush.

THE OLD FETISH KOTOKLO OF KROBO.

The Fetish "Kotoklo" formerly belonged to the people of Shai. It was brought to Krobo by a certain woman called Nokwo of Yilo Nyewe Krobo, who married the Kotoklo fetish priest of Shai. It was said that during the time the Las with the combined armies of Akwamu and Akem declared war against the Shais, through the instigation of the Las, the people of Shai despatched their wives and children to take refuge in Krobo. Nokwo's husband also gave this fetish to his wife to be kept in Krobo, with the intention of getting it back after the war is over; but the Shai King and some of his people, including the Kotoklo priest, recrossed the Volta and built a town called Segodse near Abobo in Lome.

Now Madam Nokwo, who was afraid that this fetish would kill her, for she could not give the annual human sacrifice to it, revealed the whole secret to her brother who further on was frightened and therefore handed the juju to the elders of Krobo. The woman related the method of its formality but could not sing out the songs dedicated to it. After a long cogitation, the elders came to one accord that the old Dsebiam Fetish Na songs might be given to Kotoklo for fear that the former would be jealous. In this way Kotoklo got her place among the Krobo fetishes. All the ways and requirements for Kotoklo are just the same as Nadu. Madam Nokwo was appointed priestess for this fetish.

During the yearly celebration she used to dress in a white robe and sit on a high rock at Nyewe Mano on the Krobo mountain and thence give a solo, while the dancers with skulls and weapons in their hands below would join in the chorus.

In the olden days, as a custom, the priest of Nadu had to have his head cut off when dead and kept in the fetish hut, while the trunk was thrown away or buried with no honours. Now in later days in view of this treatment the female sex refused the office of being priestess to Kotoklo and thus the chance fell into the hands of the other sex, who were willing to be treated as the Nadu priest after their death.

THE DIPO CUSTOM.

The Dipo custom is an institution where girls are trained for the purpose of becoming good housekeepers, wives, mothers, and also priestesses for the use of the general public. Again different trades such as pottery, mat, basket and purse weaving formed the compulsory subjects taught in this institution. An old priestess is selected to be the manager; and the mistresses are selected from women who are over forty years and have stopped their menses.

The teachers take great care about the moral lives of their pupils; and have many anecdotes and songs to teach them how dangerous it is to play with the other sex. Although the students are not boarded, yet each family has a special loft where the Dipo girls are kept in the evening after they have been numbered and then the ladder is removed from the wall only to be replaced in the morning.

The other sex would surely prowl about to hear their sweet voices, but all in vain like the fox and the cock on the top of the tree.

Before a girl enters into this Institution her parents present her with a nice fatted, castrated goat, which would be killed and the fat inside is carefully removed and placed upon the head of the girl as a veil, and then she is marched to a certain rock called Tekpete on the Krobo Hill; here on this rock the bare buttock is set three times by the priestess as an entrance ceremony.

The most abominable and disgraceful thing is that a girl under such training should conceive. Such a crime does not only bring calamity upon the female and the male, but extends to the parents of both parties, who are to pay something to the fetish priest for purification of their household.

The male is sometimes sold away and his head money is divided to defray the expense thus incurred. The female also is driven away to find a new home in

any other country. The course of training lasts according to the length of the purse of the parents or that of the future husband.

The first examination is taken in sweeping and the successful candidates are rewarded with some cuts on the back of both thumbs, and the scars are left there as an everlasting certificate. The second examination is taken in dancing and singing of the historical songs called Klama. The best successful candidates are chosen for the priesthood.

Now the third term is that all candidates who have emerged from their teens shall have some cuts on their stomachs and waist to show that they have passed under this training.

During the course of training the students are marked with some black paint on their heads and a hat to cover the same.

Now a 'day called "Yifomi", which means hair-washing, is fixed for all candidates whose parents are ready or willing to remove them from institution.

On this day they are allowed to wash the black paint from their hairs and dress nicely, then they are marched to the market place to dance before the public.

After this they are declared fitted for marriage.

This institution was firmly confirmed and carefully reorganised by a certain woman called Domeyo Gbema who came to Krobo with the Dome or Susui tribe.

She taught the people that any woman who has had some casual knowledge of a man before marrying another will never be a satisfactory wife to her husband.

This pleased the elders and a band of men known as "Dsemiellii", which means hunters of the worldly affairs, was formed to look into these matters.

This organisation was considered to please a fetish known in Krobo as "Kroweki."

THE KROBO MOUNTAIN.

Behold! What do you see
When looking down the plain?
Dwellers of Bana* see!
A crouching lion mountain
With an open'd mouth you see,
Defying climbers for gain,
Foes from North, South, East and West.
Akro and his only I keep.
Foes of old who disturbed their rest
Thousands lie buried in the steep.
But our fathers' faults of old
Children of now do weep!
Amend! Bana! Amend
Those faults, we cry, Amend!

ENOCH AZU.

*Bana is the hill on which stands the Basel (now Scottish)
Mission Station.—*Ed.*

· **DIARY OF AN OVERLAND JOURNEY FROM LORHA,
NORTHERN TERRITORIES, GOLD COAST, TO
DAKAR, SENEGAL, AUGUST 2nd TO
SEPTEMBER 26th, 1919—Concluded.**

BY A. DUNCAN JOHNSTONE,
GOLD COAST POLITICAL SERVICE.

(Continued from Page 293, of Vol. III. No. 2.)

Aug. 25th. *Tiekongoga.*

Marched 19 miles to-day. On getting on to the main road this morning we found the tracks of a pony and trap, and were told that a European N.C.O., bound for Gaoua, had driven past during the night.

A quarter of a mile out of Niena the road ran for half a mile over a well built causeway through wide marshes, which were alive with wild duck.

Had a shot with my mauser right into the brown at 150 yards and, lucky shot, got two duck, a welcome addition to our larder.

After 12 miles the marshy country was left behind and we entered a hilly ironstone country, lightly wooded.

The road is in very good order for the time of year, and touches of civilisation were added by the motor signs at the dangerous hills and corners.

After 18 miles we arrived at the Bagoë river, a tributary of the Bani which flows into the Niger. It is about 200 yards wide and we crossed on a large pontoon, which held all the carriers and the four ponies.

There are now hardly any villages on the banks of this river, as the tsetse fly is very bad, and sleeping sickness has wiped out the inhabitants. This is the boundary between Sikasso and Bougouni.

Tiekongoga lies a mile back from the river, and is a large scattered Bambara village.

The rest house is a miserable place, and very filthy.

Although the chief had been warned of our arrival he had not attempted to clean it nor had he any food ready.

He said that his people would not obey him, and that there was no food. Eventually an old soldier turned up and with his assistance we got one hut cleaned and some food for the carriers. I think that the latter are the worst gang I have had so far, being very weak or very lazy, and at every village I have had to pay for half a dozen extra men in spite of the fact that the chop boxes keep getting lighter and lighter.

Am reduced to a few plates and a tin mug, everything else being smashed. This afternoon eight men came in with the mail for Sikasso and Bobo Dioulasso.

Aug. 26th. *Koumantou.*

Met another stream of permissionnaires on the road to-day. Meant to stop at Kokouna at $19\frac{1}{4}$ miles but found the place choc a bloc with permissionnaires who like locusts had devoured everything in the village. So we went on another $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles up a long hill to Koumantou. However the view from there was worth the extra $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

This evening all the women of the village arrayed in white came out, and went through some kind of ceremonial dance under a baobab tree. It was an invocation to the village fetish for a good harvest.

Aug. 27th. *Sirakoro.*

Another long march of $24\frac{1}{4}$ miles to-day. The town is walled and built in a swamp, where one is tormented by sand flies and mosquitoes. Some of the young men of the village came and danced this evening.

Amongst the Bambaras, the youths from fourteen to the age of seventeen or eighteen wear a leather garment like a hunters shirt, sewn with beads, while their hair is parted like a woman's into little plaits and hung with charms.

They have a sort of secret language and speak in high unnatural falsetto voices, amongst themselves, passing their time with dancing and buffoonery, until they come to man's estate.

The Bambaras are a tall vigorous race, with long heads, strong jaws, and regular but hard features.

The women who frequently tattoo their lips blue, have a very complicated coiffure, wearing the hair in the form of a crest with plaits of hair each side of the head in which are tied charms. The Bambaras are pagans, but men and women affect the Moslem style of dress.

The men, who make excellent soldiers, are amongst the most ancient allies of the French in their conquest of the Sudan and form the backbone of the Senegalese regiments.

Aug. 28th. *Bougouni.*

Was told that we would have difficulty in crossing the Baninfing river near Oure about 13 miles on the way, as the bridge was covered, and a woman crossing to Oure market yesterday had been swept off and drowned. On arrival found that the bridge, a well constructed P.W.D. trestle bridge of wood, from 60 to 70 yards in length, was covered knee deep by the swirling water. Had some difficulty in getting the horses across, as the planks were very slippery. The crossing took some time and by the time all the carriers were across the sun was high in the heavens, so we decided to halt at Oure about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles further on the road.

Left Oure at 3 p.m. and continued to Bougouni another $13\frac{1}{4}$ miles. Riding ahead of the carriers I got to the banks of the Baoule river, another tributary of the Bani, flowing swiftly between grassy banks and about 150 yards wide. Could see the Bougouni scarp, about a mile or so away, rising straight up to the height of 520 feet with the station perched on top of it. As I crossed on the pontoon, six o'clock was being struck on a deep melodious-toned bell in the station. The old man who worked the pontoon told me that he received 50 centimes

a day and had been at his job for ten years without a rise. Arrived in the post of Bougouni at 6-30 p.m., after a stiff climb up the tortuous road leading up the scarp. Was met at top by M. Hauet the resident, who showed me my quarters. Got in just in time to escape the tornado, but my kit not arriving until 7-30 p.m. was soaked. Dined this evening with the Resident and his wife, and spent a pleasant evening. It is nice to meet a white woman again. The Residency is a fine building after the Moorish style, with a flat roof from which one gets a magnificent view of the surrounding country. The only other Europeans in the station are M. Delmouly, the Postmaster, and his wife. M. Hauet told me he was so short-handed, being without his pre-war staff of Assistant Resident, European Clerk, and Treasurer, that he had been unable to travel for months and feared that all the rest houses were in very bad condition. He asked me if I had had any trouble with the permissionnaires, and I told him that they had eaten up nearly all the food in the villages en route. He said that many of them had been absolutely ruined by their experiences in France and were quite out of hand; that only a few weeks before he had seen a permissionnaire trying to force a woman in Bougouni market to sell him a fowl at one quarter of the proper price. The man finally pushed the woman over and took the fowl. When M. Hauet interfered, the permissionnaire turned round and told him to go away, giving him a blow on the chest. He is now in prison charged with assault. This incident only bears out what I have heard and seen of the conduct of these men, who to sum up the situation "can't carry corn".

Aug. 29th.

Rested here to-day and had a look at the station, which is very well kept and laid out. Being up on top of the scarp, the air is always comparatively fresh and cool, and there are very few mosquitoes. M. Hauet is very keen on training oxen and has about a dozen in his stables, which do all the work in the station. When on tour he has all his kit in bullock wagons, a most comfortable method of travelling. The native

town of Bougouni, down below the scarp, is not large, having only about 1200 inhabitants, Bambaras. There is, however a continual stream of traders coming through the town, for roads come into Bougouni from Sikasso, Odienne in the Ivory coast, Bamako in the north and Kankan in French Guinea. There is one European trader in the town, who goes in for farming also and has built himself a very fine house.

Apropos of our habit of wearing shorts and the French native soldiers' inability to understand this custom, at dinner this evening M. Hauet related an amusing episode which occurred when he was Resident at Faranah on the frontier of Sierra Leone. Colonel, then Captain, Heywood, came through the post on his way home on leave via French territory. Walking on ahead of his carriers, clad only in very skimpy shorts, a bush shirt open at the neck, and no putties on, after the Sierra Leone fashion, a rifle on his shoulder and very tanned in the face, he walked on to the verandah where Madame Hauet was sitting. As he was about to make himself known, the French orderly on duty, never having seen such a kit before, took him for a Syrian trader and rushing up to him pushed him off the verandah.

Short march to-day, only $10\frac{1}{2}$ miles. This makes our mileage $425\frac{3}{4}$ miles, only 100 miles more to Bamako. The journey through thick bush would have been uninteresting had it not been for the continual stream of traffic on the road. Herdsmen coming south with cattle and sheep, traders with hides and salt, while innumerable carriers and donkeys accompanied us north with loads of kola, rubber and cloths.

Aug. 31st. *Sido*.

Met three Europeans on the road this morning driving in a four-wheeled trap. The party consisted of an officer of the 2nd. Senegalese going down to relieve Captain Figuret at Huende and a European Clerk and his wife, bound for Bougouni to gladden the heart of the overworked M. Hauet. Further along the road we met five wagons pulled by two horses each, containing the baggage. Wonder if we could do this with

bullocks in the Northern Territories, if so it would be a great improvement on carriers. Sido is rather a miserable place and the rest house, as usual, is unclean, and situated near a piece of stagnant water. A party of permissionnaires were occupying the resthouse, but when an old one-legged soldier, who lived in the village, came up and ordered them out they went like sheep. He was wearing a string of medals, including the Croix de Guerre, which he won at Gallipoli. He said that he had had twenty years' service and had very little use for the recruits of 1917-18, who had seen no service and had come back from France with swollen heads.

The old time tirailleur Senegalais is indeed a very fine specimen, very different to the modern types I have met on the road.

There are only three rest houses here, which are occupied respectively by myself, the staff and loads, the escort and carriers. This afternoon during a tornado a Djollof clerk arrived with his family, and ordered my orderly and boys to clear out of their house and let him in. Told him to share it with them or go to the village. He departed, grouching, in a very bad humour. It is extraordinary how everyone is allowed to make free with the rest-houses, the authorities apparently not even drawing the line at horses, donkeys and cattle coming into the compounds.

Sept. 1st. *Keleya*.

20 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles to-day. The carriers from Bougount are the best I have had so far. Amongst them are some Bambara Fulani who wear their hair in plaits like women.

The scenery is now most uninteresting, being all thick scrub. At intervals on the road we passed small neatly fenced rubber plantations. Now going North by West.

Sept. 2nd. *Karako*.

Very long march to-day of 32 miles. Started very early in the morning. Passed four villages on the way, but all the rest houses were in such a bad leaky state that I did not like to stop in them. Two of the villages *en route* were very large ones, with loopholed walls, still

in good repair. The rest house here is nothing but a collection of hovels and there is very little food in the village. This place also possesses a ghost who lives in a hut behind the rest house. This evening the same hideous wailing commenced and the bush became alive with people rushing home from their farms to the village, the small boys driving in the cattle at a hand gallop.

Sept. 3rd. *Senou.*

Good rest house here and, for a wonder, quite clean; built on a hill. Large walled village, with the walls still in good condition, a relic of Samori's days. We get in to Bamako tomorrow; thank goodness for the rest of the journey we will not have to bother about carriers.

Sept. 4th. *Bamako.*

A march of $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles down hill most of the way brought us to Niger river, and ended our march of 525 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles. On the way we met a military convoy conveying specie down to Bougouni. The specie was in two wagons, each pulled by four oxen and followed by a mounted escort. When within half a mile of the river we could make out the tall masts of the wireless station on the further bank. The Niger is nearly half a mile wide, presenting an animated scene with its blue waters laden with ferry boats, sailing canoes coming from French Guinea, and both banks crowded with passengers waiting to cross. On the further side we could see the town of Bamako stretching down to the river, the sameness of its mud architecture broken by the various white European buildings rising everywhere above the native houses, with the Government station on the top of Koulouba hill towering over the town, the whole backed by a range of mountains. I was met at the ferry by a sergeant of gardes de cercle sent by the Administrateur-Maire of Bamako. He got one of the sailing ferry boats or chalands, in which my orderly and I embarked, leaving the carriers to cross by another ferry boat. The crew of the boat, consisting of five men, one steering and four pulling, drove the boat up stream for four or five hundred yards, then hoisting the big lug sail did a long leg across to the Bamako landing stage,

here M. Touponnet, the Administrateur-Maire, and M. Maurel the Chef du Cabinet, were awaiting me. Getting into the latter's car, we drove up the broad avenue, lined with shady trees which led up from the quay to the town, past a teeming market to the railway hotel. M. Maurel offered me a house up at Koulouba but I preferred to stay at the hotel. Koulouba is some distance away, and it is a business getting there and back unless one has a car. The hotel, which looks on to the station platform, is a two-storied building of iron. I was given a very nice bedroom with electric light and an electric fan. What luxury! Soon after my arrival I received a visit from the Administrateur of the Bamako district, a monsieur Roberty, who spoke very fluent English with a strong North British accent, his mother having been a Scotswoman. We adjourned to the Café downstairs where he produced a bottle of whisky, and I had the first iced drink for over two years. Presently the loads arrived in a motor lorry, on top of which were perched my staff all looking rather nervous and bewildered after their first motor ride. One boy is very nervous of the trains, and cannot make out the electric light or fan. Have received an invitation to dine with the Governor this evening up at Koulouba.

Sept. 5th. *Bamako.*

The capital of the French Sudan is situated on the Niger and lies about 1590 feet above sea level. The old Capital was at Kayes on the Senegal river, only 120 feet above sea level, and very hot. The seat of Government was transferred to Bamako in 1908, where the climate is much better. Bamako is divided into three distinct towns. The old town on the plain bordering on the Niger containing the commercial houses, local government offices, railway depot, schools and P.W.D. Koulouba hill, which rises sheer out of the plain behind Bamako to a height of 520 feet, is a Government reservation containing the palace of the Governor, Secretariat, Treasury and houses of the various European officials employed at Koulouba. As the crow flies the plateau is only $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Bamako, but the ascent has to be made by a road which zigzags up the mountain side and lengthens the journey to about

3 miles. There is a motor bus service up and down, but the majority of officials on the occasion of their rare visits to Bamako drive up and down in pony traps. There is talk of building a funicular railway to connect the two places. The third town is that of Kati, about 5 miles to the north of Bamako, where the 2nd. Senegalese have their headquarters. It is connected with Bamako both by rail and by road.

The native population of Bamako numbers about 10,000, and the Europeans about 520, leaving out the floating European population at Kati.

Dined with the Governor, M. Olivier, last night. A car came for me at 7 p.m. and took me up to Koulouba in ten minutes. The road up the hill-side was lit all the way by arc lamps, and looking back from the top the effect of the long line of lights winding down the hill-side until they merged into the twinkling lights of the town, was very pretty. The dinner was more or less a family party, as M. Olivier only arrived to take up his duties a week ago. It consisted of the Governor and his wife, the Colonial Secretary M. Terrasson, Lieutenant Ravoux, directeur du bureau militaire, M. Maurel, chef du cabinet, and Madame Maurel. Government house is a magnificent building with a flat roof, built almost overhanging a precipice. Inside it is particularly handsome, with polished parquet floors and wainscotted walls. I was told that special workmen had been brought from France to fit up the place. M. Olivier has his little son aged five with him. The latter was born at Dakar. Took an early departure and felt very cold when I got out-side, as it is almost subtropical on the plateau and very cold at night. Got back to the hotel at 11 p.m. to find the garden lit by an arc lamp, full of people sitting at little tables, sipping iced beer, while close by an open-air Cinema performance was in progress. What a contrast it is for me after all these years in the bush.

This morning I paid an official call at Koulouba and had a chat with M. Olivier. He asked me if I would like a trip to Timbuctoo, but I was reluctantly obliged to refuse, as this would mean missing the mail boat down

the Senegal river to St. Louis and might delay me indefinitely. M. Olivier told me that the provinces of Gaoua, Ouagadougou, Fadan Gurma and Bobo Diou Lasso were now no longer under his direction, but had been formed into a new colony known as the Haute Volta Colony with Ouagadougou as its capital. He spoke about the different systems employed by the British and French in their government of the natives and said that I must have seen a good many things which perhaps surprised me. The French, he said, by direct government, and a broad and enterprising education policy, aimed at making the native into a good citizen and their colonies into departments of France, as had already been done in Algeria and Senegal. The French native chiefs generally have not the powers that ours have, and their position in many cases corresponds to that of the mayor of a town. He added, however, that he very much admired our system of administration and thought that it would be an excellent thing if every year an exchange of political officials could be made between the two countries for the purpose of instruction and education.

After leaving Government House M. Maurel took me out on the terrace overhanging the mountain, from where one has a magnificent view of the Niger valley, with the town of Bamako below, a mass of houses, native and European, huddled up together, there being no attempt at segregation. All the houses in Koulouba have electric light and are cooled by electric fans. There is also water laid on, which is pumped up from the Niger to a water tower on a hill to the left and slightly above Koulouba.

Sept. 6th.

Have arranged to sell two of my ponies, all three of whom arrived in excellent condition, as hard as nails. They are stabled near the native prison, a small stone building, surrounded by a high wall, about half the size of the Coomassie prison. Quite near the stables is another low stone building, with small barred windows and a tin roof. It looks like a magazine or store, but my orderly tells me it is the European prison and that

there are five Europeans in it at present, who have been there for two years. If that is so, I wonder they are not dead. Don't believe it. Yet it turns out to be true; three Commissioners and two military officers.

The orderly is much admired here by everyone, and in his turnout, bearing, and general smartness he forms a great contrast to the slouching, untidy looking tirailleurs and gardes de cercle.

The hotel I am in is exceedingly cool and comfortable, good feeding and every possible luxury, very pleasant after the bush.

But here is a funny thing and where the French are so extraordinary:—there is only one convenience for the whole of the hotel guests and the native staff, indeed for anyone who likes to use it, and no one seems to think anything of it.

The town of Bamako is itself extremely insanitary, and there are no latrines for the natives, who are permitted to go where they like. I wonder how it escapes epidemics.

This afternoon two officers came in from Kati and asked if I would come and stay with them on my way to Kayes.

Sept. 7th.

Attended the annual Sunday auction in the market, and I had my shabby old kit put up for auction, realising £8 for it. Every Sunday morning anyone who has anything to sell brings it along to the auction, which is the rendezvous for all the people of Bamako, black and white, who seek to be entertained. The market, a very large one, presented a most animated spectacle, and one saw natives from all over the Sudan. Tall Bambaras, their relatives the Malinkes, Soninkes, Sarakoles, and Markas, fanatical Moslems from the north country bordering on the Sahara, Moors from the Sahel, Arabs, white-skinned Touaregs from Timbuctoo, the lower part of their faces covered with the blue "litham", Toucouleurs, and Fulanis of Peuls as the French call them. Wandering through the market I

came upon a little group of Hausa traders and had a "bukh" with them. After the auction rode up to Koulouba, where I arranged with M. Maurel about the sale of my ponies. He is buying two of them at £10 each for the use of the officials at Koulouba. My ponies look very small compared with the horses one sees here, but are in fine fettle. There are three types of horses here. The tall Macina horses running to about 15 to 16 hands, showy, but with little stamina, the small, stocky, Segou ponies, most hardy and enduring, and the Arab ponies, about 13 hands and very fast.

Have been invited to an official dinner at Government House tonight.

Sept. 8th.

Dined at Government House last night, where I met the new Governor of the Hautevolta Colony and his staff. He is leaving for Ouagadougou in about a month's time.

The journey, which will be done by motor car, will take four days, halting at Bouguni, Sikasso, Bobo Dioulasso, and from there straight to the new capital Ouagadougou. The new Governor is married and has his wife and two little girls aged seven and eight years with him. They, however, are going to remain in Bamako until the new houses at Ouagadougou are ready.

I hear that the five French officers, two military and three political, have just been acquitted in the courts here after having been three years in prison in Bamako awaiting trial. They were accused by a Moshi interpreter of taking measures of undue severity in putting down the revolt of 1916, when undoubtedly many officials lost their heads. They have been kept for three years in the little native building which serves as a prison here, and have had to go into hospital on several occasions. Seems a curious way to treat Europeans in such a climate, and I wonder that they are still alive. The case collapsed I believe for want of proper evidence.

Called on the Administrateur Maire, M. Touponnet, this morning to get my passport viséed. Was received by a charming flapper, his secretary, the daughter of

the commandant of police. There are a good many French women, wives and daughters of officials, employed in the various Government departments, who can thus supplement the somewhat meagre pay of their menfolk.

Sept. 12th. *Kati.*

Bade good-bye to all my kind friends here and rode over the hills to Kati where I have been asked to stay with the officers of the 2nd. Senegalese. Was sorry to leave Bamako with its broad shady streets and fine buildings, where I had been so hospitably entertained.

Sept. 13th. *Kati.*

This is the Headquarter of the 2nd. Senegalese, and there are at present about 4,000 men here. Every officer has his own bungalow, situated in a flowery compound, and there is no mess. In the evening everyone meets at the "Cercle," a fine building on a terrace overlooking the Kati valley, and sips aperitifs until 7-30, when it is time to go home.

Rode round the station this morning with the capitaine majeur, Captain Royer and Major Leroi, my hosts. There is very little work going on at present and nearly all the men are on leave. Every day large drafts of permissionnaires arrive from France and hand in their kit before going on leave to their homes in the Sudan.

About fifty bullocks are slaughtered daily for consumption by the troops, who are rationed by the Government. The general discipline seemed to be a bit slack, and my hosts commenting on this said that it could not be helped until things had become normal again. That when the recruiting campaign was in progress Clemenceau was reported to have said: "Get the men and give them anything they want, as long as you get them, after the war we can re-conquer the Sudan, if it takes us ten years." Judging by the demeanour and behaviour of the permissionnaires I have seen, there will be trouble with them unless they are checked and kept in order.

Sold my remaining pony to Captain Royer for £10.
Sept. 14th. *Kayes, Sunday.*

Left Kati at half past six this morning. Captain Royer and Major Leroi saw me off. Nearly missed the train as one is not allowed on to the platform without a ticket, and the ticket window was besieged by a struggling mass of permissionnaires all bound for Bamako. On the platform was another seething mass of people and I had some difficulty in collecting my kit which had been dumped there the night previous. There were no porters or station officials to be seen, so I dashed some of the permissionnaires to put my kit in when the train arrived. The train which consisted of four light coaches was divided up into compartments as in Europe and was crowded with passengers, European and African. Most of the latter were children returning from their holidays at Bamako to the convent school at Kayes. They overflowed into the first class carriages and became a nuisance towards the end of the long journey.

Ascending the Kati valley through which the Farako, amidst the tufted palm trees, rushes down, in a series of cascades to the Niger, we came out into the open country, thick scrub and rather uninteresting. There was a dining car on the train with a tiny kitchen at one end, insufferably hot and stuffy. One had to hold the plates with one hand, as the train rocked and bumped along. All things considered, however, lunch was quite a creditable meal, although the fastidious French styled it "un coup de Fusil." Arrived at Kita the headquarters of a Cercle, in the afternoon. The character of the country had been gradually changing and getting more sandy; there were few trees and masses of bare gigantic rocks piled up here and there in the most fantastic shapes. The country is very sparsely populated and teems with big game including giraffe. At Kita our carriage was invaded by passengers irrespective of class, one of whom, a blind Toucouleur mallam, sat on the floor and intoned prayers continuously all the way to Medina where he alighted. A French officer shrugged his shoulders and remarked philosophically. "It is the new order of things since we

have had 'Les Electeurs' ". So we left the mallam in possession and retired to the dining car, where I passed the time until dinner, drinking iced beer and teaching three French officers to play whisky poker. At nine o'clock a blaze of lights indicated our approach to Kayes and soon afterwards we stopped at Kayes Plateau, where the Government station is, then running on down hill through the town lit up by arc lamps, we reached Kayes station on the banks of the Senegal. The station is a closed one with well-built offices, a booking hall, electric lighting and the last touch of civilisation—a ticket collector on the barrier. Five minutes' walk brought us to the hotel, and half an hour later I was in bed in a stuffy bedroom furnished in typical French style; indeed had it not been for the intense heat and the mosquito net, one might have imagined oneself in any little third-rate hotel in France.

Sept. 15-18th. *Kayes.*

Four very boring days kicking one's heels here until the boat arrived from St. Louis, with nothing to do but walk down to the muddy banks of the Senegal, and in the evening sit in the Café. Kayes has a population of about 15,000, including 250 Europeans, mostly traders. The town is divided into two parts, Kayes Plateau and Kayes Ville, about a mile and a half apart; the former inhabited by the official element who live in large well-constructed houses, with water laid on and electric light. Many of the houses are now empty, as most of the officials who used to be here have been transferred to Bamako, Kayes Ville lies right on the bank of the Senegal and is insufferably hot. It is well laid out after the manner of a little French provincial town with its large market square surrounded by the European trading establishments, its Church and Jardins Publiques. The bulk of the native population is Toucouleur, a mixed race left by the Peuls when they emigrated from Senegal to the Soudan. Speaking the Fulah tongue and fanatical Moslems, the Toucouleurs were amongst the most bitter and fierce opponents of the French, when under General Faidherbe they conquered the country. There

are also a number of Djollofs, with a sprinkling of Moors from the right bank of the Senegal.

This hotel run by a Mulatto, all of whose time seems to be taken up by cards and his many wives, is most uncomfortable. The living rooms form three sides of a courtyard, the fourth side being occupied by the bathroom, kitchen and lavatory, which latter as usual was free to all. The rooms are stifling and there are thousands of flies. This morning, the 18th September, the Bani arrived. Amongst the passengers to land were a party of Nuns bound for Ouagadougou, some journey. Hear that the hotels of St. Louis and Dakar are crowded out with people who have been waiting months for a boat to France.

Sept. 19th.-21st. *S.S. Bani, Senegal River.*

The "Bani" left *Kayes* on the afternoon of the 19th. after much delay and waddled off down stream with two huge barges laden with ground nuts lashed one on each side of her. She is a small screw steamer commanded by a Djollof and belongs to the Messageries Africaines. The journey is 370 miles, takes four days, and a first class ticket costs £6. We have on board about a hundred European passengers, first and second class, including several ladies and two or three hundred native passengers packed like herrings between decks. The first class passengers *were* berthed on the upper deck, four in a cabin, so small that only one person could undress in it at a time. There was no lighting or ventilating fan and the cabins opened straight on to the deck. Both night and day they were insufferably hot inside, and the bedding was so filthy—"infecte" as the French say—that we all decided to camp outside under the awning. The only washing arrangements consisted of a diminutive tin basin, but I managed to bathe in the early mornings by retiring behind the after deck house and getting a boy to throw a bucket of water over me. The only two conveniences were on the lower deck surrounded by a seething mass of deck passengers, who used them at will. However, the feeding is wonderfully good and there is plenty of ice on board.

The banks of the Senegal are flat and very uninteresting, the country on either side being a sandy waste covered with sparse low scrub.

The only breaks in the monotony are the occasional fishing villages, from which crowds of small boys come swimming out to meet us in search of bakshish. Here and there on the right bank in Mauretania one sees the camps of nomad Peuls and Moors with vast herds of grazing cattle. The Peuls or Fulahs in this country are very light coloured or tawny, and their women tattoo the lips blue. Amongst the deck passengers are several Moors with their women, the latter enveloped from head to foot in blue cloths which allow only the top part of the face to show.

We stopped this evening at a place called Podor and dropped the Resident who was on board. It was a desolate place on a sandbank in the middle of the river, consisting of one street containing a few European stores, with a barracks at one end and the Resident's house at the other end. It is reputed to be the hottest place in Africa; it certainly looks one of the most desolate—the French call it "Hell on earth." The Resident's two daughters, aged 17 and 18, came off to meet him, accompanied by two other ladies. It was curious to see smartly dressed women in this inhospitable spot, I wonder what sort of a life they lead here. The French women are wonderful, they seem able to go and to live anywhere, are always cheerful and look as though they come out of a band-box.

Sept. 22nd. *Saint Louis.*

The Senegal river flows N.W. as far as Podor where it turns West for a distance of 27 miles, after which it bends South and on nearing St. Louis flows almost parallel with the sea from which it is only separated by a narrow tongue of sand. We sighted St. Louis at mid-day. On approaching one has an impression of the Orient as one notices the mass of solid old-fashioned houses flanked by a large mosque at one end, and the cathedral and castle at the other, showing white against a background of blue sky,

blue water, golden sand, and green tufted palm trees. On landing this impression is heightened as one walks through the narrow streets by tall white houses with their balconies and green shutters, and over all there broods an air of *dolce far niente*, for St. Louis—scene of Pierre Loti's Romance of a Spahi—is a dead city, its former glory and importance having departed.

St. Louis, the capital of Senegal and former Captain of French West Africa, was built in 1659, and stands on an island near the mouth of the Senegal river. It is connected with the mainland on each side by swing bridges. On the right is the pont Servatius leading to the narrow peninsula of sand known as "la langue de Barbarie", where the Governor of Mauretania lives. On the left is the fine "pont Faidherbe," connecting St. Louis with its suburb, the isle de Sohr, in which are situated the terminus of the Dakar railway, and the week-end bungalows of the residents of St. Louis. Only steamers of shallow draught can cross over the bar at the mouth of the river, which shifts frequently, and the former maritime trade of St. Louis has gone to Dakar. The wharfs and quays are empty, save for a few river craft alongside. The town has a population of 22,270, of whom 890 are Europeans. The streets are narrow and the houses built close together, with jutting out balconies and high wooden shutters. The natives occupy many of the old European houses, and European and native live alongside each other, in some cases in the same building, the Europeans occupying the upper storey and the natives the ground floor. There is no system of sanitation, and the sewage is dumped into the river by the natives every evening. At night the streets are alive with innumerable land crabs, scuttling all over the place, the unofficial scavengers of St. Louis. The place must be very unhealthy, and indeed the plague is on here at present, and there is a sanitary cordon round the town.

This evening I went and sat outside the little café on the plage of "la langue de Barbarie" and revelled in the cool breeze from the Atlantic watching a number of French children digging and playing on the sands.

About twenty paces from the café stood a sentry on cordon duty to keep one from leaving the town. The mortality amongst the natives has been heavy, but no one seems very perturbed, the plague being a frequent visitor here.

Sept. 23rd. *St. Louis.*

Went to the M.O.H's office to get a pass to leave St. Louis. Was told by a clerk that I couldn't get one for several days and would have to be inoculated first. However, by means of "le système D" he promised to get me a pass to go to-morrow. Spent a sleepless night, too hot to sleep. Have a room at the café Dupitt which is built over the kitchen, and is dark and dingy. It was the only room left so I had to take it and be thankful. Spent the morning exploring the town, and saw a troop of Spahis out exercising, fine looking men, well mounted on Arab ponies. The garrison here consists of a detachment of gunners, a battalion of Infanterie Coloniale, and a regiment of Spahis.

Visited the market, a huge covered-in building, badly in need of repairs. There are also separate markets for meat and fish.

I saw a number of Sierra Leone mammies in the market, who had come to sell kola. The Oriental atmosphere of St. Louis is further heightened by the dress of its inhabitants, the bulk of whom are Moslems, and by the sight of the desert Moors, swarthy shock-headed men coming in with their camels to market. I noticed a number of very fair skinned, almost white men, with European features, dressed in short baggy trousers reaching to the knee, spotless white shirts, little zouave jackets and tarbushes. These were Moorish traders from Fez, and they appeared to be an entirely different race from the nomad Moors of the desert.

The hub of St. Louis is the big square in front of the old fort, now the residence of the Governor of Senegal. On each side stand large stone buildings the European N.C.O's quarters and the officers' club.

while in the middle is a statue to General Faiherbe, the conqueror of the French Sudan. Here the residents, European and native, gather in the evening when the band plays, before repairing to their favourite cafés and hotels, of which there is no lack in St. Louis.

Sept. 26th. *Dakar.*

Got my pass last night and arrived here to-day after a railway journey of 200 miles. Hear that the Appam is coming in on Sunday.

Sept. 28th.

Left Dakar for home on board the S.S. Appam, after a sojourn of two years and nine months in Africa.

OBSERVATIONS ON JOURNEY.

Distance.—The total distance from Lorha to Dakar was $1455\frac{3}{4}$ miles, of which I travelled $525\frac{3}{4}$ miles on horseback, 570 miles by rail, and 360 miles by water.

The journey from Lorha to Bamako occupied thirty-five days, and the remainder twenty days owing to my having to wait for a boat down the Senegal river.

Roads.—The road from Diebougou to Bamako was most excellent. The bridges are well constructed and, with the exception of those over the larger rivers, are made by unskilled local labour. Over all the swamps are well built causeways.

The journey from Bamako to Diebougou by motor-car now takes four days, but can be done in three, and the road is always open to motor traffic except in the height of the wet season.

Transport.—The local transport between Diebougou, Sikasso and Bamako is still chiefly done by head loads, although these are gradually being reduced in favour of pack oxen, wagons pulled by horses and oxen, and by the increasing motor traffic. The native traders use donkeys and pack oxen. An ox can do from 27 to 30 miles to a carrier's 18 to 20 miles, and is cheaper in the long run. The pay of a carrier is 1 fr. per day. In all the large towns horses can be hired by the traveller from 1.50 to 2.50 fr. per diem. Nearly all the French officials possess pony-carts in which they travel, and bullock wagons for the transport of kit.

At Ouagadougou the Administrateur has a Government car, and the journey by car from there to Bamako can now be done in four days.

Rest-houses.—The French rest-houses everywhere en route were most inferior to ours.—They were built, with a few exceptions, far too close to villages, were badly situated, generally near a swamp or stream, and badly planned. They are free to all, and in a filthy state, as the native trader cooks his food inside the rest-huts, and herds his cattle, donkeys or horses into the compound.

The French political officers hardly ever travel, it seems, and when they do, they do not seem to mind where they stay, saying philosophically, “c’est la brousse.”

As for the other European travellers from Bamako, now that there is motor transport they do not stop at the small rest-houses en route, but halt only in the big stations; and so the rest-house is neglected, save for the casual traveller and the native trader.

In the large centres such as Bamako, Kayes, St. Louis and Dakar there are no rest houses, and the official traveller has to stay at a hotel, unless he has friends to entertain him.

ECONOMIC RESOURCES.

The principal *Imports* into Haut Senegal are as follows:—

By the Senegal river.—Cloths, tinned foods, sea salt, and European foodstuffs.

From the Sahara.—Cattle, rock salt.

From the South.—Kola.

EXPORTS.

By the Senegal river.—Ground-nuts, rubber, gold, gum, butter, wool, skins.

To Guinea by rail from Kouroussa.—Rubber, skins, etc.

To Ivory Coast & Gold Coast.—Cattle, sheep, goats, horses, donkeys, native cloths, rock salt.

The principal centres of commerce are—Kayes, Bamako, Sikasso, Bobo Dioulasso, Bougouni, Mopti, and Ouagadougou.

Gold is found at Gaoua, Bobo Dioulasso and Bougouni.

There is also a Company working the Faleme river which runs into the Senegal at Bakel.

INDUSTRIES DIRECTED BY EUROPEANS.

Lime Kilns.—At Toukoto on the Bamako Kayes railway.

Electric Light.—Companies at Bamako and Kayes.

Ice.—Ice plants at Kayes, Bamako and Koulikoro.

Cotton.—A new venture to grow cotton has been started at Mopti on the Niger.

Rubber.—There are plantations all along the road from Bobo Dioulasso to Bamako and schools to teach the natives the cultivation of rubber.

Cultivation.—Sikasso is the chief centre of cultivation, where corn, maize, millet, ground nuts, cassava, tobacco and fonio (semolina) are grown. Bamako is the centre for the shea-butter trade and the neighbourhood is rich in shea-butter trees.

RAILWAYS AND RIVER TRANSPORT.

At present the journey from Dakar to Bamako is made by rail to St. Louis, boat to Kayes, and rail to Bamako. The Senegal river is only navigable by steamer in the dry season as far as Podor near St. Louis, and from there to Kayes the journey has to be made by chalands or barges, which sail, or are poled or towed. The journey takes from 18 to 20 days.

From Kayes to St. Louis the river descends in a succession of reaches, separated by sand bars and rocks.

In the wet season during the months of August and September the river is navigable by big steamers from Bordeaux, which ascend as far as Kayes, and the revictualling of the Sudan has to be effected during these two months.

The Kayes railway commences at Ambidedi, a small port on the Senegal 33 miles South of Kayes, and runs to Koulikoro on the Niger, 43 miles north of Bamako, from whence the steamers start for Mopti and Timbuctoo.

NEW RAILWAYS.

A new line is being constructed from Thies on the Dakar,—St. Louis railway to Ambidedi on the Kayes railway. The line is within a hundred miles or so of Ambidedi.

In the dry season there is a passenger service by motor car from Ambidedi to railhead and the journey from Bamako to Dakar can be done in two days. When the railway is finished the journey from Bamako to Dakar will be done all the way by rail, and will take about two days, and a traveller from Ouagadougou will be able to reach Dakar by motor-car and rail within a week.

Projected Railways.—I understand that the following railways are proposed for the near future:—

HAUT SENEGAL.

Mopti to Ouagadougou.

IVORY COAST.

Continuation of Bingerville railway to Diebougou
Koury on the Volta and Ouagadougou.

FRENCH GUINEA.

Continuation of Conakry-Kouroussa railway to
Bougouni and Bamako.

GOVERNMENT STATIONS AND TOWNS.

The majority of the French stations in the bush are well laid out, possess more character and seem more permanent than our bush stations.

Of course, the French official has to do a tour of from 24 to 30 months in normal times, is encouraged to bring out his wife, and to make himself as comfortable as possible.

In towns such as Bamako there are numbers of European women and children, who appear to stand the climate very well.

That there is hardly any attempt at segregation, and sanitation does not exist, seems to trouble no one, and the average French official thinks that we are far too fussy and fastidious.

NOTE ON THE TUAREGS.

The Tuaregs are now quieter and appear to be settling down. There is a very little desert trade nowadays, as the bulk of the trade now goes to the Atlantic coast, and there are consequently no rich caravans to pillage as formerly. The Tuaregs are the pick of the races of the Soudan and it is said became nomads and brigands from necessity and not by instinct. With the modification of economic conditions a number are returning to the semi-agricultural, semi-pastoral life led by their ancestors in the North and which is still led by their cousins of the Algerian and Moroccan Atlas range. They are not very strict Moslems except in certain Marabout families. They are characterised by a spirit of independence and pride which is legendary. Mostly monogamous, they show a great deference for their women folk who occupy an important position socially. The earliest ancestors of the Soudan Tuaregs were said to have been Christians and it was not for some centuries later that they embraced Islam. In support of this it is noteworthy that on all their shields, saddles, sword hilts and decorations, is seen the sign of the cross. The women are not veiled, but every male goes veiled, and it is said that his best friend would not recognise him if he appeared without it. Tradition gives the origin of the wearing of the veil by the men as follows. The Tuaregs suffered defeat at the hands of their enemies, I do not know whether Moor, Fulani or Arab, and fled from the field without making

a stand. On arrival at the first Tuareg village the leaders in the rout met a young Tuareg girl going with her pitcher to the well. On asking them for news, she found out that they were flying from the victorious enemy. Taking off her veil she handed it to the leader, telling him to put it on while she went to raise the women to make a stand. Shamed by this the leading Tuaregs turned about, rallied the fugitives and won a glorious victory.

From that day the men have worn the veil in order to commemorate this, and the women have gone unveiled. So says the story, but probably the desert with its frequent sand-storms had a good deal to do with this custom of covering the mouth. The Tuareg disdains to use firearms and fights with lance and dagger. In his wars against French with their Aeroplanes and Machine Guns he is therefore very much handicapped. He must either settle down or it will mean race suicide. The Tuaregs are found along the Niger and in the following places :

Zone Saharienne.

Tombouktou.

Dori (Haute Volta)

Hambori.

Niafunki.

Territoire Militaire.

POLICY.

The French favour the system of direct rule as opposed to our system of indirect administration.

Whereas we believe in the development of the native by the native, along the lines of his own thought, customs and traditions, under the helping hand of the Government, the French system is exactly the opposite.

A French Commissioner frequently deals directly with the people, and in many cases hears complaints and tries cases that in British territory would be heard by a native court, thereby having double the work his British confrère has to do.

By dealing direct with the people, by reducing the power of the chiefs until they are but little more than the mayors of their villages, and by educating the African, the French hope eventually to turn him into a French citizen.

Already the people of Senegal, which is now a department of France, possess the vote and send a deputy to France.

The administrative work is centralised as much as possible and there are few one-man stations, such as those in the Northern Territories and Ashanti. Of course, with good roads and motor transport this is possible, and life is infinitely more pleasant for the political officer. The French officials, however, appear to travel but little, and it is to be doubted whether they are in such close touch with the native as our officers are, nor are they, I think, as sympathetic with native ideas and points of view. Again, in many cases they do not preserve their dignity in dealing with the people, being apt to be too familiar at one moment and too harsh at the next, and the people are quick to take advantage.

As my Senegalese boy said to me: "Je suis un bon citoyen de France."

He has a vote and believes in the French motto "Liberté, Egalité et Fraternité." As M. Olivier said to me at Bamako, where he explained the French methods of Government: "You must have seen many things that have surprised you but we are aiming at making this country a part of France and turning the native into a good Frenchman. At present he is learning. Direct or indirect administration, there is good in both, it is too early to say which will be the most successful. *Qui vivra verra.*"

In conclusion, I wish to put on record the unvarying courtesy and hospitality which I received from the officials of Haut Senegal, and which put the finishing touches to a delightful and intensely interesting journey.

THE NATIVE ATTITUDE TO MODERN MEDICINE.

BY G. F. T. SAUNDERS, B.A., M.B., B.CH., B.A.O.
(DUBLIN), WEST AFRICAN MEDICAL STAFF.

When Bowdich undertook his mission to Ashanti in 1816 he was instructed to bring with him a large quantity of dressings and drugs in order that by treating some sick cases the confidence of the people might be gained. The Report of the Surgeon attached to his mission shows that in many cases the friendship of influential Chiefs was gained. To-day, the most important article of equipment in any medical research expedition is undoubtedly a syringe and a little of one of those drugs which clear up yaws. This effect of the injection is almost immediate, and is apparent to the whole community; and the hearty co-operation of the Chiefs and people is gained for whatever investigation is in progress.

There are, however, many points in the native attitude to scientific medicine that seem strange at first to the European—or at least to a member of one of the more highly developed European Communities. The strangeness is more apparent than real; a very moderate acuteness of observation and a very moderate profundity of psychological analysis will serve to display the ultimate identity of mental processes through the human race and the point where divergence took place.

Medicine intrudes itself into the daily life to a greater extent, perhaps, than any other of the new foreign forces acting in Africa. The motor-car, the train, the telegraph, and the increased spending power that these things beget and betoken leave the African with much the same essentials of home life, of diet, of fundamental ideas. Religion would seem to exert a more disruptive force, but here the subtle effects of psychological sublimation have full play; the subconsciousness of the African will not readily resign the

plurality of his gods and his wives; Friday and Ramadan are mere interludes in the old routine; and Mecca and Stamboul, the prophets and Caliphs, Haroun al Raschid and Saladin, take a curiously African shape in the mouth of an African narrator. Nor is this phenomenon of the survival of the old in the deeper strata of the soul confined to Africa, nor indeed to recently converted communities. A day's journey from Paris the sacred fires of Baal are still kindled at midsummer; a few hours from Dublin the ember from the domestic hearth of Dana is carried round the fields to secure their fertility; and the great twin brethern of classical paganism still visit the Italian fisherman under the thin disguise of an orthodox saint. But medicine admits of no subterfuges and few sublimations. Even in health, medicine interferes with the building, the food, the drinking water, the market; it interferes rudely with the old routine of birth and burial; and regulates in very minute detail the entire life of the sick man.

To many unsophisticated natives the entire activities of the sanitary side and much of the activities of the medical side are simply sheer incomprehensible cussedness. These are the respectable residue which occur in every nation, to whom everything new and everything foreign are anathema; all their pre-judgments are prejudices; and their function in the psychology of the mass is that of ballast, which, however useful it may be, is entirely devoid of the fascinating interest of a mind open to new impressions.

To understand the attitude of the more open-minded native to modern medicine, one must first consider the preliminary conceptions of his mind, that mass of pre-judgments which constitutes for him "common-sense", and which, like all other masses of common-sense, is composed of an odd conglomeration of truisms and fallacies, of manipulative knacks and of muddled metaphysics, of sound reasoning and of gross absurdities. And in its ultimate analysis, this group of conceptions will be found to consist of elements which are abundantly present in the childhood of every individual and of every race, and which can be revived in many of us up to adult age. Thus, the intuition of

primitive animism is never far from many of us. Some few, indeed, there are, of a higher mystical cast of mind, who see always unity in diversity and to whom the woodlands and waterfalls recall the Supreme. But in many Europeans (at least of Keltic race) the polytheistic instinct is not quite dormant. And here one feels the inadequacy of language to voice the content of that instinctive recognition of the spirit that inhabits natural objects. One can recognize the conception in artists' representations of dryads and naiads, of the sidhe of the grassy plains and the trolls of the mountains, of the cold beautiful icemaiden and the foul fiend of the stagnant pool. But still one realises how inadequate is the representation. For in some subtle, inexplicable, and wholly irrational way, the Spirit of the thing is the thing, yet is somewhat akin to the Spirit of man, so that one is forced to visualise it with something of human shape. Here one finds that Comte's classification of the stages of mental development breaks down; for the primitive mind is not wholly anthropomorphic; the uncouth savage would fully appreciate the classical example of Comte's second stage, of the medical Student who explained the action of opium by saying that it had a "dormitive virtue"; yet that virtue would be half visualised in his mind; he has never asked himself whether the "virtue" is a visible thing, or some undefined invisible essence. Whenever we polytheists try to visualise these things, we always leave an unpersonified residue. Behind the clearly defined deities of Olympus or Walhalla there stand vaguely conceived shadowy powers feared by the gods themselves; there are secret powers in names and intonations which are unvisualisable; and even among the strict monotheists of the Talmud one guesses that the Tetragrammaton was almost as powerful as the Diety whose secret name it represents. Strictly analogous to this is the native conception of disease. As clear and definite as the Greek conception of the sun-god whose arrows cause epidemic disease of men and animals is the description given of the Thing of the Forest, the Hunter whose invisible arrows manifest themselves as the pustules of anthrax. Here we have

at first sight an anthropomorphism complete in its pictorial detail, and complete in its explanation of the phenomena. But if one has the medicine of the hunter, one cannot only cure his wounds but one can see him; his supernatural power is subject to the control of something beyond, which is not at all, or very imperfectly visualised. There is a similar double conception in the myth of the Tall woman who causes infantile paralysis. The more primitive view visualises her as drinking up the juices of the shrunken limb; even the enlightened malam to whom the Tall woman is a myth,—will say “paralysis has drunk up his leg.” But another account rejects the simple visualisation, and represents her as injuring the fruit of trees, which, being eaten, causes the paralysis in some more obscure manner.

Akin to the conception of disease is the conception of medicine. There is no attempt to reduce the action of drugs to mechanical or even to chemical processes. A medicine is a medicine; it acts because of its inherent “virtue.” It follows from this that the most absurd instructions are mingled with the salutary rules governing many systems of treatment. The patient undergoing the “Mekyeya” treatment for yaws is isolated lest he should see a pregnant woman, which would spoil the medicine. This is accepted as quite as reasonable as the rule enjoining starvation before administration of a worm medicine. As in mediaeval Europe, the therapeutic aspect of medicine is only a part of a larger system involving the use of drugs in religion and in magic.

On this basis the technique of native medicine was founded. There was definitely a technique, though it had never got near to the higher stage of a Science. It seems to have been rigidly traditional; and, owing to bad business methods, both the number of pupils and the number of patients were very small. I have heard nothing of hospital system though the Mekyeya treatment for yaws and the sleeping sickness centres in Dagomba and in the Ivory Coast seem to have contained the germ of such a system. On the arrival of the physician at the patient's house he first proceeded with a simple examination. The patient probable described

only his leading symptoms; indeed, among the Brongs the patient simply gave the diagnosis and the physician neither questioned nor examined. Among Hausas, Fantis, and Ewes the physical examination consisted only in inspection and palpation. Inspection seems to have been directed to the state of nutrition, the colour of the whites of the eyes and of the face, and the state of the breasts in women. Palpation was restricted to the trunk; I am uncertain to what points attention was directed, except that the pleural friction, a well marked sign which occurs in the early stage of pleurisy, was known to some. The discharges were not examined unless reported to be abnormal. On the completion of the examination, the physician pronounced his diagnosis, distinguishing the primary disease and its complications, and naming the prices for the various specific drugs for each condition. A certain amount of time is spent in bargaining (except, I am informed, among the Ewe); the fee is not named in cash alone, but certain amounts of various goods must be supplied also. At the conclusion of this intellectual exercise the physician begins his treatment, but the regimen of diet or bathing, which may perhaps be the essential factor, is understood to be subordinate to the power of the drugs he is employing.

On this background the picture of modern medicine is shown. And the first thing that is obvious about it is that it is usually practised by a European. To the bush native the European is a queer, incomprehensible creature. He is obviously a man; but his actions are not the actions of reasonable or respectable men. He has something of a monkey's ingenuity, something of a monkey's irrational curiosity, and much of a monkey's purposeless mischievousness. He is grossly immoral and indecent from whatever native code he be judged. Added to this there is the complicating factor of his undoubted and obvious power. The evidences of European science, which seem so obvious, are quite lost on the native. False teeth, or a binocular microscope, or a conjuring trick, are certainly miracles. But a miracle among them "loses its name and its merit, since it can scarcely be considered as a deviation

from the ordinary and established laws of nature." An Irish rustic, who was asked by Yates if he had ever seen a fairy, replied, " why, I am pestered with them " So, the Dagomba people are pestered with the old women in hyena form; poisons which act at a distance are in frequent, almost in habitual use; and the native C.I.D. use dowsing as a routine method. It is, therefore, only to be expected that Europeans will have some magic of their own, but it does not follow that it is more wonderful than the home product. Mechanical devices like motor cars are not considered wonderful at all; their marvellous complexity has quite escaped the native. An intelligent schoolboy, able to speak English well, asked me once, " Can you make motor cars?" I was obliged to admit that I could not. "But they are made in your town; if they were made in my town, I would go and see and be able to make one myself ";—as he had seen swish houses, and calabashes, and cloth, made in his own town.

In Europe, undesirable aliens are seldom employed as reputable family physicians, but are often consulted as quacks. And here it is the same. As a rule, in serious acute illness the native methods are relied on. But in minor or chronic matters, it may be rumoured that a certain foreign quack has a medicine for that particular illness . Or he may be credited even with the possession of a panacea for all minor complaints. In the strict sense of the word, he is never consulted. The patient comes to buy a certain medicine, or, more frequently, for an injection. He would expect his own physician to give him directions as to a regimen to be followed. But from the foreign quack he buys the medicine and some friend who has had the same medicine tells him how to use it; or he takes a drink from the bottle when he feels like it, or when his pains are at him. From a foreigner, who is obviously neither intelligent nor respectable, one does not seek directions how to use the goods he sells. For the fact that no bargaining takes place during the interview shows the low level of the doctor's intelligence; and the impolite, irrelevant, and indecent questions which he frequently asks, his

notorious habit of working with disgusting objects, and, above all, his post-mortem dissections, conclusively prove his non-respectability.

That medicine should succeed under these conditions its action must be quick and dramatic. It is seldom that the physician is given a second chance. We have, however, had for some years a drug of which the action is rapid, dramatic, and obvious to all. This is neo-arsphenamine, the "914" of Ehrlich which replaced his famous "606." The effect of this on yaws, which is almost universally present in many parts, is bordering on the miraculous. Many late manifestations of yaws have never been recognised as such by the natives of a large part of the Gold Coast. These conditions are grouped together, with similar conditions due to rarer causes, in Twi as "Kokoram," which is variously translated as syphilis, cancer, or abscess, according to the degree of ignorance of the interpreter. There is, in fact, no simple English equivalent; technically one would describe it as "infective granuloma"; the local Hausas commonly use the Twi word, but if questioned give "Kaba" as an equivalent. Robinson's Dictionary suggests that in Hausaland the connection with yaws is recognised; it may have been known to some of the old Fanti physicians; but in general it is regarded as a distinct disease. Since, however, this condition is cured by neo-arsphenamine, and since it is almost universal, the injection of this drug has come to be regarded as a panacea. The result is that a patient who is not given an injection frequently considers that he has been ill-used, and that the doctor is actuated by a personal animus against him. The effect of this on the physician's mentality is that he always tends to look for and to emphasise those aspects of the case which favour the diagnosis of yaws. Frequently, no harm is done, as the disease is so very prevalent; once or twice I have missed other conditions in this way.

The visualising tendency frequently obtrudes itself into a patient's description of his symptoms. Pains or bleeding from any part of the body are often described

as "piles"; thus consumption is often called "piles on the chest." Of more practical importance is the tendency to ascribe abnormal sensations to worms. I have occasionally been deceived into giving worm treatment to individuals who afterwards admitted that they had only felt them moving about inside. In one such case the patient had actually pointed out the species from preserved specimens kept for the purpose. This tendency is not confined to Africa. A patient was in a Dublin hospital for a serious abdominal disease. Some years before he had had a tapeworm, and he attributed his present symptoms to this; "indeed" he said "he could often feel it sticking its head up into his throttle." The bush natives have, in general, little confidence in nursing or diet as methods of curing disease. Their uncritical belief in "medicine" and especially in injections (not, indeed, that these uncritical beliefs are confined to bush natives or even to Africa) is actually detrimental when it leads to neglect of more important but less mysterious methods. Their horror of surgical operations is natural and inevitable; it is shared by many in all countries, but is increased by the distrust of the foreigner.

Sanitation is frankly regarded as a nuisance by the vast majority. The theories of disease-causation on which it is based are received with outward subservience and inward contempt. One highly intelligent chief has openly expressed his pained surprise that a doctor should waste his time on such things instead of giving injections. I once caught a tsetse fly, put it into a glass-topped box, and brought it into a village. When the Chief saw what I had, he tried his best to be polite; but the idea of anyone catching a fly and putting it into a box was too much for him, and he burst into laughter. He was rather relieved to see that I was not offended, and asked me to show it to each new arrival, so that they also might share the joke. I doubt if any uneducated natives seriously believe that mosquito larvae turn into mosquitoes, or that tsetse pupae turn into tsetse flies. Dr. W. Young was once demonstrating tsetse pupae to a bush Chief, who was listening with the usual polite incredulity, when one of the pupae opened and a fly

came out. But the conclusion drawn by the Chief would be, not that pupae produce flies, but that the European had put some "medicine" there to make the fly.

The enthusiastic modern-trained scientist is in danger of losing all patience and all sympathy with those who obstinately reject the gospel of modern science. Mentally, they seem to him grossly incompetent; morally, they seem to be obstinate and contumacious heretics, the unforgivable sin to the true believer. But he forgets the huge foundation of careful observation and elaborate experiment on which his own belief is founded; many of the steps in his scientific reasoning may have dropped out of his consciousness; and he can justify himself to the native only by an appeal to authority, which ought to be anathema in matters of science. H. G. Wells has illustrated this fallacy in a very apt way. Let the scientist imagine himself transported to ancient Athens, among the most intellectual community in the world's history. Let him attempt to demonstrate to the Athenians the fundamentals of modern science, while Socrates points out the futility of seeking truth with wheels and pieces of string such as small boys play with. He would find the difficulties almost insurmountable, even though he were perfect in the perfectly flexible idiom of Attica. Add, then, to these difficulties the difficulty of a dialect unadapted to accurate scientific terminology; add the almost inevitable fear and suspicion which tends to cloud all intercourse with the bush native; and one will rather wonder that medicine has gained such confidence as it has already done. To understand all is to forgive all; to lack understanding is to be in danger of that narrowing of human sympathy which is the greatest disaster that can befall the European in a bush station.

THREE THOUSAND MILES IN THE GOLD COAST.*

BY "COUREUR DES BOIS."

I. FROM SOUTH TO NORTH.

The party left Accra, the seat of Government of the Gold Coast Colony, reached Wagadugu in the French province of Haute Volta, a distance of 500 miles as the crow flies from the coast, visited various stations in the Northern Territories of the Gold Coast and returned to Accra via Sekondi.

We sent our heavy baggage, stores and water, by train to Kumasi and went ourselves by car taking two days on the journey. The country near Accra from the coast for about 10 miles inland is open undulating grass land with stunted bushes and a few trees but, on reaching Nsawam, an important road junction and railway station and the collecting centre for the bulk of the cocoa exported from Accra, and crossing the Densu, the water supply of Accra, the typical forest country is entered and this extends over the whole colony from the narrow coast belt of grass, palms, and scrub as far as the steep range of hills north of Kumasi.

The forest is a mass of tangled bush, creepers and lianas, with beautiful ferns but hardly any flowers, and tall slender trees reaching up to the light from the undergrowth, of which the most conspicuous is the silk-cotton tree. This tree has a smooth pale grey trunk and reaches a height of 200 feet and more, and does not throw out branches until well over 100 feet. The forest soil being continually scoured away by the torrential rains the roots of trees have barely a foot or more of earth above the rocky sub-soil and consequently extend laterally, sometimes for twenty or thirty feet. The trees, whose growth is absolutely vertical, are thus balanced on a base plate of small roots and are further supported by three or four buttresses, triangular growths

*This article was written over three years ago.

from the roots to ten or fifteen feet up the tree about six inches thick. As can be imagined, the tornados which sweep over the country before and after the rainy season proper soon carry out nature's plan of the survival of the fittest.

The drive through the forest from Nsawam to Kibi, the seat of the educated and progressive paramount chief of a large district, on the well kept roads and past the enclosures of the European-owned Bunso plantation, was made attractive. The winding red earth road, the thick green foliage with the sun striking through the feathery tops of the tall cotton trees, and the blue sky visible only through the alley way of the road cut through the forest made a charming picture to which a touch of vivid colour was occasionally given by the gaily coloured cloths worn by passing native women.

On reaching Nkawkaw on the railway near the Ashanti border we found that our baggage for the night had arrived by train and then went to Mpraeso, about twelve miles up to a mountainous road from Nkawkaw. Mpraeso is on a plateau some 1500 feet above sea level and is reached by a road which is a triumph of amateur engineering. From funds supplied by the chief, an Italian contractor constructed this road through thick bush, with easy gradients and hair-pin bends up the almost vertical face of the scarp which is crowned by a fertile plateau. The Mpraeso scarp is a feature of a long broken range of hills extending from forty miles north of Kumasi in a curve to the south-east to a point some fifty miles north-east of Accra. It forms, with its precipitous southern face, a sharp descent from the rolling uplands of northern Ashanti to the forest country and is variously known as the Mampong, Mpraeso and Aburi scarps. The view from Mpraeso over the forest and grass plains to the sea was truly magnificent. The Commissioner's bungalow at Mpreaso is reputed to be the only house in the Colony having in its living room a fireplace, which is used on occasion, and this only six degrees north of the equator.

Returning from the mountain, with its tree-crowned cliffs silhouetted against the rising moon, to Nkawkaw

we spent the night at the comfortable brick and concrete rest house and after seeing our beds and bedding and cook's box booked for Kumasi by train the next morning we left for the same destination. Crossing the Ashanti border we passed through one of the largest cocoa growing areas, of which the town of Juaso, with its Commissioner's bungalow and court picturesquely situated on a bluff overlooking the forest, is the main collecting centre, where the cocoa is brought in in bags, loaded on the railway and despatched to Kumasi and thence to Sekondi, the principal port.

Cocoa was originally introduced into the Colony about fifty years ago and now nearly half the world's supply comes from the Gold Coast, part of whose revenue is derived from the export duty levied upon it. The cocoa farms are small clearings in the forest, seldom more than one or two acres in extent, and the farming is, with one exception, done exclusively by the natives themselves. The cocoa tree is ten or twelve feet high and bears a large number of melon-shaped pods containing the beans. When the pods ripen they are split open, the beans removed, dried in the sun, packed in bags of a standard size, conveyed by head carriage to a railway or motor transport collecting centre, where they are bought by agents of the various cocoa-buying firms at prices which fluctuate according to the selling rate of cocoa on the Liverpool market. The cocoa farms lining the road in the neighbourhood of Juaso looked very attractive with the sun striking through the red tinted leaves on to the ripe orange pods with the thick bush and tall cotton trees hemming in the small clearings on every side.

The approach to Kumasi from the east was disappointing. The stories of the Ashanti wars, the besieged Kumasi fort, the formerly powerful kings of Ashanti, the Golden Stool, the sacrificial tree, the final defeat and banishment of Prempeh, have all invested Kumasi with a romantic history which its present day civilised and progressive appearance belies. The view of the town from the low hills which encircle it showed a portion of the native town, the railway station with its goods sidings and warehouses, the tarred roads leading

to the large merchants' stores and banks and Government offices, topped by the further ridge on which the newly built Chief Commissioner's Residency and other officials' bungalows stand. The old fort was hidden by tall modern buildings and all traces of the old native town depicted in the war correspondents' accounts of Kumasi have completely disappeared.

We had time to see the fort built in 1897, until recently residence of the Chief Commissioner of Ashanti, and now being converted into a club house, with its round turrets at each corner and, not far away and within range of the fort, Prempeh's well, still the main water supply of Kumasi. The rest of the day was spent in arranging for a lorry to accompany us on our journey to the north and in loading and augmenting our supplies of stores and petrol.

The next day saw us off on the Great North Road to Tamale, the administrative headquarters of the Northern Territories. Not far out of Kumasi there is a flat outcrop of grey rock close to the road, of apparently volcanic origin and sparkling with fragments of mica. Many deep scorings can be seen on its flat surface and it is said that the Ashantis and their fore-runners used this rock to sharpen their soft iron swords and spears. Soon we came to the ascent of the Mampong scarp, massive and frowning like its counterpart at Mpraeso, up which climbs a wonderfully engineered road, built by a party of Royal Engineers twenty years ago. On a step in the scarp lies Mampong, the residence of the senior Queen Mother of Ashanti. We were now practically out of the forest and another short climb brought us to Ejura and the savannah country which extends northwards to the encroaching deserts of Northern Africa. Looking back from Ejura the gaze travelled over a sea of waving foliage. The tops of the tall trees extend for miles south and west until they are swallowed up in the tropical haze. Ejura and its large agricultural station left behind we were running through typical "orchard bush" country, undulating plains covered with stunted trees and elephant grass, and began to feel the rays of

the tropical sun from which we had been sheltered while travelling through the forest. The road running due north brought us to Atebubu, a large village, picturesque with its brightly clad women, Hausa traders and Fulani cattlemen in their flowing robes, and large shade trees. Atebubu is a great cattle-dealing centre. The cattle come down from the north and the basin of the Niger along the old caravan route which used to lead from Kano in Nigeria through Yendi in Togoland and Salaga to Ashanti. Leaving Atebubu we crossed the river Pru, a tributary of the Volta, at Prang where it forms for a short distance the boundary between Ashanti and the Northern Territories, and a little further on arrived at Yeji on the Volta, our stopping place for the night. The Volta is the great river of the Gold Coast. Its two arms, the White Volta and the Black Volta, rise in the French Colony of Haute Volta and unite in the Northern Territories to form the great stream which flows into the sea at the port of Ada. Unfortunately it is only navigable by small launches for sixty miles from its mouth, though native canoes are used on it from Yeji to Kratchi. At Yeji it is half a mile wide in the dry season and is crossed by a ferry, constructed of four large dug-out canoes bolted together at intervals and covered with decking to carry two motor vehicles. This is poled across, warped to a landing stage by chains, and motor cars and lorries can be driven on and off. Deep cuttings in the bank run down to the landing stage on either side to make an easy gradient. Cattle and donkeys are swum across by lining up ten or twelve on each side of a large dug-out canoe in which the owners sit holding their beasts by the headropes, the canoe being poled across from bank to bank.

Our quarters at Yeji were a "swish" rest-house. Of such rest-houses our experience during the following fortnight was to be large and varied. "Swish" is puddled clayey mud and the usual design of the swish rest-houses is an oblong plinth of beaten swish, sometimes concrete, with a low wall on the outer edges. Within this oblong two large forked poles are erected near either end, on which

the ridge pole is placed, rafters of smaller poles are added and fastened together with lianas, commonly known as "tie-tie". The framework of the roof complete, the swish walls are built leaving a space between them and the roof of a foot or more, and the rest-house of, usually, a room at each end and an open space in the middle is then complete except for the thatching, which is done as soon as the walls have dried. The completed building is then further embellished, sometimes, but by no means always, by the addition of a wooden table and one chair, wooden frames and shutters for the doors and windows, and whitewashing. Further north the type varies from a large many-roomed bungalow to a collection of small round houses. The thick swish walls make for coolness, but the thatch roof with its deep overhang, necessary to prevent the interior being flooded during heavy tornados, rather shuts out the air.

The next day saw us on the road for Salaga and Tamale, the river crossing having been made without difficulty by the car and lorry. The flat straight road to Salaga was made interesting by the large herds, as many as 100 to 200 head of cattle being driven down the caravan route which lies parallel to the motor road and by the northward bound convoys of pack donkeys laden with kola nuts. The kola nut is grown in Ashanti and the northern part of the Gold Coast and is in great demand by the desert tribes of the Soudan and north Africa. Curiously enough this stimulating nut is not made use of in any way by the peoples of the districts in which it is grown. It is entirely an export crop and the nuts find their way north by head carriage and pack donkeys, by sea to Lagos in Nigeria and thence by rail to Northern Nigeria and, formerly, by camel caravan through Timbuktu to Morocco and Algeria.

Salaga, except for the tree-planted area round the government bungalows, is a bare sun-baked village of some size containing chiefly a floating population due to its position on the caravan route which here goes due north through Yendi while the motor road to Tamale branches off to the north-west. We reached Tamale early in the afternoon and were every kindly invited to

stay with the Provincial Commissioner who was then acting for the Chief Commissioner absent on a commission to delimit a portion of the boundary between British and French territory. Tamale is a modern station and, apart from its being the seat of government of the Northern Territories, has few points of interest. After a day's rest we ventured forth into, to us, the unknown, beyond any communication with the world other than by sending a runner several days' journey to the nearest telegraph office. The road to the north from Tamale as far as the crossing of the Nasia river, a tributary of the White Volta, itself a tributary of the main Volta, was under repair and delayed us, and a break in the magneto held us up on the road for an hour and a half, an unfortunate occurrence as this day's run was to be nearly 200 miles. However, we pushed on past Walwale, where a road branches off to Gambaga, the principal station before Tamale was built. Walwale is a large village of grey swish round houses with the conical thatching common to that part of the country and a commodious rest-house distinguished by its compound being fenced in by a swish wall with a trellis pattern in its upper course.

After passing Walwale there was a noticeable change in the nature of the country. The broad undulations gave place to deep-cut river beds bordered by ranges of low hills piled up with ironstone boulders. Ranges of hills formed the distant skyline to the west and north while the Tong Hills, where Gambaga lies, were a salient feature on the east. The stunted trees of the "orchard bush" had disappeared and in their stead enormous baobabs stood up at infrequent intervals. The whole country was reminiscent of Southern Rhodesia and parts of South Africa. The only cultivation was small patches of yams near the villages and collection of huts. The type of village changed too, or rather the village disappeared altogether. For instead of the well defined village or aggregation of huts at intervals of anything from ten to twenty miles, the country was covered, at all events near the road, with a succession of small family "kraals," as they would be called in South Africa, five or six round

houses, for the most flat-roofed, joined together by high walls, to which ingress is gained by a ladder instead of an entrance doorway.

The costume of the people had changed, too. Whereas the people in the Gold Coast and Ashanti (outside the large towns where European clothes have become prevalent and are most un-picturesque), both men and women, wear coloured cotton cloths, draped from the shoulder when not working and then knotted round the waist, north of Tamale the men wear a small loin-cloth only and the women's sole covering is a string round the waist from which a bunch of fresh green leaves is hung in front and behind. The Hausa and Fulani traders, who are mostly Mahomedans, are exceptions, for they invariably wear a flowing robe hanging from the shoulders and either a small conical cap or a turban, and in some cases a face veil showing only the eyes. But they are all great traders and the main trade routes to the north now ran far to the east and west of our road.

The road surface had altered, too, from the gravelled road to one of beaten swish and the hard level surface in the dry weather made for easy and rapid travelling. The iron and concrete bridges with plank decking of the forest country and the Great North Road to Tamale were no more and the rivers, owing to the time of our journey being at the end of the dry season, with little or no water, were crossed by "drifts," that is, the roadway was built solid through the river bed to a height of three or four feet. Some of these drifts were most picturesque with their swish guard walls ending in small pylons, from which could be seen parties of girls filling large gourds with water from the pools and carrying them on their heads up the steep banks.

Zuaragu, the junction of the north road with the road running west from Bawku to Lawra parallel to the northern boundary of British territory, was reached in the afternoon. Leaving a message for our lorry which was following us to stay there, we pushed on to Bawku, an administrative station in the far north-east close to the French border. This road had just been completed

and ours was the second motor vehicle, and first touring car, to use it. Our passage was an amazing attraction, not only for the native population, but also for innumerable dogs who had a most aggravating habit of running out into the road in front of the car. As they had no idea of the pace at which it was moving, it was most difficult to avoid running over them. Fowls, goats and sheep scattered in all directions but the cattle were not in the least alarmed and sometimes made lumbering attempts to pursue us. We arrived at Bawku just before the darkness that sets in so early in these latitudes and were in time to admire at our ease the setting sun lighting up the hills across the frontier. After a short rest we returned to Zuaragu in the dark, much to the alarm of the local residents who had never before seen powerful headlights, and found ourselves quartered in the collection of round houses forming the rest-house. The rest-house, the commissioner's and the doctor's bungalows are all that Zuaragu consists of, the native village being some miles away and bearing another name. The doctor's bungalow might have fallen out of "The Arabian Nights", a two-storied white building of enormously thick walls with white pillared colonades, mysterious recesses and a winding staircase.

Leaving Zuaragu the next morning a short run westwards brought us to Navrongo where, after a brief halt, we turned north for Wagadugu and after half an hour's drive crossed the eleventh parallel, the frontier line of the French governorate of Haute Volta. The only outward and visible sign that we were no longer in British territory was the cessation of the small posts bearing a board on which the mileage from Navrongo was painted and their substitution by larger posts out of which a flat surface was cut and inscribed with the number of kilometres from Wagadugu, and whose tops were rounded and roughly carved to represent the French shrapnel helmet, with its cock's comb ridge. A few kilometres beyond the frontier lies the French administrative station of Pô, where we were stopped by a Senegalese soldier and directed to the Commandant's quarters to obtain permission to proceed. This was

readily granted without any Customs formalities and once more we were northward bound on a 100-miles run to Wagadugu.

Up to within a few miles from the capital the country appeared to be practically uninhabited. No villages were to be seen and very few natives on the road. The vegetation up to crossing the White Volta, rising not very far west of Wagadugu, was "orchard bush," which we had not seen since leaving the neighbourhood of Tamale. The few natives we did pass on the road were much more completely clad than those we had left on the other side of the frontier. Nearing Wagadugu trees became few and far between, the soil grey and arid and as the flat-roofed and crenellated buildings and the conical minarets of the mosques came into view in the late afternoon we felt that we were approaching the mysterious country of the Bedawin and the masked Tuareg.

On our arrival we presented ourselves to the Commandant de Région who very kindly placed a vacant house at our disposal for our quarters for the night and invited us to dine. Dinner was quite a function and a number of officials and officers of the garrison had been invited to meet us. The Commandant's wife, a very charming lady, and his daughter, a girl of fourteen or fifteen who knows several native languages and acts as the Court interpreter, were present and another lady, the wife of an official, who was in the highest spirits at the idea of returning to France on leave in a week's time. The French officers and officials with their wives and, in many cases, families spend from two to three years in the Soudan and Senegal stations and appear to keep their health. We were told that there were fifteen European children in the town, several of whom had been born there. This was a surprise to visitors from the Gold Coast where Europeans do not as a rule stay more than a year to eighteen months at a time, their wives from eight months to a year, and their children hardly ever. The heat in Senegal is quite as severe, but the atmosphere is drier and this no doubt accounts for the greater ease with which the climate is endured. Another surprise to us

was the electric light and ice, two luxuries which only of recent years have been generally available in Accra and Sekondi and are still not obtainable anywhere else in the Gold Coast, not even at places on the railway. And yet Wagadugu is six days' travelling from its port, Dakar, four days by train to Bamako and then two days by motor.

The following morning we were presented to the Governor of Haute Volta and his two charming daughters and then the Commandant escorted us on a tour of inspection. Wagadugu is a large well-laid out town with wide boulevards radiating from the centre, where are situated the barracks, parade ground, club and government offices. All the buildings are made of *terre pisé*, but owing to the grey colour of the earth look as though they were of concrete. The officials' houses, with the exception of the Governor's and the Commandant's, are of one pattern, rectangular with two large rooms at each end and three smaller ones in the centre with a verandah at the back and a similar one with a portico in front. At one end there is a turret which contains a winding staircase leading out on to the flat roof guarded by parapet. The Governor's residence was in a similar style, much larger, and beautifully decorated inside. No glass is used in the windows which are protected by split cane mats over which water is thrown to cool the air. These mats and the very thick walls make the interiors a pleasant relief from the heat and glare of the day.

The product of the Wagadugu district is cotton and, though cotton-growing is yet in its infancy, 7,000 tons were exported the previous year. The cotton market was a picturesque scene with the mosque in the background and the cotton being brought in on donkeys in wicker baskets. After having seen the schools, an aerodrome with two aeroplanes, a garage to accommodate sixty vehicles and the barracks, where a battalion of Tirailleurs Sénégalais was quartered, we went to the mission station, a headquarters of the White Fathers, a Catholic mission whose activities extend over the greater part of northern Africa. The Archbishop received and most courteously escorted us, showing us

how the well-known Wagadugu carpets were made by a number of young native boys and girls. We then were taken to the Governor's game preserve, an area of some acres on the river, and were charmed with the sight of pools covered with pink and white lilies and only the plunging of two disturbed crocodiles into the water reminded us that we were in Africa. One of the most interesting of our visits was to the gardens where, in spite of the heat and dryness of the atmosphere and the apparent poorness of the soil, enormous cabbages and lettuces were being grown, with peas, beans, asparagus and two such diverse plants as strawberries and celery. All the beds were protected by palm branches laid on a framework a foot or so high and were watered through this screen. One garden was reserved for the officers and one for the civil officials and no doubt the trouble taken to supply fresh fruits and vegetables has its effect on the general health of the European community.

We left Wagadugu on our return journey with regret that our stay had been so short and with a wistful eye on the road leading north-west to Timbuktu, only two days' run in a fast car, but the time at our disposal did not admit of our going as far as the "mysterious city." Arriving back at Navrongo at dusk we were quartered in a temporarily vacant palatial red swish bungalow and hospitably entertained by the Commissioner. Navrongo, apart from being the headquarters of a province and from the mission station of the White Fathers, has little importance, the native population being chiefly collected at the village of Sandema, a few miles away. We passed through Sandema the next morning on our way westwards and after crossing the river Sissili, another tributary of the Volta, beautiful between its steep banks, arrived at Tumu. There we met the Chief Commissioner and his wife travelling in the opposite direction on their return to Tamale. The Tumu district is one of the best for shooting and lions have often been seen. One, indeed, is said to have been shot in the rest-house compound which perhaps accounts for the new bungalow there having been built up on a solid mass of swish ten feet high. We went on to Han that afternoon and stayed there

the night. The road led on to Lawra in the north-west and another due south to Wa and beyond. The country round Han and Lawra was a good deal more broken and the native population collected in villages of the type near Tamale, not in scattered family groups as in the Zuaragu and Bawku districts.

The next day we sent our lorry on the south road to Wa and went ourselves to Lawra, where we stayed for a few minutes at the Commissioner's bungalow, a really spacious mansion beautifully situated on a bluff from which there was an extensive view west and south-west to the hills in French territory and of the Black Volta, the frontier, winding its course southwards. Leaving Lawra by a road running south for a few miles and then turning east we rejoined the Wa road some twelve miles south of Han and arrived at Wa in the afternoon.

Wa is a fairly large native village and a commissioner's station. Cattle and sheep are kept by the natives and the commissioner had several half-bred cattle from a Hereford bull, imported by the government, and native cows, with which he was endeavouring to educate the native stock owner. He also had pigs, obtained by crossing with native small black pig, of which he was very proud. Moreover, he had a vegetable garden nearly attaining the standard that Wagadugu had set. He and his wife were most kind to us during our stay lasting four days. One of our party went south to Bole to inspect a new road being constructed from Bole to Kintampo, a place politically in Ashanti, but in its physical features more akin to the Northern Territories, while the remainder enjoyed a rest.

The time of year when we were on our journey was the close of what is known as the "Harmattan" season in West Africa. The harmattan is a wind blowing from a north-easterly direction across the Sahara. It has a very drying effect and carries with it minute particles of sand which make the sky look overcast and give the setting sun a distinct resemblance to its appearance in a London fog. The harmattan is hot by

day and cold by night. All leather dries up and it is often a difficult matter to pull on boots. The skin gets dried up and shaving is by no means a joy, especially as the lather dries on the face almost at once. The hot dry air is still more trying when travelling through it in a fast car. So far from the draught caused by the rapid movement having a cooling effect it feels more like a blast from the open door of a furnace, and it is particularly hot in the early afternoon. Our method of travelling, whenever it could be so arranged, was to send off the lorry as soon as possible in the early morning, follow ourselves a little later, have a short halt about eleven o'clock and stop at some convenient rest-house about one o'clock for lunch. We carried lunch and emergency rations and camp chairs on the car. After lunch we rested during the very hot part of the day and started again to complete the day's journey about three or four. The lorry meanwhile had been going steadily on and had reached, or very nearly reached our destination by the time we ourselves arrived.

Our next objective was Kintampo but as the road from Wa through Bole had not been completed we had to retrace our journey through Han, Navrongo, Zuaragu and Tamale, which we did without incident arriving on the third day at Prang, 120 miles from Kumasi on the Great North Road, where, the harmattan having broken, we experienced the first tornado, fortunately a mild one. We were now in the tornado season which lasts until about May or June when the rainy season proper sets in. Leaving Prang the next morning we went on south as far as Ejura, 60 miles from Kumasi, then turned off north-west on the Nkoranza and Kintampo road, arriving at the former place in time for lunch, and then going on to Kintampo where we were very kindly put up for the night by the commissioner.

Kintampo has a very large floating Hausa and Fulani population and in this and other respects is very similar to Salaga. It is on the caravan route from Kumasi to the Ivory Coast and thence north through Haute Volta to the French Soudan. Here again were to be seen droves of cattle coming south and convoys

of pack donkeys laden with kola nuts going north. From the commissioner's bungalow there is a fine view. To the south, in the direction of Sunyani, lay the forest country with high bush-covered hills in the distance, to the west a low line of hills lying between British and French territory, and to the north the open country similar to that near Wa. Leaving Kintampo next morning we took the road back to Nkoranza and there, having learnt that a new road under construction from Sunyani to Kumasi was not yet completed, left the lorry and turned south-west to Sunyani, where we lunched with the commissioner.

Sunyani is a large native town very well laid out on rising ground from which an extent of forest has been cleared. The officials' bungalows are situated on another stretch of rising ground divided by a narrow stream from which the water supply is obtained. We did not stay long in Sunyani but returned that afternoon to Nkoranza for the night. Nkoranza was a place of some importance before the Great Road was built. The old hammock road and caravan route went from Kumasi (where it branched to Kintampo) and then turned northwards to Atebubu, where it has now become the motor road. The telegram line still follows the old bush track through Nkoranza and Atebubu, but is being reconstructed along the road. Next morning saw us on the road to Ejura, then down the Mampong scarp into the forest and we arrived in Kumasi in the early afternoon with one phase of our travels ended.

We had a rest for three days at Kumasi and one evening drove out to the Sacred Lake, Lake Bosumtwi, a distance of twenty miles. The lake is circular in shape, five miles in diameter and is girdled by a ring of hills. No stream flows into or out of it and the water level is always approximately the same. It is supposed to be the haunt of a powerful fetish, who has forbidden any human being to launch any boat or canoe on its waters. It is also reputed to be bottomless and the bubbles that break on its surface from time to time are the breathing of the fetish. These two latter myths have, unfortunately, been exploded. The depths of the lake have been sounded and the bubbles found to

be gas from decomposing organic matter. No boat, however, has ever ruffled its surface. The investigations were made from a raft and the natives, whose tiny villages are situated at intervals round the lake, fish from planks which they propel through the water by lying on them and swimming. The first view of the lake as we topped the rise over the low hills was wonderful. Its still waters reflected the wooded hills around it and the lilies at the rest-house overlooking it added a touch of colour which made the picture perfect.

We returned through Bekwai, a large town on the railway south of Kumasi, the scene of sharp fighting in the last Ashanti war of 1900. Until quite recently one of the blockhouses built to protect the river crossing could be seen from the railway. Our stay in Kumasi drew to its close and one early morning saw us saying good-bye to our hosts and boarding the train bound for Dunkwa, having sent on the car by goods train the previous day. It seemed quite strange to travel by train after having been so far by car. On our way we passed through Obuasi, an important gold mining centre in Ashanti and reached Dunkwa middle day, where we found our car waiting in its truck on a siding. Dunkwa is just south of the Ashanti border on the railway between the port of Sekondi and Kumasi. Our object in stopping there was to endeavour to reach Wiawso, a station in the depths of the forest some seventy miles west of Dunkwa, by a newly constructed road, and we started as soon as the car had been off-loaded. On our way, however, we were told that the road was through only as far as ten or twelve miles from Wiawso where a bridge had not yet been built. We discovered this to be the case. A deep river bed lay in our path, its sides far too steep to get a car across and the only bridge a fallen tree trunk. We went back two or three miles to a tiny village called Sefwi Bekwai, where we stopped the lorry, which had been obtained at Dunkwa, and settled down for the night in a very small rest-house, closely surrounded by the forest, and consequently hot and airless and much frequented by sand-flies, minute gnats who can penetrate the meshes of a mosquito net

and give a most irritating bite. We left Sefwi Bekwai with some relief next morning to return to Dunkwa and, twelve miles outside, turned south for a 20-mile run to Akropong a large village and a district headquarters. The road to Akropong was so bad that we barely did ten miles an hour and our discomfort was increased by the swarms of tsetse flies that flew into the car. We got back to Dunkwa in the evening and found our quarters in the rest-house made ready for us and an invitation to dinner from the commissioner.

Dunkwa is built over a lot of small rounded hills and in the evening looked very pretty with the lights from bungalows gleaming through the trees. The business quarter of the town is in a hollow near the railway station and is extremely hot in the day. We had arrived from Akropong early enough to load the car to go down to Sekondi that night by goods train and we left ourselves by the passengers train the following day, arriving at Sekondi that evening and were glad to enjoy once more the comfort of iced drinks, laid-on water, and electric light.

Sekondi is the principal port of the colony and is charmingly pretty with its green foliage, red cliffs and wealth of tropical flowers in the compounds of the bungalows, which are built on a semi-circular range of small hills facing the sea. Although it is hot in the town there is always a breeze from the sea on the hills and the open roadstead with steamers lying at anchor surrounded by lighters and surf boats, and the line of surf along the shore on either side, forms an ever varying scene of activity. The next morning we paid a visit to the deep water harbour being constructed on the Takoradi reef. This reef lies some five miles west of Sekondi and is forming the foundation for quays which will allow several ships simultaneously to load direct from trucks and relieve the congestion which now occurs every cocoa season. At present cocoa and other produce have to be man-handled from railway sidings into surf boats and conveyed to the ships lying one to two miles out.

Returning from Takoradi we left on our homeward journey midday and, five miles outside Sekondi, turned off the main road to visit the Inchaban water-works, where the Sekondi water supply is conserved and filtered. The reservoir, a lake formed by damming the outlet of a deep valley, was a really beautiful picture and is a frequent picnic resort. Another twelve miles along the main road we came to the ferry across the river Prah at Beposo. The Prah rises in Ashanti not far from Juaso and flows almost due south to the sea. It is not navigable for any distance, even by canoes. The ferry was a similar type to that at Yeji. After crossing the river twenty-three miles brought us to the sea at Elmina. The road from Sekondi as far as Elmina curves inland in order to strike a favourable place for crossing the Pra and the country through which it runs was undulating and covered with a thick stunted bush which merges into the true forest further away from the coast. All this coast is very attractive from the sea, the line of surf beating on the strip of sand, the red earth of the low cliffs, the fringe of palms, the green bush and, in the distance, the hills of the forest country.

Elmina, formerly a port, has now dwindled to an insignificant fishing village, but is famous for the oldest and most picturesque of the many old forts and castles in the Gold Coast, relics of the slave trade days when all the seafaring nations were quarrelling for a footing in this new El Dorado. The forts were laboriously constructed from stone brought out in ships and were really fortified trading stations. The Portuguese, French, Danes, Swedes, and Brandenburgers equipped trading expeditions from time to time, built their forts, which frequently changed hands by conquest and by sale or barter, until the Guinea Coast was finally divided into national spheres of influence, developing into the flourishing colonies of the present day.

The existing castle of Elmina is as it was built by the Dutch in 1637, who incorporated in it an older fort which the Portuguese had built in 1482 and also a smaller fort built by the French in 1383, which is still

known as the Bastion de France. It is situated on a rocky bluff at the mouth of the Benya River and is protected on the landward side by a double moat, complete with drawbridge and portcullis and arrangements for pouring boiling oil on the attackers. Spacious quarters are built within the enceinte round a large courtyard and above the store rooms and slave prisons. The government of the colony devotes a considerable annual sum to the maintenance of the castle and it is in very good repair. The enormously thick iron-studded doors and barred windows still exist and the old cannon with their piles of round shot still face the sea and the native town. Except for two rooms used as a post office, the castle is not now occupied.

The castle at Cape Coast, once the seat of government of the colony, eight miles east of Elmina, is a much larger building. It was built by the British in 1662 on the site of a trading station established by the Portuguese in the 16th century and of other trading stations built subsequently by the Dutch, Swedes and Danes. It has a very fine appearance from the sea with the surf breaking on the rocks below it, but the landward side is not so picturesque owing to the proximity of modern mercantile buildings and its use as government offices. There is, however, a very fine outer courtyard facing the sea and protected by ramparts on which the old cannon are still mounted. Cape Coast was for many years the chief British trading station and port and all trade with Ashanti was carried on by a road which ran north to Bekwai and thence to Kumasi, and it was along this road that our various military expeditions against the Ashantis marched. Now Cape Coast is still a flourishing mercantile centre and a government residential area has been laid out on the hills behind it.

We did not stay long but continued along the coast road to Saltpond, eighteen miles from Cape Coast, which was our stopping place for the night. Five miles west of Saltpond we turned off the road a short distance to visit a fort at Anomabu, a small fishing village. This

fort is much smaller than the castles at Cape Coast and Elmina. At Anomabu a trading station was originally built by the Dutch about 1640 and later occupied by the Swedes and then by the Danes. The original building was destroyed and the present fort built by the British in 1673.

Saltpond was reached in the evening, a flourishing town situated between a large lagoon and the sea with the government residential area on the hills behind as in the case of Cape Coast. From the bungalow where we stayed the lagoon fringed with palms and the well-built native town beyond made a fine view in the rays of the setting sun. The coast from Saltpond to Accra is sandy in some places and swampy in others and so the road turns inland at Saltpond and, running through Swedru, joins the Accra to Kibi road at Nsawam. We were, however, anxious to visit Oda, a place in the heart of the cocoa region which has increased in importance very considerably during the last few years, and is to be on the new railway now being constructed from Huni Valley, fifty miles from Sekondi on the Kumasi line, to Kade, not far from Kibi. Starting early the next morning we turned off fourteen miles from Saltpond to the north to Oda where we arrived after a picturesque run of forty miles through the forest. Oda turned out to be quite one of the largest native towns in the colony and a busy cocoa buying centre. The cocoa is at present sent down by lorry through Swedru to the port of Winneba, about half way between Accra and Saltpond, or through Swedru to Nsawam and thence by rail or road to Accra. When the new railway is completed, the produce of all this area will be carried by train to the deep water harbour at Takoradi.

We only stayed a few minutes at Oda and turned south on the Winneba road as far as Swedru where we turned east along the main road to Nsawam and then south again for the twenty mile run into Accra by the same road on which we had started out four weeks before. Our first glimpse of home was Christiansborg castle, two miles east of Accra, on the site of forts built by the Portuguese in the 17th century, occupied by

Swedes, Danes, and again by Portuguese, until it was rebuilt by the British about 1865, modernised and added to some years later, and is now the residence of the Governor. A few miles further brought the outskirts of Accra in sight and just before dusk we arrived at our own bungalows after a most interesting and successful journey of 2,513 miles, of which 2,346 had been by road.

II. THE LOWER VOLTA AND FRENCH TOGOLAND.

Leaving Accra middle day we ran north east under the Aburi hills to Kpong and thence to the Volta at Senchi where there is a very up-to-date ferry with well-graded ramps in stone-faced cuttings, a decked lighter capable of taking three vehicles end-on, towed by a fussy little paddle steamer. Not so long ago this ferry was of the same primitive type as that at Yeji, a raft of boards belted across two or three dug-out canoes. When the river is in flood there is the greatest difficulty in reaching the opposite ramp. We had no difficulty in crossing and went on to Ho, the administrative headquarters of the southern section of British Togoland. We stopped for the night at the village of Chito, about fifteen miles out of Ho, where we found a very fine rest-house belonging to one of the trading firms. Our lorry, which had been sent off from Accra earlier in the day, had already arrived and we were soon comfortably settled after our 87 mile run.

The country through which we had come from Accra to the Volta is very open. From the wooded flanks and spurs of the Aburi hills, grass plains extend to the sea and the lagoons. Except for towns and villages near the road and a few fishing villages along the coast east of Accra, the plains appear to be uninhabited. Dodowa, 25 miles from Accra to the Kpong road, was at one time a town of thriving trade, only less important commercially than Accra and Sekondi are to-day. Palm oil collected from the surrounding district and the Aburi hills was brought in and rolled in strong casks 20 miles to the former busy port of Pram Pram. The

construction of the railway from Accra northwards diverted the trade to Mangoase and Nsawam and now both Dodowa and its port are dead and the large empty stores and warehouses are the only witnesses of their former prosperity. Dodowa now carries on a small trade in market garden produce and firewood while Pram Pram is an insignificant fishing village, attractive looking in the distance as one tops the rise behind it and sees red-roofed buildings standing out against the blue sea beyond, but a closer view shows the red of the roofs to be rust and not paint.

After leaving Dodowa the road passes through Somanya, a clean and well laid out little town. Kpong lies beyond and is a collecting place for Hausa traders who have come down the Volta from the north.

The country on the other side of the Volta is totally different from the Accra side. The grass plains are replaced by forest but not the forest of the interior of the Colony proper. Tall cotton trees are conspicuous by their absence and the foliage appears to be more subtropical than tropic. As we drove along the excellent road towards Chito the high hills of French Togoland came into view, most of them wooded, but some of them with grass uplands, a beautiful picture in the rays of the sinking sun. Just before we arrived at Chito we passed over a bridge spanning a stream which was the former Anglo-German boundary and we were then in British mandated territory.

The Chito rest-house was built some distance up the side of a hill facing south and when we woke in the early morning the view was magnificent. The low ground was covered in dense mist from which rose tops of small hills and spurs of the higher ranges like the islets and promontories of a fairy coast line. The hill of Amejove screening the rising sun had the effect of a distant battlemented castle on the Rhine.

On the way to Ho we passed several gangs of labourers re-conditioning the road surface where it had suffered during recent rains and, supervising them, we found the commissioner, who warned us that the

road south from Ho to the sea that we proposed to take was not in very good condition and that the bridges would not be up to the weight of our heavy lorry. On arriving at Ho, therefore, we transhipped our baggage, stores and boys, to a lighter lorry and, without further delay, started southwards on a road running along the boundary between British and French Togoland. Our destination was Denu, on the coast, where we intended to stay and return to Ho through French territory. The road we found not so bad as it had been painted and we arrived at our destination after a run of about 70 miles in time to have an enjoyable sea bathe.

The road connected a series of stations of the Gold Coast Customs Preventive Service and at one of these we stopped for lunch. This station consisted, like all the others, of a small guard-room at the entrance, a large open spaces, an office, quarters for the native staff and police, and a small bungalow, all built of swish and white-washed. Everything beautifully clean and spick and span. A lawn dotted with gaily coloured crotons surrounded the bungalow in which we lunched. The whole place was charming. The permanent residents of these oases of cleanliness and order in the bush are a Customs clerk and a detachment of police and they are visited from time to time by the collector in charge of that section of the frontier.

As we drew nearer the coast the bush began to thin out and give place to cultivation and clumps of palms and, just before reaching Denu, we crossed the end of a grass-grown depression extending westwards which, towards the end of the rainy season, becomes a lagoon stretching for miles and only separated from the sea by a narrow strip of land. The commercial part of Denu was clustered round the sign post where the road by which we had come crossed that running from the mouth of the Volta parallel to the coast to Lomé in French territory, and continued for a mile to the port of Denu, which, however, was merely an open surf-battered beach, adorned by an unused street lamp, a few bales of merchandise covered with sacking, some broken surf-boats and a ragged watchman.

The rest-house where we were going to stay was not actually at Denu but near a village on the beach a mile or so off rejoicing in the name of Hedzranawe, reached by a road leading from the cross-roads past a particularly repulsive fetish in the shape of a squatting figure with its head plentifully smeared with traces of recent sacrifices of eggs. The rest-house turned out to be an extremely comfortable double-storied wood and concrete bungalow about two hundred yards from the sea. ~

Next day we drove from Denu to the mouth of the Volta, some 41 miles, and back. The road, a very bad one, ran on a narrow spit between the sea and the lagoons, so narrow sometimes that water could be seen on either hand and it became little more than a causeway. In heavy gales the sea sweeps right over it. Where it was broader small straggling fishing villages have established a precarious foothold and about half-way to the Volta was the quite considerable town of Keta, famous for "Keta cloths", cloths woven in patchwork designs from brilliantly coloured yarns. We called on the commissioner who very kindly accompanied us to the market, assisted us to buy some cloths and showed us the old fort, a relic of the old trading days, now used as a prison. Leaving Keta we went on to Atitite, or as near to it as we could go by car, for the last half-mile was deep sand. Atitite is a tiny fishing village and its claim to fame lies in its possession of a landing stage for goods and passengers by the launch from Ada on the other side of the river mouth. Standing on the end of the sand spit, to the right we had mangrove swamps and islets, then the broad expanse of the Volta with the roofs of Ada shimmering in the heat haze, the tumbled mass of waters on the dangerous bar, the sea, and on our immediate left the shell of a coasting steamer carried ashore and wrecked a few months before. Truly a scene of desolation.

The normal trade route for Keta and Lomé is from Amedica, five or six miles below the Senchi ferry, by launch to Ada, thence by smaller launch to Atitite and thence by road. In addition to the seat of the *Manche* or Paramount chief of Ada, a village some two or three

miles inland, Ada is really two places, Ada Beachtown on the sea beyond the bar and Ada Riverside within the bar, and is nothing but a landing and transshipment station, the country behind it being practically uninhabited grass land and lagoons.

Returning, we stopped for lunch at Awuna Ga, half-way to Keta, in a rest-house built by the chief for the benefit of European travellers. Our host, we were told, was absent in Keta so we could not thank him for his hospitality. Our picnic lunch seemed rather out of place in an enormous room furnished with a huge green baize covered table surrounded by chairs as if set for a Board meeting. We tore ourselves away eventually from such magnificence and from the crowds of small children who had eagerly watched our every movement and arrived back at Denu in time for another bathe before dark.

Early the next morning we sent our lorry back to Ho by the way we had come and started ourselves on a 180 mile run through French Togoland. Five miles from Denu brought us to the frontier station of Aflao where there was a perfunctory customs examination of such baggage as we carried in the car. Another mile brought us into Lomé, after passing the imposing façade of the residence of the Commissaire de la République, formerly the headquarters of the O. C. British Troops, and before that again the palace of the Herzog zu Mecklenburg. Its internal accommodation is not on the same scale as its exterior, but it was, in the days of the British administration before Togoland was divided into British and French mandated areas, beautifully furnished and boasted a really remarkable painting by a German artist of an elephant charging out of bush which had been set on fire and was blazing behind him.

Driving through the streets of Lomé, all planted with shade trees and lined with the light railway tracks which the Germans in all their colonial stations seemed to prefer to other methods of transporting goods to and from warehouses, we passed the pier, a curiosity in West Africa, the cathedral with good stained glass

windows, the market and the native quarter, and then, arriving at the railway station, turned north on the 80 mile run to Palimé on a very good road which kept close to the railway. Lined with shade trees and dead straight practically all the way, it was a contrast to so many of our roads whose evolution from the winding bush track is unmistakable. Crops of corn and cassava stretched on either hand and then, climbing the rise into Palimé, government cocoa and cotton plantations. Behind Palimé lay ranges of hills traversed by the Misahöhe pass, towards which we turned without stopping in the little red-roofed white-walled mountain town. Half-way up the pass there was a fine waterfall in a deep cleft in the mountain side which plunged far down into a dim cave of waving ferns and moss spanned by a high stone bridge. At the top of the pass the view to the north was magnificent. Deep gorges, grassy flanks and tree-crowned crests of high hills, stretched as far as the eye could reach. Below us lay the British frontier station of Leklebi Dafo and we passed the barrier and found ourselves in British territory on the road to Kpando, twelve miles from Palimé, a former German administrative station.

Kpando village lies high among the hills and the village itself is crowned by the commissioner's residence, a stone building far more pretentious than a mere bungalow. The commissioner was away, but we climbed up the flight of stone steps and from his veranda the whole country lay spread before us. We found ourselves on the edge of a cliff with forest far below us stretching away to the hills north of Ho, the dark greens were splashed here and there with the scarlet of "flame-of-the-forest", and to the west lay the Volta and the game reserve of the Afram plains melting into the distance towards Ashanti and the Northern Territories. The road to Ho from Kpando was temporarily closed owing to reconstruction so we had to return viâ Palimé. As we came to the foot of the Misahöhe pass the high peaks on either side caught rain clouds travelling northwards and we drove up the pass in torrents of rain which blotted out the distant hills and gave the landscape more the appearance of the Western Highlands than

of tropical forest. At the head of the pass Palimé and the two ribands of road and railway leading southwards lay before us bathed in the late afternoon sun. Turning south-west from Palimé on the 25 mile road to Ho we passed the frontier station of Njive in the dusk and reached Ho to find our lorry safely arrived from Denu earlier in the day.

Before starting back to Accra the following morning we made a tour of inspection of Ho, which is really a collection of three or four large villages. The government bungalows were on a rise about half-a-mile from the centre and, built of quarried stone and surrounded by gardens of flowers, creepers, and bright coloured shrubs, looked very English. On a steep hill some distance out, reached by a narrow corkscrew road, was the former residence of the German commissioner, commanding a view very similar to that from the Kpando station. The Germans certainly chose very charming and healthy sites but getting to and from them before the days when cars and motor cycles came into general use in West Africa must have been a laborious and heating process.

Having sent our lorry off on the homeward journey earlier in the morning, we left Ho ourselves on the same road by which we had come but, after passing Chito, turned off north at the small walled village of Asikuma up a steep and rocky five mile road to Anum, on a hill overlooking the Volta and its tributary the Afram. The country around Anum and Kpando has certainly the finest scenery in the colony, even more attractive than the Mpraeso and Mampong scarps. We lunched at Anum, returned to the main road at Asikuma by a détour through the village of Peki, found ourselves once more on the Senchi ferry and arrived at Kpong, where, instead of going on to Somanya by the direct road to Accra, we turned south to Akuse, five miles distant.

Akuse and its seaport, Ada, have suffered in the same way, though not to the same extent, as Dodowa and Pram Pram from railway construction and the development of cocoa further to the west. The industry of this district also used to be palm oil and Akuse, being at the

highest navigable point of the Volta (there are rapids between it and Kpong), was the collecting centre. It still, however, does a fair local trade and ships to Ada a certain amount of cocoa from British Togoland. Akuse being actually a mile or so from the river, Amedica is the point of arrival and departure of the launches and lighters. It is said that "Amedica" is a corruption of "America" and was so called because it was where slaves were embarked in the old days for transfer to ships bound for the plantations. One hesitates to believe this without corroboration but the tale is certainly *ben trovato*. While at Amedica we saw the remains of a river steamer which had unsuspectingly been moored far inland during abnormal floods. They had rapidly subsided and left her stranded, as sometimes happens to boating parties on the reaches of the Thames below Teddington. History does not relate the comments of the owners or the fate of the skipper.

Leaving Akuse we joined the Kpong—Accra road at Somanya and arrived home that evening after having covered 540 miles in three and a half days.

A COASTING VOYAGE FROM SEKONDI TO MARSEILLES.

BY MRS. A. DUNCAN JOHNSTONE.

We left Kumasi on Monday, October 20th, rather a rush, as the boat left a day earlier than we expected. We had a great send off, Prempeh and many of his people from the Seychelles, the Serikin Zongo and some ten horsemen, and a crowd of Europeans. The journey was more or less cool all the way down. It's a far more interesting journey than the one to Accra and that helps to pass the time. Captain Burner brought us tea at Tarkwa, which was very welcome. We went, on arrival at Sekondi, to Swanzy's office to fix up about our tickets. We have only booked to Las Palmas, as we don't yet know what we shall do. There was a slight trouble about our tickets, as they charged us more than they said they would when we were at Accra, but this is going to be attended to. We got away about 6.20 p.m. the surf was good and Sekondi looked beautiful in the half light. The "Irmgard" is a boat of nearly 4,000 tons, takes on board 3,100 tons cargo, so if we fill up we ought to have a pretty steady trip. We have quite a decent-sized cabin with writing table, sofa and a large cupboard. It was dark when we got on board. There were two other passengers—Captain and Mrs. Burnett—Forestry, going to Axim. They had with them a delightful chimp who caused us much amusement whilst on board. Our luggage did not arrive until a long time after we did, as the Customs official, who was coming out to clear the ship, went and had his bath first! James had stayed with the luggage and he arrived very agitated. After it arrived we had a meal, and our first impression of the food on board was not good. It was a sort of high tea and was a strange meal; first some hot dish

and tea, afterwards sardines and highly-smelling and colored sausages! During the meal we weighed anchor. We then tried to settle ourselves in but were so tired we just got out what we wanted and went to bed. We have our meals with the captain, first officer, doctor and chief engineer, all of whom talk English exceedingly well. They all seem to be very pleasant and most anxious to do anything they can for us. The chief steward is a very decent man and very willing. He was taken prisoner in the Cameroons during the War. He talks excellent English, also French, Spanish and Portuguese.

Our next port of call ought to have been Axim but instead we stopped at a very small place called Akoda, near Cape Three Points. Seen from the ship it looked very attractive, with its stretch of golden sand, and a long line of coconut trees fringing the beach, behind this, tucked away, was the small village. We were to take on board 90 odd logs of mahogany which belonged to a native named Williams. The logs were piled on the beach, having been brought down from inland for over three miles. Brought down entirely by man power! We were up very early and soon after breakfast Angus and I landed. The surf was very smooth, which must have been a godsend to the men working on the beach. We were anchored only about 800 yards from the shore so the trip was short and we were towed in nearly all the way by the ship's launch. As one got nearer the place looked liked a scene out of Robinson Crusoe, except for the Europeanly dressed Mr. Williams. On landing Angus and I went for a walk along the shore on hard sand towards another and larger village but after walking for half an hour we sat down, as it was very hot. There is a small bay here and on the far side is the ruin of one of the old castles, now nearly overgrown but still visible in parts and most picturesque. The coast here is very rocky and coming back we climbed over the rocks—which were alive with crabs and covered with thousands of blood red anemones. When we got back we sat and watched the men

rolling the logs down to the water; frightfully hard work as each log weighs on an average 2 tons. Once in the water a large staple with a ring in it is driven into the logs, then they are pushed and pulled into deeper water and five to ten are roped together and towed by a boat, which again, when outside the breakers, is towed by the launch. On arrival at the ship the rope is slipped and a man swims about in the water fixing the rope into the rings and the logs are hoisted on board. The ring is then removed and the logs, amid frightful noise and directions from every one, as far as I could see lowered into the hold.

Very few white people ever go near this place and certainly very few white women, so we were rather a success. The amazing thing, though, was that Mr. Williams knew who we were. Angus and he had a long conversation and he told him quite a lot of interesting things. He told Angus that he paid his men 4/- a day and that he was hoping to get enough money to get modern machinery to help his work. He said he was doing very well and that he really couldn't work fast enough: that he could never get an Elder Dempster boat to take his stuff as they refused to come in, and so all his trade goes to the Germans. He spoke a lot about Prempeh, as he was in Sekondi when he arrived. And Angus asked him why the people of Sekondi were so pleased to see Prempeh back and why they had given him such a great reception on arrival. He said that it wasn't so much for Prempeh, as a demonstration of thanks to the Government for their action towards an African. This sportsman when we got away, about 9 p.m., was going back to Sekondi, walking to the village beyond the bay, going by canoe to Dixcove and then walking on. By Jove, he must have been weary. So were we, I suppose it's the strong sea air.

We arrived at Axim about midnight. It looks most awfully attractive from the ship. The old castle and the lighthouse and the town nestling by the sea, its green hill dotted with bungalows. Here the Burnetts landed; again there was very little

surf, so the going was easy. To our great disappointment we couldn't land, as there was no cargo. Although we might have done so, as the wretched boat boys stayed ashore for nearly two hours, to the wild annoyance of the first officer. I think they were eventually sorry too! One couldn't help thinking while we were there of poor Dr. Beamish. We got away about 10.30 and the captain was not sure where we should stop next, as if there was cargo at Half Assini, we should stop there. We had lunch and went to bed. The food is now better but we still have a funny high tea meal at 6.30. We got to Half Assini about 3 p.m. and soon after we landed. We are getting used to the "mammy chair" as they call it but we really had a most thrilling time with the surf. Although it looked quite calm, the surf on the beach was awfully rough and we had a most exciting time going in, wave after wave, and the bows of the boat were almost above one's head and then we would come down with the most awful bump, the boat shaking one from side to side; most exciting. I was held firmly in position by an obliging native Customs official! We arrived safely, but shaken, and were carried ashore by two rough-looking gentlemen.

Half Assini is the dirtiest, dreariest place I have seen on the Coast, very squalid too. The sand has become dirty with age, it has lost its golden colour and is a dirty drab. We ploughed through it to the village, just a sandy square with a few stores round it, one or two new concrete buildings going up and a couple of two storied houses. The sand was inches deep and made walking awfully heavy and it must be a dreadfully tiring place to live in as there seems to be no solid ground anywhere. Some boys were playing foot-ball in the square and one could hardly see any boys or ball for the dust. There seemed to be very few people about an utterly dreary place. We walked through the village, and about half a mile away on the shore were two very big and well built bungalows, one for the District Commissioner and one for the Medical Officer when they were there. They

were very neatly kept but seemed so lonely and looked so depressing. Just at the edge of the village was the Preventive Station which was the only cheerful spot in the whole place. It was most awfully well kept, very neat and very well laid out, amazingly so considering there was no European in charge. The men too looked and were very smart, a good show. One man, to whom Angus spoke, had been in the regiment with him and the superintendent was also an old soldier. He certainly did not look a soldier, as he was a small under-sized man with glasses. Upon the beach is an old wreck of an Elder Dempster boat, the "Batcano," she ran ashore about a mile away and has drifted down and is now right up on the beach and one can get on board (if you want to!) by climbing up her side. She helps to make the place look dreary. At the back of the village is a lagoon and round it everything is green and fresh, quite a joyful sight after the village. We walked out to the bungalows and stopped some time at the Preventive Station and there a European came up to us and said we ought to hurry as at any moment the surf might get too bad to let us get back. We had quite a long talk with him, he was a Mr. Ellis of Millers. They are the only firm there and there is only himself and the provincial agent. The provincial agent has been there for 15 years, I can imagine nothing more awful! Half Assini gives one the impression of being utterly un-English, more like a Portuguese place I should think. There is a tremendous amount of mahogany all round and when shipping it a rope is taken out to the ship and attached to it, the other end is attached to an old engine on the beach and the logs are then pushed into the sea and slung on to the over-head rope. The agent said it was a heart-breaking job, as the rope always broke at the critical moment. It's the only way they can do it, as the surf is always so bad that it would be impossible for the stuff to be taken out attached to a surf boat as in other places. Millers' have a small narrow gauge railway of their own which runs up country for four miles, with an engine, which has been in the country

for 35 years! and is still working. I really think it ought to have gone to Wembley. Shortly they are going to build, I think the agent said, another four or seven miles of railways. They have also built iron canoes, which they use up the lagoon; they have a wooden awning over them and could be made quite comfortable I should think.

The sand is so firm along the Coast here that they motor into Axim in the good old Ford lorry; we wondered when we got on shore what a lorry was doing there. Millers have built a concrete slip from which it takes off. It was quite near to Half Assini where the West African regiment, which mutinied in 1900, in Kumasi, was shelled on its march home by the "Dwarf"; even now many of the men are still working in Half Assini. An awfully sad thing happened to the captain of the "Batkano". He was saved when the boat ran ashore, but was drowned in a surf boat the following day when going out to another ship. His brother was the captain of the "Fulani" which ran ashore at Sierra Leone. Unlucky family. Mr. Ellis says the French Preventive is a funny show: the other morning he had hoped to go over about some palaver and had to leave about 5 a.m. in the lorry to catch the tide and when he got to the French Preventive Station, he had to go and wake them up to say he was there! He was afraid he might not get back if he hadn't roused them! We left soon after six and the surf was really awfully exciting, I expected at any moment to be overturned. We had about ten sacks of cocoa put into the boat to make it heavier, and away we went. Coming in was exciting, but going back was more so, as when we hit a wave and came through it the boat was almost completely out of the water and fell back again with the most awful whack into the sea which jarred one all over and one had hardly time to recover before the next, when up we went with showers of spray all over us and our nose right up above us. I was quite glad when we got beyond the breakers and had got hold of the rope of the launch and were skimming along to the ship.

The natives of Half Assini are very black, also exceedingly lazy and truculent, so it is said. Oh! how I should loathe to be stationed there. But I wouldn't have missed seeing it for anything in spite of the surf. We couldn't help thinking when we got back to the ship again and saw the cocoa bags being pulled up, if people could only realise what the cocoa has to go through before it is made into chocolates, they would appreciate them more.

We got away soon after 7.30 and by midnight we dropped anchor outside Grand Bassam. Again at 5.30 in the morning the donkey engine lowered the boats and we started as soon as possible to take on cargo. So sleep flies out of the window and we rise and have a walk round the deck and get dressed very slowly. We anchored rather far out at night but when it was light we came very much nearer in. Grand Bassam is a strange looking place, all one sees from the ship is a long, stretch of Casuarina trees, with here and there a bungalow showing, or the red roof of one. Running out from the beach are two iron piers, one not used now only wreckage remaining; the other runs out into the sea for several hundred yards and was alive with men working with the donkey engines loading and unloading, and also with the shoots that slide the logs into the sea. At the end of the pier, the town end, there were a few sheds and one or two bungalows, but otherwise one saw nothing at all. The whole beach is strewn with logs as far as one can see, odd ones, which have got adrift and have been washed up. As a matter of fact the whole way down when looking through the glasses one sees logs everywhere then on the beach, there must be the most frightful wastage.

We landed soon after breakfast and sat in the "mammy chair" all the way as on landing they just take you up on to the pier in the Chair. No clinging round some one's neck. It was hot when we landed. We have had it hot all the time but here the heat was terrific. On landing we had to get permission to

go ashore from the harbour master owing to some quarantine palaver. As soon as we left the pier we realised why it was that one sees so little from the ship. Grand Bassam is built on a narrow strip of land with the lagoon on one side and the sea on the other. The town gives one the impression of being almost below sea level. Grand Bassam is very long and narrow; the main street is really very fine, a long straight avenue with a concrete road and no native houses anywhere, only European buildings, stores, offices, post office, etc.; all good buildings but all wanting a coat of whitewash with the exception of the Elder Dempster building, which shewed the others up very much, as it was gleaming white. There are no native houses at all along the main street; the entire native population lives in the native village across the lagoon or at the village right at the end of the town. We walked up to the agent's with the first officer, who had come ashore with us. We passed the Club, a nice looking building, but right in the middle of the town with not a tiny glimpse of the sea and no ground round it. We then walked round, and went to the market, which is by the lagoon. Just the same ordinary things, except for two women who had the most lovely colored merchandise in front of them, bright red tomatoes, yellow and green ones and the most gloriously deep purple and bright green garden eggs. It was a simply lovely splash of colour. They were also selling rice tied into small sheaves. The lagoon looked most attractive winding away into the distance, with canoes on it and masses of floating logs. It is spanned by three large iron and concrete bridges on which are bright green electric lights. It must look rather nice at night. Running from a pier on the lagoon down to the end of the pier out at sea is a small railway line on which run trollies bringing the logs from the lagoon to the sea. The lagoon was covered thickly with the logs and all the work was being done by the wildest looking lot of bushmen. It is labour brought down from the interior, they work for six moons and get three francs a day. They are completely clothesless except for a small

cloth and there were one or two in weird hats. One sportsman had on nothing but the scantiest cloth and a bowler hat. They looked rather scared, a good many of them, and not too happy. It's one way of getting labour any way. They are all extremely dirty. They push the trollies with the logs on them to the end of the pier, where they are shot into the water down a small shoot and then collected and roped together and towed to the waiting ships. The lay-out of a French town gets us whacked every time. There was something so much more homelike in these two long avenues, with the Casuarina trees and the fine bungalows. One of the most comic sights we saw was the policeman on point duty. He had on an exceedingly old pair of cast off striped grey-brown trousers, short in the leg, a very old blue serge jumper tunic thing, with an old belt somewhere near his armpits, closed with a rusty buckle. On his head was perched a small red rolled fez. The quaintest and most distressful sight. They certainly can't dress their people. There seemed to be very little traffic except for the trollies. I suppose we only saw half a dozen cars. It seems so funny after all the traffic we have in our towns.

We walked down past the market and on to the part where the bungalows were; they were more like villas in the Riviera than West African bungalows. They all had rounded red tiled roofs which made them look most attractive. Not much in the way of gardens, as it was too sandy. We couldn't stay on shore after 11.30, as they shut down from then till 2.30 p.m., but we had seen the best of what there was to be seen. It's most interesting to see how other countries run their shows, and one's first impression is how infinitely better they are than us in building a station.

There is a big white population in Grand Bassam and quite a lot of English people. Back to the ship ready for lunch. The ship was surrounded by a lot of one-man canoes, with natives selling fish. Amongst

the fish were quite a lot of small sharks, which they say are very good "chop." We didn't go ashore in the afternoon as it was so hot. We got away after "high tea" and got to Grand Lahou about midnight. Grand Lahou: it sounds all right, but Heavens! what a place. We didn't go ashore until the afternoon, as it was most awfully hot. The surf, from the ship, didn't look too bad, but seeing it from the ship is one thing and being in it is very different. Going in, when we got into the breakers, we just swung round and round like a cork, our boys were not skilful, being Sierra Leone boys. We should have done better if we had gone in a shore boat but very few came out to us most of them working other ships. The "Irmgard" has five boats of her own and a launch. What a dreary place! But in spite of this there was the long straight avenue that the French always seem to get in spite of all difficulties. There were very few good buildings in the town part, but the bungalows at the end were very nice; there were any amount of ramshackle buildings in the town, half falling down, and nothing but sand. We went first of all with the First Officer to the Woermann Agent's and then we mouched about and went into a store to try and buy tobacco for Angus. In this we succeeded and the Agent took us in charge and we had a long talk with him and then he took us into his house. Heavens! It was the most deplorable bungalow I have ever seen anywhere on the Coast. It had been built thirty years ago of corrugated iron and wood, and for years not a thing had been done to it. There was a tiny narrow verandah with three rooms leading off it, two bedrooms and a billiard room! complete with table. One corner of the verandah had been made into the "salon"; in it were four chairs and round the corner were four more, all green with age. Once they had been covered in leather, now there were only bits of leather left and a vast amount of horsehair; the wood was splitting and the look of decay was really pathetic. On the sideboard was a filthy white cloth which must have been there

for years. The walls were all bulging and no whitewash had been on them for years. The steps as you came in, were all breaking away; it was an absolute example of what one's ideas of bungalows must have been in the olden days. In fact it was first cousin to the bungalow in "White Cargo," it really was awful. The Agent, a nice man and full of intelligence, apologised for the awfulness and explained that at last they were building him a new house, a concrete one just beside it, and that he was keeping all the new furniture, etc. But one realised that the decay wasn't the decay of a few months. The Agent had been out for 17 years and was full of awfully interesting stories. He had travelled a lot into the interior and told us that about twenty miles inland the country is alive with cannibals, that they are frightfully wild and savage, always having petty scraps. He told us also that one tribe in the interior never buried their dead, but always ate them after the so-called funeral custom. He says there is an enormous amount of wealth in the country and that they nearly always buy their ivory from the French Political Officers. That they employ hunters to go out and kill the elephants and then they trade it with the firms, and so augment their very limited pay.

He told us Grand Lahou was a dreadful place to live in and I believed him. He said they got on very well with the French, but that the French themselves were always having dreadfully fierce quarrels, were not on speaking terms with each other for months and then fell on each other's necks. He said it was hardly ever safe to ask any one to a groundnut until you had scouted round to find out if your proposed guests were on speaking terms with each other. Often several were invited and one on seeing who his fellow guest was at once had tummy-ache and had to leave! He told us that the French are building roads and railways all over the place and that the Ivory Coast was a very wealthy Colony, but that all the money goes to Dakar and that they only get the smallest percentage back again, that

most of it goes to other parts and the result is that they are left very badly off and therefore are unable, with the exception of roads, to do anything progressive. Think how awful it would be, if the wealth of the Gold Coast had to be divided up amongst Nigeria, Sierra Leone and Gambia! Of course they have got hundred of miles of unproductive country in the interior, but at the same time it seems a strange policy to let your more hopeful and useful places suffer to the extent they do. There was much more he told us but it's hard to remember all, when one mind is so full of stories and things, as mine is just now.

A warning came up from the beach that we ought to leave, as the surf at any time might become too bad for us to go out. So we collected the first officer and hied us beachwards. We had a talk there with the Woermann agent, a very tired looking Frenchman. He told us that the surf at Grand Lahou was one of the worst on the Coast, and that between six and 700,000 frs. worth of stuff was lost at sea each year! Ordinarily when loading a ship with mahogany they can only take out two logs at a time, but on a good day, which he called to-day, they could rope together anything up to eighteen, most unusual. The whole coast as far as you could see was strewn with logs that had broken away and had been thrown up on the shore for miles and miles up and down the beach. The loss in kernels and cocoa from boats that upset is awful too. I wonder why they chose such a spot for their station. I suppose it was because of the river and lagoon at the back of the town as Grand Lahou, like Grand Bassam, is built on a narrow spit of sand in between the two. They called it a good day. Mon Dieu! you should have seen our return up mountains, down deep valleys, smothered in spray. When we arrived back at the ship there wasn't one inch of me that wasn't absolutely wet through: and that was a good day! In the morning I had seen two boats turned right over, loaded with kernels. There were three other ships in besides ours. One French boat which had

been there for six solid weeks loading with mahogany ! Six weeks, Mon Dieu ! Every inch of space seemed to be logs, how they could move on board heaven knows, and they were taking on more all the time.

Another ship was an American and in the evening a boat paddled by about fifteen American sailors came alongside, panting for beer. Even their ships are dry, poor devils. No wonder they came round pleading for beer. We stayed loading all the next day, the slowness was exasperating. The captain was simply dancing and I don't blame him. He said that whether the stuff was loaded or not he was going. And at 4.0 we went, without all the stuff. During the day we heard really quite an exciting and interesting bit of news. On 28th Septmeber a Dutch boat had run ashore at a place called Nana Kroo and it was on the cards that we were to go and salve the boat and the cargo. If we did, it meant perhaps a week's wait. But what matter, it would be rather exciting and interesting. Nothing would be definitely known until we got to Cape Palmas so we just had to wait. We got in about 12.30 midday next day. Cape Palmas is a most picturesque place in a bay with a small river flowing into the sea. The town is built on a narrow arm of land running out into the sea. It is a high rocky spit of land, with a few trees but some extraordinarily fine bungalows. Bungalows of three or four stories with red roofs. Down below were the Customs sheds and then started the town. Running round the bay was a lovely golden sandy beach, with grass down to the shore and a few palm trees, two large wrecks, red with rust, one having been there from 1876. The color was lovely though against the sand and green background. As soon as we anchored a Mr. Morris, Woodin's Liberian agent, came out about the salvage of the wreck. He is also Lloyds' representative. With him came a Herr Weber, Woermann's agent. We then heard that, if an amazing lot of difficulties put up by the intelligent officials of the Liberian Government were got over, we were to proceed to the wreck. A great many gentlemen in khaki kit with large badges on their caps

came out to the ship and after a long time we heard we were to go and try and salve as much cargo as possible, and the ship, if it could be done but first we were to take on cargo at Cape Palmas. We didn't land till the afternoon. A very calm sea and we easily got over the bar and came up alongside a small quay. What an amazing place. On landing there were several sheds running along for some distance, high above on the cliffs were the bungalows and a huge white four-storied house belonging to some American Mission. The whole of Liberia it seems is full of American Missions. From the quay we walked up into the town. Round the bay were a lot of small native houses, square, very low, with roofs of palm and banana leaves. Then came the town itself! an astounding place,—A narrow grass-grown road, with large ruts in it. Dirt of every kind everywhere, but, curiously, very little smell. The houses were the most extraordinary erections you can imagine. They were most of them on piles three or four feet off the ground. On to this was built what looked like large two storied hen houses. How anyone walks about or lives in them without crashing through I don't know. They are built of wood, nailed together very roughly, with iron roofs. Many of them are just one room below and one above reached by a ladder. Quite a lot have very unsafe looking verandahs on both the upper and lower stories. Some of course are bigger and slightly better built. But the place gives one the impression of a town built by a lot of children for fun. The one thing about them is that most of them have made attempts to make a garden, round which they have placed a so-called fence with a gate. They nearly all have a list to one side. Most of the rooms inside seem to have the walls papered with newspapers mostly German and an amazing number of people seem to live in them. Almost every other house had washing spread out round the house and garden. I have never seen so much washing any where. I suppose they make a living by taking in each other's washing, or else are amazingly clean. There are at least a dozen churches ;

one or two quite fine buildings with towers and well finished off. There is quite a lot of grass land and on this were grazing the tiniest cattle I have ever seen. Nearly all of them black and white. So small that from a distance we thought they were pigs. The calves are the size of small sheep—rather attractive.

There are two main streets of these amazing houses both full of ruts and grass-grown. The inhabitants are all more or less dressed in European clothes and the whole place is very like what I imagine one of the Southern States Negro towns must be like. Some of them are not bad looking and many are very light in color. We walked through the town and then saw quite a good road in the distance so we went down it. Not at all a bad road as far as we went, but it stopped at once on leaving the town! We were told afterwards that the road is there but useless as there are no culverts or bridges and no causeway over the swamps. So you perhaps have a mile of decent road and then blank, then another bit of road, blank, and so on.

Some of the gentlemen inhabitants wore queer clothes. A cloth which reached to their feet, a morning frock, or overcoat on top, and on their heads bowlers, top-hats, straw hats and one very smart in a huge pale grey helmet, several sizes too big for him. In one group alone I saw all the above mentioned costumes. The women seemed better dressed. Every one was very polite and very curious, all passing the time of day with us. All the same there was rather an air of depression over the whole place, I can't tell you exactly what it was, there was a sort of dull feeling. We walked about for a long time, very very intrigued by it all. I felt rather as if I was in a cinema picture! Walking back we went through the "native part of the town," very squalid indeed and very dirty. The huts were so dark that the only light coming in was through the doors, very low, so that to get in one had to stoop almost double. During our wanderings round we had seen stuck up a notice

that there was to be a meeting of Boy Scouts on the "parade ground" at 5 o'clock, so we went and talked to Herr Weber for a bit, a charming person and full of information having been out for 17 years. Then the doctor, Angus and I went up in the hopes of seeing something really amusing. We waited for three quarters of an hour and all we saw was one energetic young man rushing round blowing a whistle, which seemed to have no effect whatsoever on his fellow scouts. So we left a herd of small cows to hold the parade in their place, and departed from the quay about 6 o'clock, getting back on board in time for our "high tea." Herr Weber and another man from his firm came out to chop. Herr Weber was really an exceedingly nice man. His confrère was a typical German, very fair hair, blue eyes and fair eye brows, very finely built, but entirely lacking the charm of Herr Weber. It was a most amusing day. The total and complete change of the place, people, houses, etc., was most interesting. When we got back we found Mr. Morris on board, as he was coming to the wreck to see what was to be done. He is a most interesting little man, with a wealth of stories about Liberia and Liberians. At the moment he is foaming with rage against them, as only a short time ago they arrested him when he came off a certain ship he had been visiting and marched him through the street with armed guards to the so-called police station, where he was charged with having committed a frightful crime against the custom laws. He was allowed bail of 1,500 dollars and after a short time the Circuit Judge tried the case. He says the trial, if it hadn't been so tiresome, was the most comic opera show you can possibly imagine. Well, after hours of talk, it was absolutely proved that he had been arrested under a law that never existed or ever will exist, a trumped-up case entirely. The Court was claiming from him a fine of £250 or imprisonment! He is of course furious and is claiming against the Liberian Government for false arrest. But he says "of course I shan't get it, as you never do get anything in this country." He is also demanding that

the judge and custom officials concerned should be dismissed. He also told us that when you go to the court here most of the first day is more or less taken up with reading the minutes of the previous sessions, so your entire morning is wasted listening to astounding workings of the law in no way concerned with your own case. He is an excellent imitator and his description of the whole thing was like a farce. This is an amazing country, you can it seems get arrested for anything. They spend most of their time thinking out new things to arrest people for. They arrest white men, or used to, for wearing shorts, for indecently showing too much leg! They arrest you for bathing, if you bathe with no clothes, either black or white. They arrest you for riding a bicycle on Sundays, unless you have bought a permit. They arrest you for walking about on Sundays in shirt sleeves without a coat, etc. Surely a comic opera country. Mr. Morris was taken prisoner in the War in the Cameroons, when the Germans gave him a very poor time and treated him rottenly.

In this country it seems you have to spend your time in being careful in case you should be arrested. Help!

We saw also rather an amusing notice stuck up in the town; there had been some show for a Court-martial and all the Militia had been called up and over 80 had been absent and their names had all been posted up threatening dire punishment.

We moved off about 8.30 p.m. to go to Nana Kroo and got there in the early hours. Soon after dawn they started away with the old donkey engines lowering the boats to get them away to the wreck. There she was, looking from the distance perfectly all right, about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles out, as if she was making straight out to sea. We were a good way off but the intention was that after the captain had been over to the wreck and taken soundings, to come up as close as possible. He hoped to be able to take the ship off the rocks as well as saving the cargo, and to tow her to Dakar to a dry dock. At eight the captain, the chief

engineer, Mr. Morris, Angus and several others left to go to the wreck, we at the time were about two miles away from her. I thought of going too, but they said it would be difficult to get up and also when they left I wasn't dressed; and very glad I was afterwards that I hadn't gone. Angus said it was simply too awful for words, the nauseating smell when they started to go round the ship; it was in an appalling state. The entire ship had been looted of every single thing possible and impossible, there was absolutely nothing whatsoever to see anywhere, except a certain amount of cargo. Everything had gone. Beds, food, furniture, fittings, all the panelling, curtains, the seats from the settees, all the wireless, even the hand basins had been pulled off and thrown on the floor and smashed. Every bit of wood-work had gone: nothing remained. Even the charts and papers had been taken and torn up into tiny bits and scattered all over the place. The only things the Kroos had been unable to take were the two baths in the bathrooms. She was very full of water in the holds and the smell of the rotting kernels, hides, cocoa, and the latrines which had not been emptied, was overwhelming. The natives from all along the coast had simply cleared the ship utterly and absolutely. Not only the ship's stuff had gone, but a huge amount of cocoa and kernels also, hundreds and hundreds of bags full. There were in the holds about 250 casks of oil as well as cocoa, coffee, piassava (a sort of fibre used for brooms, an enormous amount of which we have on board), kernels, etc. The bags of cocoa had been cut open by the dozen, I suppose to see what they contained, these were everywhere rotting and cocoa once wet with the sea is useless. The kernels, it seems, don't matter if they do get wet. The wreck is a Dutch boat and rather strangely built, in that she has only two very large holds and so the damage is far more than it would be had the holds been divided up, as in this ship. They returned about 12, glad to get away. Then the fun began, as the Customs officials at Nana Kroo started to put up one objection after another, they claimed that as the ship had been

wrecked on the Liberian Coast they had a right to everything. All day long there were palavers, which still continued at nightfall. The hopes of salving the ship are not many as she is badly holed and the water is getting higher and higher all the time. But they think they can save over £3,500 worth of cargo. The next afternoon the palavers having finished we started loading with kernels, which Mr. Woodin's agent had with the help of a Liberian officer and four soldiers found on shore. Hundreds of bags. The natives are all feeling very glum and life is not so bright for them, they had hoped to make large sums by their theft. It seems that the wreck was in charge at first of a man at a place called Grand Cess, a small way up the coast, a Dutchman, who was working in Lloyds' interest; a known ruffian, who cabled to Mr. Morris that the ship was a total wreck and that he would offer £200 for the cargo. A jolly good job that Mr. Morris came himself. Pretty good effort on the part of the Dutchman.

Next day I had a rotten headache, so I stayed in bed all the morning, but Angus went ashore with a Mr. Edwards, the Assistant sent down here by Mr. Morris from Cape Palmas. He, incidently, had to come down 60 miles in a surf boat! A pastime I could do well without, merci! Angus came back highly amused with life, and Liberian life especially. Nana K100 is a small town, mostly just native huts with a few of the hen-house type of house. There was an officer and four Liberian soldiers there, of whom Angus took a photo as a really good souvenir, a truly amazing sight. The men were dressed anyhow with carbines so rusted that it was almost impossible to see down the barrels. The shore along the coast is very attractive, with the long stretches of golden sand palm trees fringing it and the small huts just to be seen. Angus said that everywhere, browsing along the shore, are cattle, fat and healthy looking, but very very tiny. The place is stiff with Customs officials each filled with his own great importance

The Customs House was a travesty of a place, just a few pieces of corrugated iron thrown together and the rest left to good luck that they joined up. All day we had been loading with kernels and in the evening we moved up nearer to the wreck, going very slowly, sounding every inch of the way as we did not want to land ourselves on the rocks. We dropped anchor half-a-mile away. Next morning we moved nearer and are now about 500 yards away or less, and the smell that came to us on the morning breeze, Mon Dieu! But it was nothing to what it is now that, they are bringing the rotting kernels on board. Its awful. Words utterly fail me. But in spite of words failing me I will try and describe it to you later on. The whole of that day we stayed on board, passing the day in different ways. A great amount of the time taken up with eating and sleeping. As it was a day with nothing to relate, I think the time has come in which to give you a fuller description of our life on board a cargo boat, also of our fellow passengers and the officers.

We are really very comfortable indeed and once one has got used to the strangeness of the food and the rather odd hours at which it is served, it is very good. Beefsteak and fried potatoes, with coloured sausages and bright yellow cheese is not one's idea quite of a good old English breakfast! Lunch is the big meal of the day. This consists of soup, meat, sweets, cheese and once again the multicoloured sausages. This is at 12.30. Tea and biscuits at 3.30. Slightly disturbing to slumber if you are lucky enough to be sleeping, but sleep in the afternoon is not so very good owing to the hold and donkey engine being within a few feet of the cabin. High tea at 6.30; a hot dish first, with tea, and followed by the multicoloured sausages. These sausages haunt all meals and if before going to bed you are hungry our old friend is made into sandwiches. A trusted friend and one I rather think will be rather in demand, as to-day the Steward informed us that he was beginning to get rather short of food; he had hoped to get some at Monrovia and also some in Sierra Leone

and we shall be several days late there now owing to this wreck salvage. The Officers and men are exceedingly nice and nothing is too much trouble for them, always arranging for us to go on shore and doing all they can to help when we do land. They all speak English very well indeed and are full of many stories and anecdotes. The first officer, the doctor and the steward had all been prisoners during the War. The Doctor is quite a nice man, young, just on the trip for experience. All Woermann cargo boats carry doctors since the War which is more than Elder Dempster cargo boats do. At first he was shy, but now we get on very well together, and Angus and he play chess together a lot, and it is proving a godsend to them both as during this hanging about, time is becoming rather heavy on ones hands. The steward is a great conversationalist and one never passes by him without at least five minutes conversation, and he often comes before a meal and in husky tones, I suppose because he is afraid that someone else might hear, mentions to me what there is for the next meal! We had one queer meal which is, it seems, the great meal for Saturday night. It was pickled herrings followed by a glass of Kümmel, given free! then Irish stew and tea!

The cabin is quite a good size, the saloon isn't bad, and on the upper deck on one side there is quite a decent space for walking about. The bath-room is perhaps the only real snag. It is a young inferno, having no attempt at a window. The first morning I very nearly met my death there. I was just about to get into the bath when suddenly boiling hot steam poured into the bath-room, clouds and clouds of it. Well, it's very difficult when you can absolutely see nothing and you wish with all speed to depart from the room, to find the necessary clothing to make oneself decent, to say nothing of being sticky with salt water and nearly blind with the boiling steam. My exit was neither dignified or very decent, I forgot the step and fell, which is not the thing to do when one's decency depends on firmly grasping your half-put-on dressing gown. So ten minutes

later, after the outbreak had been dealt with by the steward, I with some trepidation returned. So one's bath is not the best moment of the day. Still it is a bath.

The boat is full of monkeys of all kinds. Also one sad goat, which was given to the captain somewhere and which lives on God knows what, as it has a rooted objection to anything but its native chop. I have tried to tempt it with biscuits, but it scorns me and passes me by. On the bridge the captain has a large hen run, filled with the most dismal and indecent chickens. Indecent because they have removed from each other's bodies as many feathers as possible, owing, I suppose, to the lack of something better to do. They are an unpleasant sight. There are quite a lot of deck passengers, who, poor devils, never suspected the long wait and are therefore getting more and more depressed, and I don't blame them, poor things, huddled up in the stern with barely any room to move. Most of them are going to Monrovia.

The time passes in an amazing way and we seem to get through the day. The longest time is after dinner, I mean high tea, which is finished soon after seven. Quite often we have gone to bed soon after 8.30, which is really very good for us. Chess is Angus' chief pastime, as the Doctor and Mr. Morris both play, while I sew. On Thursday Mr. Edwards came from Nana Kroo, which is a row in a surf boat now of nearly five miles and when he came on board, we heard that he was going to land further up the coast to try and find one of the ship's boats that had been left tied up to the wreck and which had been cut away by some natives during the night and pinched. Also he was going up a river to trace some of the cocoa and kernels which had been stolen. We jumped at this and asked if we could go, as we were slightly fed up with the ship owing to the absolutely frightful smell. Many of the sacks of the rotting kernels had now been brought on board and the smell was simply appalling. It is like all the main drains of Liberia heaped together and then some. It is one of the

most unpleasant smells I have ever smelt. We went and rapidly changed into bush kit, collected some beer and sandwiches (made of our multicoloured sausages *ca va sans dire*) and were heaved into the waiting surf boat in the now well known mammy chair. The surf was excellent and it took us about half-an hour to get to the shore. The boat was run up on to the beach and we were just lifted out. I am getting very used to placing myself in the arms of many and various African gentlemen. Our first place to visit was a small village just along the coast where Mr. Edwards had heard there was a lot of the stolen stuff. We walked along the beach for a bit, then turned inland along a sandy path and came to the village. A poverty-stricken looking place, with about twenty to thirty huts and a place which we learnt afterwards was a church, made of a few pieces of corrugated iron thrown together. The huts they live in are most unusual, I have never seen anything like them before. They stand about eight feet from the ground, the walls being made of plaited palm sticks, very closely woven with a thick roof of palm and banana leaves shaping up to a point. They are square with a door at either end, with a passage running in between. The houses are divided into two, and inside, about three feet from the ground, is a platform on piles made of palm stalks. On this they live, right off the ground. It was most quaint to see the fireplaces inside upon these platforms, the roof sticks, which are of bamboo, absolutely jet black with the smoke. The curious thing was that in spite of there being no proper outlet for the smoke the hut was more or less clear of smoke. The people got in and out either by the door or the windows, which have a sort of shutter on them. It was most quaint and certainly interesting. The natives were an exceedingly poor looking lot, the women with a better physique than the men. The men were the poorest specimens. The children were thin and poor-looking, with innumerable sores. Some of them, both men and women, were dressed in sacking. Some of the tiny babies were better and very light colored. But the

whole place gave one the idea of great poverty. It was filthy too. On arriving at the village we went to the Chief's house, which was different from the rest. The Chief was a truculent looking gentleman in an overcoat and a round woolly hat. We were met there by a lieutenant of the Liberian Army, a gentleman in whom I should have no confidence in time of war! With him were four Liberian soldiers; they had been chasing round and had done quite a good bit of work and had found, hidden all over the village, 354 sacks of kernels which had been stolen. These were all piled up in one of the huts, much to the rage, as you can imagine, of the inhabitants. If they had only had the sense to have taken them and hidden them up some of the creeks, no one would have ever found them and they could have got rid of them "softly, softly," but they thought all the hunting for stolen goods would be in Nana Kroo and so they just left them. We sat down under a tree where we at once became the centre of great interest, a white woman being a great novelty to them. We sat there for some time and drank cocoanut milk and then we went down to the river about half a mile away, where one of the boats had been brought over the bar. The missing steamer boat had also been found, tucked away up one of the creeks. The Chief, who was evidently the culprit, was called up and ordered to take the boat back; he insisted that he had found it on the beach, but as the tide sets in absolutely the opposite direction and, if the boat had broken loose, as stated, it would have drifted in entirely the opposite direction, his story of finding it so conveniently near his village was one that unfortunately, for his sake, was not believed. When we got down to the river we got into the boat and we were rowed up for some distance. It was most awfully attractive, at the bar the water was clear, a bright green showing the yellow sands and the grey rocks below. The river was quite wide at the bar and there were many pretty little tiny bays with bright green trees coming right down to the water. Just as we pushed off up the river the Chief who had

taken the boat, and who lived on the other side, came and got into his canoe. They had no paddles but used the end of a palm leaf where it joins the tree as their paddle, it looked inadequate but seemed to work quite well. The river was deep and swift running, with creeks up all the way on either side, with mangroves thick everywhere. It was very prettily wooded on the right bank. We rowed up for about half an hour and then landed with the idea of having our lunch. We walked inland for a short distance in open country, covered with grass, and got into a palm grove with bracken which is just the same as bracken at home all around it. Here we waited for the boys to bring our rain coats to sit on as the ground was frightfully wet, but they didn't appear. They were supposed to be following in another boat, so we decided to go back to the boat and to pull her under a very convenient tree and have our meal there. Of course as soon as we got back the other boat arrived. We had lunch of the multicoloured sausage and bright yellow cheese and beer, and after that Angus and Mr. Edwards potted at empty beer bottles with their revolvers. The men in our boat had in the meantime gone into the village and were bringing down some of the stolen sacks which they had to take back to Nana Kroo. The river had taken a big bend and we had landed just behind the village. We pushed off after lunch and came back to the ship, quite a long pull for the boys who, as soon as we were over the bar, divested themselves of most of their garments and put their backs into it, singing all the way out a weird monotonous chant, nothing like the songs of the boat boys of the Gold Coast, it was more like a round one after the other taking it up time after time the same thing, until we had to ask them to change it as we could bear it no longer; they therefore started another, equally painful after a time, but they continued until we got on board. It had been a topping and awfully interesting day, with only one snag and that was that the camera broke. Angus and the chief engineer tried to mend it but could do nothing, we are most awfully disappointed for we shan't be

able to take any more photos till we get to Sierra Leone where we shall try to buy another, but just when we wanted it most the wretched thing failed us.

Next day was the most awful day, it never ceased to rain from early morn till dewy eve. It was frightful, the surf was awfully bad and we rolled from side to side and on the wreck they must have had a dreadful time. Words fail me utterly to describe to you the frightful smell there was everywhere. The kernels were spilled all over the deck and the water on them made them, if anything, worse than before. It was like a hundred drains and we all felt sick. I decided to wash my hair and asked the steward if he had any petrol, which he produced, and I hung over a basin and washed it in it. I thought it was funny that it did not dry at once, as it usually does, when to my horror I discovered that it was kerosine, not petrol, he had given me. I was the greasiest mess you can possibly imagine, with an appearance infinitely worse than before. I was plunged into inky gloom and smelt too horrible for words. Petrol it seems is the name for kerosine in German, benzoline being petrol! Luckily Mr. Morris has some proper petrol on board and yesterday, I was able to re-do it and clean myself, but I was a nasty sight.

All yesterday, which luckily was fine, we rolled about watching them bring the stuff on board and reading and filling the day as best we could, all of us feeling rather dicky and sick. We heard an awful rumour that we might be here for another four days and so Angus and I planned to leave the ship and go and live on shore as we simply couldn't stand it any longer. You can have no idea how simply frightful the smell is.

(To be continued.)

THE THREE OLD MEN OF NKORANZA.

BY THE OMANHENE OF WENCHI,
(in *Standard III*).

The name Nkoranza was given to the town because of a certain royal in Amokomu named Baffoh. Baffoh's uncle was the chief of Amakomu and his father was the king of Ashanti. The name of that king was Osei Tutu. The story runs that the chief of Amakomu said that his nephew had played with a woman and Baffoh told his father that he would not stay there any longer because of this matter. His father agreed to this and permitted him to go. Then he started his journey, and rested at a certain place which is now known as Swedru. There he sent a message to his father that he had reached a certain place in the bush and was resting there. Then the father said, if so, I will go and accompany my son on his journey. Then he started out to go and accompany his son. When he reached that place, he gave the name Swedru to the village, which meant "where I have carried to." The next day Baffoh with his father and the servants started to go forward on their journey till they came to a place where they built their huts and stayed there for one day, and it is now called Tetrem. There they made an African porridge and it was so hot that no one could eat any of it. And they were in a hurry to go forward, but the food would delay them, as it was so hot. The king, his father, said, spread it so that the children can eat some when it is cold. One of the servants who was sitting by gave a name to that village, that it should be Tetrem which meant "spread it." They did as the king had said. And after the children had finished eating their food, they continued their journey to a place in the bush.

There they rested that night, and in the morning the king said to his son, "son! I am leaving here, so comfort your heart and go, and when you have found a place send me a message." Then one of the servants again said this place is called Chichiweri, which meant "Comfort your heart," Then the king returned to Kumasi and the son Baffoh continued on his journey to a certain place where he said, "now that father has gone I will eat here." And the servants answered and said, "but there is no water here, how can we cook?" Baffoh then lifted up his eyes and saw a silk cotton tree near by and he commanded the servants to go and see perhaps there may be water. The servants did as they were told and went to see if there was any water and truly found water there. They took some of the water to the village and made him some fufu. In the morning when they were ready to go, he said "because of the sweetness of this water it should be called Ayinasu," which meant "cotton tree water." Then as they started the journey they came in contact with a big tree named Odum. They sat down to rest, but to their surprise it was soon dark, so that they had to sleep there, and so they slept there. When they awoke the next morning, Baffoh found that one of his servants called Sekyireh was still sleeping. He waked him and asked what was the matter with him that he had slept so long? He answered and said the air under the tree was sweet and that made him late that day. Then he gave a name to the place connected with the man's name, which is known as Asechedumaseh, which meant Sekyireh and Odum. Then they started again till they came to two junctions and at one of them he saw a hunter and asked him, where does this junction lead to?" he said one leads to Donkoroh, and the other to the village of three old men then he said, now that I have found men, I will sleep here." Then he slept there and in the morning he said, "I will go and stay with the old men," so he continued to the village and met the men sitting beside their morning fire. He bade them good morning, and asked where they came

from? They told him, "we are three old hunters of Ohin Amiyaw, owner of the town Tekiman." Then he said, "well, I will stay with you." They agreed and he stayed with them. He also went to see the Ohin Amiyaw and spoke to him about his stay. He agreed also and Baffoh stayed with three the men. Then he sent a message to his father the king saying he had found a place where he was going to stay and there was an Omanhin like him in that land of Tekiman. "So I will attempt him, so that you can come and make war against him." When the father heard this he started out, and Baffoh started his temptation by saying to the king of Tekiman that he was the son of the king of Ashanti and he knew he would come and fight him so he would show him a plan. Then he said "gather all the guns of your land, bring them to me all." The king did what the prince had said, and brought them to him. He asked, "is this all?" The king answered, "yes, my lad." Then Baffoh said, "send me one hundred men to carry them to a river, so that when my father comes, they will be new and your men can fight with them properly." This people, not knowing anything about what he was saying, took the guns to a river and put them under the water, so as to be new. When the guns had been hidden, it was forty days when the king, his father, arrived. He at once started the war without giving notice to the other king. Then Baffoh said, "what are you doing? go for the guns." They went to the river and took their guns. But when they started to shoot, the guns did not work at all, but only broke like pieces of wood. Then they threw the guns away and some went to their farms and brought yams, and put them in a fire and when they were done they took, and threw them at the Ashanti. Then the Ashanti ate yams and shot them afterwards, but the Ohin Amiyaw was not caught, he vanished in the ground. Now it came to pass the king of Ashanti came to share the property he got after the war was over. But when he gave his son some of the jewels, he said, "father, I do not want

anything but the remaining villages and the land," and what he asked was given to him. After the war all that ran away came into their village and by that they were Baffoh's people. But during the war Baffoh hid the three old men. And after the war was over, he brought them from their hiding place and said to them that it was through them he had got the whole land of Tekiman, so he was going to give the town the name of "three old men" which meant in Twi, Nkokuraza. But now we call the town Nkoranza. So this is what I know about "three old men" and of Baffoh and Nkoranza.

THREE TOURS ON THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA.

(1901 TO 1906).

BY CAPTAIN A. W. NORRIS,
GOLD COAST POLITICAL SERVICE.

*Compiled in 1909 from letters, and memory, etc.
(This account was handed over by Captain Norris to the Gold Coast Regiment to form part of the Regimental Record. Permission for publication was, with the consent of Captain Norris, kindly given by Lieutenant-Colonel MacDonell, D.S.O.)*

In writing this account of my service on the West Coast, I simply intend to put before the reader the life of a British officer at one of the outposts of the Empire. I am rather handicapped by the fact that I have lost my rough diary, and perhaps shall not be able to put things in the proper order; and again, I have to be careful not to say anything that may be of offence to anyone who was on the coast at the same time. If I do—I ask for forgiveness.

CHAPTER I.

I was stationed at Gibraltar when I sent in my name for service in West Africa. I was accepted and came home in the s.s. *Persia* to England in order to get my kit. The Colonial Office gave me three weeks to get ready. With the help of rough pamphlets on the West Coast, I managed to get everything I thought I wanted and sailed from Liverpool in the s.s. *Borneo*. On the landing stage I met Burgess, who belonged to my battalion out at Gibraltar and was also going out to the West Coast.

We had both been seconded to the Gold Coast Constabulary and our passages had been taken to Accra. The *Borneo* was on what was called the

“express service,” and ran right through to Sierra Leone. She passed Grand Canary one night at about 10.30 and signalled with flashes. There were several old Coasters on board who took a keen delight in trying to frighten those who, like myself, were going out to the Coast for the first time. According to them it was a common thing for your grass roof to be burnt over your head—to find snakes of all sorts in your bed—for monkeys of huge size to raid your hut, and various other little unpleasantnesses of that sort. The betting was 20 to one that you would die in three months. The conversation was something of this sort:—“Hullo, Brown, so you are going out again, are you? Had any news from Cape Coast while you were at home?” “No, not much, they had rather a bad time at the Bank—three dead and two sent home. Young Smith died of blackwater on the way home, and Johns was killed by one of his boys putting ground glass into his chop.”

That was something else for us new coasters—“Ground glass.” One or two of us began thinking of taking the first steamer back as soon as we landed.

Then the advice we got about fever, etc. One would say—“Take five grains of quinine every day before first chop.” Another would say—“Don’t take any except when you have fever on you.” Someone else—“Don’t take quinine at all—it gives you blackwater. Take arsenic.”

One morning at about eight, we sighted Sierra Leone. It did look beautiful with all the hills around covered in trees of a green shade that one does not see in England. We anchored at about 1 p.m. and having made up parties, prepared to go on shore.

The steamer gangway was surrounded with boats, each having two yelling black boys, who all declared at the tops of their voices that their boat was the best.

A Port officer of some sort tried to keep order, and informed them they were black men (himself being the colour of coal).

The Customs officer came alongside in his gig—crack, bang, right into the midst of the whole lot.

More language.

I remarked—"What funny cards these niggers are." An old coaster standing near said—"You must not say that on shore. "Nigger" is a form of abuse, and if you say it, you will be had up like a shot and fined £5." I afterwards learnt that they were "gentlemen of colour!!"

I went on shore with three or four others and wandered round the town. It was all very quaint to me, but Sierra Leone has been so often described by better pens that there is no need for me to do so. We called on the Sierra Leone Frontier Force mess, and I had my first "cocktail."

We left Sierra Leone that evening, and the day after called at Monrovia, where the Postmaster-General came off to sell stamps (at least I was told that he was the Postmaster-General). We then called at Grand Bassam for Kroo boys.

All ships going down the Coast take on Kroo boys, who work the cargo at the ports of call and help stoke, it being too hot for white men.

Our next place of call was Axim. This is the first place steamers touch at on the Gold Coast.

Murphy, a District Commissioner, had a wire telling him to land there as one Commissioner had died and another had been invalided home—delightful place. Then on to Sekondi, where several engineers landed, as Sekondi was to be the starting place of the Kumasi railway. Then Cape Coast Castle, the big trading town of the Gold Coast, with its old fort showing up white against the green back ground.

Then on to Accra.

At all places on the Gold Coast one lands in "surf boats" paddled by ten or twelve Kroo boys, half of whom sit on each gunwale with the big toe of the foot that is nearest their side of the boat in a loop that is fastened to the rising of the boat. They paddle with a single-bladed paddle with a shaft about three feet long, and a big blade at the end about a foot in diameter.

The back lash from the surf is generally so bad that one cannot climb down the ladder to the surf boat, but is slung over the side in a "mammie chair" *i.e.*, a big tub with a seat in it. Two people generally go and each time there is a jerk and a jar, and one is swinging out over the side and the surf boat is under you, rising and falling now 16 feet, now 30 feet. The mate watches, lowers his hand, and down you go—bump—with luck into the surf boat or perhaps if the boat has sheared, you get a ducking.

One's kit is slung over in slings and stands the same chance of either getting into the boat or getting wet.

Then good-bye to the "Bornu." Shouts of good-bye to the captain—Captain Hely—who stands up on the deck with his cheery red face—and one is off.

The Kroo boys sing all the way, putting their paddles in with jerks that make the boat move.

When one reaches the fringe of the surf, the steersman stops them, and you wait, tossing up and down, till he sees a good chance. Then with a yell you rush in on top of a wave, hanging on like grim death to the side of the boat. You see a native canoe in front of you capsize. You think of taking off your boots. There is a thump—the boys jump over the side into the water, and you are on the beach.

Well—there we were—three of us. Neil, a Secretariat cadet, Burgess and myself, surrounded by a mob of natives all wanting "a dash" for doing something or other. None of us knew where to go or what to do.

At last we saw a white face coming down from the Customs House. It was Poole, one of the Secretariat cadets, who had come down to meet Neil. He was very surprised to see Burgess and myself. It turned out that wires had been sent to meet us at Axim, saying that we were to get off at Cape Coast Castle. We found that all the Gold Coast Constabulary had been moved up to Kumasi and that we had to go up there.

Burgess and I went up to the Secretariat and saw Mr. Hunter, the Acting Colonial Secretary. He was very good to us and did all he could.

We got our boxes up and had them carried to an empty bungalow, and then went round to Mr. Hunter's bungalow where we had chop. I shall never forget that night! We had no boys, and no mosquito net, and we slept in our clothes. The next day, after early chop with Mr. Hunter, we got our things taken down again to the beach, and got on board the s.s. *Oran*, where we both enjoyed a wash and a shave. The *Oran* did not leave till late at night.

We were turned out of our bunks at 5.30 in the morning, having arrived at Cape Coast Castle. We again had to go through all the discomforts of landing; if anything, worse than at Accra. But what a difference on landing. Mr. Hunter had wired to the "Base Commandant," Captain Skinner of the W.I.R., and to the Transport Officer and we found carriers waiting for us. Rooms had been engaged at Acquah's Hotel and we now felt we had arrived on the West Coast.

CHAPTER II.

We followed the carriers and, at the end of about 15 minutes' walk, found ourselves at a large mud house, three stories high. Acquah, the landlord, was a big, well-educated native, who had started this hotel mainly for the miners going up country. He knew his place, and did not dress in European clothes like most natives do as soon as they can speak a word of English. He was content with the big native cloth thrown over his left shoulder. He gave us a very good dinner, and we went to bed tired out. The next day, we went down to the fort and, after a good bit of trouble, found the Transport Officer, who told us that he hoped to be able to get us off on the morrow. We paid official calls on the Commandant, whom we found in bed with bad fever, and also on the District Commissioner. I tried to engage a boy, but was not able to do so.

Burgess had got hold of a good Kroo boy at Accra called Sam; he (Sam) said he would try and get one of his brothers to come with me. It seems that the reason boys are so scarce is that miners coming out have their boys paid for by the Company to which they belong—the result is that the wages have gone up from about 25/- a month to £3 a month for a good boy who can cook. That is simply one example of how money is wasted on these West African mines.

In the evening, I was very glad when Sam brought up another Kroo boy called Bestman, who agreed to come with me.

We dined that evening with the various Government officials who ran a little mess together. We had a very merry evening. We left at about 10.30 p.m. as we wanted to get ready for the march next day.

We did not get off, as carriers were not available, Captain Skinner told us we should have to take 42 Yoruba recruits up to Kumasi with us, and that there were two old soldiers going back to Kumasi who would help us. Also, a trading company asked us if we would escort a box of specie up to Kumasi for them. Burgess said he would.

We got an advance of £10 each out of the local treasurer, and fitted up some chop boxes for the road. Everything tinned, of course, but we felt ourselves very proud. I had no idea what a lot of nice tinned things one could get.

That evening Captain Skinner and two other people dined with us and we had a very merry evening, finishing by running go-cart races down the main street. One of the native policemen tried to stop us, but found himself head first in a water barrel before one could say knife.

The next day at 6.30 our carriers arrived, twenty for each of us—that is, eight hammock men and twelve to carry loads,

The hammocks are carried by four men at a time—the other four carry one's little things, like helmet case, despatch box, sword, etc.

A load is supposed to be about 60 lbs. but a carrier will often carry more if it is a compact load.

We got off at about 8 a.m. and at the end of an hour's stiff climb, were on the top of the range of hills that run right along the coast. We then had to go down the other side and at about the end of another hour's march, left cultivation behind and got into vast swamps covered with bamboo. It did look strange. The bush track wound in and out among the swamps and the carriers and recruits all going in single file looked like a long snake. We went on till about mid-day, when, having got out of the swamp on the rising ground, we stopped for mid-day chop.

The menu as far as I remember was—

Brawn.

Tin of preserved plums.

Dutch cheese and bread.

Weak gin and water.

We stopped for about three quarters of an hour, and then on again through undulating country, not very thickly wooded, till about 4 p.m. when we reached Dunkwa, where there is a Government Rest House. The boys made us some tea, and our camp beds having been put up, we had a sleep.

The recruits and carriers found sleeping places themselves in the village.

The next three days' march were just the same, starting off at about 6.30 in the morning, and marching till about 12 mid-day chop, then on to the night's resting place, doing about 20 miles each day. We then reached Prahsu, the river Prah being the boundary between the Gold Coast and the Ashanti administration. There is a very good rest house there. Just after we got in we saw a perfect caravan come down to the other side of the river, and come

over in the ferry barge. It was a native officer of the Gold Coast Constabulary named Ali, who had just retired after 42 years' service. He was on his way to the Coast with his wives, family and servants; there were almost a hundred of them.

We got across the Prah, and slept the next night at Fumsu, a small rest house teeming with flies, mosquitos, etc. Our boys killed three snakes.

The next day we got off at sunrise, as we knew we had a bad day in front of us. The first two miles were through a swamp with high cotton and odum trees on both sides of the path.

We were now in the real forest belt of West Africa, the vastness and beauty of which I cannot describe. Hardly a sound to be heard, and the sun every now and then showing through the thick overhead leaves. At about 1 p.m. we arrived at Brofoyedru at the bottom of the Moinsi Hills. The path runs straight up the side of the hill at a slope of about 1 in 2, and in some places it is 2 in 1. One has to catch hold of the tree roots and haul oneself up. It took us about one hour to go up and then we enjoyed a good rest. We could see the carriers climbing up. How they managed it I don't know. We then had to go down the other side of the hill into Kwissa, where there was an out-station of one company under Captain Lonsdale. He was very glad to see us, as he had had no mails for two weeks, and wanted to know how the Boer War was going on.

The next day on to Esumeja, which is not far from Bekwai, where they had a big fight in 1900. One of the old soldiers pointed out the paths to me.

That evening, just after we got to the Esumeja rest house, we had our first experience of a tornado. We could hear the sound of it a long way off, and then the rain came down like a sheet. We woke up in the morning, knowing that we only had 15 miles to do to get into Kumasi; so we got off early, so that we could be in by 12 o'clock, thereby saving the stop for mid-day chop. At about 11.30 we

arrived at the top of a long straight hill, and could see Assumeja (one of the suburbs) below us, and to the left the fort, showing up gray against the bush behind.

We halted, and got our swords on, and then, having got the recruits into fours, marched on.

Just at the bottom of the main road the band met us, and we were played up past the fort to the hutments in fine style.

Lieut. Sweetzer, the acting Adjutant, met us, and Burgess having handed over the recruits, we went into lunch which was about half-way through.

We were made to feel at home at once, and soon were hard at work on some stewed beef.

Everybody wanted to know about the war. They had heard nothing for some time, as the wire was in its usual state, broken down.

After chop, Lieut. Kortright, the Acting Pay and Quartermaster, took me off to his room that I had to share with him. He also told me that I was taking over "B" Company from him. It seems that they were very short-handed, so many officers were at home on long leave after the 1900 campaign. It just ran round, now that we had come, that there was one white officer per Company.

In the afternoon, Burgess and I called on the Chief Commissioner, Sir Donald Stewart, and on the doctors, Dr. Crow and Dr. Thain. Kumasi then was very different to what it is now. There were eleven officers in quarters that had been built for four or five. The rest of the day I spent in unpacking my kit, and getting straight.

Mess was at 7.30. Everybody laughed at Burgess and myself. We looked so spick and span with our English washed shirts, etc. All the others were wearing shirts that had been native washed for months.

What a difference from an English mess. Sheets for table cloths. Salt in empty cigarette tins, tin

plates, whisky and soda out of tin tea cups—in fact, we were all using the plates, knives and forks out of our field canteens.

After mess, when smoking time came, I lit my cigarette and blew the match out. I was jumped on; "Matches are valuable" someone said, and I then struck another which went all round the table, everyone taking two puffs quickly and passing it on for the next to light his cigarette.

After mess I had a long talk with Sweetzer, who put me up to a good many tips about the native troops. I asked him if there was any chance of a rising. He said that he did not think so. There had been a few weeks before, but three companies had come from Nigeria—two from Southern and one from Northern. He then told me that I need not turn out early in the morning, as the Colonel, or rather, the Inspector-General, would see me in the morning orderly room, time 9.30. Then, feeling very tired, I turned in.

CHAPTER III.

It would perhaps interest the reader if I retraced my steps to Cape Coast Castle and wrote down my impressions of the West Coast from there to Kumasi.

Cape Coast Castle is the old capital of the Gold Coast Colony. The fort is about 300 years old, and is built out on some rocks on the shore. The sea side of the fort runs in places right down into the water. There are two gates, one on the land side and a small one leading down to the beach from the right-hand side looking from the sea.

The native town, as is only to be expected, shows signs of the European hand—nearly all the houses are two or three stories high, with well-made doors and shutters to the windows. There are several good stores, as the majority of the rubber and native produce comes to Cape Coast and are there bartered for trade goods such as knives, looking-glasses, beads, tins of sardines, soap, scent, etc.

There is a big Government school there, and a bank. Just outside the town there is the hospital, built originally as the Governor's official residence, but never used as such, the capital having been changed to Accra. It is a splendid, big place, but wasted, as there are generally only two doctors and an English nurse there. Down in the town, not far from the Castle, there is Gothic House, that was used as quarters for the civil authorities. Just near this was the old hospital, a big, old-fashioned house four stories high, with a big garden, now used as a residence for the Provincial and District Commissioners.

When I went out to West Africa, the mine boom was in full swing, and as one marched up country, one came across pieces of machinery lying by the path. It seems that the carriers used to be given a load and a big advance of pay. They used then to start off with their load, go about a day's march, dump the load down, and then return for another one. It almost made one cry to see such wicked waste. Very often, when the mining engineer who had been sent out to start some mine that his Company had a concession for arrived up country, he either found that there was no such place, or else that there were already other representatives of various Companies already on the ground, and fighting like cats over it.

All this trouble arose, I think, from two causes. First, that the Boer War had caused such a lot of mine speculators to come home to England, where they were kicking their heels having nothing to do; so they sent out prospectors to the West Coast to prospect and buy concessions. In some cases the prospectors were honest, but I am afraid that in a great many cases they were scoundrels. Some of them would stop down at Cape Coast and buy concessions that the natives hawked round to them and then go home, and the result would be the flotation of a Company.

Others would go up country and buy a concession and a lump of gold quartz, and then go home and act in the same way.

A few, however, would possibly prospect and try and act straight all the way along the line, but even then there would often be a mix-up caused by my second reason, viz: that the country had never been surveyed.

What happened was roughly as follows:—A prospector wished to obtain a concession of a certain tract of country. He would go to the chief and say that he wanted a concession for a bit of land, starting from such and such a village, boundaries to be N.W. $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles, then West for two miles, and so on, enclosing the tract he required. The chief would say that he did not understand that, but he would grant a concession along such and such a path, and then follow such and such a stream, etc. The result was that in the end the chief granted the concession, but the boundaries not being understood by the natives, they nearly always overlapped someone else.

Again, there being no proper office to register the concessions, the wily native often sold the same one two or three times.

The amount of money that was wasted in the sham mines was cruel. I saw myself men that at home were ordinary working miners drinking champagne and living like fighting cocks, all of course, at the expense of the shareholders.

Of course, that state of things did not last long, as the bubble soon exploded.

The country round Cape Coast is well cultivated, the villages on the whole clean and well built. A good many of the houses are two stories high and roofed with shingles. The natives have taken into use many European articles of furniture, such as beds, tables, chairs, etc.

Nearly every village of any size had its carpenter and blacksmith, most of whom were, for the

natives, well educated and could read and write English, and had been taught their trade by the Basel Mission.

As one got further up country, one saw very quickly that one was leaving civilisation behind—the houses become one storey, with thatched roofs, and by the time one reached the Prah, *i.e.* about 80 miles from Cape Coast, one only saw the mud hut with grass roofs. On the Ashanti side of the Prah one enters the Adansi country and, as I said before, the West African forest belt. There is a little more comfort to be got here, the natives using big palm leaves for roofing their huts. All the villages have a big open space in the middle, with one or two shady trees. The people look a fine set of men and have a brave appearance.

Fomena, just beyond Kwissa, was, when we passed through, a ruin, having been burnt during 1900. It must have been a fine big place. It is the chief town of Adansi.

A few miles beyond Fomena one gets into Ashanti proper, where one is more struck than ever by the fine appearance of the people.

They are of a good average height, lightly made and hold themselves well. The houses here are the real Ashanti—that is, a square block with four rooms, one on each side, all opening on the central space, which is used for cooking. The floor of each room is built about 18 inches off the ground, and has a splendid surface—as the natives continually wash them with a mixture of mud and water, which when dry, gives a splendid gloss. All the native villages have a lot of fowls running about, also pigs; the latter act as scavengers. These are greatly aided in their duties by the carrion vulture, a hideous bird—but a bird that does more than anything on the West Coast. I believe in the Colony it is a £5 fine to shoot one, and quite right, too.

Once on the way up we saw a troop of monkeys in the trees, but much to our carriers' disgust we

were not able to shoot one. They hoped to get a free meal. There were some lovely butterflies in the woods, but I was very much struck by the absence of orchids. The trees were mostly cotton trees, red and white odum, and teak trees. The cotton trees grow to a great height, often over 100 feet.

Odum is a sort of bastard cedar, I should think by the smell. It is very hard, and is practically the only wood that white ants cannot tackle. If transport by water was only easier, what a fortune there is to be made out of the hard woods of the West Coast. But most of the rivers have such bad rapids that logs would get broken to pieces.

CHAPTER IV.

The next day I attended orderly room and the Commanding Officer told me that I was to take over B Company (Burgess took over G Company) from Lieutenant Kortright.

Kortright sent for the Company Sergeant-Major, who came and reported himself to me. His name was Marmadu Dambornu. A splendid type of man with the Bornu tribe mark down his nose, and the little cuts on the temple. He took me up to the lines and showed me where the company fell in. I then asked him to pick me out an orderly who could speak English. He said he would do so.

I walked down to some waste land with him, and watched the Company at fatigue. They struck me as being a very fine set of men. I should think that the average height was over 5' 9". In the afternoon I went down to the fort and got the Company pay clerk to explain the pay sheets to me. They were very much simpler than the English pay sheet.

It might be as well to put down the strength of a Company and the pay.

White	{	1 Captain	£400 per year.
		3 Subalterns	£300 and
		1 White Non-commis- sioned officer,		£350 per year. £120 per year.

Black	{	1 Company Sergt.-Major	3/- per diem.
		8 Corporals	1/3 per diem.
		4 Lance-Corporals ..	1/1 per diem.
		2 Buglers	1/- per diem.
		150 Rank and File ..	1/- per diem.

Then there was the duty pay and subsistence money when on the march.

The officer actually in command of the Company received £4 per mensem command pay.

1st Class European Sergeants received £2 extra and all Europeans Sergeants received 2/6 per day in lieu of rations.

Officers on the march received 5/- per day field allowance (it was 10/- but was reduced to 5/-).

Black troops on the march. The Company Sergeant-Major 6d. a day and other ranks 3d. a day subsistence money.

Men over ten years service received long service pay as follows:—

Coy. Sergt.-Major	4d. per diem.
Sergeants	3d. per diem.
Corporals	2d. per diem.
Rank and File	1d. per diem.

They also had 1d. per diem good conduct pay for each badge. Badges were given for every three years' good service.

There are no pensions given, but at the end of their service, the men receive a gratuity.

They are enlisted for 6 years, re-engage for 12 years, and then for 21 years. They used to be able to re-engage to complete 15 years.

Each Company also has a Company pay clerk who does the pay sheets. They begin at £40 per annum. As B Company was a Mahomedan company, I had a malam or priest attached also, who drew corporal's pay.

Things were in a state of transition, as the various constabularies of the West African Colonies were being brought under one central authority at the Colonial Office and the names were being changed from Constabulary to Regiment and all the regiments were being combined into the West African Frontier Force. Native officers were being done away with, as the authorities thought they might clash with the English non-coms. Companies were being formed into Race Companies, all the same race being drafted into one Company. All this took a long time to do, and in fact was not finished till the beginning of my second tour. But what was aimed at was as follows :

The Constabulary to be divided into two battalions, one in Ashanti, with headquarters at Kumasi, and one in the Northern Territories, with headquarters at Gambaga.

The Ashanti, or 1st Battalion Gold Coast Regiment, to be composed as under—

- 1 Artillery Company
- 9 Infantry Companies.

The Artillery Company was armed with the millimetre gun and 7-pounders. The men were picked men from the Battalion. The Infantry Companies to be divided up into the following races :—

- A. Wongara (from behind Senegal).
- B. Hausa (from N. Nigeria).
- C. Yoruba (from Lagos).
- D. Fulani (from French Sudan)
- E. Mendi (from Sierra Leone).
- F. Timni (from Sierra Leone).
- G. Moshi (from N. Territory).
- H. Yoruba (from Lagos).
- I. Grunshi (from N. Territory).

E and F Companies, however, are very soon combined in one Company, E, and there was no F Company.

When I arrived at Kumasi—

D Company was on outstation at Mampon.
A Company was on outstation at Kwissa.
G Company was on outstation on the Western Frontier.

The other Companies were at Kumasi.

A good many of the Companies were over strength, B was almost 180 strong. It did seem a huge company to drill after an English Company, which very often only paraded about 40 strong. Afternoon parade was at 4.30, and as it was the first parade of the Company I had taken, I naturally spent a long time examining the men and the belts, etc.

They were armed with the .303 M.M. carbine and had the old black Martini equipment. Both were in a terrible state, the bores of the carbines being almost smooth and the equipment in nearly every case being joined together with string. I found that each man carried twenty rounds of ball ammunition on him always, and had eighty in his hut. The reason being, I found out afterwards, that active service regulations were still in force, and that B Company being the only "old soldier" Company at headquarters, the Commanding Officer thought it advisable to have some men always ready.

The Company, as I said before, was over strength, but it was very short of non-coms. There were only the Company Sergeant-Major, three Sergeants, two Corporals, and one Lance-Corporal, and one of the Sergeants was no good for parade. He was an old man, crippled with elephantiasis, and acted as Provost Sergeant. I told the Sergeant-Major to put the Company through some exercises, which he did very well. I was glad to see that words of command were given in English.

At 5.30 I dismissed the Company, and the Sergeant-Major brought me up the man he thought would do as orderly, a private named Abba Beriberi.

I found that there was a .303 Maxim belonging to the Company, which was kept in the guard room. It was thick with rust and I could hardly move the lock.

That night was guest night, and several of the officers of the Nigerian Companies came up.

I was surprised at the way the band played, but was told that several of the men had been to England and had gone through Kneller Hall. After mess we all went outside on to the verandah and watched the natives dancing, while the band played native tunes. It was very funny to watch them jumping about, clapping their hands in time with the tune. I was hard at work for the next few weeks picking out men to promote and trying to learn their customs, as it was no uncommon thing for a man to come up and ask his officer to settle some dispute for him. But I shall have more to say about that afterwards.

As the country was under martial law, there was a Court Martial always sitting. Three officers on duty by the week. I learnt a good deal about native customs and laws in that way. But I am afraid that the procedure would not always have passed the Judge Advocate General. Things gradually got more comfortable in the mess, as we got up stores, etc., from the coast, but living was still rough.

About a month after I arrived there was a sham fight. I was sent out in the morning with 40 men of H Company with matchets, axes, etc., to cut down trees to make an imaginary stockade. I was told to go about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles out on the Juaben road. We left about 10.30 a.m., and I found a very nice place where the path twisted and the bush was very thick. There were several big trees by the path, and I cut down three, one across the path and the other two on each flank. The men enjoyed the fun of the thing, and the native sergeant who was with me put all sorts of things in front to act as ju-ju like the Ashantis do.

We were attacked at about 3.15 p.m. The advance guard walked right up to us before they saw us—if it had been a real show, they would all have been killed. The Colonel then attacked, sent flanking parties out on one flank, and brought up a 7-pounder, which fired blank charges. The stockade was then supposed to have been breached, and the "cease fire" was sounded, followed by the "charge." There was a yell and a howl and before I knew where I was a great big form was over the stockade followed by a mob of yelling men all with fixed bayonets. It was Watson of Cape Coast fame, with his Company.

I had got tea ready for the officers, but a tornado came on, and we legged it back to Kumasi and arrived like drowned rats. The next day the Colonel received a note from the Chief Commissioner saying that one of the main roads into Kumasi was stopped, and that produce could not come into the market. I had to send half the Company out to cut a way through the trees and open a path up.

One very funny thing happened. It might have had serious consequences, but luckily did not. We had nothing in the mess to keep our filtered water in, except empty whisky and gin bottles. Now the great drink at mid-day chop was "orange squash," the juice of two or three oranges squeezed into a glass and filled up with water. One of the officers came into chop very hot and tired, having been on the range since about 6.30. He seized hold of the squash that his boy put by him, drunk about half at a gulp and then fell back on the floor gasping. His boy had filled it up with neat gin!

The same thing happened to another officer some time after. But this time it was paraffin; worse than gin I should think.

Life up at Kumasi passed very quickly. Every day was just like the one before, as there was nothing to mark the time by. One did the same things day after day. The English mail coming in was the only

break in the week, and the only excitement was when someone arrived, either from England or from out-station on their way home.

My programme for the day was almost always—

6. 0 a.m.	Called—cup of tea.
7. 0 a.m.	Parade.
8.15 a.m.	Breakfast.
8.45 a.m.	Company orderly room.
9.30 a.m.	Commanding Officer's orderly room.
10 a.m.—12 noon	Company on fatigue.
12 noon	Mid-day chop.
2. 0 p.m.	(Either have a shut-eye or check pay sheets, etc).
3.45 p.m.	Tea.
4.30 p.m.	Parade.
5.30 p.m.	Rush off parade, change and have a game of tennis.
6.30 p.m.	Sit outside mess. Have a cocktail and yarn.
7. p.m.	Bath.
7.30 p.m.	Mess.
9.30 p.m.	Turn in.

The mails were very irregular; sometimes we did not get any for weeks, and then perhaps two in the same week. Naturally, I looked out for the mails very eagerly. It used to take about 22 to 25 days to come out from London to Kumasi.

When I had done about five months, I was able to shift into a hut by myself.

Such a lot of officers had come out that the colonel had had a set of three quarters built by the Mendi carriers. I was lucky enough to get one. A nice big room about 30 feet square with grass roof. It was very comfortable.

My Kroo boy left me at about this time. He did not get on well with the other boys. Alfred, the mess cook, handed over his brother Joseph to me, a little chap of about 11 years old. I got another

little fellow, an Ashanti, to help him, and got on very well. Joseph stayed with me all the rest of the time I was on the Coast, coming back to me when I returned from leave each tour. He was a smart little fellow, a Popo boy and talked English very well.

The colonel was rather anxious to form a sort of pioneer section and asked me if I would see what I could do. Using only the men's matchets that they carried with their equipment, and the ti-ti (a thick creeper used instead of rope) and the ordinary trees on the spot, I taught them how to make a "single-lock bridge" in camp, sending them out in fatigue time to bring in ti-ti and poles. The colonel then suggested that I should take them out to a stream on the Cape Coast road, about three miles out, and try making one over it. I started off one morning at about 6.30 a.m. taking some chop with me, and got out to the stream at about 8 a.m. I divided the company half on one side and half on the other.

I threw out sentries, etc., so as to make it seem real, and set to work making a frame on each side. I pointed out the trees I wanted cut down.

While I was on the Kumasi side of the stream watching the men working, I heard the cracking of a tree and then a clang, and a coil of telegraph wire swished past my head. The sergeant in charge on the other side had felled a tree the wrong way and it had broken the telegraph wire. I thought "This is a good start," and sent a man back to Kumasi with a note saying what had happened, and asking for a linesman to be sent from the telegraph office.

Things then went fairly well, and I got the frames finished, launched and locked.

I then sent out two men to lash the frames together. One man slipped, and fell into the stream, spraining his leg. By 1 p.m. I had the bridge finished, and after a good long rest, marched the whole company over it to test it. Of course, one man fell and broke his big toe. I got back to Kumasi in a big tornado and the colonel asked me how I had got on.

I reported—"Built the bridge—broke the telegraph wire—two men injured, and now in hospital." It was a long time before I heard the end of my bridge building.

The majority of the men lived in little grass huts, as there were not sufficient quarters for them all. These were continually catching fire and the fire alarm used to go nearly every week, sometimes two or three times during the week. It was very disturbing to one's rest, but one always had to bolt to one's company lines, as we were always afraid that the Ashantis had started the fire and would take advantage of the tumult.

We had alarm posts once or twice a month, and then there was a fine game of "general post." The men used to enter into the spirit of the thing, and leg it like stags to their various posts. It was a really fine sight to see the gunner company with their guns. All the men nearly 5 ft. 11 in high, rushing up the road with the guns as if they weighed nothing.

But one night the alarm was sounded in earnest. The rouse had just sounded at 5 a.m., when there was the report of a gun and after a pause, the alarm went. I caught hold of my revolver, slipped on shoes and a jacket, and ran for the lines in my pyjamas. Just by the lines I caught up Colonel Wilkinson and Lieut. Sweetzer. We went on past the guard room, and found Company Sergeant-Major Sukah (a fine specimen of the Fulani), sitting on the ground bleeding like a pig, and swearing like anything. He told us that a man had run amok. The colonel told me to go back to the hospital and get a stretcher, and tell the doctors. I did so, and found them cutting a spear head out of a man's side. I then ran back to the lines, and found that nearly all the company had fallen in; just after the man was caught and put in the Guard Room.

At the enquiry it turned out that he was a corporal of A Company, who was on leave. Having nowhere to sleep he slept in the guard room. He woke up with the noise the Guard made turning out

when the bugle sounded the rouse, caught up his spear and stuck it into the lance corporal of the guard, who was taking his equipment off, drew a great big matchet that he had and hit a gun-carrier, who was prisoner, over the head (cutting his skull open), snatched up the carbine and equipment that the lance corporal had let drop, and rushed out of the Guard Room, took a shot down one of the lines at a woman he saw (who turned out to be old Sukah's wife), C.S.M. Sukah rushed out and he was shot through both legs. The man then ran down the lines into an empty hut, where after some trouble he was caught. I managed to get hold of the matchet afterwards, and still have it. It is of a most peculiar shape and people who have been on the coast for some time say that they have never seen one like it.

Sundays I generally spent writing letters all the morning, and in the afternoon we all used to go down on the range and have a shooting match.

One Sunday we were disturbed by hearing a row up in the lines. We ran up and found that it came from near Bantama. The Regimental Sergeant-Major (Augustus) said that H and E Companies were having a fight. Everybody ran to their company parade grounds. As my parade ground was the nearest to the row one fell in about 40 men and doubled up. But the C.O. and Sweetzer had got the men almost under, and I was ordered back. The real reason I think was that my men had fixed bayonets and the colonel thought that it might make things worse. I left the men with the Sergeant Major and went back to see if I could help the colonel. I managed to get hold of a beastly-looking ju-ju that one of the Yorubas was waving over his head, and urging his brothers on. The colonel would not let me give it back afterwards, so I kept it. My boxes were broken open three times before I went on leave. The Yorubas were trying to get it back, but I did not keep it in a box, my boy having given me the tip that they were trying to get it back. I simply hung it on the wall and hung a great coat over it. They did not dream of looking there for it.

I had been having a good bit of fever, and the doctor said that if I could get away on a march for a few days, it would do me good. I was very pleased and an opportunity soon occurred. There was a detachment of a corporal and nine men stationed at a mine called Bipossu out by Lake Busumchwi, found from my company. The detachment was changed every month. The colonel thought it would be a good thing for me to go out with the new detachment and bring the old one back and see how things were going.

I started off on the 31st of the month with the new detachment and got to the first village on the lake at about 4.30 p.m. having done about 24 miles. The Lake is, I should think, the remains of an old volcano. It is almost round and has, as far as can be seen, no exit. I should think it measured about four miles by $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles. The water is gradually rising; one can see the stumps of trees sticking up out of the water about 400 yards out. The natives told me that they have to move their villages back about every five or six years. The lake is one of the big Ashanti fetishes, the fetish in this case being that no boat may be put on the water and no string net used. The result is that the mesh of the fishing nets is made of narrow strips of bamboo woven into each other and the natives sit straddle-legged on logs when they go out to fish, paddling with their hands. They balance themselves in a wonderful way as the logs are only about 7" in diameter and about 10 feet long.

There are a lot of pelicans, cormorants, fish, eagles and other birds on the lake. The pelicans looked so pretty on the water, shewing up white. As is to be expected, the natives on the lake live almost entirely on fish, the result being that there are a lot of lepers.

One has to come down quite a steep hill to the lake. From the top one sees it all spread out like a map under one.

The next day I got to Bipossu, getting in at about 3.30 p.m.

The mine was not being worked. They were "proving" it. There were two mining engineers and four white miners. They had got quite a lot of nice looking-stuff out. I was made to feel quite at home. They were very glad to see a strange face and to hear the latest news. I stayed there two days and enjoyed myself very much.

I shot my first monkey out there. A big "Bishop monkey," [such a pretty beast, with a long tail. The skin was a very good one and afterwards made up into a splendid muff. I went down the shafts and saw the gold in the quartz. It was marvellous to see. I was very sorry to leave. The change had done me the world of good. I got back to Kumasi, having been away a week. I took three days to do the march back.

We had a sham fight one day out on the Patasi road, the road by which Governor Hodgson had escaped when the Ashantis were besieging Kumasi. One of the old soldiers, I think it was Sergt. Alfred of E Company, pointed out several human bones, etc., lying by the side of the road. I was very glad, at about this time, at having two European sergeants passed to the company, Sergt. Butler of the Buffs, and Sergt. Farrel of the Bedfords. Very good men both of them were, and worked hard. They improved the drill of the company very much.

Soon after this, there was a public hanging in the market place, and I had to take the company down to form a cordon round the scaffold. The prisoner was the chief of a village on the western frontier, where a white man had been murdered when the 1900 show broke out. I did not mind the hanging much. It was the waiting afterwards that was so trying, watching the poor chap swinging. There was another hanging just before this, when rather a laughable thing occurred. By mistake the band turned out and played the company that was forming the escort down to the market place. I was told that they went down playing "You've got a long way to go" and came back playing "Poor old Joe."

I don't know if it is a fact, but that is the yarn that went round. Just at about this time the Inspector-General of the West African Frontier Force came out on his tour of inspection, General Kemball. I was ordered to form a "guard of honour" of 50 rank and file for him. I just managed to get 50 men all with two medals, and all with two or more good conduct badges. I was very proud of them. The general gave us the most awful doing, but I think that everything went off all right. He then went to the outstations with the colonel.

I was very glad to hear soon after this that there was another chance of a march. There was a lot of specie to come up country from Cape Coast Castle. H Company was ordered to go down, and bring it up to Kumasi, and B company was told to be ready to take it on to Kintampo.

H. Company had two loads stolen on their way up. *i.e.* £400 (£200 of silver roughly weigh about 60 lbs).

There was a good bit of good humoured rivalry between B. and H. Companies and my old Company Sergeant Major came to me with the news. They had heard of it before we did. It is marvellous how news travels out there. He was just going on leave at the time, but when he heard of H company's mishap, he asked to have his leave cancelled until B Company got back from Kintampo. I told him that his leave was granted and that I could not bother the C.O. about altering it. He got very wild, and without saying another word to me, went off to the C.O. himself. I heard afterwards that he had told the C.O. that H Company had spoilt its name and that he was not going to let B Company's name be spoilt. That if B Company went, he went, and without more fuss he went to the company store, drew his kit and carbine out again and returned to duty.

We managed to get up to Kintampo without losing anything. The boxes of specie were piled every night in a hut. A guard finding six sentries

was put on every night, and when I used to get up in the middle of the night to see if everything was all right, I always found the old company sergeant-Major asleep on top of the pile. He used to wake up when the sentries challenged and when he saw who it was, would say, "All right, Baba, B company no be tief man, B Company no go spoil its name."

On the march up I was in my hammock one afternoon and I heard a shot fired. I jumped out, thinking that one of the carriers was trying to bolt with his load, but found that it was one of the men who had suddenly gone mad, and blazed off. The old Sergeant-Major (who was the whole day running up and down the line of specie carriers counting the loads) came rushing up in a fearful stew, but when he found out what it was, said—"That no matter, Baba, no matter if plenty men head go spoil; dat small palaver, but B Company go lose money dat bad palaver plenty too much."

I was very glad I was not going up by myself. Luckily there were three Northern Territory officers going up, Captain Brock, Captain Luckman and Captain Warden; also two European non-commissioned officers. We arrived at Kintampo all right and I handed the specie over to the treasurer, Mr. Christian. The seals on three of the boxes were broken, and he opened them and checked them before taking over. The old Sergeant-Major was watching and would not go to his quarters until I told him that everything was all right.

We stayed at Kintampo three days, as I wished to give the carriers and men a good rest.

Kintampo seemed a very fine station. It is right in the open country which is very much like an undulating English moor. There was a very good market there, and I bought several things. I also bought about 30 loads of guinea corn to take back to Kumasi for the colonel. He wanted some for his horses.

I went out shooting with my orderly and got a bush fowl of sorts.

I had sacked the man I mentioned some time back as my orderly, and taken on a man called Baburi Kanu. He had been a sergeant in Northern Nigeria and on taking his discharge there had traded across to the Gold Coast and enlisted in the Constabulary. He had been, I believe, orderly to Sir James Willcocks in Nigeria, and knew what to do. I came back to Kumasi in fine style, as I had over 200 carriers without loads. The officers going on to Gambaga engaged fresh men at Kintampo. I was therefore able to put two or three men on to my little loads, and also was able to relieve the men of their blankets by making them into a bundle and giving them to some of the spare carriers.

We got back in four days to Kumasi. When I arrived, I found that Captain Bishop, D.S.O., had come out, and he took over command of the company.

Also another subaltern was posted to the company, Lieut. Mackay, R.G.A. It may seem rather funny to the reader, a gunner officer being attached to an infantry company, but there were several of them, all without exception very nice fellows. But it was rather galling to have a man of another branch put over you. In some cases they knew nothing of infantry drill and had to learn it. But I suppose that the Colonial Office was so stuck for officers that they would take anyone who was willing to be seconded, irrespective of what branch he belonged to.

I had now done about 10 months of my tour and was beginning to look forward to going home.

Colonel Williamson had already gone on leave and Major Reeves of the Leinsters had taken over command. He ordered the company out to a village called Ticheru, about five hours from Kumasi on the Juaben road. There is a big open piece of country there, just suitable for open order work. He came out with us, and Captain Bishop and I went with the company. We had a good hard week's work out

there and came back feeling very fit after it. It did the company a lot of good. The King's Coronation Day came along (7th July) and we had a Review, Sports, etc. in the afternoon. Lieut. Henderson, R.N., the Acting Chief Commissioner, gave a dinner in the evening, after which there was a torchlight tattoo.

Naturally, the telegraph wire was down (I had not broken it this time) and we did not hear till two days after that the King was ill and that the Coronation had been put off.

Captain Haslewood had taken home a detachment of 33 N.C.Os. and men to England to form part of the Colonial troops at the Coronation. B Company had sent a corporal and four men.

I was due to sail for England by the first steamer after the 10th August, from Cape Coast.

There were five penal servitude prisoners to be sent down to Elmina Prison, so I left Kumasi on August 2nd, with the prisoners and an escort of 15 N.C.Os. and men. I marched down to Cape Coast by the same road as I had come up. Captain Sedgwick was in command at Kwissa.

I got a very bad case of fever at Fesu and had to stop a day there.

I got down to Cape Coast on the 10th August, Coronation Day.

I lodged the prisoners in the prison and the men found quarters in the Castle. I reported myself to the Officer in Command at Cape Coast, a Major of the West India Regiment. I think his name was Fister. I then went back to Hockman's Hotel. Acquah's was full.

Rather a funny thing happened when I was marching in. Just at the outskirts of the town there was a bugle band in the uniform of the West India Regiment. Knowing that there was a detachment of the W.I.R. in Cape Coast, I called the escort to attention, when I passed them. Much to my disgust I

found, when I had done so, that it was only a boy's brigade band that had copied the W.I.R. uniform. I never heard the end of it. In the afternoon at 5 p.m. Mr. O'Brien, the Provincial Commissioner, held a reception in the grounds of the old hospital. I went to it. That afternoon there was a procession of the local schools round the town. They came into collision with some of my men, and fearing a big row, Mr. O'Brien stopped the procession. I think it was as well, as my men were spoiling for a fight. The Hausas hate the coast natives. I took the prisoners to Elmina next day and handed them over. A very sad thing happened while I was there. Vernon, the District Commissioner, died of blackwater. He was well-known in the cricket world, I think. He was very brave, I am told, and just before he died turned round to the W.I.R. lieutenant who was in command of the detachment, and said—"Well, old chap, we have made a good fight for it, but it is no use."

Elmina is only about seven miles from Cape Coast, and I got back the same evening. A steamer had come in that afternoon, and had landed a new officer for us, named Gwyther. I handed over the escort to him and he marched off up country next day with them. I kept my orderly though, as my steamer had not come in. She came in on the 13th. It was the *Burutu* on her maiden trip home. I was glad to find that the captain was Captain Hely, with whom I had come out in the *Bornu*.

(To be continued).



Year
1928.

The Government of
the Gold Coast.

Vol. IV. No. 1.
January-June.

THE GOLD COAST REVIEW

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
ADANGBE (ADANGME) HISTORY— <i>concluded</i>	3
By Noa Akunor Aguae Azu. (Arranged and translated by E. Azu).	
DIARY OF AN OVERLAND JOURNEY FROM LORHA, NORTHERN TERRITORIES, GOLD COAST, TO DAKAR, SENEGAL, AUGUST 2ND TO SEPTEMBER 26TH, 1919— <i>concluded</i>	31
By A. Duncan Johnstone.	
THE NATIVE ATTITUDE TO MODERN MEDICINE	57
By G. F. T. Saunders.	
THREE THOUSAND MILES IN THE GOLD COAST	66
By Coureur des Bois.	
A COASTING VOYAGE FROM SEKONDI TO MARSEILLES	94
By Mrs. A. Duncan Johnstone.	
THE THREE OLD MEN OF NKORANZA	120
By the Omanhene of Wenchi.	
THREE TOURS ON THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA	124
By A. W. Norris.	

EDITED BY C. W. WELMAN,
Secretary for Native Affairs, Gold Coast.

Copies of this Review are on sale at the Office of the Colonial Secretary, Accra, the Crown Agents for the Colonies, 4, Millbank, Westminster, London, S.W.1., and the Gold Coast Commercial Intelligence Bureau, Abbey House, Westminster, London, S.W.1.

Price of this Number—2 Shillings.