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Lott's sole assistant - other than an interpreter, a couple of "messengers", and a dozen of the newly raised Native Constabulary - was a clerk named Frier (his full name being Woodsworth Dryda Shelly Frier) a native from the Gold Coast who had been educated in a Mission School, wrote a fair hand, knew English well, and could keep accounts and records with average competence. He was honest and reliable ~~part~~, brought up as he had been in the sophisticated atmosphere of Accra, he was hopelessly out of his element in the depths of Hausaland. The natives regarded him with a certain polite contempt, though recognizing him as possessing an education far in advance of their own. But he was black like themselves, and probably, ^{they imagined,} a member of some obscure wast tribe, and therefore in their eyes far inferior to themselves.

At Zaria a force of Mounted Infantry was being raised, as Lugard this military adviser considered that a highly mobile force of mounted men was necessary to ensure the safety of this vast stretch of ^{open} country which constituted the northern part of the Protectorate. The Boer War had shown the use of Mounted Infantry as a highly mobile striking force. I may as well record here that I personally was strongly opposed to the whole idea of mounted Infantry for northern Nigeria. In South Africa the equipment that could not be carried by the ^{of the mounted Infantry} men themselves on their horses (or rather ponies) could be carried on the ^{locally built} "light Cape carts", drawn by mules, which could cover long distances at a very fair speed anywhere in the open veldt. In N.W. on the other hand there was no wheeled transport, so that everything that could not be carried on their horses by the men, must needs be transported, as everything else was - on the heads of natives accompanying the force. The native soldier - and carrier - in Nigeria can cover long distances at a remarkable speed. So the infantry regiments of the W.A.F. were themselves a highly mobile force. I could see no particular gain in mounting the men on horses when their range & pace were

and limited regulated by the ramp and pace of their transport, which was the same as that of the infantry. Moreover, a regiment of Mounted Infantry was extremely costly. It was divided into 4 companies each having 4 British Officers and I think 4 British NCOs, its strength in British officers alone, counting a CO. and Adjutant, being thus 18. Saddles, blankets, stable gear, and equipment of all sorts for the horses had to be brought out from England & sent up country, all at great expense. Finally, the horses were fed on quince con., the stable food of the people, and quince con. was apt at certain seasons to be scarce, and difficult and expensive to buy. In such cases commandeering, ^{or "requisitioning" as it was called,} might become necessary, an unpleasant task for the Political Officer on whom the duty must fall, since the military authorities were not empowered (very rightly) to do it themselves.

For all these reasons I was opposed in my own mind from the very start to the creation of a mounted Infantry branch of the W.A.F. in N.W. But I was obliged to keep my views entirely to myself, since I was of the nature of my appointment, a civilian pure and simple, and any attempt on my part to criticise military policy would have been both, (as I think, justly) resented by the military authorities, and I should have merely received a well-deserved snub from Henderson. I must add however that my personal view was not a wholly destructive and negative one. ^{Personally} I should have raised, instead of a battalion of M.I., a battalion of Pioneers similar to the regiments of Native Infantry so named in the Indian army. These were drilled and trained on exactly the same lines as all the rest of the infantry, but in addition to their rifles they carried certain tools for road making - pick-axes, crow-bars, spades and so forth - together with gun-cotton, fuses etc necessary for demolitions. Officers and men received special training in making roads and in other work of a similar nature, so that when they were not actually fighting they could perform most

useful tasks, commonly regarded as work which only the Royal Corps of Engineers ("the Sappers") could carry out.

This however is by the way. I was always on the friendliest terms with the M.I. who were as good as a lot of officers and men as I could want to meet. At the time of my arrival in Zaria their C.O., Major Eustace Crawley, ^{of the 12th Lancers,} was laid up with a very serious attack of dysentery, and he was to be sent down to Zungeru in a hammock & thence invalided home as soon as possible. It had been agreed that he and Lobb should travel down to Zungeru together as soon as the former had handed over to me, so that Lobb could look after him on the way down. There was at that moment no doctor in Zaria, the medical officer having been sent off ^{elsewhere} a few weeks before, where the need for a doctor was pressing. The situation was therefore somewhat grave. Crawley was in bed in his hut in constant pain and with some fever and neither Lobb nor I knew how to treat dysentery & could only see that he was fed on soup, tinned milk, (fresh milk being unobtainable) and eggs.

Lobb took me to see Crawley the day after my arrival, & I found him tossing about in bed, in pain, feverish & rather depressed. But he greeted me with great cordiality and friendliness, and I took a ~~strong~~ ^{warm} liking to him at once. Eustace Crawley had gone up to the University before joining the Army, and was a quite outstanding adept at games & all kinds of sport. As a freshman he had made a sensational century for Oxford against Cambridge at Lord's: he was the champion racquet player of the Army: but he told me himself that steeple-chasing was ^{and a first-class polo player.} his favourite sport, and he was indeed a magnificent horseman, ~~but~~ ^{however} ~~the~~ ^{by} means the type of man who lives solely for games and sports. He was uncommonly well read, and classics & poetry were a delight to him. And to all this ~~moreover~~ he was one of the most modest men I have ever met, and had a charm of manner that was obviously genuine and reflected a kind and unselfish nature. ^{So} ~~it~~ it is not to be wondered at that he was a favourite wherever he

went. ~~and then~~ I was ^{naturally} distressed ~~to see him~~ to see him ill and in pain and was anxious to do anything I possibly could for him. I went back to my hut and unearthed a medicine case which the firm ^{in London} for which I had drained my stores had advised me to take out with me. In specifying I found at least a ~~score~~ ^{score of} bottles of medicine of every kind, ^{in tablet form} & amongst them I found one that appeared to contain some opium. This, I thought, might relieve Crawley's pain, so I took it round to him at once, and he gladly swallowed a tablet saying he hoped it might do him good.

Meanwhile Lobb had already telegraphed to Jungern some days before, representing ^{the gravity of} Crawley's state and asking that a doctor should be sent up without delay, and a reply came back informing ^{him} that a medical officer from the Hospital had been ordered to ^{proceed} ~~proceed~~ to Zaria with all possible haste, and had already started. Never had I been so impressed with Lugard's wisdom & prescience in seeing that telegraph lines were laid without a moment's delay to all Provincial Headquarters, and that this task ^{took} ~~was~~ precedence over everything else, including roads, bridges & culverts. In consequence, Sokoto, Kano, Bantedi and Zaria were all connected by telegraph with Jungern almost as soon as the Kano-Sokoto expedition had opened these places to our administration.

My opium tablets seemed to ease Crawley's pain, and I continued to give them to him at intervals during the next few days, but he grew steadily weaker, and Lobb and I - as well of course as all his officers, who were devoted to him - became more & more anxious. The M.O. from Jungern, we calculated, could hardly do the journey in less than 10 days, or if at the outside, two began to fear he might be too late. Then one ^{requiring} ~~requiring~~ ^{dist-} ~~dist-~~ ^{individual} ~~individual~~ ^{walked} ~~walked~~ into the Station and announced himself as Doctor Cameron Blair who had been posted to Zaria, had made forced marches, walking most of the way, and had completed the 150 miles in six days! He asked to be taken at once to the patient who was reported to be

so ill: he would not even stop for refreshment. He was therefore conducted to Gustave Crawley's hut, and for 72 hours he never left Crawley's side day or night. The opium pills were stopped at once notwithstanding Crawley's pathetic protestations - they were infinitely harmful, Blair said. We sent ~~him~~ ^{him} ~~in~~ ^{his} meals, she was able to have an occasional tub & change of clothes, but he never left the hut all those three days: and he just pulled Crawley through. I don't believe anyone else in history could have done it. Blair was destined to become one of my best friends. Stout-hearted, loyal, straight as a die, ardent Scotsman, enthusiastically imperialistic, stern disciplinarian yet tender-hearted as a woman, professing to be a Whig in politics and in religion an agnostic he really belonged to the late 18th or early 19th century rather than to the present one. My friendship with him was a very real one, and I easily induced him when he went home on leave to call on my mother, for whom he conceived a great respect, ^{if not affection,} which she most certainly returned. He always referred to her as "Missus Orr" with a rare and lovely courtesy in his voice, and never failed to enquire after her or to bid me "hold him kindly remembered to her" when I next wrote. Yes, Blair was one of ^{those rare} ~~those rare~~ men I have met whose heart was true gold through and through.

During the ^{short time I was} ~~first days~~ ~~disrupt~~ in Zaria before Lobb's departure, I seldom saw Lobb himself, for he promptly turned all the routine work over to me, including Court cases, and spent practically the whole time in his weird mind tower (christened by some wag "Lobb's Jolly"; by which it was always known after his departure) writing out long memoranda on Transport, Slavery, and Administrative problems of all kinds. We seldom met except at meals, unless I found myself obliged to seek him out in his solitude to ask him about some official matter ^{of} which I could not myself make head or tail, and on which the faithful clerk Friar could throw no light.

Before he left Lobb fixed a day for my introduction to the newly-installed

Emir of Zaria, and sent a message to that potentate requesting him to come to the Residence ~~with~~ ~~his~~ ~~office-holders~~ with all his office-holders in order that he ~~they~~ might be presented to the new British.

I shall not easily forget that ~~episode~~ ^{episode} with all its oriental pomp and circumstance. The Courthouse (so-called) where the ceremony was to take place, was a large rectangular build of mud, not unlike the one I had seen at Lokoja, with the usual roof of thatch stretching down so as to overhang a broad verandah all round. Inside, the floor was of beaten mud, and one of the shorter ends of the rectangle was taken up by a ^{solid earth} ~~solid earth~~ ^{aisle} rising about 3 feet above the floor. On this ~~aisle~~ ^{stood} a table and a few chairs. Outside, a three-foot wall of mud ~~had~~ ^{had} been built at a distance of some 20 yards, ~~from~~ ~~the~~ ~~main~~ ~~door~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~Courthouse~~ ~~and~~ ~~enclosing~~ ~~it~~ ~~entirely~~ ~~except~~ ~~for~~ ~~one~~ ~~gate-way~~, constructed like a porch, with thatched roof. From this a path ran direct to the main door of the Courthouse, which could however also be entered by a small ^{side} ^{from which} door, ~~from~~ ~~which~~ ~~2~~ ~~or~~ ~~3~~ ~~steps~~ ^{gave access} ^{to} ^{the} ^{aisle}.

Some time before the appointed ~~hour~~ ^{hour} I took my stand at the door of the porch, where Lobb presently joined me. About I could see a great cloud of dust ^{advancing} ~~coming~~ towards us from the direction of Zaria city, and I could hear the beating of drums and the sound of shouting. Soon a troop of quickly-clad horsemen came into sight followed by a number of men on foot, and then I saw an ^{imposing} figure clad in flowing white robes with large white turban, sitting proudly on his horse. A large umbrella was held over his head by two men, one on either side, whilst two more waved great fans of scarlet Kano leather to keep the flies and dust from their master. This dignified figure was clearly Abien, Emir of Zaria (or Seriki-n Zogo as he was known in Hausaland, Zogo being the name given hundreds of years before by the Hausas to the large district of

which Zaria was the chief town). In front and behind the Emir were riding office-holders with their attendants, on horse or on foot, while drummers kept beating their drums incessantly, and slaves ran alongside, shouting "Zaki, Zaki" (Lion! Lion!). It was a most impressive sight, and I reckoned there must be at least a hundred horsemen, and two or three times that number of footmen. On approaching the porch the horsemen in front wheeled outward, and the Emir rode steadily on till he was about ten yards from the porch. He then dismounted and walked towards us, the attendants still holding the umbrellas over him. As he approached, Lobb ^{advanced} ~~walked forward~~ towards him and held out his hand, which the Emir grasped. I followed and did the same, Lobb and ^{he and I} exchanged a few courteous greetings in Hausa & then turned & led the way to the Courthouse, the Emir following. Entering the building Lobb & I ascended the dais, and the Emir took his seat on an ornamental mat placed for him on the floor in front of the dais, and his office bearers & their attendants knorped in and took their seats on the floor behind him. Lobb then addressed the Emir and his followers through the Interpreter who had taken his stand on the floor at one side of the dais. He explained that I was the "Bature" who had come to take his place as the doctors had ordered him to return to England on account of illness, and he ~~addressed~~ ^{addressed} the various office-holders seated round the Emir - the Waziri, the Madarki, the Magaji, the Alkali and so forth - ~~each~~ ^{of whom} bowed towards me as his office was mentioned. Finally the Emir expressed his regret that ill-health should have caused Lobb to leave the Province but hoped that a spell in England would speedily restore his health - may Allah grant it - and that he would return completely cured. He then while he assured him that he and his office-holders and all his people would render the new Bature the same respect that they

(Waste - ...)

had extended to "mai-jimina", and to Lobb himself, and co-operate with him in every way. Lobb then rose and stepped down from the dais, I following suit. The Emir this following rose at the same moment, and ~~he~~^{we} escorted ~~him~~^{him} to the porch, shook hands with him and watched him mount his horse. In a few minutes the whole cortege was on its way back to the great walled town, drums beating, horsemen galloping to and fro, attendants shouting, until it became lost in a cloud of dust, and the noise of drumming and shouting grew gradually fainter till ~~it~~^{it faded away in the distance.}

"Well", said Lobb, "Here's the man with whom you'll have to deal for the next six months. A thorough-going old scoundrel of course, but a plausible liar and finished actor, and as shrewd as they make 'em. I wish you luck."

And so the day came when Lobb was due to depart, Eustace Crawley being now well enough to be carried down to Zungun in a hammock. When I came to take over the Government cash Lobb explained to me that owing to Abrade's absence ~~from~~ on the Kun Sokoto expedition and the fact that he himself had been away for six weeks on patrol in the pagan districts in the south of the Province, the accounts were in somewhat of a muddle, and the cash in hand did not coincide with the balance shown in the Cash book. He would however settle the matter with the Treasury when he reached Zungun, and meanwhile all I had to do was to draw a line in the Cash book, and open a fresh page with a cash balance equivalent to the actual cash taken over by me, for which I should of course give the customary signature. In the absence of a safe all Government cash had been kept locked in one of Lobb's tin cases, which was chained to a staple built into the wall of his room, and I did the same, using one of my tin cases as there was no other way of keeping the money safe. The currency in use was the ordinary English one, but only silver coins were in fact in use, as no gold coins had been imported, for some reason the natives

could not be induced to accept copper coins. The cash I took over from Lobb - as far as I remember it amounted to about £350 - though it may well have been double that amount. But the Cash Book showed a credit balance of at least £100 in excess of the amount handed over and signed for by me. Obviously there had been many payments made on Govt account which by inadvertence had never been entered up in the Cash Book. However, Lobb took all responsibility and, ^{as he had suggested} I merely drew a line beneath the last entry and started a fresh account, showing as "Cash in hand" the actual sum I had taken over. The counting over of the money was a laborious process and took me the greater part of an afternoon, for it was, as I have explained, all in florins, shillings, sixpences and three penny bits, each denomination in a separate bag.

I had my first attack of malarial fever after I had been a few days in Zaria, and a sharp one at that. The treatment was ~~strong~~ doses of quinine, and a sweet brought on by drinking hot tea and wrapping oneself round with blankets. The attack lasted for about one day, but I remember lying in my hut with a pretty high temperature and suffering from a burning thirst when Lobb came in to see if he could do anything for me. Possibly I was a little delirious, but Lobb remembers with amusement to this day how I tried to "improve on Keats," ^{as he calls it.} For I quoted to him the ^{well-known} lines that were beating time in my brain: -

Oh for a draught of vintage that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delv'd earth
and I repeated the 10-lined stanza right through, laying particular emphasis, as my raging thirst tormented me, on those lovely lines

Oh for a beaker full of the warm South
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim
And Purple-stained mouth.

When I came to the last two lines: -

That I might drink, and leave the world unseen
And with thee fade ^{away} into the forest dim."

humble, in bringing law and order, peace & prosperity, freedom from oppression and extortion, contentment and well-being, into a vast African region hitherto torn by internecine wars and the horrors of slave-raiding. This ambition - or ideal, if that word is preferred - was too big to admit of any petty personal ambitions. I rejoiced with my whole heart at the task which I saw ahead of me, and the very realization that it bristled with problems and difficulties and demanded all one's physical and mental strength and toughness stired me like a trumpet call. I did not then know that I had in Lugard a Chief who guided his own life and actions by just these ideas of service to a cause outside himself, and who devoted every atom of his strength, energy, brains and vision to the task before him, simply because he "could no other."

When Lobb left Zaria and I took up the responsibilities and duties of "acting Resident, Zaria Province", I settled down to my new and strange task with a joy and enthusiasm which I can recall to this day. But before a week had passed I received a ~~disconcerting~~ ^{disconcerting} blow. A telegram from the Secy to Govt at Zungeru directed me to send my ^{one} clerk, Friar, down to Lokoja, where "his services were urgently required." I wired back a ^{strong} ~~practical~~ protest, pointing out that if Friar were removed I should not have a soul at Zaria or anywhere in the Province to assist me and that I should have to do all the clerical work myself. My protest was of no avail however. A reply came that H.E. the acting Governor (Sir W. Wallace, who was now in charge, Lugard being on his way home on leave) regretted that the order must stand, and with a sigh I said goodbye to the excellent Friar, & despatched him down country.

Within ~~about~~ 2 or 3 weeks I received another blow. This time from the Treasury at Zungeru. The Treasurer wrote that he "had had a full report from Resident Lobb regarding the financial position" and that I was to start afresh, as I had been instructed, in the Cash book with the Cash balance representing the sum I had taken over: but as no

the dim light of a flickering hurricane lamp night after night, and with a sigh of relief I sent the bundle off in the mail bag to Zungu. Incidentally, the receipt and despatch of the mails bags, south to Zungu and north to Kano, had become one of my duties since my clerk had departed, for I had become Postmaster and Postal clerk in one. The checking of letters & parcels, the making out of way-bills, the tying up and sealing of mail bags - all these and a score of other details took much time and required the exercise of much patience. And I found to my surprise that I was growing oddly impatient and irritable, characteristics which I had never previously noted in myself though they may of course have existed - most of us are curiously ignorant about our own short-comings, though we often make up for it by sorrowfully admitting to ourselves faults ^{from} which in actual fact we do not happen to suffer.

I had dismissed the matter of the Treasury vouchers from my mind and was content in the knowledge that at long last the finances of the Province were in order once more, when about three or four weeks later the usual weekly mail arrived from Zungu, and on opening it I found an official letter from the Treasury. My feelings may perhaps be imagined when I read the contents: the ^{receipt of the} vouchers I had so laboriously made out was acknowledged, but I was informed that the amount allocated to the Province for Public works for the quarter ending 31st March had been overexpended by some £42, and as the vouchers had been signed by me this sum had been debited to my personal account pending some explanation, or the authority of the High Commissioner ^{obtained} for the excess. I nearly exploded, and ~~flung~~ ^{threw} the paper on the floor in a fit of unprovoked fury. The idea

of my being debited with a sum of money for the expenditure of which I had not the ghost of responsibility - I had not even been in the country, far less the Province where it was spent! And this was my reward for slaving away at back work which others had neglected!

There is something in the tropical climate of Nigeria which undoubtedly tends to make the keeping of one's temper and of one's mental equilibrium difficult, as I ~~found~~ discovered by long and bitter experience during my ~~eight~~^{seven} years' service in that country. Before the end of my first tour I had learnt the necessity of curbing these outbursts of ~~anger~~^{temper} - often on some trivial matter - and of trying to by-pass them by looking at the comic side of the picture. I was, however, at that time new to the country, and at the moment over-worked and over-worried. I therefore determined to appeal direct to the act High Commr, and, snatching up a telegraph form I wrote out a telegram addressed direct to Sir William Wallace explaining that the Treasurer had debited my personal account with a sum of money for the expenditure of which I was in no way responsible, and ~~the~~ adding that if I were to be treated in this way I should have no option but to resign my appointment and return to England. I felt better after I had despatched this telegram, and I really felt that I cared not a whit whether I left the country or not. The very next morning came a reply from the Private Secy saying that His Excellency was sure that there was some mistake, and that I need have no fear that I should be treated with any injustice, & that the whole matter would stand over and be referred to Sir Frederick Lugard on his return from leave. This very conciliatory message mollified me, and I ~~thought~~^{let the matter drop.} ~~thought~~ ~~nothing~~ ~~more~~. I may as well finish this story here, although the end of it ~~was~~^{did not} ~~come~~^{kill} I was going home on leave, at the end of my first tour. I have said that a certain sum of money

was allocated to each Province under the various Heads of expenditure and it was the strict duty of the Resident in charge to ~~keep~~^{limit} his expenditure to this sum. But before allocation the Resident was obliged to submit an estimate of his requirements under each Head. Sir F. Lugard himself went through these estimates and cut them ruthlessly to the bone before making the allocation.

Smarting from the treatment meted out to me by the Treasurer over the extra expenditure on Public Works incurred by my predecessor I sent in an inflated estimate for the rest of the year, including the construction of some roads, the building of a Residency inside the town, and anything else I could think of. The total estimate amounted to something between £600 + £700.

As I expected, my estimate came back with most of the items obliterated (e.g. the town Residency, which I had never had any real intention of building, and all the roads), and all that was allowed, and allocated, was about £70. During the remainder of the year I took care to spend less than £30, thus saving a little over £40 from the sum allocated. When I arrived in Zungeru about 12 months later on my way home on leave, I went to the Treasury, ^{at the door of which I ran into} ~~where I met a man who was a stranger to me.~~ "Can I see the Treasurer?" I asked. "I am he" was the quaint reply "Come in". I had had so many ~~papers~~ ^{on paper} rows with the Treasurer (that I wondered whether our interview would be a stormy one when I introduced myself as Resident of Zaria. But Harrison (or "The Pickin" - the Child, as he was always called for his small stature and ^{youthful} ~~poor~~ appearance) was one of the best, as I soon discovered, and in 5 minutes we were joking over our many paper duels. "How about the £42 you chatted up apt me a year ago?" I queried. "Wait till I get the ledger out" said Harrison. He ran his finger down some columns of figures, made a brief pencil note or two, & said "Since

then you have been allocated £72 and have spent £30. and three pence. you have over-expended your allocation by three pence."

"Very well, I replied "here is the 3d" - and I handed him the coin. "Kindly give me a receipt", which he did. And there the matter ended. There is always fun to be got out of every situation if only one could see it at the time instead of getting rattled and losing one's temper.

At the time of this interview with the Treasurer I was staying at Govt House, and after dinner Lugard (who had obviously been looking through papers regarding Zaria affairs) asked me what had happened with regard to the ~~over~~ over-expenditure the previous year, about which I had telegraphed to Sir William Wallace. "Oh, that's all right Sir" I replied. "I have seen the Treasurer this afternoon & found out that the over expenditure on the year amounted to only three pence which I paid him in cash, & the affair is settled." "Then why", asked Lugard "all that fuss?" "Well Sir" I replied, "when I discovered that £62 had been over expended and charged to my personal account I put in an estimate for the remainder of the year for about £700, of which you, Sir, allocated £72, of which, Sir, I spent £30." There was a long minute's silence, after which Lugard granted, & then turned to other ^{Provincial} matters. It was stupid of me to tell him the story, for he was definitely "not amused".

I may as well record here another incident which occurred when I had been in charge of Zaria for ~~some~~ some months, and was acquiring a little knowledge. One day I was sitting in my office up to my eyes in work when the Telegraph Clerk brought me in a long telegram which read somewhat as follows: - "From Brigade Major Zungen. To Resident Zaria. Official. Please purchase for military use fifty donkeys, price not to exceed thirty shillings. Engage drivers one per three donkeys at wage not to exceed 6/- per day. Send them down to me in batches. I will arrange to meet them in arrival. Sorry to trouble but

you are the only person who can do this. Cubitt."

On reading this I instantly flew into an almost uncontrollable rage. Fancy asking me, I reflected, already set to my eyes in my own work, to start collecting donkeys for the military! There were eighteen Officers in the M.I. at Zaria - why not send one or more of them about the countryside to buy up donkeys? In any case I doubted if it would be possible to buy a dozen donkeys in the entire Province, & the market value of a donkey was at least £7, probably more. The thing was preposterous!

I was just about to send back an infuriated reply when it struck me that there was a comic aspect to the matter, and it was better to make a joke of it than lose my temper. I therefore selected a blank telegram form and wrote as follows:

"To Brigade Major, Zungern. Private. Please purchase for my use 100 cases of whiskey, price not to exceed five shillings per case. Express carriers at one per ten cases wage not to exceed sixpence per week on arrival. Send them to me in batches. I will arrange for their consumption."

Says to trouble you but you are the best judge of whiskey I know. (His)

An hour later I sent ^{the Brigade Major} an official telegram regretting that it was impossible to carry out his proposals, and giving the reasons why.

Major Cubitt was, like me, a quinner (a little junior to me) whom I knew well - a very capable fellow and full of humour. As I subsequently heard, he happened to be dining at ^{Sat} House that night, so he put the telegram in his pocket, and after dinner showed it to Lugard & told him the story. Lugard was highly amused, and laughed heartily. Then he suddenly became grave, and sternly enquired "Did you pay for it?" How typical of his constant watchfulness for any waste or misuse of government funds! Cubitt pointed out that I had carefully labelled the telegram "Private", and as a matter of fact it had been ^{for me} quite an expensive joke. But it was well worth while, and, as I afterwards heard, Lugard was delighted with the way in which I had turned the incident into a joke, especially as he had

experienced a good deal of trouble over bickering between civil and military authorities.

Cubitt had my telegram framed and hung in the ~~WAAF~~ WAAF Headquarters Office, where for all I know it still is.

I must try and explain as best I can the nature of the work which took the whole of my time those strenuous days. First, I had to gather all the knowledge I could of the people inhabiting Zairi Province ^{both} - the area which made up the Emirate, and the various tracts peopled by the scattered pagan tribes. I had to find out the situation of all the towns and villages - in most cases indeed to discover their very existence and their names - and fill them in on the map: to make a rough estimate of the population: to find out what taxes were paid, and by whom to whom: ~~also~~ ^{and} to ascertain what Chiefs ruled what areas, whether they were independent, or subordinate to some other Chief.

This was the background of my daily work, but most of it could only be effectively carried out by extensive touring of the Province, making it as I travelled, by the aid of a prismatic compass. In the rainy season - from May to October - touring was practically impossible, nor could I myself leave Zairi so long as I had no assistant to carry out the daily routine work during my absence.

The presence of the mounted Infantry imposed a tremendous amount of extra work on me, for their demands for fodder for the horses and local supplies of all sorts were constant and widespread, and these demands could only be met through me, or passed on by me to the Emir, in whose hands the administration of the Emirate was vested, subject to my supervision. Lugard had very wisely decided from the outset to allow the native administration which we found on our arrival in the country to continue functioning with as little disturbance from us as possible, and to back up the ruling powers - Emirs, Chiefs and Headmen - and maintain their authority in every way, provided that it was exercised with justice, moderation, fairness and humanity. The duty of the Residents was to keep an eagle eye

on the Native Authorities, and make sure that they acted as I have described. In the Mahomedan areas, the Alkalis (or Native Judges) were not only left to carry out their duties - both in criminal and civil cases - as before, but they were given warrants empowering them to pass sentences up to a certain limit. But a summary of all cases tried by them; showing nature of crime or complaint, verdict, & sentence, had to be submitted each month to the Resident, who could, if in his judgment it was advisable, order a fresh trial (at which he himself had the right to be present if he chose), or take the case over himself and try it in his own Court. Judges of the calibre of the Alkalis of Sokoto, Kano, Zaria & so on were actually given the powers of life & death by their warrants, but lesser judges, and, in the case of pagan tribes, the Chiefs' Courts, were limited to punishments up to 2 years or less imprisonment.

Each Resident in charge of a Province was given power to try any case in any part of his Province, and to pass any sentence allowed by law up to and including the death penalty. But before any sentence above one or two years could be carried out, a summary of the proceedings & the evidence taken had to be sent down to Headquarters, where the findings & sentence were reviewed and either confirmed, quashed, or amended.

That powers of life and death - subject to confirmation - were placed in the hands of young men who for the most part had received no legal training whatsoever, has often been criticized, and not unnaturally. But I have no doubt myself that the system was far the best that could have been introduced in those early, pioneering days. The Residents had by the very nature of their day to day work, a far better insight into the native mentality and native customs than could be expected from a man, however well versed in the law, who had little or no experience of administration. What is more, methods of conducting court cases customary in England, with its long traditions, were apt to be altogether out of place in Nigeria, and if strictly adhered to would have given the native

the impression that he was being treated with injustice, and he would have gone away sullen and discontented.

I, having been trained as a soldier, had been taught the elements of law and taught the difference between admissible and inadmissible evidence, between hearsay and facts. But I very soon found out that the native of Nigeria had a very different idea of a fair trial and impartial justice than we have in this country. I learnt to give witnesses the chance of saying what they wanted to say instead of putting them up short on the ground that their evidence was "inadmissible". The difficulty, which I almost always experienced in deciding whether a man was guilty, or not guilty, of the offence alleged against him, was largely, owing to the fact that the native of Nigeria regards the giving of false evidence - whether on oath or not - from an entirely different standpoint than ours. To lie, to fabricate evidence, to swear to entirely false statements - these are not crimes in ~~their~~^{his} view, but virtues, if thereby he can help a friend or get him out of trouble. To incriminate a friend or relative, or even a neighbour is in their view unethical: it simply "isn't done". Hence in hearing a case I was obliged to keep always before me the possibility that the evidence for or against was fabricated, no matter how many witnesses testified to it. I could only hope to arrive at a correct verdict by using my knowledge of the native's mentality and customs, and mentally piecing together + comparing odd bits of evidence, sometimes mere gossip or hearsay. I soon learnt that if I gave important witnesses almost unlimited scope in the telling of their story, both sides would go away at the end of the trial satisfied and content, even if my verdict had been wrong. The aggrieved party would say, "Well, the Bature did his best: he let me tell the whole of my story: it was only because the other side had the money to produce more witnesses than I could that he gave the verdict in their favour. It was

not the Bature's fault that his verdict was wrong." If, on the other hand I had pulled up witnesses short because the evidence they were giving was inadmissible in a court of law, the aggrieved party would say, "The Bature did not give me a fair trial: he would not let my witnesses say what they had to say: if he had, he would have given a different - and the correct - verdict."

But supplies for the mounted Infantry, and Court cases were only a small part of my daily duties, and the mapping of the Province and making a list of the tribes, towns & villages, ascertaining the chief products and so on was a long-term task which would obviously take years to complete. More pressing work was the collection of revenue, for without this the administrative work of the Protectorate simply could not be carried on.

Lugard had instituted a month or two before my arrival a system of Caravan Tolls, levied on caravans going backwards & forwards between Kano and the Coast, ~~but~~ ^{he considered} ~~that~~ ^{the merchants} that these the merchants who profited by this very lucrative form of commerce could well afford to pay to the Government a certain proportion of their profits, seeing that the security from extortion and robbery which resulted from the British occupation and pacification of the country was of immense benefit to them. All through the dry seasons these caravans made their way down country from Kano, driving their sheep and goats with them, and taking Kano leather, Kano dyed cloth and other local products with them for sale. They would return bringing for the most part kola-nuts - a tremendous luxury, almost a necessity in fact, to the Hausa, but only grown near the coast. By an Ordinance issued by Lugard, all caravans had to report themselves at three places on their way from north to south, and again on their homeward journey, and make a declaration to the Resident of all their merchandise, animals included, together with the value of each item. One

~~light~~ ~~weight~~ of the total ^{value} was then levied by the Resident and paid over by the merchant in cash. The latter ^{thereupon} received a receipt ^{in detail,} and continued his journey, showing the receipt at the next toll-station where the merchandise was again checked and a ~~total~~ ^{5 percent} ~~total~~ ^{percent} of the ~~total~~ value paid over as before.

Zaria was the first toll-station after Kano, and direct a caravan arrived it was ordered to camp on a piece of ground kept clear for the purpose, and one of my agents would go round the entire stock & merchandise with the merchant in charge, ascertain the value of each item, then bring the list to me. I myself would at times ride out to the caravan camp and make an inspection, but it was of course impossible for me to count any or every item or ~~ascertain~~ ^{accurately assess} the value. My agent would bring the merchant to my office where I would go through the list with him, cross-question him, & when I was satisfied I would calculate the correct toll and the merchant would pay it over in cash, much of which consisted of three-benny pieces which took an enormous time to count. Finally I would give the merchant his list and a receipt, and he would be free to depart.

I could not and cannot doubt that ^{a considerable} ~~the~~ ~~amount~~ amount of ^{fraud and} ^{trickery} went on, or that the merchant deceived or possibly bribed my agent and that the latter probably deceived me. This was unavoidable with such a very rough and ready system and with ^{a not altogether reliable} ~~unreliable~~ ~~native~~ native staff, but I have no doubt that the merchant could well afford to pay what he did, and the amount of the tolls we received made a very respectable contribution to the ^{revenue.} ~~revenue.~~

Lugard never ~~intended~~ ^{however} intended that these Caravan Tolls should be a permanent part of the revenue system of the Protectorate. It was known that throughout Hausaland a direct system of taxation

was in existence, whereby an annual contribution was exacted from every peasant or craftsman, the major portion of which found its way through many channels into the hands of the Emirs, and indeed found their sole source of revenue with the exception of slaves, and a few more or less unrecognised receipts arising from the sale of offices, presents (usually obligatory), and so forth. The Residents therefore had definite ^{instructions} to make the most detailed enquiry into the existing methods of taxation, how it was assessed and on whom, at what rate, and to what it amounted. Obviously the information which the Emirs could be induced to supply on this delicate matter was unlikely to be very accurate or trustworthy, and required to be checked in other ways. In consequence, when a Resident went on tour one of his first cares when he arrived at each town or village was to question the Headman and chief men as to what taxes they were in the habit of paying, and how they were assessed and collected. The only currency in use before our arrival consisted of cowrie shells, though in the eastern Province of Bornu a few Maria Theresa dollars were in circulation. In the markets of all the Hausa towns and villages the price of provisions on sale was calculated in cowries. For larger transactions, cowries were made up in bags, each bag containing about 2000 cowrie shells, which formed a convenient and sufficient load for one carrier. Naturally it took the natives a long time to grow accustomed to the British coinage put in circulation, even as a supplement to the cowrie shells to which they had no doubt been accustomed for centuries. An incidental result of the Caravan Tolls was that it accustomed the merchants to the use of silver coinage, and this in time spread into such villages as were situated on or near the main roads, and from them in course of time still further afield.

I have said that Lugard's whole endeavour was directed to interfering as little as possible with local traditions, customs and administration. But to this there was one necessary exception: obviously a permanent system of slavery could not be permitted

in any country within the British Empire. Yet to declare Slavery illegal at the outset and to declare every slave free would clearly have upset the entire social organization, and ^{would have} produced a situation little short of chaotic. Lugard therefore followed the precedent set by the Royal Niger Company some years earlier. All children born after the ^{date} ~~settlement~~ of Northern Nigeria, ^{being declared a British Protectorate} were declared by law free: and the enslaving of any person, or an attempt to enslave any person, was declared illegal, and severe penalties were prescribed for any breach of this law. Nothing was said and no law was enacted regarding persons in a state of servitude when we entered the country. Hence the mere possession of a slave was not in itself illegal, but equally the law gave no one the right to possess a slave. In the Mahometan Emirates, practically all cases in which Slavery was involved were sent to the Native Courts, which dispensed Koranic law. As was inevitable, many slaves, both men & women, left their owners after our arrival in the country. Some of the men enlisted as soldiers in the W.A.F.F. or took on permanent work as carriers, labourers, artisans and so forth. In such cases, a complaint by the late owner would usually be referred to the Native Court, and the absconding slave would be permitted by the Alkali, under Koranic law, to purchase his freedom. ~~Our~~ ^{the} military or civil authorities ~~in~~ ^{the} case might be would then assist matters by paying ~~into~~ ^{into} the Court the sum fixed by the Alkali, who would hand it over to the ex-owner, and the sum would be repaid by the man in instalments, deducted weekly or monthly from his pay or wage. The same procedure was as a rule adopted in the case of women, who would not infrequently desert their masters to the camp and form a liaison with one of the soldiers or labourers. Their "ransom money" would then be fixed by the Alkali, paid over to the late owner, and be deducted from the wages of the man concerned.

The first ten years or more of our occupation thus saw the gradual first steps taken towards the total abolition of slavery in Nigeria by a gradual process which did not ~~disturb~~ ^{materially} disturb the social organization of the inhabitants, or press with undue harshness on the slave-owning

section. ~~of the people~~. The situation was by no means free from difficulty, and demanded the constant exercise of tact on the part of Residents; also ~~the~~ ^{an} occasional ~~disposition~~ willingness to compromise, and even the discreet turning of the blind eye. Apart however from ^{the question of} Slavery, ~~the~~ ~~work~~ progress in administering this vast, strange territory, with its infinite grades of civilization ~~and~~ ^{be effected} ~~with~~ ^{practical} ~~and~~ ^{by} ~~the~~ ^{methods} ~~of~~ ^{of} trial and error. Hence the whole of a Resident's work - or rather perhaps, its value - was conditioned by his willingness and ability to set aside most of the ideas and all the prejudices in which he had been brought up, and study the character & mentality of the people entrusted to his care, and use all the sympathy, tolerance and insight which he could command or acquire. My own major problem on first taking charge of Zaria Province was to ^{gain} ~~extract~~ it. I could, the confidence of the ex-slave-raider who, as Emir of Zaria, was in fact the agent provided for me to see that the people throughout the Emirate were freed from injustice, oppression and extortion and enabled to live their lives under British supervision in reasonable peace and security. In short, my task was to transform ^{man brought up from his youth as a} ~~a~~ ruthless slave-raider and the leader of a gang of highway robbers into a just, tolerant, beneficent and fair-dealing constitutional ruler. I felt strongly from the first that I could do this only by extending to him my confidence, avoiding ^{any} ~~the~~ appearance of suspicion, and in all my dealings with him speaking with complete frankness and openness. I knew something from my travels of oriental cunning, and quite, and was quite certain that no western mind could hope to match it even if so inclined. I was perfectly well aware, ^{therefore} ~~that~~ I ~~first~~ could not compete with the Emir in this respect: nor did I want to. To match his cunning I felt that I must use the ^{one} ~~the~~ ^{one} weapon with which I was as familiar as he was with his own - the clear, cut, straightforward, honest, frank behaviour which every ~~one~~ ^{one} of our countrymen learns first in

his home, and then at school + university or in the Services
I remember when ~~at the beginning of my second~~ ^{at the beginning of my second} tour, Lugard came up
to Zaria on a round of inspection, he asked me amongst other things,
whether ~~he~~ found the sum allocated for "Secret Service" to my Province
^{was} sufficient. I replied that it was more than enough, and that I
had indeed used practically none. "But do you not keep agents in
Zaria town to give you secret information from time to time as to what is
going on there? Otherwise all sorts of plots and intrigues might be going
down in the town of which you might know nothing at all, and a very
dangerous situation might arise." I answered that I knew perfectly well
that if I ever paid an agent to gather secret information in the town, the
Emir would immediately know all about him and it, and would realize
that I was having him secretly watched, with the result that he would
feel perfectly justified in deceiving me in every possible way; and I
added what I have said above regarding the weapon I relied on to
counter the Emir's cunning. I don't think Lugard was by any
means convinced, but one of his outstanding qualities - at least, so
I found - was to trust ^{those of} his subordinates in whom he had confidence
and let them manage their own affairs in their own way, provided
that it didn't run counter to his general policy. At any rate, he
said no more then or at any future time about secret agents.

During the four years that I was in charge of Zaria Province
my relations with the Emir were entirely satisfactory; ~~and~~ I had even
a queer kind of ~~great~~ ^{love} affection for him, in spite of all his shortcomings and
a certain number of requests. I don't think I have ever dealt with
a man, big or small, who was in his own way ^{more} astute or ~~so~~ quick at
organizing up a situation. He certainly succeeded in making himself
feared by all his "subjects"; and I think they recognized the strength
of his personality, ^{as well as his ability,} and respected him for ~~those~~ ^{those} qualities. It is the strong
man who knows what he is about and takes steps to ^{carry out} ~~execute~~
his plans with relentless ^{resolution} ~~certainty~~, whether they be good or bad,
public spirited or purely self-regarding - it is this type of man

whom an oriental people admire and respect. Furthermore, ~~an~~ ^{an} oriental ruler may inflict all sorts of extortion on his people so long as he spends money lavishly and distributes it generously. If he is niggardly, and if he acts as a careful watch-dog of the public purse, he will be despised by his subjects no matter how ^{correct or} altruistic his motives may be.

I have little doubt that Aliem practised a good deal of extortion and oppression which he successfully hid from me. But when I did detect him in some piece of rascality, I let him know my mind about it with the utmost frankness, and gave him to understand that the High Commissioner who ^{had} placed him on the throne could just as well remove him and send him into exile, and would undoubtedly do so if he learnt from me of his misdeeds. I need hardly say that a heart to heart talk of this nature always took place in private, and not before any of his office holders; for so long as Aliem held the position of Emir of Zaria I was determined to uphold his prestige and dignity in every way. In this ~~way~~ ^{manner} there grew up an understanding between us ~~which~~ ^{which} stood, later on, a stern test with complete satisfaction. Somehow he learnt to recognize ~~the~~ ^{the} principles on which I based my conduct towards him and his people, and, ~~foreign~~ ^{different} as they were from his own ethical notions, he understood and respected them. He was also astute enough to realize that I was perfectly aware of the principles - such as they were - on which his own conduct and actions were based. When therefore I detected him in some blatant lie, or in conduct which he knew very well transgressed all the tenets of the "Whiteman's code", he would as a rule make no denial and put forward no defence, but accept his dressing down or his punishment with a certain dignity.

and an obvious realization that he was being treated with justice and reasonable toleration.

On Lobb's departure I moved into "Lobb's Jolly", which I found gloomy and somewhat depressing, but quiet and reasonably cool. Dr. Cameron Blair was always a welcome guest, and I discovered that his knowledge of almost every subject under the sun was encyclopedic. His views of life were clear cut and decided, and I loved to draw him out and listen to his diatribes against this or that, or his enthusiastic tributes to some person, either ^{living or dead.} ~~historical or playing a part in the~~ ~~modern scene.~~

As regards the Mounted Infantry, Eustace Crawley had been succeeded by Major Julian Hasler of the Buffs, a genial, cheery soul who was out to enjoy life, and certainly attained his object. A polo ground had been cleared and marked out, and the M.I. had polo three times a week, and gladly welcomed me as a member of their Polo Club, though I had no time to do anything but hurry ^{from my office} across _{for} the last chukka or two just before dark. In fact, on polo days I had a couple of my ponies with their grooms, waiting outside my lighthouse, and if I could get through my work before dark I used to jump on one of them and gallop across to the polo ground ~~shop~~ with luck to get a place in the last chukka. It was great fun, and gave me just the exercise I needed. Julian Hasler and I became great friends though we ^{were} ~~had~~ extraordinarily different in character, and had surprisingly few tastes in common. Whereas I was conscientious to the last degree over my work, and had so many stern principles at heart that I sometimes wondered shame-facedly if I wasn't in danger of becoming a prig, Hasler was carefree, ^{slap-dash,} go-as-you-please, and disposed to put off till tomorrow - or for an indefinite time - anything that he found unpleasant or boring or requiring an effort. But if he was somewhat lazy-minded and pleasure-loving, his energy was tremendous where out-door sports were concerned, and he would go out shooting all day long in the shooting season. He

soon acquired an extensive knowledge of the fauna and flora of Nigeria, & was always keen to get new specimens of either. He was also a keen and competent gardener, and introduced all manner of vegetables and flowers which he tended himself in the garden he constructed outside his hut.

Everyone in Nigeria in possession of a gun was obliged by law to obtain a Licence, the cost of which was ten shillings per annum. It occurred to me one day, more or less as a matter of form, to ask Haster if he had a gun licence, & somewhat to my surprise he said he hadn't - didn't know it was necessary. I said it certainly was, and he would drop in at my office any day bringing the cash, I would issue one to him. Some weeks passed and Haster made no move to take out his licence, though he was shooting every day. I reminded him of the matter several times, but he merely smiled & remarked casually that he would drop in someday when he had the money on him. Finally I took rather a stronger line, and said that my job was to see that the laws were observed, that he had been breaking them every day for weeks in spite of warnings, and unless he applied for a gun licence pretty quickly I should have no option but to summon him before my court for breach of the law. This however only produced the usual cheery laugh and a jaunty "All right, old chap, all in good time." It seemed absurd to make a fuss about so trivial a matter, but I wasn't at all sure that Haster wasn't seeing how far he could go with me; yet I didn't want to go to the extreme of issuing a summons.

Then one morning as I was sitting in my lounge a soldier of the M.D. came in & saluted, & handed me a paper containing the names of all the members of the Polo Club request them to pay ^{the word "Paid"} bearer their subscription for the month (10/-) ~~insert~~ ^{and put} against their names. The paper was signed by Haster. Like lightning the solution of my trouble over the Gun Licence flashed into my brain. I ^{hurriedly} took ten shillings out of my pocket.

placed it in the box where I kept the Government cash, made out a Gun Licence in Haster's favour and pinned it to the paper with a brief note "Dear Julian, I think you have been wanting a Gun Licence for some weeks. Here it is. I have paid the 10/- out the Gov. cash, please pay my polo subⁿ which I have marked off." That finished the business. Masta Haster paid my polo subⁿ and I got the money for his Gun Licence.

I had reached Zaria just when the rainy season was due to begin, and it was heralded as is always the case by a few tremendous tornadoes. These are very formidable storms which come up ~~very~~ rapidly, ~~often~~ with little warning, a raging tearing wind being succeeded by torrential rain. Tents may be torn from their pegs and thatched roofs bodily swept off mud huts. Fortunately ~~they~~ ^{these hurricanes} do not last long, and pass as quickly as they come, but in that brief period they may do a lot of mischief.

Lobb in his expedition to the pagan area in the south of the Province had taken with him a whole company of the WAAF i.e. about 100 NCO's men under a British Officer, as escort. The area which he had visited was very hilly & rugged, & was inhabited by a veritable network of pagan tribes in a ~~very~~ ^{most} primitive state of civilization who had maintained their independence for centuries though ~~they~~ ^{they} were constantly raided by the Zaria Emirs, who had carried off for the ~~Yoruba~~ slave market any men, women or children ~~whom~~ they could catch. I imagine that Lobb's object in visiting this area, which comprised about a quarter of the whole Province, was to explore & map it, find out what and how many separate tribes inhabited it, and bring the latter under some sort of administrative control. The large military escort which he took with him was of course for his protection, as without ~~it~~ ^{it} his party

would in all probability, have lost their lives. Unfortunately, ^{on} his arrival in this wild pagan area with his large escort of soldiers ~~who~~ ~~the~~ ~~tribesmen~~ ~~concluded~~ ~~that~~ ~~this~~ ~~was~~ ~~merely~~ ~~another~~ ~~form~~ ~~of~~ ~~a~~ ~~Fulani~~ ~~raid~~. ~~Therefore~~ ~~they~~ ~~sent~~ ~~their~~ ~~women~~ ~~and~~ ~~children~~ ~~into~~ ~~instant~~ ~~hid~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~bush~~, and met the advance guard of soldiers with a shower of arrows. A volley from the soldiers was the natural response, ^{whose only weapons were their bows and arrows,} whereupon the bulk of the tribesmen, ^{rushed to the conclusion} fled, and when the village was reached it was found empty. A few prisoners were captured, these Lobb collected and brought with him back to Zaria as "hostages". Having found no one with whom to treat or parley. I think he arrived back in Zaria with something like 400 of these "hostages", who were promptly set to work to build first a few large mud huts for their own accommodation, and then turned on to assist such labours as Lobb could hire from Zaria town in building the Court house, the mess and other huts, and "Lobb's Jolly".

So far as I can remember, by the time I arrived, a good many of these "hostages" had managed to escape, but there were still about 200 herded at night into 2 or 3 big huts not very adequately guarded by the few Police I had at that time.

Our first tornado struck us with full force one night, and I was glad to be safe in "Lobb's Jolly" which was strong enough to stand any storm. After some minutes of thunder and brilliant flashes of lightning, a stiff breeze sprang up, which soon developed into a tearing, raging hurricane, accompanied by deluges of tropical rain. I heard a good deal of shouting in the camp and guessed many of the thatched roofs were being blown off, but there was no need for me to go out and face the tempest, as everyone knew well what to do.

on such occasions. The tornado did not last more than half an hour, was succeeded by a pattern of gentle rain, and I turned over in my bed and went to sleep.

I had shaved & washed neat money, and had nearly finished dressing when the Corporal in charge of my ^{small} Police ^{detachment} ~~detachment~~ arrived, looking much disturbed, saluted, and said "Wind last night, ^{done} swept off roofs, and Seube men" (he meant the "hostages", Seube being one of the names of the many tribes to which they belonged) "done run away - all gone. Me and my men chase after them but no could catch 'em." So the whole zoo had made a bolt for it in the confusion of the tornado and were by now well on the way back to their villages! I delivered a somewhat lukewarm and half-hearted rebuke to the Corporal, but in my heart of hearts I was immensely relieved by the escape of these wretched men. After all, they had done no harm, and I had been far from happy about keeping them coped up ^{in Zaria away from their homes & families.} ~~in Zaria away from their homes & families.~~ ~~in Zaria away from their homes & families.~~ I had a good many dealings with these paper tribes during the next 3 or 4 years, and I ^{developed} ~~had~~ a great liking and respect for them: I liked their courage & independence and I considered them in many ways more worthy of respect than the more sophisticated ^{Mahomedan} Hausas living in the towns & villages round Zaria.

It was not long before the rainy season was on us, and towing became impossible, though in any case I could not have got away from Zaria since I had no one - not even a coloured clerk - to leave in charge. I had summoned the Emir to come and see me once or twice, and he had arrived with all the usual pomp and ceremony, and on one occasion I had paid him a ceremonial visit at his mud "palace" in the town where I had been received by him with much courtesy. But personal interviews ^{between} ~~with~~ us were unnecessary unless there were some matter of ex-

= extraordinary importance to be discussed. Ordinary routine administrative work was carried out through the medium of a trustworthy & confidential man whom he had appointed for the purpose, and who ~~came~~ ^{rode} up to my office every morning & remained squally in the verandah all day till I dismissed him. His duty was to carry messages from the Emir to me and take messages back from me to the Emir, and as he was a mounted man that always bore one or two mounted retainers with him, he could if necessary go backwards & forwards between the Emir and myself as often as might be necessary during the course of the day. I thus worked in close contact with the Emir, but I felt nevertheless that, living as I did some three miles outside the walls of the large native city, a great gulf separated me from the people, and that I should do well to spend some of my working days in the city itself. When I communicated with the Emir on the subject he immediately offered to place at my disposal a compound in the centre of the town which contained some well built huts of the usual type where I could live and work in fair comfort and at the same time enjoy as much privacy as I might want. I rode down therefore one day and was quite delighted with the place. It was surrounded, as is usual, with a high mud wall, giving it complete privacy, and inside the wall were a number of huts of various sizes & shapes which would accommodate me and my establishment and give me & separate places to sleep, have my meals, and receive strangers or deputations. I made a practice therefore during that rainy season of spending two or three nights from time to time, or even longer, in this make-shift Residency in the town, and I used to summon there the same of the Emir's office-holders in a more or less informal way, and ask them about their duties and about the customs of the country, and discuss with them any questions that might crop up about local affairs. I need hardly say that in every case I summoned these men through the medium

of the Emir so that the latter could know exactly whom I was seeing and should have no ground for suspecting that I was working behind his back. I was also careful to say nothing to them which could not be repeated to the Emir, for I guessed that after every interview the person concerned would in all probability be summoned into the Emir's presence & made to give a full account of all that had passed between us. While staying in the town I made frequent visits to the market, to the native qad, to the Alkali's Court, and to one or two of the schools, where small boys, squatting on the floor seemed to be taught to recite passages from the Koran, but little else. I thought it best at that early stage of our occupation of the country, to refrain from any but very casual criticisms of any of the local institutions and to confine myself, ^{chiefly} to acquiring all the information I could, though it may well be imagined that the sanitation of the market - indeed of the whole town - and the method of treating prisoners confined in the qad, all left very much to be desired. Looking back now, after many years of experience in administering the affairs of communities in various parts of the world and in every state of civilization, I believe my instinct was correct. Festina lente - hasten slowly - was Lugard's own policy, and might almost be said to have been the very basis of the revolutionary method he adopted of dealing with African peoples, since become world famous under the name of Indirect Rule. Hausaland had a rich civilization of its own, and traditions stretching back into the dim past. It had been entirely cut off from western civilization & culture until in the beginning of the XIXth century a few explorers visited it. When we arrived, and occupied the country, less than a hundred years later, we brought with us ideas and a mentality in many ways wholly strange to the inhabitants. We put a stop to war and slave-raiding and the slave-market, to injustice, extortion and

relation was merely the agent of the Government, and that the latter intended ~~forcibly~~ to force the Christian religion on the people by this means. Lugard raised no objection to missionaries establishing themselves in the pagan districts, indeed he welcomed them, especially if they were qualified doctors. Amongst the pagan tribes there was of course no question of any fear of being forcibly converted to Christianity, as there was amongst the followers of Islam.

It so happened that the Church Missionary Society had established a mission station in Zaria Province a short time before British administration had extended so far north, and Lugard felt that he could not ~~possibly~~ ^{well} demand the closing down or removal of a mission station already established. A qualified medical man, Dr Walter Miller was in charge of this mission station, which he had established in a little Hausa town called Ghierke about 40 miles south of Zaria town. Miller was an enthusiast who devoted himself body and soul to his missionary work with selfless and tireless energy, and had mastered the language - Hausa - and spoke it fluently. He and an assistant - a young clergyman - carried on the work of the mission station at Ghierke where he had built some mud huts just outside the walls of the little town, and a tiny hospital whose patients were made welcome and treated with medical skill and all the kindness + sympathy which these devoted men lavished on anyone in want or difficulty, or suffering either in mind or body.

I had been a considerable time in the Province before I actually met Miller, but we corresponded from time to time on special matters. Frankly, the mission was somewhat of a thorn in my side, for it was looked on with great suspicion by the Emir, who was inclined to regard it as a kind of secret agency maintained by the Government to spy on him and report his doings to the Resident. I need hardly say that his suspicions were wholly unjustified, but in actual fact Dr Miller's ready sympathy for the poor + oppressed did attract to the mission quite a number of natives who poured

out tales of oppression and injustice and cruel treatment invol-
ving the Emir this undertaking either directly or by implication.
Some of these tales no doubt contained a considerable amount of
truth: others were gross exaggerations, and a few were just con-
cocted in the hope of gaining sympathy and some tangible advan-
tage. I am sure that D'Miller did his best to sift the truth from
the falsehoods, and to test so far as he was able the reliability
of the tales. He could not of course attempt any redress, even in
a glaring case of injustice or oppression - and many of the minions
who served the Emir this administration were scoundrels of the first
order - but he would sometimes send the victim, or supposed
victim, to me with a note, for me to take such action, if any, as I
thought fit. I would in such cases hear the man's statement in
my bouthouse, collect such evidence as I could, and deal with
the matter as best I could.

When I had been about 2 or 3 months in Zaria and had begun to
get some knowledge of my work and the people and the conditions in
the country, I received from H^o An at Zungeru a paper forwarding
a copy of an extract from a letter received by Lugard in England,
in which statements were made that the state of affairs in Zaria
Province were worse under the new Emir recently installed than
under the previous Emir before the British arrived in the Province at
all. Oppression, extortion, cruelty, was, said the writer, rampant,
and all supposed to be carried on in the name of the British Gov^t.
The old Emir, it was asserted, was limited in his oppression by
the knowledge that if he went too far, the peasantry would revolt
and he would lose his throne + his life: whereas the present Emir
felt he was secure behind the protection of British bayonets, and
could do as he pleased. The ~~letter~~ authorship of the letter was not
disclosed, but I knew that it could have been written by no one
but D'Miller. The copy was marked in Lugard's diminutive
hand-writing "Resident Zaria. For report."

It did not take me long to draft my reply. I emphatically denied the statements made in the letter, which I characterized as being giving an entirely ~~very~~ erroneous account of the state of affairs and being wholly misleading. The idea of suggesting that the inhabitants of the Province were suffering from greater oppression since the advent of the Porters administration than before our arrival was fantastic. Slave-raiding had been completely stopped: new roads were being opened up and ^{old ones} made safe from highway robbers. The taxation of the towns & villages was under close supervision. Any native considering himself aggrieved or treated with injustice could appeal to the Resident. And so I continued to give what I believed - and felt in fact certain ^{was} - a true picture of the state of affairs since our arrival compared with what it had been before. "If your Excellency wished" I wrote, "I could give many more illustrations to prove that what I have said is correct, and that the statements made in the letter are utterly mistaken and not in accordance with the facts."

Some two months later my memorandum - which had been sent to Lugard in England - was returned to me. In the margin, opposite the sentence I have quoted above, were three words in Lugard's neat and tiny hand-writing, "Do so, please". For a moment my breath was taken away. I realized that I had no conception what "more illustrations" I could give when I wrote the sentence somewhat light-heartedly, to ~~prove~~ ^{drive home} the truth of my assertions. Fortunately, after some reflection, I was able to supply the further illustrations asked for, & I did so, & never heard any more of the matter. But I had received an invaluable lesson which I have never forgotten. I think I can fairly claim never to have made a statement in an official report or despatch since that date which I could not, if challenged, back up by solid proof. It was not always easy to avoid over-colouring my reports, because of my immense and sometimes impetuous

enthusiasm for the fascinating work that fell to my lot those early years in Northern Nigeria. Many sentences and phrases and adjectives have I erased from a draft or a letter or report on re-reading it, remembering that marginal comment of Lugard: "Do so please." How fortunate I was in my Chief during those early days when I was learning with much toil and many heartbreaks the A.B.C. of administration.

Those first few months of my work in Zaria synchronized with the rainy season, which lasts roughly from April to November, and I worked harder than at any previous time in my life, but with a zest and enthusiasm which triumphed over all difficulties and hardships and disappointments. I never at any time of my life that I can remember ^{did I} take much interest in food, and it is as well that I didn't, for the food with which we had to content ourselves in Northern Nigeria, hundreds of miles from the coast, was neither appetising nor varied. To begin with, one never saw bread, but subsisted solely on a type of plain hard biscuit known to the trade I think as "cabin bread" or "ship's biscuit". Nor did we ever see butter, for in that climate with no means of keeping anything cool a tin of butter ^{if opened} would merely resemble liquid train ^{oil} grease, so we brought no tins up country with us. Meat we never saw, although it was exposed for sale in the Zaria market, but there it swarmed with flies and went bad within an hour or two of killing. ^{For our staple food therefore we lived} ~~subsisted~~ entirely on chickens, of which there were plenty, though they were small and tough and tasteless. Eggs we could usually obtain in any quantity, though a large proportion of those ~~one~~ brought ^{for sale} were bad, and for this reason I never tried a boiled egg, but made my boy poach, fry or scramble them. I had, as I have previously explained, brought out a fairly large supply of stores from England - tins of biscuit, plenty of sugar, salt, oatmeal (or rather, Quaker's oats) rice, cornflour, jam, tea, coffee, cocoa, and so on. I also brought out several cases of whiskey, 3 or 4 cases of my own (great luxury - champagne, in quart spirit bottles, a case or two of sherry, + of gin.

All water needed filtering before drinking, and to give it a bite we all brought out a large number of sparklet bottles, + scores of sparklet bulbs, thus making excellent aerated water to drink with our whiskey.

My breakfast - which I always had about 7:30, or at daybreak when I was on tour - always consisted of ^{porridge} ~~breakfast~~, + egg in some form or other, ^{with} ship's biscuits + coffee. During my first tour I used to have lunch at 1, and dinner about 7:30 (I didn't bother about afternoon tea), but later I found, ^{their} arranging with my book the catering ^{do it} for lunch and dinner was such a nuisance, with my th. local chicken to ring the changes on that I finally dispensed with lunch, + instead had some coffee and biscuits (in liberal quantities) about 2 - roughly midway between my 2 real meals, breakfast and dinner. One was continually under the necessity of replenishing one's supply of stores - particularly such things as sugar and coffee and biscuits, also whiskey - and one could get practically everything one needed sent up by carrier from the bigger Company's Store at Zunguru. Unfortunately one's cook and houseboy had a maddening habit of giving one no inkling that one was running out of anything - say sugar - and the first one knew of it was when the boy failed to put any sugar on the table, ^{on} ~~when~~ one's asking for it he would blurt out "Soogah finis", Master. Usually it took 3 or 4 weeks from the date of ordering to get stores up from Zunguru, but in cases of urgency I would get the Emir to supply me with 3 or 4 really good carriers, by paying them handsomely one could get them to do the journey to Zunguru + back in something like 10 days or even less, though the distance was approximately 300 miles.

One's bath one always took immediately before dinner, and 9 nights out of 10 one got into one's pyjamas + mosquito, boots + a light jacket, and dined in that costume. It was a rough life, + ^{questions} ~~various~~ matters of costume were of no interest or importance to any of us. I had taken the precaution of bringing a gramophone out with me, together with about 80 records which I had carefully selected to suit every mood + occasion - Harry Lauder, Wagner, Chorus,

Comic Opera, Hymns (p. 9) ~~the~~ lovely record of "There is a Green Hill", beautiful
song by Andrew Black), Strauss waltzes, Dvorak - all sorts of music
grave and gay. And when I had any of my friends to dinner I used
to turn on the gramophone at times, we had a regular concert in
the open air under a shea-butter tree that stood just outside my hut,
and then by the light of a brilliant moon. On special occasions
I would open a bottle of champagne for my dinner party, and
indulge in the luxury of a turkey - a bird which could occasionally
be bought. I used to say during my second tour in Nigeria that
the qualifications I looked for in ~~an~~ ^{an} Assistant Resident were, the
ability to carve a turkey neatly, to open a bottle of champagne
efficiently, and a ready willingness to work 18 hours a day if neces-
sary.

At long last the rainy season came to a close ⁱⁿ ~~about~~ October,
ending as it had begun by a few resounding tornadoes. The
swollen rivers began to return to their normal volume and the
saturated soil to dry. Lugard returned from leave in early November
and Abadie came back with him and in due course arrived in
Zaria to resume charge of the Province. He brought me surprising
and rather exciting news. As soon as I had handed over to him
I was to go up to Kano and take over charge of the Province from
D. Cargile the Resident who was due for leave and during whose absence
I was to act as Resident in charge. This was indeed an encoura-
ging piece of news, for with the exception ^{possibly} of Sokoto and Bornu
Kano was the largest and most important of the northern Provinces
and I had only been a few months in the Protectorate thus practi-
cally the junior of all the 3rd Class Residents. Abadie & Layell were
of course 2nd Class Residents, the latter having served previously in
Southern Nigeria ^{as a medical officer} with the Royal Niger Co before the Imperial Govern-
ment took over the administration of Nigeria.

Of George Abadie I had already heard much, and I found that
the accounts I had received of him, all highly flattering, had been

in no way exaggerated. He was the eldest ~~of~~ ^{of} three sons of a General of
Abadie, an old 17th Lancer ⁱⁿ man, now Governor of ^{Jersey} ~~Jersey~~, and on
leaving Sandhurst George ^{received his commission in the 16th Lancers and went} ~~was~~ sent out to India to join them. His quick
eye & good horsemanship soon procured him a place in the regimental
polo team, but this meant a heavy expenditure on first class po-
sies. After 2 or 3 years he found himself so deep in debt that he
wrote to his father & asked him to let him have from the money that
he would ultimately inherit, sufficient to pay his debts, & he resigned
his commission & returned home, somewhat impulsively and
quixotically. His father obtained a commission for him in an
^{infantry} militia battalion, and shortly afterwards Lugard took him out to
West Africa as his A.D.C. Here he soon showed his competence &
racket, and was sent on various expeditions by Lugard, amongst
others one in which he with a few attendants captured the most
famous of all the slave-raiding Emirs, nicknamed 'Ngwanachi' - the
Destroyer - the Emir of Kontagora who had boasted "When I die, it
will be with a slave in my mouth." For these roving commissions
which demanded courage, resource, imagination and character
Abadie was the ideal leader, and his reputation rapidly grew
throughout Hausaland. The nickname of Mai-jimina was given
him ("Jimina" being Hausa for "ostrich") because he kept a captured
ostrich in his camp. When in the winter of 1902-03 the Kano-
Sokoto expedition was despatched by Lugard to bring the northern
Provinces under British administration, Lugard appointed Captain
Abadie (as he now was) to the Political Service as 2nd Class Resident
and made him the first Resident in charge of the newly formed
Province of Zaria. Actually, he saw little of the Province as he
accompanied the Kano-Sokoto expedition as Political Officer, & then
went round the Emirates on Lugard's staff when the latter found
all the northern Provinces to install the newly-appointed Emirs.
After this, as I have already related, he accompanied Lugard on
his leave home.

George Abadie had not only courage and ability, + the gift of leadership which made his name Mai-jimina respected throughout Kausaland. He was also well read, and had a charm and simplicity of character which inspired a genuine affection for him amongst all who met him. ~~The~~ ^{Frank} ~~Abadie~~, and free from any ostentation or conceit as he was, he nevertheless lived rather after the manner of the "grand seigneur". He kept a first class cook, and would give you an excellent dinner. He was always well turned out, and when he went on tour he took with him quite a large following, most of whom he mounted on his spare ponies. And since natives are apt to judge a man by the size of his following, he was always looked upon as a person of very great importance, apart from his own strong personality.

The short time I spent with Abadie in Zaria was to me a very delightful ^{experience!} ~~visit~~. Either I dined with him or he with me practically every night, and besides talking to me about the Province & local affairs in general he told me about his leave in England, & how he had bought a car - something to me almost unknown at that time (1903) and spent a great part of his leave touring England in it. And when I asked if he had ever had an accident (since the idea to me of driving a car seemed as dangerous as sleep-chasing) he replied, "Only once, when I ran into the railing in Hyde Park to avoid running over a dog."

I was delighted when Abadie decided, a day or two before I was due to leave for Kano, to go with me in order that he might discuss with Cayle (before he went home) and me the question of quinine case supplies. The harvest had been a bad one, and the requirements of the newly formed Mounted Infantry seemed unlimited, & more than could be met by Zaria Province, so Abadie proposed to see if he could arrange for supplies to be sent from Kano. He and I therefore did the six days' march to

Kano together, and a more delightful companion I could not
have had. Zaria & Kano lie in open rolling country some 2000 feet
above sea-level, ^{dotted with villages} ~~with~~ ^{Between these is} ~~with~~ ^{and} farms. ~~between these is~~
park like scenery ~~with~~, the handsome shea butter
tree standing out conspicuously, and giving some fine shade
which is most refreshing.

On the afternoon of the sixth day we reached Kano, the
great and important city of which I had read & heard so much.
~~about~~. Like Zaria it ^{is} surrounded by an ^{immense} ~~immense~~ wall ^{about} ~~about~~
like 15 miles in circumference, broken here and there by
huge gateways. Dr. Cayill met us and conducted us to the
Residence, ^{which is} ~~inside~~ the town but ^{lies} in a great open space, and
he showed us a large grass-thatched hut where we were ~~to~~
to stay. Next day I started taking over from Cayill, a
quiver little man with a small pointed beard, who had ori-
ginally come out to Nigeria ^{many years before} as a medical officer in the High
Company. ~~before the~~ Imperial Govt. took over the administration
from the Company and appointed Lugard High Commissioner of
Northern Nigeria, the latter gave Dr. Cayill an appointment
on the political staff, and later appointed him the first
Resident of Kano Province.

But there was yet another surprise in store for me. On
the second day after my arrival a telegram arrived for me
~~from~~ from Zungern informing me that Maj. Burdon, Resident
of Sokoto had contracted small pox and was being invalided
home, and that I was to proceed to Sokoto at once, and
take over ^{acting charge of} the Province during ^{his} ~~his~~ absence on sick-leave.
Burdon, I knew, was a 1st Class Resident (the only other being Henry of
Bornu Province, who had been Lt. Sir William Wallace, an old High Com-
pany officer). He had served with distinction in the High Company ~~for~~
20 years, and when Northern Nigeria was made an Imperial Protectorate
Lugard appointed him the first Resident of Sokoto Province. There was

nothing for me to do but pack up my goods & belongings once more, arrange for transport, and start off on the long cross country ^{journey} to Sokoto, a distance of close on 200 miles. A couple of days before I started, poor Abadie went down with a sharp attack of malaria, but this type of fever was so common that I thought little of it, and bade him goodbye with a cheer, "Hope you'll be all right again in a day or two, old chap", never dreaming that I should never see him again.

That journey to Sokoto was the dullest and most monotonous ~~one~~ I ever made in Nigeria. It took 17 days and lay through flat and for the most part treeless country, sparsely inhabited. And for the first & only time I felt lonely. There was of course no means of getting news, and it was useless to occupy myself mapping the ~~country~~ ^{route}, for ~~it~~ ^{it} was well known: nor had I any business to transact with the villages through which I passed, for I had no official position in the Kano Province, or for the time being in the Sokoto Province. At long last, on the eighteenth day out from Kano I saw in the heat haze the walls of Sokoto town, and a mile or two outside it the mud buildings that made up the Residency, Court house, & "fort" enclosing the barracks. On arrival about 2 pm. I enquired which was the Residency & a fair sized mud hut of the usual kind was pointed out to me. On reaching the door of this hut I called out Burdon's name, and from inside a voice called "Come in." I entered, and saw sitting in a long camp chair a tall thin man, with sunken cheeks, very white hair, & piercing eyes. He greeted me with "So you're on, I suppose?" I said I was. "Come in & sit down," he said "and I'll order you a cup of coffee. Meanwhile have a cigarette". I did as he suggested, feeling thankful that after my long & monotonous trek I had at last someone to talk to, though there seemed something a little chilly, in spite of Burdon's friendly manner. It was not long before I learned what was the matter. "I suppose you know," said Burdon in a matter of fact tone, while I puffed at my cigarette, "that I'm damned sorry you've come?" I replied ^{somewhat stiffly} that I must

certainly knew no such thing, and that in any case it wasn't due to any wish or action on my part that I had come, but that I had received orders from Headquarters, which I had obeyed." "Oh that's all right," said Burdon, realizing that his remark had hardly been tactful, "I'm not blaming you. But I did want St Mary, who has served under me for some time, knows the Province well, is a first-class man, to act for me during my absence; and I was naturally rattled when I heard that a man who is a ^{complete} stranger to the Province was being sent instead." In after years Burdon became one of my greatest friends, and I often chatted him over his first "welcome" to me, and we used to laugh over it. It was typical of him, for he was as straight as a dye, and liked to put every card he had on the table and expected everyone else to do the same. Whatever work he had to do he did with all his heart and soul, never sparing himself, picking up all the knowledge he could that might in any way help him in his work with an enthusiasm which remained boyish and all-consuming even after he had retired from the Colonial Service when he was well in his sixties. He had learnt Hausa, and learnt it thoroughly and could speak it fluently - and a bit of Arabic too. He had learned surveying, always carried a sextant with him on his journeyings. He had had rather a curious career. His father had been a ^{somewhat distinguished} missionary in China and was set on his son Jack following in his footsteps, ^{but} ~~and~~ the boy himself had set his heart on going into the Army. When he was up at Cambridge, finding that his father was adamant, Jack one day went off and enlisted in an infantry regiment, and in the astonishingly short time of two years he obtained his commission: but having no means of his own he ^{got} ~~got~~ himself seconded for service with the High Company Constabulary, and did so well that on the very day he was promoted captain he was given the brevet rank of Major. He thus established what must have been a record - from Private to Major in seven years!

A few days after my arrival at Sokoto Burdon went home on leave,

and I was left in acting charge of the Province, with Hilary - then a 2nd Lt. Resident - as my 2nd in Command. He proved himself all that Burda had said of him - keen, able, loyal and very efficient - and never showed the slightest resentment at my having been brought into the Province on his head.

I received the usual ceremonial visit from the Sultan of Sokoto - a charming and dignified old Fulani, held in much respect by his subjects: and in due course I returned the visit. It is the custom of the country to present to every new comer a present in the form of horses, sheep, bundles of Guinea corn, fowls & eggs etc - the value of the present varying with the importance of the person to whom it is given. By custom, a present of equivalent value is returned. The "Serikin - Mussalmia" (Sultan of Sokoto) sent me up a varied & magnificent present, including a young camel, some sheep, and a very handsome black stallion, standing nearly 15 hands high, the biggest horse I have ever seen in Nigeria where 13 to 14 hands is the average height. The camel was somewhat $\frac{1}{2}$ white elephant as it was too young to carry loads, and was quite costly to keep: the sheep I divided up amongst my followers & the Police, telling my cook to keep ^{some of} the liver & kidneys for me.

The garrison of Sokoto at that time ^{consisted of} ~~was~~ a Company of Mounted Infantry, commanded by a Haajar called Beer whom I had known in Zaria: he was away on a recruit, tour when I arrived, leaving his subaltern in charge. Shortly after my arrival two of the privates of the M.I. were brought up before me for the ^{rather} ~~very~~ prevalent crime of "impersonation". They had waylaid some traders coming to Sokoto and told them that the Whiteman had posted them ~~at~~ (the soldiers) at that spot with orders to take all the trade goods from travellers, & had then proceeded to rob them of all they had, including some of their men & their women's clothes. The unfortunate traders did not dare resist as they believed the soldiers' story, and imagined that the latter ~~were~~ were acting under the orders of the Whiteman. This was a class of offence

which of course did infinite harm in those early days, and seriously damaged the good name of the Administration. Having carried the two soldiers I therefore gave them a sharp sentence - I think 3 years' imprisonment - which would have to be carried out in Zungeru as there were no real gaols in the Provinces.

A few days afterwards I was at work in my lathouse when Green who had just returned from his recruiting tour, stalked in and, with hardly a greeting, proceeded to a regular tirade against Residents for sending off to prison some of the W.A.F. best soldiers. To have someone enter my lathouse and criticize me for sentences I had passed was more than I could stand. So the moment Green stopped to draw breath, I said with some heat "Look here Green, I'm not going to have you come into my lathouse and criticize sentences passed by me in the course of my duty. If you have any complaint of that sort to make, make it to the Commandant at Zungeru, who if he sees fit will refer it to the High Commissioner, who will then deal with me. Meanwhile, kindly clear out of my lathouse." Which Green, muttering and looking rather angry, proceeded to do: and I went on with my work. After a time I cooled down, and not wanting to start ⁱⁿ my new Province with a row with the G.C. Troops, I took up a half sheet of paper and wrote: "Dear Green, Come + have dinner with me tonight at 7-30, and afterwards I shall be very ready to discuss with you the impositions or abuses of Residents." Send verbal reply by bearer." And I sent the note across by a messenger + received a verbal ^{reply} ~~message~~ "Many thank, I'll be with you at 7-30." So that night he came and after dinner we took our seats in camp chairs outside, + I said "Now Green, fire ahead, let me hear your views." Well, he gave them. His language was somewhat lurid, but rough speaking his argument was that before our arrival in Nigeria, the great bulk of the people were poor chicken-hearted creatures who put up with oppression + injustice because they hadn't the pluck to protest or resist. But there were a few bolder spirits, who mostly took to high-way robbery as their means

of livelihood, & defied the Emin & their minions. These were the men, said Green, who make the best soldiers. We pick them out, discipline them & drive them, & turn them out as first rate soldiers. Then you civilians, get hold of them & send them to jail, & all our trouble for nothing. If we dealt with them when they go back to their old tricks, we would soon cure them. But because a man is a soldier & wears uniform for give him a much heavier sentence than you give the ordinary native. It's all most unjust, and makes it difficult for us to get a really good efficient fighting force.

I let him talk himself out, which I listened patiently & puffed at my pipe. Then I said "Well, Green, I'm very glad to hear your ideas and I understand your point of view entirely. I certainly didn't know before that you tried to get your recruits from the rogues and jail-birds ^{of the population}; but I can quite believe that under good & strict discipline they may make the best soldiers for your purpose. It is more important however for the country as a whole to guard against men in government uniform robbing their fellow countrymen under the pretext that they are acting under government orders. That is my reason for passing severe sentences. But as regards treating your soldiers with more severity than other natives of the country, I will promise you that if & when I catch one of the latter robbing traders & their women, I'll deal out quite as heavy a punishment as I did to your men." We parted good friends and I had no further trouble with Green, or indeed with any of the military.

Not very long afterwards a blind Kape trader was brought to my office by his wife and asked if he might make a complaint. He then told me this story. He had come up to Sokot some months before with his wife & a few caravans with trade goods from the south. He has sold some of his goods in Sokot at a reasonable profit & had then taken the road to the north, intending to visit French territory (the boundary is not far distant), and had stayed at a large walled town named Bêlo just within our border. Here he had been very hospitably treated

men had left the town she did not know when they were. My messenger however knew how to deal with such a situation, and when the 3rd day was up, the Seriki duly handed the 3 men over. "So I tied them up" said my messenger, "and brought them along. Here they are." "Well done", I replied. "But didn't you say you brought the three men? I only see two." "I forgot" ~~my~~ ^{said} my messenger "to tell you that 2 days out from Belo one of the 3, who had been ill when he was handed over, grew very sick. I borrowed a donkey for him to ride, but his illness grew worse, and the 3rd day he died. I got these two others to dig a grave for him in the bush, and was buried him there. But lest you should think I was lying, I have brought this." Thereupon he took out of his haversack a blood-stained cloth, unrolled it, and to the hind-flow of the hut there dropped a human hand severed from the wrist. It was a gruesome sight, but I knew the customs of the country and I accepted the messenger's statement and his evidence. I then questioned the two prisoners, and found, as I expected, that they had acted on the direct orders of their lord and master, the son of the Seriki-n-Belo. I therefore instructed my messenger, after he had had a ^{couple of} days' rest, to return to Belo and inform both the Seriki and his son that I wished to see the latter. ~~At about a fortnight later my messenger~~ ^{about a fortnight later my messenger} returned, accompanied by a young man dressed in the height of fashion - white embroidered gown, white turban, sword belt of crimson leather with high boots to match. With him was a following of half a dozen or more mounted men, his personal servants and grooms, and he himself wore an air of somewhat aggressive bravado, with which was mingled not a little timidity. Immediately on his arrival I summoned the Kupa trader and had the two slaves brought from the hut where I was keeping them in custody, and I made all three of them tell their story in front of him. He listened with a sarcastic smile, and when I asked him what he had to say he exclaimed, "Of course I know that trader. I put him up as a guest in my house for some

time and bought some of his goods. He left a few weeks ago, travelling north, and I know no more of the matter." "What have you got to say about your slaves' statement that you ordered them to waylay him in the bush and bring back to you all his trade goods?" I asked. "All lies", he replied, "who would believe a slave?" "Slaves may be no less reliable than free-men," I replied. "In any case, I will try the case in my Court tomorrow, and you will be held in custody till then" - and I signed to the police to remove him and the witnesses.

Next day I tried the case in an open crowded Court. The evidence was overwhelming, & the prisoner by his ^{demeanour} ~~testimony~~ and his answers to my questions, made it even more so. The trial lasted till late in the evening, and when I pronounced my finding it was "Guilty", and my sentence was "Five years imprisonment." On hearing the sentence the prisoner lost all self control, burst into a fury of passion, and shouted all sorts of wild things. I turned to him and delivered a short homily on the iniquity of highway robbery with violence, and I ended "you will be sent down at once to the Gaol at Zungu and will ~~soon~~ make bricks and carry mud there for five years. And may your sentence be a warning to all men who resort to robbery and violence: it is such crimes that the white man has come to stop." I signalled to the Police escort to take him away to the guardhouse, and he was removed, struggling and shouting "I won't go to Zungu! I won't be made to carry mud!"

I have recorded this case, partly as a sequel to my conversation with Major Green, and partly because it is a good example of the manner in which we Residents were trying in those early days to put down crime, such as highway robbery, by bringing it home to and punishing the real delinquents, and not merely their underlings or dupes. I have already said that the Emir of Zaria had as a young man been reduced by poverty to keeping a gang of highway robbers to attack caravans or single traders and bring the loot to him. Such conduct by a somewhat obscure member of the Royal family was not pro-

ably regarded as highly reprehensible: certainly no charge would be laid against him. My own firm intention as a Resident was to make it plain to the whole community, that there was no discrimination under British administration, in the eyes of the law, between individuals, and that a man of the highest rank convicted of a crime in a Court of law, would receive the same punishment as the humblest peasant or slave. Before I left Nigeria I think this piece of - to our way of thinking, - elementary justice had sunk into the minds of the inhabitants of all the fourteen Provinces, for they had seen it put into practice again and again.

When I took over Sokoto Province from Burdon in February 1904 I found that an event had taken place nearly a year before in the northern part of the Province, close to the French boundary, which required investigation. In those parts, which in reality formed the southern edge of the great Sahara Desert, there were a number of fierce nomadic tribes, horsemen who lived in tents like the Bedouins of Arabia, and had no fixed abode. Further east they were known as Tuaregs, but those in the Sokoto neighbourhood were called "the Asbenawa". They were much dreaded by all the settled inhabitants of the northern fringe of Nigeria, and were indeed a dangerous folk with whom to quarrel, since they were experts with sword and lance (from which they were never separated day & night), and their extraordinary mobility gave them the ability to make sudden unexpected raids.

In the north-eastern corner of the Province, not far from the desert fringe was a large, ~~settled~~, prosperous Hausa town called Kaura, surrounded by the usual formidable mud wall like Zaria and Kano, and containing a population of something like 10,000 souls. For some years there had been bad blood between the people of Kaura and the Asbenawa each having grievances against the other, and there had been frequent friction between the two. Then, just before our occupation of Sokoto, a tremendous battle had taken place between the Asbenawa and the

people of Kauru, which had ended in a complete victory for the former and the sacking and burning of Kauru, whose inhabitants had then deserted the ruined town and settled down ⁱⁿ ~~through~~ the villages which abounded in the neighbourhood and were easily able to absorb the townsfolk, who were their *Kith and Kin*. A deputation from the Kauru people had presented itself to Borden shortly after his arrival as Resident of Soloto Province, complaining that the town had been wantonly ^{and treacherously} attacked by the Askenawa without any cause, and crying for justice against its aggressors.

Borden had never had the time or opportunity to undertake the journey to the ruined town of Kauru to investigate the truth or otherwise of the accusation made against the Askenawa, and he understood that the latter alleged that it was the people of Kauru who had treacherously attacked them, & not the other way about. I discussed the matter with Borden before he left and he expressed a hope that I should be able to visit the locality & go into the matter on the spot, and ascertain if possible on whom the responsibility for the attack rested.

As soon therefore as I had mastered the details of the administration of the Province, I made my plans to march into the northern corner and enquire into this disastrous fight - indeed it was more aptly described as a massacre - which had taken place nearly a year previously. I could get there and back, I reckoned, in less than a fortnight, & during my absence the affairs of Soloto itself could safely be left in the capable hands of Hiday. I arranged therefore for a couple of baggage camels to carry my tent, stores & equipment, and sent word to the Askenawa & the people of Kauru that I was coming. I reported my intention of telegram to Head Quarters at Zungern, and fixed the day for my departure.

The afternoon before I was due to start I received a telegram from Head Quarters at Zungern in code, & marked "Strictly Confidential" informing me that conversations were taking place between the British

and French Governments which would probably provide for a rectification ~~between~~ ^{of} the boundary ^{between} ~~the~~ ~~border~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~French~~ ~~Equatorial~~ ~~Africa~~ and it would therefore be advisable for me to postpone any visit to the neighbourhood of the frontier until the new boundary had been decided on. Here was a blow. All my preparations were complete, and this investigation had already been delayed for nearly a year. I did not hesitate for long. I locked the telegram in the safe, and started on my journey next morning.

I shall not easily forget that journey. It took me into the very fringe of the desert, over a flat sandy plain with little but sand and an occasional palm tree, then and there a village wherever well water could be found. The sun beat down on me and seemed to scorch the earth like a furnace, and after 2 or 3 hours riding in such dry heat one developed an almost overpowering thirst which nothing seemed to assuage. I was accompanied by a relative of the Sultan of Sokoto, a splendid figure of a man, dignified, efficient, intelligent and commanding, immense respect throughout the Province. Every day he rode ahead to prepare my camp for me. I used to start at daybreak after a light breakfast, halt for an hour or so, at mid-day, and generally reached camp about 2 pm. when the sun was at its fiercest. Always I found a cool shelter of straw mats on bamboo poles awaiting for me, and a huge calabash of milk, all arranged for me by the faithful Mai-Turari as he was called. I would spend the afternoon writing up reports & possibly interviewing villagers, and in the evening when the sun began to sink in the west I would go out with my gun and see if I could come across something for the pot. I was never dull. I remember I carried with me in the pocket of my shirt a tiny edition of Omar Khayyam (which I still have) and I used to amuse myself during those long solitary rides under the fierce Saharan sun by committing to memory some of my favourite verses.

-trains.

It was about the sixth or seventh day out from Sokoto when I was close to the boundary and the desert that I came to the camp of the Askenawa. Half a dozen of them came galloping out to meet me, and my first glance at them showed me why they were held in such awe by the people who lived in towns and on their farms on the border of the desert. They were of splendid physique, were all armed with sword and lance, & sat their horses with ease and grace. Clad in long white robes ~~and~~ wearing long riding boots of supple Kano leather stretching high above their knees they had their faces almost completely covered with the ends of their indigo-dyed turbans of dark purple, almost black, only a narrow slit showing a pair of dark, piercing eyes - these desert men always cover mouth, nose and ears to keep out the sand, which blows all day and often all night and permeates everything. Bearing down on me at the gallop, they suddenly pulled up their horses on their haunches when within only a few yards of me, and raised their spears above their heads in salute. My horse, excited by this ~~strange~~ kind of cavalry charge, responded by standing up on his hind legs, but fortunately I had anticipated this and was prepared for it, so I left my reins loose and leaned well forward, but I confess that I was relieved when ~~after~~ passing the air of a moment, he gently subsided once more on his four legs. We all then dismounted, the Mai-Turani presented the deputation to me, I put out my hand and shook theirs, we exchanged a few complimentary phrases, & I then re-mounted and led the way to the camp of straw mats which had been prepared for me.

After I had had a calabash-ful of sour milk and a bit of a wash, I summoned the deputation and told them to send for their tribesmen - who, in the fashion of nomads - were scattered about in the neighbourhood, and said that I would a ~~W~~

following day start enquiring into the lamentable incidents that had taken place the previous year. Half an hour afterwards I heard a drum begin to beat not far from my shelter, and going out I saw a drum, not unlike one of our kettle drums, raised on a tripod about 3 feet high, and this was being beaten ~~by~~ by two men in a regular rat-tat-tat, not very loud but with a peculiar rhythm which in some manner seemed to spread outwards and float far and wide in all directions. Before very long I observed what looked like little black dots on the horizon all round, north, east, south and west. Soon these dots grew larger and ultimately they turned into men, riding either on horses or camels, coming from all directions but all converging on the drum. By nightfall some scores of tribesmen had assembled, and ~~they~~ formed themselves into little groups: Camp fires were lit, the evening meal cooked and eaten, and before the moon rose they had all stretched themselves out on the ground round the flicking embers and silence reigned supreme.

Next morning I was up at daylight and before getting down to work I made a good breakfast as I knew I had a long day before me. I then summoned the Mai-Turari and together we walked across to where the Arkenawa were assembled. I made them a short address, referring to the fight that had taken place the year before between them and the people of Kaum, resulting in what amounted practically to a massacre of the latter, and I told them I had come all this way from Sokoto to investigate the matter and discover with whom the fault lay. They heard me in silence, and then one of their leaders made their reply. They had had no enmity against the people of Kaum, he asserted, but the latter had complained to them of trespass by their flocks - a complaint which he maintained was entirely without foundation - and presently became turbulent and overbearing, and threatened that if they did not leave the vicinity, they - the people of Kaum - would come and drive them away by force of arms. Then, one night just before dawn, at the

Darkest hour, a vast force of men from Kauru, ~~many~~ ^{a few} armed with guns & all with bows and arrows, treacherously attacked their camp. The Astenawa sprang to their horses and immediately charged, using their swords and spears with deadly effect, with the result that within a few minutes the attacking force was fleeing in a panic back to their walled town 5 miles away, pursued by the infuriated tribesmen, cutting themselves from horseback. By the time the town was reached the people had fled in all directions, whereupon the Astenawa called a halt and proceeded to put to flames the now deserted town, which was soon burnt to ashes. They then rode back triumphantly to their camp, having killed, the speaker told me, some hundreds of the townsman, while their ^{own} losses were only eleven killed. The people of Kauru had never re-occupied their town he said, which was now in ruins: they had settled down amongst the villages ~~which~~ ~~in~~ the vicinity, and were unlikely ever to attempt to rebuild their town - "or to attack us" again, he added, significantly. He invited me to come with them to the place where they had been attacked, and they would show me on the spot precisely how the attack had taken place. To this I agreed, and we started off. I was riding the big black stallion that had been given me by the Sultan, while the Astenawa - of whom there were about a couple of hundred - were mounted, as was their custom, on mares, with the result that my horse had worked himself into a perfect frenzy of excitement before we had ridden half a mile. Fortunately he was very easy to sit, & had such a good mouth that I was riding him, as I always did, on a snaffle, but every now and then he would take a bound in the air as if he were clearing the water jump in a steeplechase. By sitting well back in the saddle however I was able to regard all his antics as if I liked them, which in a sense was true, though in that temperature I got almost as hot as he did. After a bit however he settled down and gave little more trouble. The Astenawa first took me to the spot where they had been attacked, and then we rode the five miles to the ruined city of Kauru. All along

The route thro. bush was marked by skeletons where the unfortunate fugitives had fallen to the swords and spears of the Askenawa. I counted some thirty or thirty skulls lying on the track through the bush that we followed, and as I reckoned that for every skull I saw there were probably at least 5 scattered about in the bush, I was ready to believe the Askenawa when they told me that they had killed six or seven hundred of the Kama people. I saw no reason to doubt the truth of the story they had told me, and such of the Kama people as I saw made few attempts to deny it, so I regarded my investigation as complete, and the next day started back on my return journey to Sokoto, receiving a great send-off from the Askenawa.

On my return I found exciting news awaiting me. A telegram from Her Majesty informed me that I was promoted 2nd Class Resident and placed in charge of Zaria Province, to which I was to return at once, handing over at Sokoto to Hilary. This was news indeed. My promotion meant that I had passed over the heads of some thirty like 15 and 20 3rd Class Residents for ~~the~~ as a late arrival in Nigeria I was practically at the bottom of the list - and I was of course delighted to have been selected to succeed poor Abadio as Resident of his Province. It took me only a day or two to hand over to Hilary, then I started off once more on the long trek across country that was to take me to Zaria. But before proceeding with my story I must describe one episode at Sokoto which imprinted itself on my memory and which I have never forgotten. It was the ceremony which took place outside the walls of the city on the morning when the long and trying ~~fast~~ ^{on the Ramadan, observed} fast, known throughout the Moslem world, came to its end. This fast, which is rigidly observed by all good Mohammedans, takes place during the ninth month of the Mohammedan year, and while it lasts, no ~~one~~ ^{follower} of the Prophet may touch food or water between the rising and the setting of the sun. What this means in a tropical climate may well be imagined. It is true that slight deviations from the strict letter of the commandment are permitted by the Koran in certain cases, e.g. when a Mohammedan is fighting for his religion or his country or has undertaken a long journey for a specific purpose, but I have known