

# Adventurous Life Of Henry Caulfeild, Late Inspector of Pacific Islanders. As published in *The Steering Wheel and Society & Home* 1937

Supplement to the ebook *A Speck in the Cosmos — Adventurous Life of Henry Caulfeild* by Henry St George Caulfeild (editors/contributors Colleen Watts and Louise Brodie), ISBN 978-0-9941511-2-4, which can be purchased from [Amazon](#), [Google Play](#) and [Apple ibooks](#).

The following images are page copies of the section of 'A Speck in the Cosmos' that was published as a serial in a pre-World War II Australian magazine called '*The Steering Wheel and Society & Home*'.

# Native Labour in Ceylon and Queensland

## Adventurous Life of Henry Caulfeild, Late Inspector of Pacific Islanders

With an Introductory Chapter on Boyhood Days in Ireland, England and the Bahamas

*The days when Polynesian labour was used in the Queensland cane-fields are fast passing into the limbo of forgotten things, and there are few still with us who can talk of them with intimate personal knowledge. One, however, is Mr. Henry St. George Caulfeild, who was for many years employed by the Queensland Government as Inspector of Pacific Island Labour at Bundaberg. When approached recently with a request that he should relate some of his experiences with the islanders for the benefit of readers of this journal, he smiled quizzically and said, "I'll see what I can do." A few days later he placed upon the Editor's table a packet of typescript containing the complete story of his life, upon which he had been engaged for a number of years. "You will find what you want in that," said Mr. Caulfeild. We did, and much more of intense interest, dating back over a period of 85 years, covering many historic events in England, Ireland, Ceylon, America, the Bahamas and Queensland. We decided that our readers would like more of it than the Polynesian labour days only, but as the whole story will probably be published in book form at a later stage, we can only skim through the earlier pages, every line of which will be found to throb with human interest. Mr. Caulfeild writes:*

\* \* \*

I WAS born on September 1, 1851, in the enchanting isle which Reginald Heber, Bishop of Calcutta, immortalised in the hymn—  
"What though the spicy breezes  
blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,  
Where every prospect pleases and  
only man is vile."

It may not be generally known that when it was published, this last line led to a protest being made to the Ceylon Government, but it was not

treated seriously. At the time of my birth my father was the Government Agent for the North-west Province. He became Treasurer of Ceylon in 1854, the year my mother died.

My father's family had received from Queen Elizabeth grants of land in the Province of Ulster. After the accession of King James, His Majesty, on January 20, 1610, granted us a further 1000 acres, and on March 25, 1619, he gave us a grant by letters patent of "all the mountain tops in the Province of Ulster." Later, more grants and honours were conferred on my ancestors, including the titles (still held in the family) of Baron in 1620 and Viscount in 1665. Whilst proud of the deeds of my forefathers—one of whom fought against the Armada, one distinguished himself under Frobisher and one so won the gratitude of Queen Elizabeth that from her share of the spoil of a captured Spanish galleon she presented him with a massive silver dinner service—I am

more proud of the fact that my forefathers have died for their faith, and under King James II lost all they possessed for their faith (vide Act of Parliament, May 7, 1689). But all was restored later by William of Orange.

### Boyhood in Ireland.

At an early age I was sent to live with an uncle, the Rev. Charles Caulfeild, at Creagh, Skibbereen, County Cork. In those days there was no Suez Canal, and the only way to travel from the East was by the desert route. I have been told that I was taken to what remained of the Paris Exhibition that had been opened in 1851. I recollect the scarlet jackets of the fox-hunters who met in our grounds, and I have vivid memories of joining with my cousins in an effort to escape being vaccinated. We sought to hide in the church vaults, where a frail old door gave way and we fell over a coffin covered with a pall. Rats ran scurrying on all sides.

My father returned to Ceylon, where he died in May, 1861, on the



The Right Rev. Charles Caulfeild,  
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## Many Thousands Died of Yellow Fever

eve of his retirement. In the cathedral church at Colombo may be seen a beautiful wall tablet placed there to his memory by the Ceylon Civil Service. I remember, during the period of the Indian Mutiny, being told that I would be handed over to the Sepoys if I misbehaved. One of my father's friends was Sir Colin Campbell, and I still have a picture he gave to my father, and which appears on this page.

My early education, and that of my cousins, was received from governesses, and we were sometimes allowed to play in the private grounds of the Viceroy, when, on one occasion, we were spoken to by Her Majesty Queen Victoria, who, with the Prince Regent, was on a visit to their son (afterwards King Edward VII), then in camp at the Curragh. During this period the families of Caulfeild and Orpen became acquainted. My first cousin, Annie Caulfeild, subsequently married Richard Orpen, barrister-at-law, and became the mother of Caulfeild Orpen, the Dublin Cathedral architect (whom I several times held in my arms as an infant), and also of the painter, Sir William Orpen, R.A., who was born after my departure from Ireland.

### *The Blockade Runners.*

During the early sixties my uncle, the Rev. Charles Caulfeild, was appointed Bishop of Nassau, and it was arranged that I should accompany his family to their new home, travelling via America, then in the throes of the Civil War. Our passages were taken by a Cunard liner, the last paddle boat of that line to cross the Atlantic. On arriving at New York we found that we had missed the boat for Nassau by a few hours, and this proved to be most providential, for the craft was wrecked on the voyage. My uncle then chartered a small sailing ship named *The Wild Pigeon* to take us to our destination, very much to the delight of the younger members of the party.

Our home at Nassau was a large rambling house, erected on a slope and commanding a fine view of the harbour, which was crowded with



*Sir Colin Campbell, with his Chief of Staff, General Mansfield.*

shipping—blockade runners for the most part. If they could load up with goods and escape the flotilla of northern warships, for ever hovering in wait for them on the three miles limit, it meant a fortune for the owners. One result of the tremendous activity of the port was that the authorities could not enforce the necessary quarantine regulations, and there came an outbreak of yellow fever, from which thousands died. In our own household six deaths occurred in five weeks, including my uncle, and three of my sisters.

### *A Wild Irishman.*

We were naturally very anxious to leave the place, and our passages were taken by the ship *Peterhoff* for London, via Halifax. My guardian, who resided in Colombo, now decided that I should attend school at Denmark Hill, Camberwell, near London, of which C. P. Mason, author of the well-known Latin and English Grammars, was the principal.

Space forbids me recording my many recollections of my school days and of the Head, to whom I became much attached, but I recall that some of the old boys dubbed me "*The Wild Irishman*," and I soon became embroiled in the usual schoolboy scraps. I was not un-

prepared, however, as my elder cousins had taught me the use of the gloves, and it was not long before my schoolfellows left me unmolested.

Other well remembered events of this period was the death of Lord Palmerston, a meeting with Garibaldi, the Italian patriot, in his red shirt, the Clerkenwell Explosion and the wonderful sight of the falling stars (the Leonids), which occurred on November 13, 1866, and is repeated every 33 years only. Our principal, who had a private observatory, called me up in the early hours of the morning to witness this rare spectacle. In a subsequent issue of London "*Punch*" the following appeared:

"Two learned professors were wending their way homeward from a banquet when the wonderful spectacle occurred. They each refrained from passing any remark on what they saw until the following morning when they read in the '*Times*' an account of the remarkable event. 'Then it was true after all,' was the remark of both. They had evidently suspected that it was the wine that had caused them to see the unusual vision."

Occasionally I was allowed to visit a relative, Colonel Gray, who had taken a prominent part in the Chartist Riots and had been thanked for his services by the Imperial Parliament. Another relative, who had been to Victoria during the gold rush, related to me many of his experiences, and on one occasion he introduced me to Charles Dickens. I remember, too, the discussions which took place when Benjamin Disraeli bought the Sultan's shares in the Suez Canal for £4,000,000, an action much criticised at the time, but amply justified in the ultimate results.

Often I wondered, as the days went by, when I should be permitted to launch out in the great world in which my people had distinguished themselves, until one day Mr. Mason advised me that my guardian had decided that I should begin life in the island of my birth, Ceylon. I had hoped that I might

## All Sails Set and Not a Soul on Board

have been able to join the British Navy, but the dream had to go. This was early in 1870, and it was decided that I should travel from England via the Cape of Good Hope in a fine clipper named the River Indus. The Suez Canal had then only been recently opened and no vessel had taken passengers by that route. So, after a holiday at Gravesend, where I met the dear girl who was to become my wife and the mother of my four sons, I drove from school to the London docks and duly embarked.

### *Derelict Ship.*

The voyage was full of incident, which included a shortage of fresh water owing to one of the tanks leaking. After being three days becalmed in the Doldrums, a light breeze carried us past St. Helena, and one morning we observed a fair-sized vessel, with all sails set, making a bee line for us. As she drew close, it became apparent that there was no sign of life on board

the vessel and no response came to our hails. The captain refused point blank to send a boat to the derelict, as he feared that she might be plague stricken. It was dusk before the vessel had drifted from our sight, and she was the cause of much speculation for the remainder of our voyage.

On another occasion the barometer became very unsettled, albatross were seen in large numbers and the sea rose in long sweeping rollers, finally to break under the stern of the ship with ever-increasing violence. The whole of the northern and north-eastern sky presented a terrifying aspect, the blackness being illuminated from time to time with vivid lightning flashes. All sail was taken in and I was ordered below, but I managed to return to the deck without catching the captain's eye.

The spectacle presented by sky and waves was awe-inspiring. Presently an enormous body of

water swept over our vessel amidst ships, causing the donkey engine used for condensing water to break away from its fastenings and go crashing through piled up spars and forcing a three-quarter ton anchor to the port side. The next roll of the ship brought the donkey engine to starboard, tearing loose another anchor, and some acid which had been packed in boxes broke into flame. During the work of throwing the broken boxes overboard and endeavouring to fasten the shifting material the ship's carpenter had his thigh broken. The unfortunate man was dragged from the raffle with every stitch of his clothing in flames, and it was two hours before the captain could attend to his injuries. The crashed limb was full of splinters from the broken spars, but the break in the bone was clean, and the man was well on the way to recovery when we reached Colombo on May 1, 1870.

*(To be continued.)*

# Adventurous Life of Henry Caulfeild

Late Inspector of Pacific Islanders

*Life on a Ceylon Coffee Plantation*

CHAPTER II.

By Henry Caulfeild.

I HAD not been many hours in Ceylon when I learned that the memory of my late father was still green. I received letters from the Chief Justice, the principal medical officer and the editor of the "Ceylon Observer," the two latter inviting me to make my home with them in Colombo. Later I accepted, but meantime I was taken to a beautiful bungalow facing the sea, where Edward, Prince of Wales, when visiting Ceylon, rode on the back of a tortoise said to be from 150 to 200 years old. My adventures began early next morning, when I was tempted to indulge in a swim in the sea, and just when I was enjoying myself, I was recalled by the terrifying cry of "Sharks."

I was destined to spend my first year in Ceylon on a very fine coffee plantation called Ancoombra, since devoted to tea growing. It is in the district of Matale, which lies in the North-West Province some 13 miles from Kandy as the crow flies. The wonderful railway line which runs to Kandy via the Bambukan-Kaduganawa Pass traverses the frowning edge of Allagalla Mountain towering some 2000ft. above, and the journey fascinated me.

## *A Scenic Gem.*

Kandy itself is a scenic gem nestling among the hills at an elevation of over 2200ft. In the centre lies an artificial lake. Around it is a drive which is greatly enjoyed each afternoon by officials and business men. Palms and other foliage trees add to its beauty. In the lake is a small island with a sinister history, as it is said that from it some of the queens of Kandy in the long ago were, for one cause and another, consigned to a watery grave.

The morning after my arrival I was driven to the township of Matelle, 15 miles from Kandy and five miles from Ancoombra estate, of which my cousin was manager.

I stopped for a meal at the Government Rest House, and was there informed that the balance of the journey must be performed on horseback. My mounts up to this time had been limited to donkey rides in Epping Forest and once a ride on the back of a boar in Ireland. Imagine my feelings when my cousin's horse, an immense coal black Australian, was brought round for me, performing right royally to the pride of his groom, who had all he could do to hold him. I could see that the natives were watching me keenly as I mounted, and then off like a rocket went Nigger. He knew the way; I did not. How I kept my seat I do not know. I was under 9st., and he was used to my cousin's 17st. We dashed through native villages, scattered pedestrians, and with a clear track and no gates, we arrived safely in what my cousin declared to have been "very good time indeed."

Ancoombra consisted of two properties, North and South, one on either side of the rocky range that formed a rampart running off the Central Plateau from the southern and western lands. South Ancoombra was nearly 1000ft. below our station. On arrival, I found an elephant being loaded up with coffee at the barbecue, or coffee drying ground. On each side of the animal were jute packs capable of holding 20 bushels of coffee in the husk. Small black bullocks were also being loaded with coffee for transportation to the nearest traffic centre.

The range on which we were ran up to over 4000ft. On the western side the country undulated to the low lands, which was all under rice and which afforded some excellent snipe shooting. There was a drawback in being close to a Cingalese village, as night raids were made by the villagers when the coffee was

ripe, and also a toddy (the fermented and intoxicating juice of the Palmyra palm) was brought to our Tamil labourers with ill results. I had one exciting night lying out armed to meet the coffee thieves. We heard them start to strip off the berries, but they must have heard us, too, for they faded away before we could get near enough to give them a charge of snipe shot.

## *A Monsoon Tragedy.*

The monsoonal rains used to come up with great violence, and watercourses that could be negotiated without wetting one's boots would become roaring torrents in a few hours. During the north-east monsoons, when the crops were being picked, it was the practice to blow a horn when the rains set in heavily, in order that the coolies might get home in safety. On one occasion a neighbour unwittingly left his pickers out during a fierce afternoon burst. Between them and the store there ran a watercourse that had presented no difficulties when crossed in the morning. On their return it was a raging flood. The men and women joined hands and essayed to cross with their coffee bags on their heads; but five of them were carried away. Their bodies were found next day more than half a mile down stream.

Ceylon was noted at this time as possessing some of the finest roads in the world, and every adult was bound to put in six days each year on road work, or to find a substitute. This was rather pointedly brought under my notice when, as I rested one afternoon, a Court peon wearing the sash of his office handed me a summons to put in my six days' road work. When questioned, he said my cousin and other gentlemen always paid a proxy six rupees (12/-) to work for them, so I handed him that sum and obtained his receipt.

I had served six months of my novitiate when my cousin received

## On the Track Lay a Man's Headless Body

news that the snipe were plentiful in the paddy fields from which the rice had been harvested, so he decided to form a party and accept the hospitality of the head man of the Corle, or district, 3500ft. below our residence. It was an interesting climb down, as if from the clouds to earth, the track zig-zagging through country that showed signs of old cultivation in patches, but had reverted to the wild. Our host, the Corale, met us with cordial greeting, in which a well-bred Cingalese can well hold his own.

### *Village Maidens Scampered.*

Near the village was an inviting stream, and we soon made our way to the community bathing pool, from which we drove, with peals of laughter, some half-dozen village maidens who had not anticipated our early arrival. We must have presented a sight, for most of us wore nothing but towels round our waists, whilst my cousin looked a veritable Henry VIII, big red beard and all. After a most enjoyable plunge we returned to the quarters allotted to us, and the meal that followed was something to linger in one's memory. Next day we were out after snipe, and after an adventurous time, during which we were startled by a number of buffalo which proved to be tame, we returned with a bag sufficient to prove our skill as hunters.

I had been at Ancoimbra a year when I was appointed Sinna Dorrai, or assistant, in Dimboola, the largest coffee district in Ceylon, and the one with the grandest aspects. My post carried the usual salary of £100 a year and quarters. We had a force of some 600 Tamil labourers, who worked under Kanganies or headmen. The pay ran up to 9d. a day, and each headman received an additional 1½d. for each man he turned out to work. Men and women were each issued a quarter bushel of rice every seven days, provided they had worked five days each week. Such a number as ours needed careful handling, and from motives of policy they were a mixed lot, both as to caste and as to the districts in India from which they were recruited.

### *A Headless Body.*

I found the work in all its stages was most interesting. Manuring was carried out on a large scale, and our biggest crop one year was 21,000 bushels of coffee, fetching £1 a bushel. The blossoms usually came in February or March, and thousands of acres of it presented a wonderful sight. This was always a period of anxiety, as heavy rain on the blossom before it set would damage the prospects of the crop. From many knolls on this property one could command extensive views. It was the practice at 4 o'clock each day to blow a horn. The whole of the gangs would then proceed to the coffee store with their loads, and then to have their names recorded on the muster roll. On one occasion I was on a distant knoll when I heard the horn and was racing down the slope when I had to spring suddenly to one side in order to avoid stepping on the headless body of a native that was lying directly in the track. It gave me a severe shock. It appeared that he was a Cingalese jungle felling contractor who had been returning from the upper end of the district with a good purse, when he was inveigled into a gambling den and there murdered. Investigations were made without sheeting home the crime.

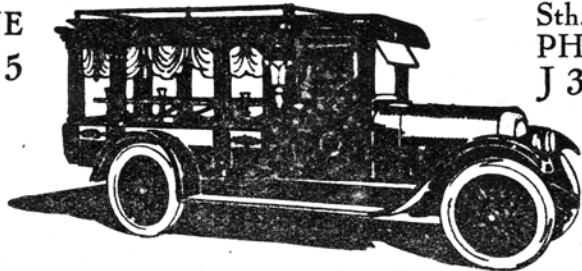
A year or so later the proprietor of the plantation on which I was engaged came on a visit from the

Old Country to inspect his property I was greatly interested to find that he was a man who had years before been noted in Ceylon and had, in fact, at one time been outlawed by the Government of the day. I learned the details from his own lips and felt that I could not hold him blameworthy for what he had done. It appeared that at that time he had lived on a property not far from Kandy, and to approach it had to pass through a Cingalese village of ill repute. His coolies had been repeatedly stopped and robbed. This went on for some time, until two little Tamil podiens (boys) were robbed and beaten. This was the last straw.

### *Planter Outlawed.*

Getting some of his men together, he approached the village when he knew the men would be there, and a fierce fight ensued in which one of the villagers was killed. Later, a Court peon and a constable tried to serve him with a warrant, but they were hustled off the property. A larger force met with no more success. In the meantime a system of signals was devised which precluded any surprise visit by the authorities and gave him always time to reach a safe retreat. A last attempt by members of the Ceylon Rifles failed also, and at last the Government declared the planter an outlaw.

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## Inhumanity of Caste

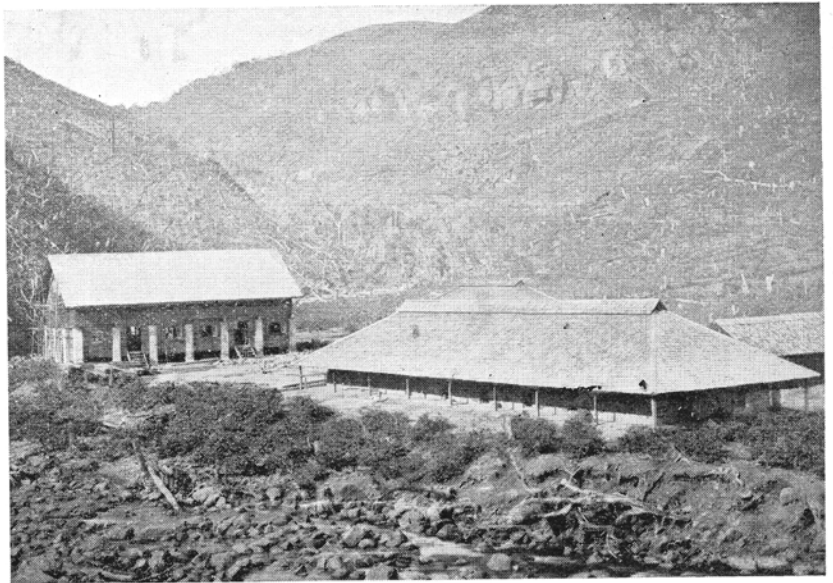
In a spirit of bravado, the planter later made a bet that he would ride into Kandy and play a game of billiards with Col. Colpepper, the head of the Police Force. He did ride into the city, and leaving his horse ready saddled in a convenient spot, he casually approached the Colonel and invited him to a game of billiards. Whilst the game was in progress, the door of the billiard room was opened quietly and a Sergeant of Police looked in, but left again—probably for assistance. The planter made some excuse for leaving the room, dashed out and mounted his horse. Only one road led to his home, and this was barred by six men with bayonets at the level.

Without faltering, the daring fellow charged at them; the men gave way and again he escaped. After some little time, leading members of the community took the matter up and assured the authorities that if the ban of outlawry were removed, they would induce the planter to stand his trial.

This was done, and at the trial the man was acquitted, having consideration for the provocation which he and his people had been subjected to. After spending some time with us, my Perie Dorrai (big master) went back to Scotland, to return again later with a charming young wife.

I was not fated to leave this property without being brought into contact with a phase which seems to be peculiar to some Eastern races, whose members at times are seized with a form of dementia referred to as running amok. One day I was walking along a narrow road beside a stream which turned a water wheel and provided power for the mill. In front of me I presently saw a man gesticulating and shouting wildly. As I approached I recognised him and asked in his own language: "What is the matter?"

Without a word in reply, he attacked me and knocked my hat off. I tackled him at once, and as we struggled we fell into the water-course, where he sought to batter me with stones. My white coat was torn to shreds. As I bested him I



*Waverley Coffee Estate, Dimboola, Ceylon, in the 'Seventies.*

thrust him under the water by the head; but no sooner did I release him to save him from drowning than he attacked me again. He was a powerful fellow, and I had my work cut out. Just then some of my men working on the slope above ran to my assistance, to my great relief. They told me "the devil had taken possession of Carpen." Next morning the man had recovered and came to seek forgiveness. He was truly penitent. I have never since encountered a like case.

### *Eclipse of the Sun.*

In the early 'seventies there was a total eclipse of the sun and Ceylon afforded scientists a view of its longest totality. It was interesting to note the effect of this remarkable phenomenon on my coolies, of whom there were nearly 500 engaged picking coffee berries at the time. It is important always that none but ripe berries are picked and good light is essential. Usually picking ceased at 4 p.m., but the eclipse began some time before that hour and the pickers became very restless. Some were convinced that I must have forgotten my watch.

It became impossible to continue operations at last, and after knocking off there ensued a lively discussion as to the nature of the occurrence. One section declared that the sun in its course had met a big snake, into whose distended mouth it had slipped, and so been

lost to view. When the sun rose next morning as usual, I asked them to account for this, and was informed that the red hot globe must have burnt the snake's belly, and so it had vomited it out again.

### *Inhumanity of Caste.*

We have heard a good deal of late about caste, and as a young coffee planter I was provided with some shocking illustrations of this detestable system and the cruelties it involves. On the property on which I was employed there were two castes engaged, and I had charge of the men of the lower caste, who, by the way, were by far the best workers. One day I was walking near the quarters of some of the higher caste men, when I heard groans from the bushes close by, and on investigating I found a Tamil man lying there, evidently in a bad way and calling for water. I procured some, and when he had revived I instructed the head Canganie to have him carried to an unoccupied room to be properly cared for. The answer was that help could not be given to him by his men as the sufferer was of a lower caste. They had known of his presence, but caste law made assistance impossible. To teach them a lesson, I had four of my own men carry the sufferer to my own home. His gratitude was touching, but after lingering for a week he died.

*(To be continued.)*

# Adventurous Life of Henry Caulfeild

## Late Inspector of Pacific Islanders

### Among the Devil Dancers of Old Ceylon

No. III.

By Henry Caulfeild.

IN due time I found myself in charge of a property called Holmwood, also two adjacent plantations, situated in entirely different surroundings from those of Ancoombra, the scenery around being wild in the extreme. Deep jungle extended for miles on one side, forming the boundary to the property, whilst on the other side was a ridge from which we overlooked a grand expanse of coffee estates hundreds of feet below. The highest part of Holmwood ran up to 5900 feet, and in front of my bungalow was the flashing face of Kirigalpote, or Milk-White Rock, rising magnificently to 7836 feet in height.

#### *Elk Hunting.*

The jungle was alive with cheetah, elk, wild pigs and monkeys. There were elephants from January to March, and one had not to go far for wild buffalo. My neighbours, mostly young men like myself, lost no opportunity for sport, and for our hunting we had a rather scratch lot of dogs, which were placed in my charge. Between the end of my district and the next was an area of patnaa, or grass land. There were many such on which for some unaccountable reason the jungle never encroached. In the centre of this particular area was a mound, in shape like a hog's back, on which a hunting camp had been erected for the Duke of Edinburgh's party on the occasion of the visit of His Highness to Ceylon some time before.

Our coolies were sent out with the dogs and with instructions to prepare this camp for our party, and next morning we set off early whilst the scent of our game was still fresh, and it was not long before a fine elk was brought to bay and duly knifed. I started after another, and though I was a first-class runner, I was left panting behind.

On reaching the Duke's Camp for our midday meal, we found it infested with fleas, so we betook ourselves to the shade of the adjacent jungle. After the meal we all wandered off, but after proceeding about 200 yards I remembered that I was unarmed and returned to the camp for my boar spear. To my astonishment, I there saw sitting cross-legged on the ground a Tamil "boy" I had engaged to look after the dogs. In his lap he had a beef steak pie which he was consuming greedily. The moment he realised that he was observed he bolted and was never seen again in the district. The eating of beef was taboo to people of his caste, and it was the only breach that had come under my notice. My low caste labourers were very strict, and they could be trusted always to bring in the supplies from the butcher's.

#### *Planters' Troubles.*

In 1869 there appeared in the district of Madulsima a fungoid disease which attacked the coffee plants. It spread from district to district, until eventually it over-ran the whole of Ceylon, and coffee growing had to be abandoned. Planters in the meantime began to turn their attention to tea and also to cinchona of the *Succinubra* variety. The best cinchona of the *Ledgeriana* variety was then a Dutch monopoly and was regarded as unobtainable, but I decided to get some seed if at all possible. Inquiries in several directions were repulsed, but at last I obtained one pound weight of seed for a sum of £75, my brother planters joining me in subscribing the amount. From my share of £5 worth I later sent three tons of cinchona bark to London and was paid 4/6 per lb. for it. I also sold 3 cwt. of seed at £3 per lb.

For a time I had difficulty in growing cinchona, as the wild deer came out at night and ate down

the tender growth. I then secured some hundreds of yards of coir rope with a great number of small brass bells, such as the Tamil children wore about their ankles. The rope was stretched from tree to tree around the boundaries, the bells attached, and the wind did the rest. My young cinchona soon made rapid growth.

This plant grows only some 18 feet to 20 feet in height. At the end of five years the tree could be cut down and the bark taken off in quill lengths. The root bark was also of value. Another way of harvesting the bark was to spokeshave it from a fair-sized stem, and two shavings could be harvested in 16 months. After the shaving off of the bark, it was the practice to cover up the stem with moss, grass or paper, the idea being that if left unprotected in this way the tree would die. I extended my cinchona plantation to 300 acres, and the covering of so many plants presented such a problem that I decided to shave only a portion of each stem at a time and then to chance leaving them unprotected. The result was marvellous. The unprotected bark assumed a crinkled and rough appearance, much richer in quinine properties, and therefore of much more value.

#### *The World's End.*

Three of us, all young plantation managers, were enjoying a bachelor life together when we decided upon an expedition to what was known as "The World's End." Starting early one morning with coolies to carry the provisions, we skirted the range until we picked up some elephant tracks that led us to the top, where we arrived at mid-day. After a meal and rest, we again picked up the elephant tracks to Horton Plains, where we entered upon a region of damp fog, so thick that we could see no sign of a rest house that we were expected to find. At dusk we discovered an old grass hut, where we



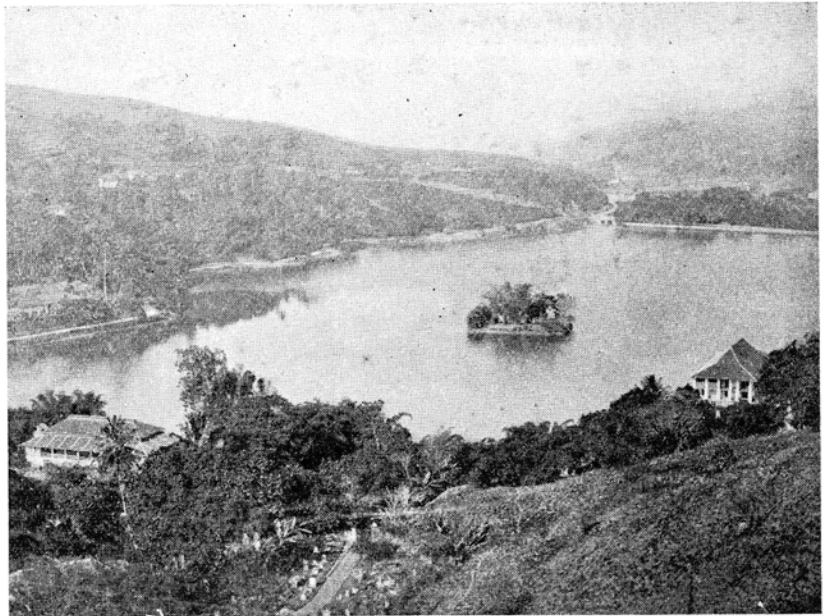
## Fate of the False Buddhist Priest

endeavoured to make ourselves comfortable for the night, but only to find it infested with fleas. At dawn next day we started off and had not gone more than 300 yards around the shoulder of a hill before we saw the rest house we had sought. The air was bracing, the surrounding scenery was beautiful, wild flowers were everywhere and a clear pool near by, amid acres of flowering rhododendrons, invited us to bathe. We did, and we spent that day and night amid these pleasant surroundings.

Next morning, after a walk of an hour or so, we found ourselves at a break in the jungle which led to a bald scarp of a precipice, the elevation marked on the official map being 7002 feet. We lay prone to look over the edge and gaze at the chequer board of coffee plantations below. In the distance lay the paddy fields, Cingalese villages, Buddhist Topes, where relics are preserved and white tombs dotted here and there amid clumps of palms, jack fruit and mango trees. It was an entrancing and memorable sight. The wind, coming in direct from the ocean, struck the cliff face with tremendous force.

### The Devil Dancers.

Returning by a different route, we found ourselves, about 4 p.m., skirting small patches of cultivation to emerge upon a good road marked with milestones, and before dusk we reached the rest house at Billahooloya. After tea, as we sat in the front porch, we noticed groups of people in holiday attire constantly passing. I was told that they were going to attend a Peraharra, which is one of the great events in the life of the Cingalese. In Kandy the ceremony takes place in July, usually from the new moon to the full. The waters of the Mahawita Ganga are cut by the high priest of Kandy and taken in great state to the Temple of the Tooth. In other districts the water of their particular ganga (river) are cut and placed in the local temple. It was such a ceremony these people were attending, and as it was but two miles to the village (so we were told) we decided to witness it.



*A picturesque view of Kandy in the 'Seventies.*

The two miles turned out to be six, but the sight which met us on arrival was bewildering, with immense crowds surging about a number of open-fronted booths decorated with bamboo foliage and palms in honour of various dignitaries. We decided first to pay our respects to the high priest, who welcomed us in fairly good English. As we passed around the other courts our presence attracted much attention, particularly from the women. We saw around us jugglers, acrobats, fortunetellers and all the fun of an English fair, with elephants and devil dancers in addition. Before starting back, we decided to thank the high priest, who at once placed two small carts, each drawn by a racing bullock, at our disposal for the return journey. Our gratitude was immense.

### Hanged in His Robes.

I paid a visit to Kandy for the Governor's levee and ball, held to mark the birthday of Queen Victoria. Very striking was the procession of Buddhist priests that filed past His Excellency, followed by the chiefs, whose gorgeous costumes, encircled with gem-studded girdles of gold and magnificent head-dress, baffled description.

Having an hour or two to spare one day, curiosity prompted me to

visit the court at Kandy, where I was given a seat by the sheriff. In the dock was a Cingalese villager and the charge was one of murder, said to have been committed in the court of a Buddhist temple. The

## OPERATION LEFT HER CONSTIPATED

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## Blood-Curdling Cries of the Devil Bird

witness whom I heard give the most incriminating evidence against the accused was a Buddhist priest, who struck me as venomous in his appearance and deliverance. I was much struck, too, by the agony expressed on the face of the unfortunate villager. This can be understood, for it transpired eventually that it was the priest and not the villager who had committed the crime. The case having been proven against him, the priest was sentenced to death, and despite frantic efforts to secure a commutation, he was duly hanged, wearing his robes of office on the scaffold. His fate was richly deserved.

When one of my neighbours decided to take a trip to England I agreed to look after his property. Before he left he had dispensed with a servant whom he suspected of stealing jewellery and other personal property. Though warned off the place, he returned, and one day I met him carrying a small box. He was insolent when spoken to, but when I closed with him he ran off, leaving the box, in which I found conclusive evidence of his thefts. There was an unexpected development when some days later I was called upon to answer a charge of assault and robbery, but after the magistrate had examined the contents of the box he discharged me with the remark, "You leave the court without a stain on your character." A presentation from my own men indicated their view of the case.

### The Devil Bird.

The native Cingalese were not available for any field work, but they would readily take up contracts for felling and clearing, as sawyers, carpenters and masons, and I always found them reliable. Their superstitions, however, were a cause of trouble. On one occasion a

party of Cingalese were engaged erecting coolie quarters for me, when, as I was making up the muster one evening, there came from the jungle the most bloodcurdling cries. These terrifying sounds came from what is known as the Devil Bird, which Sir Emerson Tennent has likened to the screams of a person in torture, interrupted by efforts at strangulation. The Cingalese men refused to remain any longer in the vicinity and threw up the job, though the Tamil men were not disturbed. It was simply a coincidence no doubt that on that same night one of my neighbours, a young Devonshire man, was crushed to death by the collapse of his coffee store. The body was found with a huge beam across the chest.

Reference has already been made to my meeting with my future wife when visiting Gravesend. Our courtship led to her arrival on May 1, 1887, at Ceylon, and we were married in Kandy a fortnight later. During our honeymoon the season of the big monsoons burst and we decided to make for our home at Holmwood. Seated in a chair strapped to bamboo poles, my wife was carried by coolies to the railway station at Gambola, but the strength of the wind was so great that it took eight bearers all their time to get along. Travelling on the broad-gauge train, the wind continued so violently that the carriage actually rocked. From the nearest station to Holmwood my wife was again carried in the chair as before. Once safely home, however, it did not take her long to accustom herself to the unusual surroundings and conditions. The scenery was a never-ending source of wonder and delight, neighbours soon began to call, and the Tamil women learned to go to the Doraisani (lady) for treatment in

all their ailments. At times we would picnic in a mountain glade through which ran a stream of icy water. Here we had dug a pit about 10 feet in depth, and beneath a layer of pipe clay was a bed of fine sand, in which we found from time to time a number of sapphires, one of which was valued in London at £30. I am convinced that had we gone deeper we would have found still larger gems.

### Companion of Bismarck.

We were returning from one of these pleasant excursions when we saw in the distance a man in European clothes gesticulating wildly. I was startled, as I knew of no other white man likely to be within miles of the spot. As we approached he kept repeating: "I am lost. I am lost." Had he continued in the direction he was then taking, he would certainly have been swallowed up in dense jungle. We led him home and made him comfortable. He proved to be a German count, a scholar and one who had travelled considerably. During the Franco-Prussian war he had been a companion of Bismarck. It appeared that he had been visiting a neighbouring plantation and, refusing the offer of a guide, he had endeavoured to find his way by means of a sketch plan. Later he became the guest of the Governor of Ceylon, then the Viceroy of India, and recently I have seen his name mentioned as having been in attendance on the ex-emperor at Doorn.

At the time of which I write there were some British administrators who regarded "The Colonies" as something of a nuisance rather than otherwise, and Ceylon was no exception, despite the fact that many of the leading planters were connected with families possessing considerable influence in the Home Land. Redress from harsh legislation had to be fought for tooth and nail, and the feeling may be judged from the fact that when one planter, writing in complaint to the Ceylon "Times," used the term, "such a Government," his name was at once removed from the list of Justices of the Peace. Still we had our cheerful times, and well do I re-

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## Black Gin's Answer to Matrimonial Offer

member an occasion when the price of coffee went high and some of my young friends decided to mark their satisfaction by inserting an advertisement in the papers to the effect that "a prosperous and handsome young planter wanted a wife." What a roar there was when, amid a shoal of letters and photographs received in reply, there came a picture of an Australian black gin—one whom I regarded as the most hideous creature I had ever beheld. The story of this joke was told later in a book intitled "Sixty Years in Ceylon," compiled by one who had been engaged on a plantation adjoining Holmwood.

### Labour Problems.

There were many difficulties in the way of keeping labour forces on a plantation at full strength, and every now and again one would hear of a manager having been "hammered" by his coolies. I have always considered that it was my perfect knowledge of the Tamil language which enabled me to avoid any such trouble. On one occasion I had accepted the charge of a fine property with a labour force of nearly 500 men and women, all from the one district—a potential source of trouble usually. One evening, about four months after taking charge, one of the women whispered to me: "Me fright alonga you."

"What for you fright alonga me?" I asked.

"Altogether men say you meke 'em carry grass. He no wanta carry grass. Muster time in morning he altogether hammer you."

The facts were that when leaving the mustering ground each morning I had asked every man to carry a small bundle of Mauritius grass to the cattle sheds a short distance away. These bundles did not run over 20 lbs. in weight, but with a large party of men each carrying a bundle it was a great help.

Without saying anything to alarm my wife, I went off to the mustering ground next morning. The most important work at this time in hand was that of pruning and upwards of 50 men, pruning knives in belts, stood in line. Quietly and without fuss, I went over the names of the pruners, and the tally



*A group of Tamil women workers.*

having been taken, I called to them, "Tooku," meaning to lift.

At once one ran out from the ranks, and shoving his face close to mine, whilst the spittle ran from the corners of his mouth and his features worked passionately, he shouted:

"Are we beasts of burden that we should be made to carry grass?"

I looked calmly into his eyes for a moment, and something must have told him that I was not going to stand any nonsense. Then I said firmly but quietly:

"Caderrvail, you tell the people that they are men and they are

being told to do men's work only—not to be beasts of burden. Tell them, too, that they must do this—it is the order of a man.

The fact that I had called him by name and addressed him in his own language was, no doubt, of great assistance and the result was really magical. Turning at once to the line, he said:

"Come! He calls us all men: not beasts of burden, and we carry grass at the orders of a man. Tooku!"

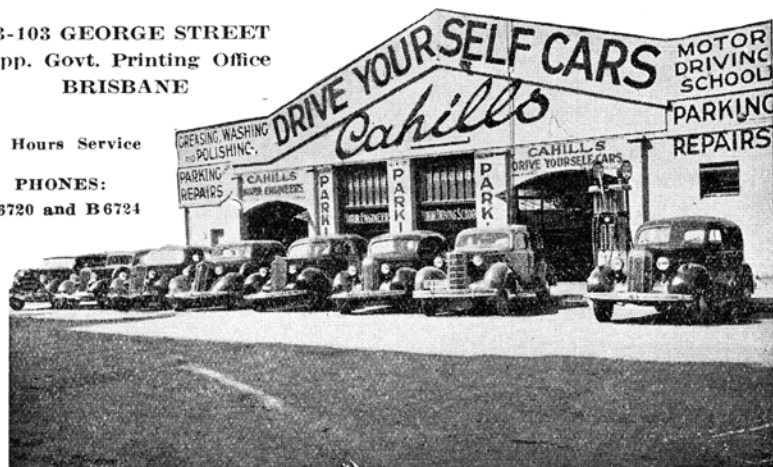
Lift they did, and never more was there any difficulty with them.

*(To be continued.)*

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*Where the Prince (later King George V) knifed a buffalo.*

NEWERA ELIYA, a beautiful mountain resort in the Great Western Range, Ceylon. The south-west monsoon is seen breaking on Hack Galla Peak.

*(See opp. page)*

# Adventurous Life of Henry Caulfeild

## Late Inspector of Pacific Islanders

### Recollections of Royal Visits to Ceylon

No. IV.

By Henry Caulfeild.

**I**N 1875 the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII, made a tour abroad which included Ceylon, and with two friends I decided to attend the Royal levee arranged to take place at Kandy. We travelled to the capital via Newera Eliya, a mountain resort which is to Ceylon what Simla is to India, and we took the opportunity to visit the famous Hack Galla, or Peradeniya, Gardens. The scenery en route was very beautiful, passing Fort McDonald, on a rise of 3600 feet, the scene of an early rebellion.

Taking a short cut from the picturesque Rest House at Etampittya, we had to negotiate some rough country high above a coffee plantation. Hundreds of feet below we could see the planter's bungalow, and presently we heard him shouting through cupped hands an invitation to lunch.

I yelled back: "Thanks very much, but we are bound for Badulla."

We saw the man disappear into his house, and presently he reappeared carrying a gun.

"If you don't come down, I'll shoot you," he shouted.

Not dreaming that he was in earnest, we continued to walk on, but the next moment a bullet struck a rock just ahead of us, and as we dashed for cover there came another. When we peered from shelter, three more bullets came ping-pong against the rocks. Presently we saw this strangely hospitable man surrounded by a body of his servants, who conducted him inside the house.

We related this incident after reaching the Rest House at Badulla, where we were informed that the planter who had so nearly taken our lives was verging on an attack of delirium tremens. Shortly after, he had to be removed to Colombo.

We found Kandy crowded, the villagers having come in from miles around to see the son of the Great Queen Mother, whom they held in



*Mr. Henry Caulfeild, before leaving Ceylon for Queensland.*

reverence. In the home of many Cingalese and Tamils I have seen Queen Victoria's portrait on the wall, usually cut from some illustrated paper. Our quarters at the hotel had been reserved, but they were a very tight fit, and it became a matter of strategy to secure our meals.

When H.R.H. Prince Edward arrived, the streets presented a glittering blaze of colour, vivid green robes worn by some of the women contrasting with the red robes of others and the pure white of another section, whilst here and there the saffron habits of the priests contributed to the kaleidoscopic effect. The scene that night baffled description. Brilliant crowds were surging in all directions, whilst fireworks displays, processions of decorated elephants preceded by native dancers going through all sorts of antics and the throb of countless tom toms had a bewildering effect. Above all, the overpowering odour of the perspiring crowds, from which I sought to escape.

I found one quiet street at last, but after walking a little distance, I presently came upon a group of people surrounding two bamboo cages in which were confined two of the wild men of Ceylon, Veddahs or Bedas they were called, whose faces showed not a sign of animation. It has been said these people have no known language and never leave the forests, in which they hunt for their food with bows and arrows. They preserve their game in honey, of which they collect large quantities. These people keep well down in the lowlands. The two I encountered had probably been brought in so that the Prince might see them.

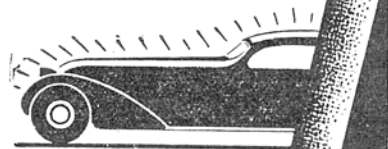
The Prince made a great impression and proved to be quite the genial man of the world we all expected him to be. There was an unrehearsed incident the evening before the levee, when H.R.H. was driving in the vicinity of the lake with His Excellency the Governor. A party of young planters surrounded the carriage, unharnessed the horses and, taking the shafts, drew the vehicle to Government House.

Whilst on the subject of Royal visits to Ceylon, I must mention that of the Princes Clarence and

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## When Prince George Knifed the Buffalo

George, which took place in the early eighties during their tour in the Bacchante, when they also visited Queensland. They were taken to beautiful Newera Eliya. Some 20 miles from this resort, and at the base of the mountains there stretched the Elk Plains, where good hounds could usually be depended upon to raise elk.

It was decided to organise an elk hunt for the Royal youths, but, as so often happens, there was not time for all the events arranged, and the visit to our centre had to be curtailed to allow of their return to Colombo in time to attend a ball in their honour. Not to be entirely disappointed, some of the young bloods persuaded Prince George to join them in a gallop to some adjacent country whilst his elder brother enjoyed a game of tennis. Later in the evening the story went round that the horsemen had got together a few dogs and had actually raised a buffalo, which His Highness had the privilege of knifing. The story caused great surprise, as it was believed that there were no wild buffalo within at least 20 miles of the spot, and whilst knifing an elk was usual, it was regarded as extremely dangerous in the case of a buffalo.

Enlightenment came to me when, after the close of the festivities, my wife and I returned to Newera Eliya, where the head Tamil man approached us.

"Master see Queen's sons?" To which I replied in the affirmative.

"Queen's son have good fun with my buffalo."

"Your what?" I ejaculated in amazement.

"Well, master, Mr. Gordon Cumming, he say to me, 'Send buffalo to make fun for Queen's son.'"

"You will never see your buffalo again," I said.

"Oh, well," he replied in a resigned tone, "Queen's son, he have good fun."

So the future King of England had not run any risk after all, for the animal he hunted and slew so gallantly, honestly believing that it was a creature of the wild, had been for long used in treading out clay for the manufacture of bricks.



*The late Mrs. Henry Caulfeild in the 'Eighties.*

### *Dangerous Pastime.*

Wild buffalo shooting is at times very dangerous, and on one occasion two officers of a regiment stationed in Ceylon were both killed in the space of about 10 minutes. They had come upon a beast unexpectedly. One of them, who was armed with an inferior rifle, sought to exchange weapons with his companion, as he was in the best position to shoot. As the exchange was being effected the weapon exploded and one of the two men fell dead. As the other bent over his comrade the buffalo charged and killed him also. That was the story told by the native bearers who brought in the two bodies, and there is no reason to doubt its truth.

A party of us were returning from a second visit to The World's End, already described, when we found ourselves faced by a buffalo who stood at the edge of some jungle some 200 yards away. He advanced towards us bellowing and pawing the ground, whereupon I fired at him and dropped him. We approached, to find that he was only stunned, and was rapidly recovering when I gave him a finishing bullet. On another occasion we were admiring some scenery, when six buffalo, headed by a full-grown bull, broke out of the jungle. He

saw us and, bellowing his defiance, he tore up the grass around. There was some boggy ground between us and the buffalo, which made our position safe, and so we amused ourselves by yelling and waving at him. He was very enraged, but, finding that his ladies had retired to the jungle, he presently followed them.

It was very easy to lose one's way in the jungle, and on one occasion a friend and I were out for three days, minus food or weapons. We had been with a party of five others, but a difference of opinion having arisen as to our whereabouts, we had parted and I had overlooked the precaution of taking my rifle. When we realised that we were lost, we were on a mountain elevation of about 6000 feet. We decided to follow a trickle of water from the mountainside which I could have stopped with my boot, but as we proceeded it increased in volume, and by the end of the day it had become a good-sized stream. We camped the first night in the rain and continued all next day to follow the watercourse. Next night we found a cave, which was far from dry and contained the body of a dead monkey. About 12 o'clock on the third day my companion was showing signs of delirium, and he finally broke down completely. I was disinclined to leave him, yet felt that I must push on. After another four hours of struggling through the jungle, I came upon some cleared land, and there before me, thank God, only a few yards off, stood a white man. He was one of a search party that had been looking for me and my friend, who was brought in a little later on a stretcher and soon recovered.

### *True Snake Yarns.*

Snakes were large and numerous in Ceylon. One day an unusual commotion drew me to the coolie quarters, and I found the men dancing round a huge reptile of the python variety which they had found in the jungle, dormant and much distended about the middle. They cut it open, and there discovering the body of a three-months old pig that they had missed. Usually found in the low-lying

# The Temple of Buddha's Tooth at Kandy

areas, one of the deadliest varieties was the short and stumpy tailed Tic Polinga.

On one occasion I came upon a reptile about 12 feet long coiled at the foot of a tree. It appeared dormant and, rather foolishly, I took it by the tail. Like a flash the creature encircled my arm and shoulders. I managed to keep it off my neck until some of my men working near by came to my assistance. On another occasion I was enjoying a bath under a wooden chute into which the water of a mountain torrent had been diverted for the purpose. After the usual fashion, I was giving what I regarded as a quite satisfactory indication of my vocal powers, when through the chute came a fairly long snake, which fell about my shoulders.

My song was quickly converted into a loud yell, which probably frightened the snake as much as he had frightened me, for he vanished in a moment. Probably I had a sub-conscious idea that the reptile would swallow me as, apart from the experience of the pig, I had shortly before come upon a snake that had started to swallow another of equal size. It had managed to encompass about two-thirds of its victim, but when I chanced on the scene it was having difficulty with the remainder.

## Buddha's Tooth.

Before closing this section of my story, I must tell my readers of a visit I paid to the Temple of Buddha's Tooth at Kandy. I was shown into a small chamber without windows, the interior walls being hung with frangipanni or the Temple Flower as it is there called. Upon a massive silver table, oblong in shape and low, I was shown a bell-shaped cone, something like a candle extinguisher in shape and called a carandua. This enclosed the sacred relic. The cone is encrusted with gems festooned with jewelled chains. Within the cone were several others similarly adorned, and all these having been removed, a golden lotus leaf was disclosed, in which rests the tooth.

The story told in connection with this relic is that when Buddha felt he was about to die he extracted one

of his molars and sent it to his followers in Ceylon, where it was placed in a shrine at Jaffna. In the year 1560 the Portuguese Viceroy at Goa laid siege to Jaffna, conquered it and took away the tooth. The Jaffna Tamils offered a sum of 300,000 cruzadors for its return, and the Viceroy was inclined to accept the price, but was dissuaded by the Archbishop of Goa, who held that to do so would be to encourage idolatry. The tooth was accordingly handed over to the Archbishop, who had it pounded up in a mortar. The Portuguese Government was much disturbed at such a large sum of money having been

refused and they at once gave an assurance to the faithful Buddhists that the tooth which had been destroyed was not the real tooth but only a substitute. What was said to be the original was then returned to its owners, who paid over the money.

*In our next issue Mr. Caulfeild will tell of his experiences in shipping 500 Cingalese to Queensland for work in the canefields, their experiences in this country and his subsequent engagement by the Queensland Government to act as Inspector of Pacific Island Labour at Bundaberg.—Ed.*

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# Adventurous Life of Henry Caulfeild

## Late Inspector of Pacific Islanders

### Ceylon Labour Shipped to Queensland

No. V.

**T**HROUGH a brother-in-law, Mr. Horace Burkett, resident at Bundaberg, I had been advised of the economic conditions in Queensland, where the labour then employed in the sugar cane fields consisted of natives of the New Hebrides. The supply was falling off, and those holding large interests were becoming uneasy as to the future of the industry. Up to that time it had been accepted that white men could not be expected to carry out such work as cane cutting. Though Tamil workers were employed in Ceylon and Natal the Indian Government was adverse to their introduction into Australia, so some other source of supply had to be sought, and I received letters asking me whether or not I thought the Cingalese would be suitable. I replied pointing out that in Ceylon, beyond attending to their village holdings and rice fields, they did not take up agricultural work, though they were first class timber fellers, good carpenters, sawyers and masons. Yet under different conditions and away from local influences they might make good agricultural labourers.

#### Labour for Queensland.

In due course I received instructions to engage 500. The number was in excess of what I had anticipated, but I was not daunted. My first move was to sound the Ceylon authorities who certainly did not thwart the proposal: neither did they give it any encouragement as it was feared that after securing the number required many of them might withdraw at the last moment.

The later months of 1882, however, found me actively engaged on what was, to Ceylon, a startling idea, for never before had a large body of natives left her shores of their own free will to reside in a foreign land. I set to work by employing some half dozen good Cingalese men as agents, and they in turn employed others. As a result it was not long before I had interviewed and taken the names

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*In this issue Mr. Caulfeild closes his absorbing experiences in Ceylon by engaging a shipment of native labour for the Queensland canefields, and he then goes on to tell of his own transfer to this State. Here he soon secured an engagement as Inspector of Pacific Island Labour at Bundaberg, where experiences as thrilling as any that had befallen him in Ceylon were awaiting him.*

---

of over 500 men, all keen on seeing what the outside world was like. In addition, I had to arrange for a steamer from Bombay to carry them and to work out a provision list for the voyage to Queensland. The Government had issued a special medical gazette, so that I had only to comply with their requirements, but it was necessary to provide for all sorts of contingencies.

The ship "Devonshire" arrived in due course. I had all my arrangements complete, even to ringing a bell in the streets as a signal that the boats were ready to take the migrants to the ship. The excitement was great, and so, too, was my anxiety. Would they respond? was the question. In a very short time, however, 525 men were on board and settling down in their quarters without a hitch of any kind. I went out in the ship with them for some miles and then returned in the pilot's boat. I received many congratulations for the manner in which I had handled matters, and was thanked by those in authority for the liberal provision list. Some of these people were landed at Mackay, the remainder at Bundaberg. I was sorry to learn that at both ports they were given a hostile reception, but later there was a revulsion of feeling. However, they were not, as a body, a success. Some of them eventually took up small holdings of their own, others returned to Ceylon and some drifted into New South Wales. The difficulty in

securing sufficient labour for the canefields was finally overcome by extending the recruiting field from the New Hebrides to the Solomon Islands.

#### Departure for Bundaberg.

Reference has already been made to the parlous condition of the coffee growing industry in Ceylon about this time as a result of the fungus disease that had broken out on the plantations, and men who were able to leave for new lands were regarded as rather lucky. My brother-in-law in Queensland was well aware of the conditions, and his wife was anxious to have her youngest sister (my wife) living in the same part of the world. They lost no opportunity of representing the advantages that Queensland offered, with the result that we left Ceylon on May 10, 1883, by the P. & O. boat "Rome." The last newspaper I saw before sailing contained the following advertisement: "A Ceylon coffee planter, 10 years' experience, is willing to give his services for his grub."

My party consisted of my wife, my sons, James and Robert, aged respectively five years and two years, and an infant, Charles, born in January, who died shortly after our arrival, and also a Tamil servant. After a fine voyage, we reached Sydney on May 31 and transhipped to the s.s. "Egmont," arriving in Brisbane on June 3, then on to Bundaberg, where we received a warm welcome from our relatives.

My brother-in-law was Collector of Customs for the port of Bundaberg, and after a time I went into business in the produce line. Some time later I was invited to one of the clubs, where I met Mr. S. W. Griffith, afterwards Premier of Queensland, and later Chief Justice of Australia. There, too, I was introduced to James Tyson, the millionaire. I found him keenly interested in coffee and desirous of giving it a trial in North Queensland. He told me that if the



## Excited Islanders Are Saved From Crime

climate proved suitable he would be willing to invest £70,000. He invited me to be his guest at Felton Station in order to discuss the matter more fully.

### *Call on James Tyson.*

About a month later I made my way to Cambooya by train, en route to Felton Station. Cambooya, to my mind, at that time looked like the end of civilisation, with only one or two houses and one hotel. Unable to hire a horse, I started to do the 11 miles to Felton on foot. I had not gone more than half a mile when an uncouth personage, who had told me at the public house that I could not have a horse, overtook me. "The boss says you can have the 'orse," he said, and, mounting, I duly reached Felton, where the first man I met was Mr. Tyson. "I will see that you have a better horse to go back upon," he remarked, after looking over my mount.

Sitting down to my first meal with my host, he remarked: "You are welcome to Felton Station, Mr. Caulfeild. Make yourself at home: there is no starch." These words led to my appearance in the Supreme Court of Queensland after Mr. Tyson's death, some years later, when I was called as a Crown witness to give evidence on the question of domicile in a case relating to the probate payable on the estate.

I remained at Felton for several days. I had heard many stories of my host, but I can say that I found him most entertaining, full of reminiscences and with plenty of dry humour. He had passed through many hard experiences that had given him a rather caustic view of life, and he could not credit anyone doing something for the benefit of another unless there was some gain to himself. Finally, I concluded that he was by no means as stony-hearted as he represented himself to be. We went fully into the question of coffee growing, and I finally promised I would give him some definite advice.

### *Cheerful Commercials.*

True to his promise, Mr. Tyson placed one of his own horses at my

disposal for the return journey to Cambooya, remarking: "The stationmaster will look after him." On reaching the station, I found the train starting off. The stationmaster called out: "Are you for the train?" "Yes," I yelled." Up went the signal, back came the train, and I jumped into the last carriage, which contained a number of commercial travellers. I could see their look of wonderment as to who this individual might be for whom the train had been brought back, and I remarked to them solemnly: "It was not I; it was Mr. Tyson's horse that did it." Of course, they all roared with laughter and put me quite at my ease for the rest of the journey. I have since found confirmation of the opinion I then formed, that "commercials" make fine travelling companions.

After taking a month to give the matter careful consideration, I advised Mr. Tyson to forego the idea of coffee growing. This was not on the grounds of unfavourable climatic conditions, but because of the uncertainty of labour. When I say this, I am speaking, of course, of white labour. I knew from my experience in Ceylon that any hold up of operations during the crop gathering season would have been absolutely fatal, for once the berries become over-ripe they lose their value. Years later I saw growing at Kuranda, near Cairns, as fine a crop of coffee as I had ever seen in Ceylon, and, to my mind, there are parts of North Queensland which are capable of producing anything that Ceylon can produce.

### *In Government Employ.*

At this time I became acquainted with a gentleman occupying an influential position, who asked me if I would care to enter the Government service. I told him that I thought I was better qualified for the class of work he had in mind than for many other pursuits, and, on his advice, I put in a written application. On October 1, 1885, I was duly gazetted to the Immigration Department and installed as Nominating Clerk. At that time immigrants were pouring into Queensland, many of them under the nomination system, by which

families could be brought out for a comparatively small sum.

My instructions, given under the direction of the then Premier, Sir Samuel Griffith, were to insist upon coin of the realm and not cheques being tendered as nomination fees. One day one of the wealthiest men in Queensland nominated several families of coal miners, and handed me his cheque in payment. I told him quite politely the nature of my instructions.

"Do you refuse my cheque?" said he.

"Yes," I replied, "I must do so."

"Very well," said he, "I will report you to the Premier," and with that he left the room, but presently he returned.

"Young man," said he, "you are quite right. The Premier says that you only did your duty."

"Mr. C.," said I, "if it will afford you any satisfaction, I can assure you that I am quite prepared, as a private individual, to accept your cheque for any amount." At this he sat back and laughed heartily.

### *Island Labour Inspector.*

One day I was asked by my chief, Mr. W. E. Parry-Okeden, if I could handle a position that involved the control of several thousand Pacific Islanders. I replied that I thought, after my thirteen years' experience of native labour in Ceylon, I could perform the duties satisfactorily. The then Premier was the Hon. J. R. Dickson. A few days later Mr. Parry-Okeden again called me into his office and told me that I was to be appointed Polynesian Inspector and Assistant Immigration Agent at Bundaberg at a salary more than double the amount I was then receiving. My brother officers were all delighted with my promotion—they were good fellows all.

### *Murder Prevented.*

I duly entered my duties at Bundaberg, and very varied and interesting they proved. Much indeed might be written of the experiences which came my way, and one that I can recall very vividly came to me early. One evening, just about dusk, a Tanna man came to my house and told me that the Solomon Islanders working on a plantation situated in the Woon-

## "Eye Belonga Me See Plenty Red That Time"

garra district intended coming in force that night along the Kalkie Road to murder a Tanna man who was employed on a sugar plantation on the north side of the river.

I started out shortly afterwards, and reached the outskirts of East Bundaberg, about a quarter of the way to the Kalkie State School, when I met five white men riding in haste to give notice to the police that there was an excited mob of natives not far behind them. When they told me of the position, I determined to ride on. The men reasoned with me in very forcible terms, declaring that it would be madness for me to attempt to face this excited mob of islanders. In my judgment, however, it was not an occasion for physical force. I would be better able to handle the situation single handed, that if I could not do so I had better resign my job. Quite unwillingly, they allowed me to proceed alone, whilst they went on to town to warn the police.

### Excited Mob.

I had not gone more than 300 yards or 400 yards when I met the vanguard of the mob, who swarmed around me shouting: "What name you fella?" I answered: "Me Government alonga you fella." Some of the leaders thereupon started off again in the direction of town, shouting to their mates: "No mind him; come on."

By this time the main body had come up, and never in all my life have I heard such language and threats of what they intended to do that night.

Night had now fallen, but there was a good moon, and it was my good fortune to recognise the evil face of their leader. Rising in my stirrups, I pointed at him and shouted: "'Captain,' come here!"

"What name you fella," he growled in response, as he came forward. My answer was: "See, 'Captain,' suppose any Tanna boy die to-night, policeman to-morrow catch 'Captain' quick! He no look for any other fella, only 'Captain.'"

The effect of my words was so marked that it was almost magical. "Come back, come back," he yelled to those who were going forward along the road to town. The summons was passed along, and presently the vanguard straggled back with wonder on their faces.

"What name he talk? What for you listen alonga that fella?" they demanded of "Captain."

### The Tide Turned.

It was now my turn, and never did man avail himself of an opportunity with more eagerness than I did. I poured out my mind to them, and listened in turn to all that they had to say. Gradually they cooled down, realising from my words that whatever they might do in the heat of passion would surely bring

retribution upon their heads, and the ardour of their villainous leader vanished under the threat that he would be the first to be arrested.

The end of it all was that they threw away their weapons—an act upon which I insisted. These consisted of clubs, sling-shot, lead piping, short iron bars and, in one case, six strands of barbed wire wound around the end of a gun barrel. It was a diabolical-looking collection.

I induced them to disperse at last with the definite promise that they would not go to town that night. The bulk of them kept their promise, and no disorder occurred. I may add that "Captain" eventually came within the clutches of the law.

### A Fatal Mistake.

A sad case was that of six Maliata men who had a grudge against a Tanna man and determined to kill him. They hid themselves in the lantana beside a bush road. It was on a Saturday night, and they knew that their man would use this road either going to or returning from town. They had been crouching for some time in their hiding place, when footsteps were heard approaching. Out they rushed and, as the night was not very dark, some of them, at least, saw that it was not their intended victim but a white man who was passing. But, as they afterwards stated when placed on their trial for murder, "Eye belonga me see red that time; me can't stop," and before some of them, at least, knew what was happening a fatal blow had been struck.

This provides a convenient opportunity for me to say that my duties at Bundaberg in maintaining order among the islanders frequently brought me into contact with members of the Police Force, who were ever ready to assist me.

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**THE PACIFIC ISLANDER  
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CIVILISED INFLUENCES**

*Will be eloquently dealt with in the next story from Mr. Caulfeild's pen, to appear in our June issue.*

# Adventurous Life of Henry Caulfeild

## Late Inspector of Pacific Islanders

### The Scriptures According to Nogomata

No. VI.

By Henry Caulfeild.

IN Ceylon I had often heard the Tamil labourers scoff at the teachers of the Coolie Mission, and consequently I was not at first disposed to attach much importance to the mission work carried out among the Pacific Islanders on a good few of the plantations in the Bundaberg district. It occurred to me that the Kanaka might think it good policy to placate his employers by professing an interest in Christian teaching which he did not really feel. A few years of observation, however, convinced me that in dealing with these Islanders we were handling material entirely different from the natives of India. Their minds presented a comparatively blank page so far as religion was concerned, and they were very receptive of the teaching presented to them.

Bible classes were established among them, and the interest they displayed was truly wonderful, whilst many of them learned not only to read, but to expound passages of the scriptures in a manner that was equally amazing. The Government of the day at length, realising how much it meant in maintaining peace and contentment among the islanders, went so far as to make grants to the various bodies who were carrying out the work, and the results were very marked indeed.

As an instance, I will relate the story of one convert that came under my notice. Nogomata was his name, and I believe he came from the island of Ambrym, which was regarded as by no means a nice place for white men to visit. Nogomata had been recruited by one of the labour vessels sailing from the Port of Bundaberg and he was signed on by an employer whose wife took a great interest in the Islanders.

#### Not Full Up Yet.

At the end of his three years' term of service, Nogomata did what no

other Kanaka had done to my knowledge at that time—he signed on for a further term of three years. On his employer leaving the office, I asked the islander why he had done this. He replied:

“You know lady belonga him. She tell me something alonga Jesus. Me no full up this time. More better me stop; me want to get full up along Jesus.”

Nogomata finished his second term and then signed on for yet another 18 months. During this later period my wife and I were walking one Sunday afternoon along the Garden Road that winds beside the Burnett River when we noticed Nogomata coming in the opposite direction. I remarked to my wife: “We may be sure that man has a Bible with him.” He had, and in response to my invitation he produced it. I asked him to read something from the book and, as he turned over the pages to find his favourite passage, I pointed to Matthew X, 39: “He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for My sake shall find it.”

The “savage,” as he was no doubt termed by many, read the words clearly, and after a pause I asked him to explain what they were meant to convey. I will repeat his own words in answer to my question. He said:

“You savee I bin stop Queensland a long time. My countryman along my island he send message. He say: ‘More better you come home; you bring ‘em box.’ I think more better me go back; me fill ‘em box; go longa ship. Bym by me see reef along my place; boat take me to beach. My countryman he come along; he carry my box. He very glad see me, but box he soon empty. Countryman not glad to see me now, One day he come to my house; he say:

#### More Better You Fight.

“‘Nogomata, more better you come fight that fella alonga next village. He talk saucy along me.’

“I say: ‘No. Me can’t fight. Jesus tell me mustn’t fight.’ My countryman he go away very cross. Another time he come to my house he say:

“‘That fella along next village he talk more saucy this time. More better you come, kill him finish (murder him). No good talk about that fella Jesus.’

“Me say: ‘No; me no fight.’

“My countryman he too much angry alonga me this time; he kill me finish. But me no die; Jesus He find me.”

I am sure that neither my wife nor I had ever heard the gospel lesson more graphically expounded than it was in this extemporised example from the lips of the Kanaka.

#### Drink Causes Trouble.

As inspector in charge of some 2500 to 3000 Polynesian labourers I soon became accustomed to unexpected happenings. It was unfortunately true that there were to be found among the white community some men who were always ready

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## A Cast-Iron Act Protected Islanders

to supply the Islanders with all the liquor they could pay for. Drink had a tremendous influence upon them and was the cause of most of their troubles. The police were well able to handle most of the cases that arose without the assistance of my office, but I recall one notable exception.

One Sunday I was attending morning service when the verger informed me that the Sergeant of Police was in the porch without and wished to speak to me. On going out I found the sergeant with another police officer, and both showed signs of having been in a rough and tumble. It appeared that they had endeavoured to arrest five drunken Kanakas who had been creating a disturbance in one of the suburbs and had failed. Owing to the absence of some of his constables, the sergeant was short handed and he had come to see if I could render any assistance. I agreed on the one condition that he left the matter entirely in my hands. To this he willingly consented.

After walking a mile or so into the outskirts of the town we came upon the five, all Solomon Islanders and all uproariously drunk.

I at once approached them and, addressing the one who appeared to be a ring leader, I demanded to know why they had assaulted the police. The man replied that the sergeant had been saucy to him.

"What way that fellow saucy? I enquired.

"He say me fella drunk; me no drunk. He talk no good," said the Islander.

"Well, I say you are drunk: you are all drunk," I replied, to which the man responded: "Suppose you say me drunk, that all right. You father belonga me."

"Come along then, all you fellow come alonga me," I said firmly, and without further ado the whole five of them came staggering after me to the lock-up, where they were duly placed in the cells. By the time we reached our destination there must have been not less than 300 people assembled watching the proceedings. Once or twice when the sergeant or his man approached to assist in getting them along, the Islanders immediately showed hostility. When

I reminded the officers of the conditions I had imposed, they at once stepped back and there was no further trouble.

### *Islanders Well Protected.*

One of the men interested in the working of Pacific Island labourers on the sugar estates of the Bundaberg district keenly resented a provision in what he called the Cast Iron Act governing such employment, which made it compulsory for an employer to pay his labourers in the presence of an inspector. He also objected volubly to another section which prohibited any advance being made to any Islander without a like sanction. This latter section had been made law after a certain German employer had, at the end of six months' service by some of his labourers, brought them in as debtors to him for an amount greater than their earnings. The goods supplied consisted of mouth-organs and concertinas.

My friend used to quip me with the remark that I had only to make a suggestion to the administration in order to have it embodied in the Act—a truly great compliment and one which came nearer to the truth later on than I had ever thought possible. It came about in this way. One day I received from the department a copy of some seventeen regulations which it was proposed to issue under the provisions of the Act. I was asked to comment freely upon these, and in reply I wrote expressing my approval of them all with one exception, which I believed would be found to be a distinct interference with the liberty of the subject and would accordingly be found ultra vires. This regulation (No. 1) provided that "Any person found harbouring a Pacific Islander for a period longer than one month after the expiry of his original term of service shall be guilty of an offence."

Some time later a Mackay district employer disputed a claim that had been made against him by the local hospital under Regulation 5, which provided for the maintenance by his last employer of any islander who might be taken sick whilst awaiting departure for his island

home. The case was heard by Sir Samuel Griffith, who, during the course of the hearing, remarked: "In trying this issue I am going to do what a judge very seldom allows himself to do by commenting on another issue. I wish it to be distinctly understood that if ever a case comes before me under No. 1 of these Regulations I shall rule it ultra vires, as a distinct interference with the liberty of the subject."

I may add here that the provisions of the Act regulating the employment of Tamil labour in Ceylon were mild indeed when compared with the laws framed by the Queensland authorities for the protection of Pacific Islanders employed in the sugar industry.

### *A Forgotten Crime.*

Some time in the nineties the public of Queensland were shocked to learn that a member of a well-known family, the head of which occupied a prominent position in the Public Service, had committed a murder, seemingly without motive, when travelling with his victim from Brisbane to Ipswich. Little did I think at the time that this would have any bearing upon my own career in the service, but some little time later I received a call from Mr. Thomas Mowbray, then Police Magistrate at Bundaberg, who informed me that he had been authorised by the Premier and the Home Secretary, Sir Horace Tozer, to inform me that I was to be appointed Inspector of Orphanages. Mr. Mowbray offered me his congratulations. The next thing I learned was that Mr. Scott (a really good man) had been appointed to the position and I realised that something extraordinary must have happened.

Some time later I was sent to Cairns to adjust important matters there, and was sitting on the verandah of my hotel when Mr. Scott, whom I had not previously met, approached me and introduced himself.

"Mr. Caulfeild," he said, "when I received my appointment I determined to carry out my duties on the lines that I believe you would have followed."

## A Forgotten Crime Has Strange Effects



*Pacific Islanders cutting cane on a Bundaberg plantation in the nineties.*

My reply was: "You and I, in our respective offices, are dealing with human interests. It is imperative that we, when trying an issue in which self-interests are the dominant factor, should try and place ourselves in the shoes of each party to that issue."

"Thank you," he said. "I can now quite understand the confidence the Pacific Islanders place in you."

### *Strange Revelation.*

A few more years elapsed ere the curtain was lifted on the final scene in this story of my blighted hopes. The man into whose shoes I had stepped as Polynesian Inspector had entered politics and had become Parliamentary Representative for the Musgrave electorate. He was a fine type of man and descendant of a well-known administrator of Australia of "Bounty" notoriety. It was not long before he attained Cabinet rank. Meeting him one day, he said:

"You will remember, Caulfeild, that, acting on the authority of Nelson & Tozer, Mowbray told you that you were to be appointed Inspector of Orphanages."

"I am not likely to forget it," I replied.

"Well," he said, "I would like to tell you how it came about, but it was a Cabinet matter."

"Do not tell me what I should not know," I replied.

"I think you should know," he said. "Sir Hugh Nelson announced to a meeting of the Cabinet that you were to receive the appointment and Sir Horace Tozer said he felt sure you would carry out the duties efficiently. The then Minister for Education, who administered the orphanages also, thereupon objected to the appointment. 'I have no objection to Mr. Caulfeild on personal grounds,' he said, 'but never again will I consent to the post of Inspector of Orphanages being filled by one who is, or has been, connected with the department to which he is attached.'"

When pressed for an explanation of this objection, the Minister astounded everyone by declaring that the father of the murderer, to whom reference has already been made, had at one time been in charge of the Polynesian Labour Department. Thus, owing to circumstances over which I had no possible control, I had lost my chance of material advancement. As the years passed, however, I realised the hand of Providence in it all. I continued to do my best in the interests of the natives of the Pacific and Solomon Islands, and by winning their friendship I be-

came a direct instrument in saving the life of my eldest son. I will tell my readers of this when I come to a description of the mishap that befell the well-known writer, Jack London, and his wife when the "Minota," a vessel they were sailing under charter, was cast ashore at Maluu, on the island of Malayta, where my son then was residing.

### *Administrative Difficulties.*

Returning now to my administrative difficulties. Although I had frequently to take proceedings for breaches of one or other of the provisions of the Pacific Island Labour Act, I am proud to say that in all my 25 years' experience I had no case of neglect to supply sufficient food and good food or of lack of suitable clothing. This I regard as

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## Keen Investigation by Miss Flora Shaw

a record that reflects credit on all concerned. The offences committed were in the main in connection with the employment of the Islanders in directions not connected with cane growing; such, for instance, as maize growing, work in the mills or as house servants. There were also some cases of islanders being employed without having been duly engaged through the Polynesian labour office.

I may be pardoned for relating here the story of an incident that took place before my appointment. The then inspector, in the course of his duties, visited a certain plantation and, having completed his inspection, he was invited to lunch with the planter's family. During the meal the white servant was assisted in her attendance at table by a very superior Kanaka woman who, it appears, was also a capable laundress. The inspector found it difficult to object; but, on leaving, he drew the attention of his host to the regulations.

The next heard of the matter was that a complaint had been forwarded to the head office in Brisbane to the effect that Mr. X, of Such and Such plantation, was employing a Kanaka woman as house servant and the inspector was countenancing the breach. The inspector, in reply, reported all that had transpired and wound up by saying that having "put his legs under the planter's mahogany," he

failed to see that he could have acted more severely toward his host than he had done.

Naturally perhaps there were cases where employers came into conflict with their labourers and, in the heat of the moment, took the law into their own hands instead of coming to me or instituting legal proceedings. Such cases, however, were few and far between, for, in addition to the penalties that the Court had power to impose, there was the knowledge that it could, and did where necessary, debar offenders from employing any Islanders. This was a penalty that few cared to risk.

My time was very fully taken up visiting the plantations, inspecting food and quarters, housing, hospital accommodation, inspecting the sugar mills, attending to the payment of wages, listening to various complaints and settling various social problems that arose among the Islanders, the latter usually arising over the women.

### *Bolt From the Blue.*

In April, 1897, I was advised by the head of my department to consider myself under suspension pending an inquiry that had been demanded by certain planters in my district. Not until the inquiry took place did I learn who were my accusers or the nature of their charges save that the petition opened with the cruel words: "Owing to the recent tragic death of—"

The Civil Service Board, comprising Captain Townley, Messrs. Milne and O'Malley, extended to me a fair and patient trial, which lasted two days. I found that my diaries, placed in evidence, confounded one charge after another. My friend of the forcible language, to whom I have already referred, declared that I had told his Islanders to shoot him if he ever entered their dwellings. This incredible statement met with a very curt reception, and things were going rather badly for my accusers, when one of them said he thought their grievances against Mr. Caulfeild were more imaginary than real. The inquiry proved that there were men among the planters who knew that no personal motives

animated my actions. There was one against whom I had on several occasions taken action for working his Islanders in the mill or some such offence. When the petition against me was hawked about the district and he was asked to sign, he said: "Caulfeild only did his duty. Rather than sign that petition I would take one round myself in favour of Caulfeild."

The Brisbane "Courier" of April 16, 1897, contained the following comment on the result of the inquiry: "The Public Service Board's inquiry into charges preferred by certain Bundaberg planters against the local inspector's administration of the Polynesian Labour Act has resulted in a report that will be received with mingled regret and gratification; regret that abuses have been attempted and an honourable, humane and fearless officer harassed, and gratification that the abuses have been exposed and the officer completely exonerated."

### *Public Interest Keen.*

Public interest in the Pacific Island labour question was always keen, and it was no uncommon event to be interviewed on behalf of some important English journal desirous of placing all aspects of the question before its readers. On one occasion Miss Flora Shaw (afterwards Lady Lingard), who represented several important publications, called on me and presented her credentials. Much to my satisfaction, this lady left no stone unturned to learn all there was to learn of the sugar industry in relation to Island labour. I was greatly pleased at her interest, and during an interview of over an hour she plied me with questions, carefully noting my answers, I endeavouring to assist her so that no phase should be overlooked.

Hesitating at length in her flow of queries, she said: "There is one matter in connection with which I have been told some very strange things. Tell me what takes place when a Kanaka dies?"

I felt inclined at first to make a frivolous reply; but, seeing that the question was asked in all serious-

*Please turn to Page 53*

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# What Takes Place When a Kanaka Dies?

(Continued from page 48)

ness, I took from my shelves the very latest report of a death that had reached me. In it was set out the name of the deceased, place of birth, date of arrival in Queensland, name of ship, the cause of death, signature of the medical officer who had attended him and all the usual particulars. After expressing her satisfaction at seeing this document, the lady remarked: "Do you know, I have been told that when a Kanaka died he was just buried as you would a dog."

An interviewer of quite another calibre called one day and introduced himself as representing the "Liverpool Mercury," and his object was to write up the sugar industry in all its aspects. I asked for his credentials, and he produced one of the customary forms issued by the Chief Secretary's office. For some reason I mistrusted the man and, on inquiry, found that his credentials were faked. In less than three hectic weeks he was an inmate of the lock-up awaiting transfer to St. Helena, from which he had only lately been released.

On yet another occasion I secured six months' work at one of

the sugar mills for a man, who gave every satisfaction. He then asked me to get him a job on one of the recruiting vessels. It was no easy matter, but I told him I would see what I could do. He then handed me a letter from the Premier, Sir S. W. Griffith, requesting that every facility should be given to Mr. Dalgarno, who represented an important Melbourne

daily paper, to investigate the recruiting of island labour. I managed to have him placed on the articles of one of the labour vessels, and after a three and a half months' voyage he told me that he could find no fault whatever. A very interesting account of the voyage from his pen was published in the journal by which he was employed.



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# Adventurous Life of Henry Caulfeild

## Late Inspector of Pacific Islanders

### Alleged Kidnapping on the High Seas

No. VII.

By Henry Caulfeild.

*Charge of Kidnapping.*

IN the majority of cases in which I was called upon to proceed against planters under the Pacific Island Labour Act there was little doubt that a breach had been committed, but there was one instance in which I thought it advisable to have a query submitted to the Crown Law Office. The reply was: "Mr. Caulfeild has not got a leg to stand on." To make matters worse, my lawyer, who had acted for me for years, asked that I allow him to withdraw, as he wished to appear for the other side.

Of course, I consented, and he then asked whom I would engage in his place. I replied: "Mr. Caulfeild." His face was a study. It was an essential feature of the Act that the Islanders should be employed only in cane growing. In this case the charge was that they had been employed (1) for felling, (2) for stacking, and (3) for carting timber, instead of using white labour, of which there was an ample supply. The doubt was in regard to the first charge, as it could be argued that land had to be cleared before cane could be grown upon it, and it was here that the Crown Law Office was against me.

#### *The List Reversed.*

The Court was crowded when the case came off, and I at once proceeded to take No. 3 of the charges, namely, that of carting. My lawyer friend at once took strong exception to what he termed my crab-like methods, but the Police Magistrate ruled that I was entitled to handle the cases as I chose. I thereupon proceeded to establish the charges in the reverse order to that in which they had been listed, and I secured a conviction with penalties of £10 in each case. The total of £30 after all was a bagatelle when compared with the costs that would have been involved in doing this work with white labour.

When the introduction of Federation closed several channels of

taxation which had been available to the State, the first income tax was imposed, and one of its provisions was that every person with an income, however small, must pay a tax, the minimum being 10/-. This was promptly designated "a poll tax."

Pacific Island labourers who had passed out of their first three years and had been re-engaged at from £12 to £26 per year were called upon to pay the 10/-. The fact that these men came from many different islands and groups of islands had hitherto prevented them taking a common stand upon any subject, but the tax at once brought them together in united opposition.

I remember being present on one occasion when a large body of these men were being paid, and the 10/- was deducted from the wages of each of them. One man, who was known to be the leader in the Bible Class on the plantation where he was employed, dashed the money, all in gold, on the table, and in a passionate voice cried out:

"Me no takem money. That fella Government he robbem boy altogether."

Knowing that in his state of mind at the moment any argument would be useless, I said: "Very well," and I went on paying the others.

The protesting man presently came back to the table. "Suppose you tell that fella Government me say he not Christian man, me take that money."

"Alright," I said. "Me let him know," and I kept my promise.

The tax was shortly afterwards removed from these people, much to my relief. These men knew that they were looked upon as outsiders, and they felt that they should not have been called upon to bear our burdens. For a black man's sense of justice is really much keener than many whites give him credit for.

The Queensland Government adopted a very firm attitude against any abuse in connection with the recruiting of island labour, and I am able to state that during the whole period in which I was associated with the department there was only one case of the kind. The vessel concerned, if I remember rightly, had sailed from Brisbane, and on her return to port information reached the authorities alleging gross irregularities, which were said to have taken place during the voyage, and it was also declared that some of the islanders had not been recruited in a legitimate manner.

Action was accordingly taken under an Imperial statute, in which a charge of kidnapping on the high seas was alleged. Though I understand that in such a case the whole of the personnel of the ship could have been indicted, the Crown limited the charge to the captain, the Government agent, the recruiter, the mate and three of the able seamen. I was called upon to assist in securing the evidence of the Pacific Islanders concerned. The case evoked much public interest, a

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## A Narrow Escape From Violent Death

strong Bar was retained and some twenty-one days were occupied in hearing the evidence in the lower court. All the prisoners were then committed to stand their trial at the next sitting of the Supreme Court and bail was refused.

The Supreme Court proceedings were heard before Mr. Justice Harding and occupied seven days. The judge was very severe and would not permit the witnesses to refer to any of the prisoners as captain or Government agent. He insisted that each one should be designated "the prisoner." At the close of the evidence His Honour decided that the action of the Crown had been fully warranted, but that the offence of the accused had been punished by the imprisonment they had already undergone, and, realising that further departmental action would inevitably take place, he discharged them.

### Narrow Escape.

On my visits of inspection to the various plantations in my district I usually rode my bicycle, on which I must have covered thousands of miles. On one occasion I was bound for Bingera, the property of Messrs. Gibson & Howes, where a private tram line connected the mill with the Government railway siding. The crushing season was on, and the track fairly heavy between the mill and the siding. The practice was to give the loaded trucks a start from the mill, and they then

travelled with great swiftness down a steep decline to a long, low, level, wooden bridge, whence they were carried by their own velocity up a fairly steep pinch to the siding. There were no safety refuges on the bridge, the rails and sleepers taking up the full width of the structure, and the only other means of crossing was by two nine-inch planks.

I was on the point of leaving the railway siding with my bicycle for the plantation when the station mistress said:

"Don't go yet, Mr. Caulfeild, the mill train is just about due and may catch you on the bridge."

I took her advice, but after waiting for some ten minutes there was no sign of the train, so I started off. I got about two-thirds of the way over the bridge when I heard a whistle, and over the tops of the cane I could see the funnel of the engine as it came bearing down on me with its train of trucks. I put on a great spurt and was near the end of the bridge when my front tyre caught in the planking. The buffers of the engine were not more than two yards from me when, in desperation, I threw myself over the end of the bridge and into the gully, where I landed with a few scratches only.

It was a tragic coincidence that the same engine driver and his assistant were both killed on that very spot only a short time later,

when a cow threw the engine off the track and down into the gully. It was assumed that they must have seen the cow, but owing to the very steep grade it was impossible for them to stop their engine in time.

### An Amusing Experience.

During one of my northern trips I had occasion to visit a small town which I will call Utopia, for no other reason perhaps than that the conditions there were far from Utopian. Shortly after arriving I heard that a new Police Inspector had been appointed to the district, but no one knew exactly when he was likely to arrive.

Rumour stated that he was a man quite capable of cleansing the Augean stables, which indeed sadly needed the Herculean broom. One day a military-looking man turned up at the hotel, having arrived from a further northern centre on horseback. Approaching me, he asked if I was Inspector Caulfeild, and, on receiving an affirmative reply, he introduced himself as the new inspector of police. After a short talk he intimated that he wished to secure a shave. As I also wanted some tonsorial attention, I proceeded to show him the way to the hairdresser's shop.

There was the usual handful of idlers in the shop when we arrived, and, as it was a one-man establishment, I allowed my friend to take the first turn. Whilst he was being shaved one loquacious individual, addressing the others, said: "Do you know if the new inspector has arrived?"

"I cannot say, but I hear he is pretty hot," was the reply.

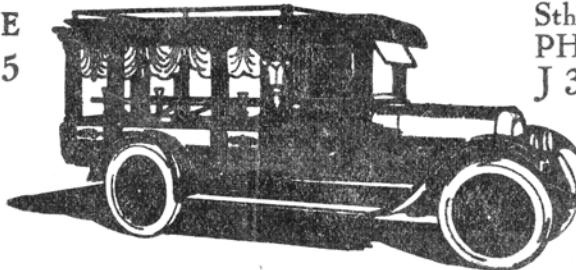
Then another chipped in: "He'll need to be as hot as hell to get round Billy M—. I bet that Billy will have his measure before very long."

From where I sat I could see the inspector's face, but not a muscle moved, and, his shave finished, he left the shop after giving me an amused side glance.

I then took my place in the chair and, being comfortably settled, I said to the barber, whom I had known for a considerable time:

"It is very interesting, I am sure, for a man to learn by chance the

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## The Wily Savage Outwits a Policeman



*Pacific Islanders assembled for field inspection.*

opinion that is held of him by others."

"Yes, I suppose it is," he replied, "but why do you say that?"

"Well," I replied, "you noticed no doubt the man whom you have just finished shaving, but do you know that he is the new Inspector of Police?"

The look on the faces of the men sitting around baffles any descriptive power that I may possess.

### *Tanna Man's Story.*

One day, on boarding a labour vessel that had just come in with a full complement, a Tanna man who had signed on as boatman for the round trip told me that nine of his countrymen wished to be assigned together to a particular employer. I promised to arrange matters, and, looking down the list, found they were all marked as new chums at £6 a year. I then started to examine through an interpreter, but one, who did not appear like a

new arrival, I addressed in broken English. His face remained perfectly blank.

About a week later I heard a voice outside my office inquiring: "Big fella Government stop alonga here?" and there before me stood the Tanna man who a week earlier could speak no English and whose name turned out to be Bob. Then ensued the following dialogue:

"What for you humbug me last week alonga ship?"

Bob: "You no talk cross alonga me; me fright that time."

"What for you fright?"

Bob: "Me bin Mackay; run away alonga my island. Me fright policeman catch me."

"What you want now?"

Bob: "Me want you give me all same money old fella get."

"No, you old rascal," I replied. "You pretend you new chum, you get new chum money. Now you go right back alonga plantation."

A month later information reached me that Bob had again absconded (the only case of the kind

*Please turn to Page 47*

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## Caulfeild's Adventures

(Continued from page 43)

I had known) and, though a warrant was issued, all trace of him was lost.

Five years elapsed, and then one day the same labour vessel came in. There were two Tanna men on board, who had signed up for the round trip, and, to my astonishment, Bob was one of them. He tried hard to deny his identity, but at last owned up, and it was decided that as such a length of time had elapsed he should be allowed to remain with the ship.

"You like to hear how policeman tell me catch myself?" asked Bob some days later.

On receiving an affirmative reply, the old fellow assumed a pose and started the following tale:

"You savee the time me run away? You send blue paper (warrant). Me stop Maryborough that time. Me go along street one time; big fella new chum policeman come along. He say: 'Eh, you Tanna man?'"

"Me say: 'Yes.'"

"He say: 'You savee Tanna man name Bob?'"

"Me say: 'Me savee that fella; he no good.'"

"He say: 'You walk up that side street, me walk this side. You see Bob, you hold up arm.'"

"Bimeby we stop alonga corner. Policeman say: 'You like drink?' Me say: 'My word.' We have drink, then go walk—walk—walk. Policeman come to 'nother corner. He held up hand; me go 'cross; he buy me 'nother drink. He say: 'You go other side now.' Me go; he walk again. Bimeby he meet 'nother Tanna man. He talk alonga policeman, then point to me. Policeman walk alonga corner, hold up hand all same for 'nother fella drink. Me know that Tanna man no friend alonga me. Me run like ——."

✻ ✻ ✻

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*Dorothy*

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# Adventurous Life of Henry Caulfeild

## Late Inspector of Pacific Islanders

### A Swagman Who Was "Killed Just a Little Bit"

By Henry Caulfeild.

#### *The Swagman and the Lady.*

THERE was always a sharp division of public opinion in regard to the employment of Pacific Island labour, and whilst some took every advantage of the opportunity to use kanakas, others would not employ them under any circumstances.

One day my assistant informed me that the wife of a planter who was well known as an anti-kanaka man had applied to have five islanders signed on, but she had made it a condition that they must be Malaita men. The lady was informed that it was for the employer to make the selection, and if all was then in order, the agreement with the men chosen would be sanctioned.

Knowing her husband's feelings, I asked the lady if he knew the nature of the application she was making. She replied that he did, and she went on to inform me that his opinions on the question of kanaka labour had undergone a decided change. I naturally asked the reason and also asked why it was that she had insisted upon engaging Malaita men. In response, she told me the following story:—

Our neighbour, Mr. B——, has five Malaita men working on his plantation. It is a rather out of the way place, you know, and every now and again he has to leave his wife in charge whilst he goes to town on business. One day last week he was called to Bundaberg. An hour or two later a swagman turned up at the front of the house and asked for a drink of water. Mrs. B—— told him to go to the back and take what he wanted from the tank. A few minutes later, however, she observed the fellow entering the house by the back door. When she turned to order him out, he asked her in a cheeky way for some tobacco.

Feeling somewhat alarmed at the man's demeanour, Mrs. B—— assured him that she had no tobacco in the house.

"Where is the boss? Hasn't he got some?" said the fellow.

Receiving no answer, he grinned malevolently as he continued. "It's all right, Missus, I know he's gone to town," and approaching closer, he moved as if to place his hand upon the lady's shoulder.

Mrs. B—— was trembling with fear, but her brain worked quickly, and she thought of the men who were at work in the fields over the brow of the hill. The question was how to summon them to her assistance, for she knew that if she tried to run to them, this creature before her could easily overtake her, and his demeanour left no doubt that he meant serious mischief. Then a thought struck her, and making a dash to the kitchen, she seized from its place upon the wall a horn which was regularly used to summon the labourers to the house for their meals. Pressing it to her lips, she blew several strong blasts before the intruder had time to seize it and take it from her. She then ran from the door, and as she ran, with the evil fellow behind her, she was over-

joyed to see the islanders come racing over the hill in her direction.

In little more time than it takes to write they had reached the side of their mistress, the leader crying, "What name you blowem horn, Missis?" This no ki-ki time along us fellah."

Pointing to the intruder, who now stood back abashed and confounded at the prompt appearance of the islanders, Mrs. B—— explained what had happened.

The leader of the islanders promptly took the man by the arm. "You bin talk saucy alonga my Missis? All right, you coma alonga me. Me kill you quick."

With his countrymen close beside him to give assistance in case it were needed, the islander promptly led the wretched fellow away, trembling at their undoubted strength, their numbers and their threat to "kill," not aware that in island parlance "to kill" meant nothing more than a good beating.

Presently they returned, roaring with laughter and slapping their thighs after the fashion of their race when excited.

"I hope you no bin kill that fellah too much, Tom," said Mrs. B——.

"No, Missis," said Tom, "we only kill that fellah a little bit." It would have been interesting to have secured the man's version of what it was like to be killed a little bit, but at any rate he was not seen again in that vicinity.

"And that," said the narrator of the story, "is why my husband has changed his mind about employing kanakas, and also why I have insisted upon securing men from the same island as those of Mrs. B——."

#### *An Amusing Evasion.*

I have written previously that the Pacific Island Labourers' Act was regarded as cast-iron in its provisions. Efforts were frequently made to evade them by some planters, and the steps taken to

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## When a Clever Flag System Failed to Work

keep these evasions from my knowledge were many and varied. I will relate one instance, as an example.

I had learned that a certain planter, in addition to three who were regularly employed under agreement, had three others working who were not under agreement as provided by the Act.

It was my duty, of course, to investigate this matter, and paying a visit to the property I made my first call at the homestead. On seeing me, the lady of the house seemed rather flustered. I asked for her husband, and pointing to a group of men working some little distance away among the cane, she said he was with them.

Turning my horse, I started down the slope in the direction of the party, when something led me to look back, and there was the lady in the act of running up a flag on a pole near the house. Naturally, I wondered what it was all about, but thought it best to continue on my way, and presently I met the plantation owner coming in my direction. He was clearly surprised at seeing me, and after the usual formal greeting, he went on saying that he was wanted at the house.

As I was riding down the slope, I had counted the men in the party and came to the conclusion that there were seven, including the boss. On reaching the spot where they had been at work, however, I found there were only three, and these were the men whom I knew were working under a proper agreement. I could find no trace of any others in the vicinity, and the men who were there insisted that there were no others. Turning the matter over in my mind, I decided upon other measures, and within a few days I had the three missing men in my office, where I signed them up for another planter under a proper agreement.

Some years later I met the cane-farmer, and during the course of a friendly chat we drifted on to the subject of my duties as an Inspector of Island Labour, also the difficulties I had met with.

He laughed heartily as he said: "You know, we always had the office when you were on your rounds."



*The only shipment of Gilbert and Ellice Islanders brought to Queensland.*

"How was that," I queried.

"Well, at my place we had a series of flag signals that told us when you were about."

"And did it always work?"

"Not always," he replied. "I remember one day when you called my wife became very flustered, and she rang up the doctor's flag by mistake. Perhaps you may remember that I met you as you were coming down the hill, and I told you that I had business at the house. I couldn't make out what had happened, after seeing the doctor's flag go up, and then finding you on the place."

"I remember the circumstances very well," I replied, "and perhaps you will remember that on that particular occasion you had three men illegally working for you. You may remember, too, that within three days they cleared out and went elsewhere under agreement. You see, the inspector worked in more ways than one."

"Well, I'm d——," remarked the planter.

Among other duties as a Polynesian Labour Inspector, I had to attend at the Court when any of the islanders were tried. On one occasion there were five of them brought before Mr. Justice Harding charged with murder. On the case being called, the Crown Prosecutor, Mr. Virgil Power, advised the Court that the charge had been reduced to one of manslaughter.

"How am I to convey that to the prisoners and to satisfy myself

that they understand what it means?" said His Honour. Mr. Power drew the judge's attention to my presence in Court, and said that he felt sure I would assist them.

I thereupon addressed the prisoners, explained to them the altered nature of the charge, and the trial proceeded.

The case lasted the whole day, and at its conclusion the Crown Prosecutor invited me to join him in a social evening at the Royal Hotel. His Honour was not among the guests, although he knew all that took place, as he occupied another room in the same hotel.

It was a very pleasant evening, and I had to confess that on the

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## Embarrassment Follows a Convivial Night

following morning I was really not well enough to rise at my usual hour. Presently my wife advised me that a constable had called and requested my immediate attendance at the Court. I sent word that I would not be long, but unfortunately time slipped by, until a second constable came, and was given the same message. Still a further delay was followed by the appearance of Police Constable No. 3. By this time I had performed my ablutions, dressed, and felt that I really was in a condition to face the majesty of a Court.

"My word, Caulfeild, you're going to cop it, Harding is furious," was the remark which fell upon my ears as I encountered an officer of the Court standing in the doorway.

In fear, and trembling, I took my place, and His Honour addressed me very sternly:

"Mr. Caulfield, are you aware that I have had to send three constables to secure your attendance at this Court, and meantime the whole proceedings have been held up?"

I realised at once that this was an occasion which could only be met by a frank statement. I said, "Your Honour, when the first constable called, I was in no condition to appear before this honourable Court. When the second officer arrived, I was in a slightly better condition, and by the time the third officer came, I felt capable of presenting myself before your Honour, and offering you my humble apology. The facts are that last night I was present at a rather convivial gathering, and I have to confess that I took a little more than was discreet."

His Honour (who, of course, knew all about it) turned to Mr. Power: "What do you know about this, Mr. Power?" he said.

The Crown Prosecutor looked very confused and, rubbing his chin, he commenced to stammer a little.

"Never mind, Mr. Power," said His Honour, "I think I understand. Mr. Caulfeild has certainly made a manly confession and an apology which I am prepared to accept." Then turning to me he said with a mischievous smile, "Would you like

the Court to provide you with a couch, Mr. Caulfeild?"

"No, your Honour," I stammered, "I think I can manage very well without that."

### *Outbreak of Dysentery.*

On one of the largest plantations in the Bundaberg district, employing between four and five hundred planters, there broke out in the month of April, 1901, a virulent form of dysentery, and several deaths took place. Just before the outbreak, the attendant at the plantation hospital had left, placing the owners in an awkward predicament. A successor was obtained from Sydney who had little experience of dealing with kanakas, and taking alarm at the extent of the outbreak he, too, decided to leave.

Calling at my office, he told me of this, and further he made certain serious statements in regard to the conditions at the hospital. I was in receipt of regular reports from the plantation proprietors and also from the medical attendant, a doctor of high standard. I at once visited the estate, and on arrival at the hospital I found a very intelligent old kanaka had been placed in charge pending the arrival of a qualified man who had been wired for.

I made an exhaustive examination of the hospital and the patients, personally overhauled the blankets, and in company with a medical officer I inspected the medical stores. He assured me that there was a liberal supply of medical requirements always available, and nothing that could be done to overcome the outbreak had been neglected. He expressed the opinion that there was no need to regret the departure of my informant, who had been in such a state of "funk" that he was not capable of attending properly to the patients.

On returning to town I requested the Health Officer to visit the plantation and furnish me with a report, making any suggestions he considered necessary. As a result, he reported that the situation was being handled efficiently and the outbreak was abating, adding that he would certainly not agree to the patients being removed to the Bundaberg Hospital.

The next step was the publication in a Brisbane daily newspaper of a lurid report supplied by the man who had made the complaint to me, and this was followed by a similar story in one of the Sydney dailies. The result was that the Queensland Government ordered an immediate inquiry, at which I was charged with serious neglect of duty. There were 23 witnesses examined and the case lasted three days.

The finding of the Civil Service Board of three members was that:

"Mr. Caulfeild, on hearing of the outbreak of dysentery, took immediate steps to become acquainted with the actual conditions by at once visiting the plantation, consulting with the medical attendant and instructing the medical officer to furnish a report upon the outbreak. It is clearly shown in the evidence that the inspector, during his long career in the service, has always borne the character of a zealous and capable officer. The Board recommends that Mr. Caulfeild's suspension be removed and that his salary be allowed during the period of his suspension."

Later I was informed unofficially that there had never been any doubt in the minds of my superiors as to the result, but so much publicity had been given to the complaint that the inquiry was imperative.

In a private letter, the late Sir Samuel Griffith, Chief Justice of Australia, who had at one time administered the department to which I was attached, wrote to me: "No one knows better than I the responsibilities of the Ministers and officers charged with the conduct of the Polynesian Department. I have always felt that I could repose implicit confidence in your work as an inspector."

On one occasion, and only once, a shipment of islanders was recruited from the Gilbert and Ellice groups, the bulk of them for Bundaberg and the balance for "Yeppoon," a sugar property outside of Rockhampton. They were of a very fine type, many of them 6ft. in height and over.

It was said that the women ruled in their home islands, and certainly

## Adventurous Life

(Continued from page 56)

those employed at Fairymead seemed to regard a certain female among them as their Queen. Despite their physique, however, they could not stand the change of climate and many of them developed lung trouble; consequently no more of them were ever brought to Queensland. Some of them, I learned, had come from Frinafuti, the island upon which Darwin's theory relative to coral formation was investigated. I understand that a shaft was put down some hundreds of feet, to reveal nothing but coral all the way.

On one occasion I had to visit Yeppoon to arrange for the return of these people to their homes, and on my way from Gladstone to Rockhampton by the s.s. Miner, via the Narrows (this was before the railway connection), I had an elderly gentleman with several daughters as travelling companions.

In due course, an official came along to collect our tickets, but to his evident dismay the elderly gentleman could not find the tickets, either for himself or the members of his family. There was a great to-do about it, until at length the tickets were found safely deposited in the lining of the man's hat.

My condolences during the search led to our striking up an acquaintance, and my fellow-traveller told me of another very interesting occasion on which he had lost his ticket. He was travelling by rail from N.S.W. to Brisbane, and there were several other men in the same compartment. From time to time during the journey their tickets were examined, but on reaching Cambooya my new-found friend could not find his ticket anywhere. The collector insisted that it must be produced and the porter was busy placing the traveller's luggage out on the platform, when a tall, elderly man interposed. On being advised of the difficulty and of the identity of the traveller, he turned to the station master.

"I will be responsible for this gentleman's ticket to Brisbane," he said.

"Very well, Mr. Tyson, that will be quite all right," replied the station master quietly.

# Adventurous Life of Henry Caulfeild

## Late Inspector of Pacific Islanders

### Life on a Queensland Plantation

By Henry Caulfeild.

**B**EFORE closing this story of my experiences I would like to touch once more upon the conditions surrounding the employment of Kanaka labour in Queensland. Critics of the system will do well to remember that no vessel could be employed for recruiting and transport purposes until the owners had been duly licensed by the Queensland Government, and each ship had to carry an agent appointed by the Government. None but British subjects could be employed on the island labour vessels, and the captain in each case had to enter into substantial bonds to observe the provisions of the Pacific Islands Labour Act before he received his license. The proper treatment of the islanders after their arrival was carefully safeguarded and provision made for their return to their homes at the end of three years should they so desire.

On the arrival of a labour vessel at a Queensland port no contact whatever with the shore was allowed until a Government Health Officer had boarded the ship and examined those on board. When he had granted pratique the inspector went on board where he and the Government agent assisted the health officer to examine each native individually.

#### Health Precautions.

Once the health officer had issued his certificate, the inspector took charge. It was his first duty to see to it that every individual was aware of the nature of the work that awaited him in Queensland, that he had entered freely into the three years' agreement and that he understood the conditions as to food, clothing, payment and his return passage. Having satisfied himself on these points, the inspector would proceed to assign the islanders to those planters who had licenses to obtain labour by that particular ship.

The arrival of a labour vessel always awakened a deal of interest. The owners or their representatives

were usually on hand to secure a report of the voyage; then there were the planters who came along to see if they were likely to receive the full complement of men they desired to engage; the islanders already in the district were invariably eager to meet any of their countrymen who might be on board, and to all of these were added many members of the general public, drawn by curiosity or a desire to become possessed of island curios, birds, plants, and the like.

Planters often stipulated that the men for their service must be from a particular island, and it was clear that the reputation of the planters themselves was carried back to their islands by the returned men. It was no common thing for a recruiting officer to be asked if he was engaging men for Mr. B— or Mr. C—. The willingness of the islanders to be engaged was often dependent upon the answer to these questions. If they had not heard of the planter or had heard unfavourable reports of him, they would not engage. Tanna and Malaya men were most sought by the planters; but, generally speaking, all who hailed from the Solomon Islands gave satisfactory service. Though they were the best workers, they were of a decidedly turbulent nature and were at the root of most of the troubles that arose during their stay, but whilst they were quick to resent any slight or appearance of injustice, they were equally ready to forget.

#### A New Life.

Once installed on the plantation of his employer, the Islander was introduced to a life entirely new to him. His diet was altered from yams and an occasional feast of pork on some occasion of tribal rejoicing to a supply of meat daily, and he was provided with clothes to cover his body. His time was no longer his own to dispose of as he willed, and he found himself under

the necessity of doing exactly as he was told, with the example of the older hands as his principal guide. Nevertheless, the ready manner in which he adapted himself to his new life was, in most cases, remarkable.

Having finished the first six months of his service, the Islander was due to receive a sum of three pounds in gold. His method of calculating the due date for receiving these payments was by the moon, and this sometimes put him out in his reckoning, but there were usually some of the older hands to put him right, and pay day was always eagerly awaited. The distribution of clothing—shirts and trousers for the men and dresses for the women, besides blankets for all—was an important matter, too. It was not often that I had to reject any of these articles on the score of inferior quality, but in order to avoid needless transport the examination of the goods was usually carried out at the stores in town.

The change in the appearance of the Islanders was usually very marked by the end of their first year of service. By this time, too, the planter was able to judge whether he had a worthwhile man or a dud to deal with. In the course of many years' experience, however, I cannot recall more than a half dozen cases in which the employers decided to allow men to return home before the three years had expired by reason of incapacity to do what was required. Such cases as there were could be attributed to general debility, possibly a result of climatic conditions, to which the Islander was unaccustomed.

Once over the first year of service, the Islanders usually improved steadily in physique and in their capacity to overcome the changed climate and mode of life. It was usually after the first three years and as they were entering upon their second engagement that one could get an insight into the



## The Eternal Feminine Caused Trouble

nature of these men. Instead of £6 a year, they now found themselves receiving offers of from £16 to £20 a year, especially if there was a good cane season on.

### *Sense of Humour.*

Many of the Islanders, particularly the Tanna and Malaya men, had quite a keen sense of humour. One one occasion a Kanaka who had long worked at Millaquin, but who had transferred to another employer with a comparatively small mill, was asked by a mischievous questioner if his new boss had a mill "all same like Millaquin," to which he replied disdainfully: "No all same Millaquin: mill all same wheelbarrow."

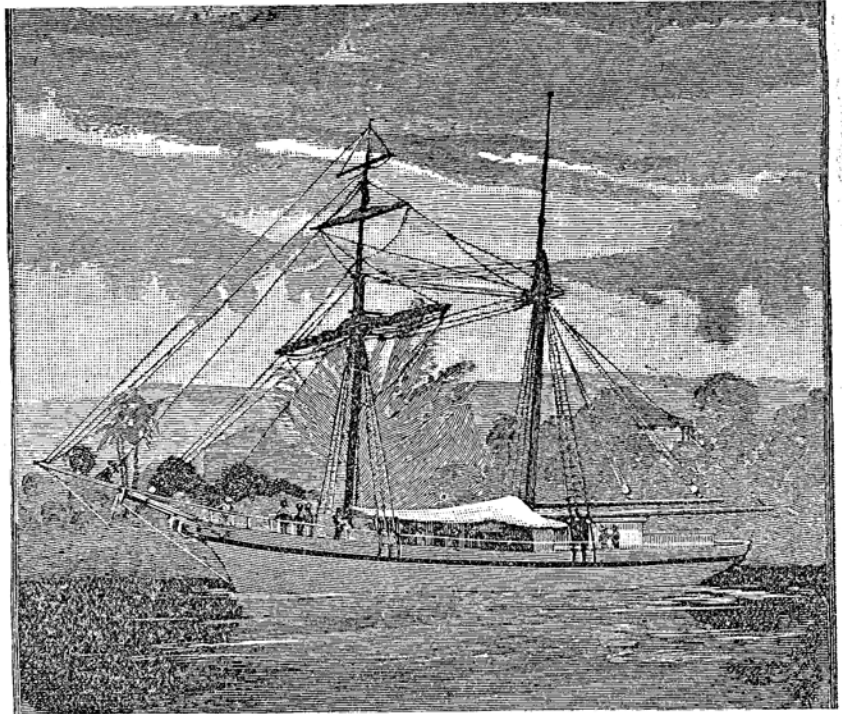
Taken all in all, they were very honest, and it was seldom a trader with whom they dealt had to write off an account. At one time I had upwards of £11,000 deposited in the Savings Bank to the credit of the Islanders, and in all matters relating to their deposits they were most reliable. What puzzled them was the system of interest, by which their deposits grew. They never seemed able to grasp the idea of this, but they accepted it as entirely satisfactory to them.

When he had reached the stage of having money to spare, the Islander was a good spender and insisted on having the best he could afford. I happened to be in a boot shop when one of them asked for boots, and was shown a rough pair at a low price. Handing them back to the assistant, he said disdainfully:

"You no got more better boot? Me think me go to Mr. —."

He had named the proprietor of a rival shop. When handed a better pair at double the price, he was satisfied, and he paid cash for his purchase.

Some storekeepers would keep a box for Islanders who desired it. The boy would first purchase the box and then from time to time there would be placed in it such other purchase as he might make of goods to take back to his island. These would include such articles as axes, hammers, knives, calico, sheeting, concertinas, mouth organs, photo albums, and the like. The



*A typical island labour vessel.*

ultimate value of the contents of each box usually amounted to £6 or £7. In many instances the traders acted as bankers for the Islanders, thousands of pounds being lodged in this way. I know of only one instance of a trader failing to satisfy his depositors, but in that case the amount in default was over £1000. Asked why he placed his money with a storekeeper instead of the Government Savings Bank, an Islander replied: "Oh, that fella he love me plenty."

### *The Eternal Feminine.*

The Eternal Feminine was at the bottom of much of the trouble that occurred among the Islanders, and I was fortunately able to assist in averting many a row about a lady by getting the contending parties to talk it over. Sometimes the trouble was due to the fact that the man and the woman were from different islands. A union in such a case was risky should they ever decide to return home. There were other cases which were purely commercial, and I regret to say that on one occasion I was responsible for the value of the lady in dispute

being considerably reduced. She accepted my ruling calmly and without argument.

One day a fine, well-set-up woman came to my office and told me, in very good English, that she was tired of her husband and had decided to marry again. As the man of her choice was a countryman, her people were quite agreeable, and so far as they could see there was nothing to hinder her having her way, but they had deemed it wise to acquaint me of their intentions.

In reply to my questions, she informed me that she had been married when she had first reached Queensland, but that her husband had died. She had then married again, but her second husband had gone north.

"Where you marry him?" I asked; whereupon she drew out a marriage certificate duly signed by a minister of the Church of England and disclosing that the ceremony had taken place in solemn form at Christ Church, Bundaberg. I talked to her very seriously about her intentions, but I felt convinced that when she left me she had quite

## Jack London's Party Saved From Trouble

failed to realise the position as I saw it.

It is interesting to record that at the end of their first three years' term some 50 per cent. of the Islanders signed on again with the same employers at double, or perhaps treble, the first wage. Usually about 25 per cent. of them returned home after three years and the remainder signed up for short terms with new employers.

The wages of Islanders had to be paid to them in the presence of an inspector and in coin of the realm. No advances were allowed without official sanction and no deductions were allowed on account of sickness. These restrictions were rendered necessary because of previous impositions, but they did not bear hardly on the humane and honest employer.

### *Homeward Bound.*

Once having made up his mind to return to his island home, the Kanaka usually became restless, impatient and brooked of no delay. It was a fairly anxious time for me getting a ship away with returned men. First of all, lists had to be compiled in triplicate, each Islander had to be identified beyond question, savings bank money had to be collected and paid, and sometimes it had to be procured from branches in other parts of Queensland where the owner had worked. I have known an Islander to draw as much as £100 in gold, including interest. Ships' stores—rice, beef, biscuits, etc.—had to be inspected, quality and quantities had to be investigated, the men's quarters and medicine chest examined, and in every instance a computation had to be made of the time the voyage would cover so that there would be no danger of shortage of stores, both for those being returned and for those recruited.

Four months' stores had to be shipped if the voyage was to the Solomon Islands, Malayta or Gaudalcanar. At the southern end of Malayta there is a passage called Maramasika, 30 miles in length, in which a vessel has been known to remain landlocked for

three weeks. Such events had to be provided for in the stores list.

### *Secreting Firearms.*

Before going on board, each Islander had to pass the medical officer, and they were then taken on board in whaleboats with their heavy boxes. It was the duty of the Customs officer to examine all the boxes for firearms and cartridges. From time to time many rifles and belts of cartridges were thus brought to light, usually secreted beneath a false bottom to the boxes, for there were evidently men who did not scruple to sell these deadly implements to the islanders, knowing full well that at any time they might be turned against white men. Some of them tried to condone their offence by saying they knew there was no chance of the arms they sold to the Islanders getting past the Customs officials.

I remember on one occasion noting that a certain female seemed to be rather stouter at the rear than the remainder of her frame seemed to warrant. I got another island woman, not a country woman of the suspect, to examine her. The result was the discovery of a triple bustle of Snider cartridges, all neatly sewn into belts. This caused a vast amount of mirth among the returnees, the woman's own friends joining heartily in the laugh against her. Cartridges were, of course, much more easily secreted than weapons. Although the latter were supposed to be unprocurable by the natives, I have heard of employers on some of the islands who actually paid for work done with firearms. Hence the smuggling of cartridges.

All precautions and formalities having been carried out, boats would come alongside the ship to take off those for the shore, and as the vessel, with her human freight, stood out to sea one often heard swell out from the throats of the home-going Islanders the well-known lines:

"God be with you till we meet again."

It was a splendid tribute to the work of those who had interested themselves in the spiritual welfare

of the islanders during their sojourn in Queensland.

Admirers of the late Jack London may remember a misfortune which befell that famous author and his wife when they were visiting the Solomon Islands. They were sailing a boat named the "Minota," which they had chartered from a trader when on the 20th August, 1908, it went ashore off the headland of Malayta. My son James, who had relinquished a good position in the Commonwealth Customs Department to join the South Seas Evangelical Mission, had been living alone on this island since 1904, and his first knowledge of the disaster was when he found Mrs. London domiciled in his quarters.

My son's influence with the salt-water natives of the island was sufficient to save the stranded boat from being looted by the men from the bush, who were eager to take advantage of the mishap and were only prevented from coming in force to rob the boat by the knowledge that the saltwater men would support my son at all costs in protecting Jack London's party and property. In a letter to his mother about this trouble my son wrote:

"A threat had been made by the bush natives to 'put head belonga Caulfeild on a pole.' On the arrival of this message, three chiefs of the saltwater tribes sent word to me: 'Suppose them fella make trouble alonga you, we fella come quick and help you, all same your father help us fella alonga Queensland.'" I was very proud that my work in Queensland should thus have been instrumental in helping my boy and perhaps saving his life, in that far away and savage island.

Later on Jack London sent to my son a complimentary copy of his book "The Cruise of the Shark," and on the title page was written an acknowledgment of what had been done for them. Later still Mrs. London wrote an account of the voyage with copious illustrations, a copy of which she also sent to my son, with a warm recognition of the help he had given on the occasion of the disaster.

THE END