



SIR FREDERICK JACKSON, K.C.M.G.

Frontispiece.

EARLY DAYS IN EAST AFRICA

by the late

SIR FREDERICK JACKSON

K.C.M.G., C.B.

Lieutenant-Governor for East Africa Protectorate (1907-1911)

Governor and Commander-in-Chief, Uganda (1911-1917)

with a foreword by

LORD CRANWORTH

introduction by

H. B. THOMAS, O.B.E.



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arrived, and in the meantime I sent off by special runner my private letter to Sir Harry, who was then somewhere on the Uasingishu Plateau. In it I suggested that Martin should be posted to some place where there were no such temptations; and in reply received instructions to wait at the Ravine until he arrived. In the meantime Martin arrived and our interview was a very distressing one for both of us, and I do not care to recall it.

On Sir Harry's arrival, Martin, two others, and I went down the hill to meet him, and after greetings and a short résumé of his journey, as we began to ascend the hill he turned to Martin with a beaming face, and said, "And now, Martin, I want to tell you that I have decided to occupy the Sesse Islands, and build a station on Sagalla to be named after Stanley and I want you to build it for me." Nothing could have been neater, and in spite of the stiff climb to the station, we three who were in the know breathed more freely, and so ended an incident that in no way affected my long-standing friendship with Martin.

Any reference to Zanzibar at that period would be incomplete without mention of two well-known characters, Frederic Holmwood the Balozi (Consul) and Judge Cracknell. The former, a frail, delicate-looking man with a huge moustache, was famous for his romances and tall stories; and perhaps the most amusing part of them was the serious, very serious, way in which he told them. One in particular I remember well as it broke up a card party. It was about a man-eating lion. He had gone to the village on purpose to try and kill it, and had sat up all night in a native hut, with a goat tied up outside as bait. After many hours' waiting, he heard a loud bang not far off, but nothing else happened, and at daylight he found that a native had fired the shot, and wounded the lion.

Then followed a most thrilling account of tracking it up, sweat dripping from and tickling his nose, his thumping heart almost bursting, and all that sort of thing, until he saw a bit of the lion's leg; then the usual hesitation and perplexity, and at last a shot where he judged its body

ought to be; but on the smoke clearing away, the leg was still there. Finally—and by this time we were all agog with suppressed excitement—he crept forward, only to find the beast dead and stiff, and he concluded very dramatically: "And do you know what the man killed it with? A rusty nail!"

He from time to time picked up a good antelope head in the bazaar, hung it up on his wall, and in a month or two began to tell people he had shot it, till he ended in fully believing he had done so. However, he eventually became immortalized by having a rhinoceros named after him.

He had acquired in the bazaar two or three particularly fine horns, obviously of a black rhinoceros, but far exceeding in length anything hitherto seen, and on his presenting them to the Natural History Museum, Dr. Günther came to the conclusion that they belonged to an unknown species, and named the beast *R. Holmwood*. It is now known that several other very long horns were brought down by traders from the vicinity of Mount Kenya, where Mr. S. L. Hinde shot a bull with a front horn of 44 inches.

Even if his rhinoceros is not recognized as a sub-species or race, he still has to his credit the largest bag of guinea-fowl ever made; twenty-two with a double shot into the brown, as a large flock were massed together in a drift! Martin was present and counted them.

Judge Cracknell was quite a character, though not one to emulate in some respects. He certainly had a great and well-deserved reputation as a judge, and as such, he was held in the highest esteem by all sections of the community. His face was a study in itself, large, very red, and when telling stories, most of them unfit to repeat, he screwed it up in such a highly comical manner as to cause merriment even to those too far away to hear the story.

One tale about him, and quite a proper one, though scarcely in keeping with his exalted position, is worth repeating. He was going home on leave by a British India steamer, and Smith, Mackenzie & Co., the agents and personal friends of his, could not manage, as usual, to allot him a