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VOL. 141.

THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT BY H. M. STANLEY.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT;

OR,

THE SOURCES OF THE NILE, AROUND THE GREAT LAKES OF EQUATORIAL AFRICA, AND DOWN THE LIVINGSTONE RIVER TO THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.

BY

HENRY M. STANLEY,

AUTHOR OF "HOW I FOUND LIVINGSTONE," "COOMASSIE AND MAGDALA," "MY KALULU," ETC.

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WITH MAP OF THE AUTHOR'S ROUTE, COPIOUS APPENDIX, AND INDEX.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

HAMBURG.
KARL GRÄDENER.
1878.

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DEDICATION.

THE HEARTY ENCOURAGEMENT AND LIBERAL MEANS WHICH ENABLED ME
TO PERFORM THE MISSION ENTRUSTED TO ME,
OF EXPLORING THE DARK CONTINENT OF AFRICA AND SOLVING MANY
INTERESTING GEOGRAPHICAL PROBLEMS,
AND TO FITTINGLY REWARD THE FAITHFUL SURVIVORS,
INDUCE ME TO MAKE PUBLIC MY DEEP PERSONAL ACKNOWLEDGMENTS,
BY DEDICATING THESE VOLUMES, WHICH RECORD ITS RESULTS,
TO THE PROMOTERS OF THE ENTERPRISE,

MR. J. M. LEVY AND MR. EDWARD L. LAWSON,

PROPRIETORS OF THE 'DAILY TELEGRAPH,'

AND

MR. JAMES GORDON BENNETT,

PROPRIETOR OF THE 'NEW YORK HERALD,'

AND IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE GREAT AND CONSTANT INTEREST MANIFESTED
BY HIM IN THE SUCCESS OF THE UNDERTAKING, I MUST
BE PERMITTED TO ADD THE NAME OF

MR. EDWIN ARNOLD, C.S.I. AND F.R.G.S.

WITHOUT THE PATRONAGE, FULL CONFIDENCE, AND CORDIAL SYMPATHY OF
THESE GENTLEMEN I SHOULD HAVE BEEN UNABLE TO ACCOMPLISH
THE TASK NOW HAPPILY COMPLETED.

H. M. STANLEY.

PREFACE.

Before these volumes pass irrevocably out of the Author's hands, I take this, the last, opportunity of addressing my readers. In the first place, I have to express my most humble thanks to Divine Providence for the gracious protection vouchsafed to myself and my surviving followers during our late perilous labours in Africa.

In the second place, I have to convey to many friends my thanks for their welcome services and graceful congratulations, notably to Messrs. Motta Viega and J. W. Harrison, the gentlemen of Boma who, by their timely supplies of food, electrified the Expedition into new life; to the sympathizing society of Loanda, who did their best to spoil us with flattering kindness; to the kindly community of the Cape of Good Hope, who so royally entertained the homeward bound strangers; to the directorates of the B. I. S. N. and the P. and O. Companies, and especially to Mr. W. Mackinnon of the former, and Mr. H. Bayley and Captain Thomas H. Black of the latter, for their generous assistance both on my setting out and on my returning; to the British Admiralty, and, personally, to Captain Purvis, senior officer on the West Coast Station, for placing at my disposal H.M.S. *Industry*, and to Commodore Sullivan, for continuing the great favour from the Cape to Zanzibar; to the officers and sailors of H.M.S. *Industry*, for the great patience and kindness which they showed to the wearied Africans; and to my friends at Zanzibar, especially to Mr. A. Sparhawk, for their kindly welcome and cordial help.

In the next place, to the illustrious individuals and Societies who have intimated to me their appreciation of the services I have been enabled to render to Science, I have to convey the very respectful expression of my sense of the honours thus conferred upon me—to his Majesty King Humbert of Italy, for the portrait of himself, enriched with the splendid compliment of his personal approbation of my services,[*] which with the gold medal received from his royal father, King Victor Emanuel, will for ever be treasured with pride—to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, for the distinguished honour shown me by his personal recognition of my work —to H.H. the Khedive of Egypt, for the high distinction of the Grand Commandership of the Order of the Medjidie, with the Star and Collar—to the Royal Geographical Society of London for its hearty public reception of me on my return, and for the highly valued diploma of an Honorary Corresponding Member subsequently received—to the Geographical Societies and Chambers of Commerce of Paris, Italy, and Marseilles, for the great honour of the Medals awarded to me[†]—to the Geographical Societies of

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[*] The portrait has been graciously subscribed—
"All' intrepido viaggiatore
"Enrico Stanley
"UMBERTO RE."

[†] I have received the honour of appointment as Officier de l'Instruction Publique, France; Gold Medallist of the Geographical Societies of London, Paris, Italy, and Marseilles; Silver Medallist of the Chamber of Commerce of Marseilles, and of the Municipality of Marseilles; Honorary Member of the Geographical Societies of Antwerp, Berlin, Bordeaux, Bremen, Hamburg, Lyons, Marseilles, Montpellier, Vienna, &c.

Antwerp, Berlin, Bordeaux, Bremen, Hamburg, Lyons, Marseilles, Montpellier, and Vienna, and to the Society of Arts of London, for the privilege of Honorary Membership to which I have been admitted—to the very numerous distinguished gentlemen who have lent the influence of their authority in the worlds of Science, Letters, and Society to the public favour so liberally extended to me—to all these do I wish to convey my keen appreciation of the honours and favours of which I have been the recipient. And for yet another honour I have to express my thanks—one which I may be pardoned for regarding as more precious, perhaps, than even all the rest. The Government of the United States has crowned my success with its official approval, and the unanimous vote of thanks passed in both Houses of the Legislature has made me proud for life of the Expedition and its achievements.

Alas! that to share this pride and these honours there are left to me none of those gallant young Englishmen who started from this country to cross the Dark Continent, and who endeared themselves to me by their fidelity and affection: alas! that to enjoy the exceeding pleasure of rest among friends, after months of fighting for dear life among cannibals and cataracts, there are left so few of those brave Africans to whom, as the willing hands and the loyal hearts of the Expedition, so much of its success was due.

That the rule of my conduct in Africa has not been understood by all, I know to my bitter cost; but with my conscience at ease, and the simple record of my daily actions, which I now publish, to speak for me, this misunderstanding on the part of a few presents itself to me only as one more harsh experience of life. And those who read my book will know that I have indeed had "a sharp apprehension and keen intelligence" of many such experiences.

Of the merits and demerits of this book it is not for me to speak. The Publisher's Note prefixed to the first volume explains how much I have had to omit from even the simple narrative of the journey, but it remains for me to state that this omission has been due as much to the exigencies of space and time as to the fact that in the running chronicle of our eventful progress "Reflections" and scientific inferences—all the after-growth of thought—would have tediously interrupted the record.

In conclusion, I have to thank Mr. Phil. Robinson, the author of 'In my Indian Garden,' for assisting me in the revision of my work. My acknowledgments are also due to Lieut. S. Schofield Sugden, R.N., for the perseverance and enthusiasm with which he recalculated all my observations, making even the irksome compilation of maps a pleasant task.

H. M. S.

May 27, 1878.

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

In consequence of the size to which the volumes of the original edition of this work had expanded, the London publishers found it necessary to omit a large amount of valuable matter already in type, and, at least for the present, the Asher Edition could not but follow their example. This material consists of chapters on the hydrography, ethnology, and natural history of Central Africa, and of "Considerations" on the lakes, lands, and peoples of the Equatorial regions; as well as chapters on the hydrography and physical geography of the Western half of Africa, with special reference to the Livingstone Basin and River, and the volcanic formation of the defile through which the Livingstone falls into the Atlantic; with, also, calculations of the volume and velocity of fifteen of the greater affluents of the Livingstone.

This material, together with the account of Mr. Stanley's exploration of the Rufiji River (promised for the Appendix, see page 69, Vol. I.), will be gathered into one or two supplementary volumes, and published during the autumn.

HAMBURG, *July* 2, 1878.

THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT.

EXPLANATION.—PART I.

My new mission—The *Daily Telegraph*—" *Yes; Bennett* "—The *Lady Alice*—My European staff—Disappointed applicants and thoughtful friends—My departure for Afrika. PART II. The sources of the Nile—Herodotus on the Nile—Burton on the Nile basin—Lake Tanganika—Lake Victoria—Speke, Grant, and Cameron—The Livingstone River—The work before me.

WHILE returning to England in April 1874 from the Ashantee War, the news reached me that Livingstone was dead—that his body was on its way to England!

Livingstone had then fallen! He was dead! He had died by the shores of Lake Bemba, on the threshold of the dark region he had wished to explore! The work he had promised me to perform was only begun when death overtook him!

The effect which this news had upon me, after the first shock had passed away, was to fire me with a resolution to complete his work, to be, if God willed it, the next martyr to geographical science, or, if my life was to be spared, to clear up not only the secrets of the Great River throughout its course, but also all that remained still problematic and incomplete of the discoveries of Burton and Speke, and Speke and Grant.

The solemn day of the burial of the body of my great friend arrived. I was one of the pall-bearers in Westminster Abbey, and when I had seen the coffin lowered into the grave, and had heard the first handful of earth thrown over it, I walked away sorrowing over the fate of David Livingstone.

I laboured night and day over my book, 'Coomassie and Magdala,' for I was in a fever to begin that to which I now had vowed to devote myself. Within three weeks the literary work was over, and I was free.

Soon after this I was passing by an old bookshop, and observed a volume bearing the singular title of 'How to Observe.' Upon opening it, I perceived it contained tolerably clear instructions of "How and what to observe." It was very interesting, and it whetted my desire to know more; it led me to purchase quite an extensive library of books upon Africa, its geography, geology, botany, and ethnology. I thus became possessed of over one hundred and thirty books upon Africa, which I studied with the zeal of one who had a living interest in the subject, and with the understanding of one who had been already four times on that continent. I knew what had been accomplished by African explorers, and I knew how much of the dark interior was still unknown to the world. Until late hours I sat up, inventing and planning, sketching out routes, laying out lengthy lines of possible exploration, noting many suggestions which the continued study of my project created. I also drew up lists of instruments and other paraphernalia that would be required to map, lay out, and describe the new regions to be traversed.

I had strolled over one day to the office of the *Daily Telegraph*, full of the subject. While I was discussing journalistic enterprise in general with one of the staff, the Editor entered. We spoke of Livingstone and the unfinished task remaining behind him. In reply to an eager remark which I made, he asked:—

"Could you, and would you, complete the work? And what is there to do?"

I answered:—

"The outlet of Lake Tanganika is undiscovered. We know nothing scarcely—except what Speke has sketched out—of Lake Victoria; we do not even know whether it consists of one or many lakes, and therefore the sources of the Nile are still unknown. Moreover, the western half of the African continent is still a white blank."

"Do you think you can settle all this, if we commission you?"

"While I live, there will be something done. If I survive the time required to perform all the work, all shall be done."

The matter was for the moment suspended, because Mr. James Gordon Bennett, of the *New York Herald*, had prior claims on my services. A telegram was despatched to New York to him: "Would he join the *Daily Telegraph* in sending Stanley out to Africa, to complete the discoveries of Speke, Burton, and Livingstone?" and, within twenty-four hours, my "new mission" to Africa was determined on as a joint expedition, by the laconic answer which the cable flashed under the Atlantic: "Yes; Bennett."

A few days before I departed for Africa, the *Daily Telegraph* announced in a leading article that its proprietors had united with Mr. James Gordon Bennett in organizing an expedition of African discovery, under the command of Mr. Henry M. Stanley. "The purpose of the enterprise," it said, "is to complete the work left unfinished by the lamented death of Dr. Livingstone; to solve, if possible, the remaining problems of the geography of Central Africa; and to investigate and report upon the haunts of the slave-traders." . . . . "He will represent the two nations whose common interest in the regeneration of Africa was so well illustrated when the lost English explorer was rediscovered by the energetic American correspondent. In that memorable journey, Mr. Stanley displayed the best qualities of an African traveller; and with no inconsiderable resources at his disposal to reinforce his own complete acquaintance with the conditions of African travel, it may be hoped that very important results will accrue from this undertaking to the advantage of science, humanity, and civilisation."

Two weeks were allowed me for purchasing boats—a yawl, a gig, and a barge—for giving orders for pontoons, and purchasing equipment, guns, ammunition, rope, saddles, medical stores, and provisions; for making investments in gifts for native chiefs; for obtaining scientific instruments, stationery, &c. &c. The barge was an invention of my own.

It was to be 40 feet long, 6 feet beam, and 30 inches deep, of Spanish cedar $^3/_8$ inch thick. When finished, it was to be separated into five sections, each of which should be 8 feet long. If the sections should be over-weight, they were to be again divided into halves for greater facility of carriage. The construction of this novel boat was undertaken by Mr. James Messenger, boat-builder, of Teddington, near London. The pontoons were made by Cording, but though the workmanship was beautiful, they were not a success, because the superior efficiency of the boat for all purposes rendered them unnecessary. However, they were not wasted. Necessity compelled us, while in Africa, to employ them for far different purposes from those for which they had originally been designed.

There lived a clerk at the Langham Hotel, of the name of Frederick Barker, who, smitten with a desire to go to Africa, was not to be dissuaded by reports of its unhealthy climate, its dangerous fevers, or the uncompromising views of exploring life given to him. "He would go, he was determined to go," he said. To meet the earnest entreaties of this young man, I requested him to wait until I should return from the United States.

Mr. Edwin Arnold, of the *Daily Telegraph*, also suggested that I should be accompanied by one or more young English boatmen of good character, on the ground that their river knowledge would be extremely useful to me. He mentioned his wish to a most worthy fisherman, named Henry Pocock, of Lower Upnor, Kent, who had kept his yacht for him, and who had fine stalwart sons, who bore the reputation of being honest and trustworthy. Two of these young men volunteered at once. Both Mr. Arnold and myself warned the Pocock family repeatedly that Africa had a cruel character, that the sudden change from the daily comforts of English life to the rigorous one of an explorer would try the most perfect constitution; would most likely be fatal to the uninitiated and unacclimatized. But I permitted myself to be overborne by the eager courage and devotion of these adventurous lads, and Francis John Pocock and Edward Pocock, two very likely-looking young men, were accordingly engaged as my assistants.

I crossed over to America the guest of Mr. Ismay, of the "White Star" line, to bid farewell to my friends, and after a five days' stay returned in a steamer belonging to the same Company.

Meantime, soon after the announcement of the "New Mission," applications by the score poured into the offices of the *Daily Telegraph* and *New York Herald* for employment. Before I sailed from England, over 1200 letters were received from "generals," "colonels," "captains," "lieutenants," "midshipmen," "engineers," "commissioners of hotels," mechanics, waiters, cooks, servants, somebodies and nobodies, spiritual mediums and magnetizers, &c. &c. They all knew Africa, were perfectly acclimatized, were quite sure they would please me, would do important services, save me from any number of troubles by their ingenuity and resources, take me up in balloons or by flying carriages, make us all invisible by their magic arts, or by the "science of magnetism" would cause all savages to fall asleep while we might pass anywhere without trouble. Indeed I feel sure that, had enough money been at my disposal at that time, I might have led 5000 Englishmen, 5000 Americans, 2000 Frenchmen, 2000 Germans, 500 Italians, 250 Swiss, 200 Belgians, 50 Spaniards and 5 Greeks, or 15,005 Europeans, to Africa. But the time had not arrived to depopulate Europe, and colonize Africa on such a scale, and I was compelled to respectfully decline accepting the valuable services of the applicants, and to content myself with Francis John and Edward Pocock, and Frederick Barker—whose entreaties had been seconded by his mother, on my return from America.

I was agreeably surprised also, before departure, at the great number of friends I possessed in England, who testified their friendship substantially by presenting me with useful "tokens of their regard" in the shape of canteens, watches, water-bottles, pipes, pistols, knives, pocket companions, manifold writers, cigars, packages of medicine, Bibles, prayer-books, English tracts for the dissemination of religious knowledge among the black pagans, poems, tiny silk banners, gold rings, &c. &c. A lady for whom I have a reverent respect presented me also with a magnificent prize mastiff named "Castor," an English officer presented me with another, and at the Dogs' Home at Battersea I purchased a retriever, a bull-dog, and a bull-terrier, called respectively by the Pococks "Nero," "Bull," and "Jack."

There were two little farewell dinners only which I accepted before my departure from England. One was at the house of the Editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, where I met Captain Fred. Burnaby and a few other kind friends. Captain Burnaby half promised to meet me at the sources of the Nile. The other was a dinner given by the representative of the *New York Herald*, at which were present Mr. George Augustus Sala, Mr. W. G. Stillman, Mr. George W. Smalley, and three or four other journalists of note. It was a kindly quiet good-bye, and that was my last of London.

On the 15th August 1874, having shipped the Europeans, boats, dogs, and general property of the expedition—which, through the kindness of Mr. Henry Bayley, of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, and Mr. William Mackinnon, of the British India Steam Navigation Company, were to be taken to Zanzibar at half-fares—I left England for the east coast of Africa to begin my explorations.

EXPLANATION.—PART II.

THE SOURCES OF THE NILE.

"Yet still no views have urged my ardour more
Than Nile's remotest fountains to explore;
Then say what source the famous stream supplies,
And bids it at revolving periods rise;
Show me the head from whence since time begun
The long succession of his waves have run;
This let me know, and all my toils shall cease,
The sword be sheathed, and earth be blessed with peace."
Pharsalia (Cæsar loq.).

IN the fifth century, before the Christian era began, Herodotus, the first great African traveller, wrote about the Nile and its sources as follows:—

"Respecting the nature of this river, the Nile, I was unable to gain any information, either from the priests or any one else. I was very desirous, however, of learning from them why the Nile, beginning at the summer solstice, fills and overflows for a hundred days; and when it has nearly completed this number of days, falls short in its stream, and retires; so that it continues low all the winter, until the return of the summer solstice. Of these particulars I could get no information from the Egyptians, though I inquired whether this river has any peculiar quality that makes it differ in nature from other rivers. Being anxious, then, of knowing what was said about this matter, I made inquiries, and also how it comes to pass that this is the only one of all rivers that does not send forth breezes from its surface. Nevertheless, some of the Greeks, wishing to be distinguished for their wisdom, have attempted to account for these inundations in three different ways: two of these ways are scarcely worth mentioning, except that I wish to show what they are. One of them says that the Etesian winds are the cause of the swelling of the river, by preventing the Nile from discharging itself into the sea. But frequently the Etesian winds have not blown, yet the Nile produces the same effects; besides, if the Etesian winds were the cause, all other rivers that flow opposite to the same winds must of necessity be equally affected and in the same manner as the Nile; and even so much the more, as they are less and have weaker currents; yet there are many rivers in Syria, and many in Libya, which are not all affected as the Nile is. The second opinion shows still more ignorance than the former, but, if I may so say, is more marvellous. It says that the Nile, flowing from the ocean, produces this effect; and that the ocean flows all round the earth. The third way of resolving this difficulty is by far the most specious, but most untrue. For by saying that the Nile flows from melted snow, it says nothing, for this river flows from Libya through the middle of Ethiopia and discharges itself into Egypt; how therefore, since it runs from a very hot to a colder region, can it flow from snow? Many reasons will readily occur to men of good understanding, to show the improbability of its flowing from snow. The first and chief proof is derived from the winds, which blow hot from those regions: the second is, that the country, destitute of rain, is always free from ice; but after snow has fallen, it must of necessity rain within five days; so that if snow fell, it would also rain in these regions. In the third place, the inhabitants become black from the excessive heat: kites and swallows continue there all the year; and the cranes, to avoid the cold of Scythia, migrate to these parts as winter quarters: if then ever so little snow fell in this country through which the Nile flows, and from which it derives its source, none of these things would happen, as necessity proves. But the person who speaks about the ocean, since he has referred his account to some obscure fable, produces no conviction at all, for I do not know any river called the Ocean, but suppose that Homer, or some other ancient poet, having invented the name, introduced it into poetry."

Captain Burton the learned traveller has some excellent paragraphs in his 'Nile Basin,' and remarks on this topic in connection with Ptolemy:—

"That early geographer placed his lake Nilus a little to the south of the Equator (about ten degrees), and 5° E. long. from Alexandria—that is, in 34° or 35° E. long. by our mode of reckoning. He was led into an error in placing these portions of the interior, bearing, as he conceived, from certain points in the east. Thus he places Cape Aromatum (Cape Asser or Cape Guardafui) in 6° N. lat., which we know to be in 11° 48′ 50″, being thus, say, 6° out of its true place. He places the lake, the source of the western branch of the river, 1° more to the north and 8° more to the west than the one for the eastern branch; subsequent inquiries may show us that these great features of Africa may yet turn out to be substantially correct.

"We cannot here enter into any disquisition regarding the discrepancies that appear amongst the very ancient authors regarding these parts of Africa. We notice only those that are consistent and most valuable, and as bearing upon the priority of discovery and geographical knowledge. The earliest period we hear of Ethiopia is in the capture of the capital thereof by Moses, 1400 years before our era, and 90 or 100 years before the departure of the Israelites from Egypt. Josephus calls it Saba, and states that it was very strong, situated on the River Astosabos, and that the name was changed to Meroë, by Cambyses, in honour of his sister Meroë. There were known to ancient writers three great tributaries to the Nile in Ethiopia, namely, the Astaboras (Tacazze), the Astosabos (Blue River), and the Astapus (White River). Herodotus says the source of the Nile, Astosabos, was twenty days' journey to the south of Meroë, which will bring it to Lake Dembea or Tzana. According to Ptolemy, the position of Meroë was in 16° 25′ N. lat., but the ancient astronomer Hipparchus has placed it in 16° 51′, which may be taken as the most correct. Caillaud found the vast ruins in 16° 56′. Under Psammeticus, the first Egyptian king that reigned after the final expulsion of the Ethiopian kings from Egypt, 240,000 emigrants from Egypt settled in an island south of the island of Meroë, that is beyond Khartoum, between the Blue and the White Rivers, and at eight days' journey east of the Nubæ, or Nubatæ. Subsequently the Roman arms extended to those parts. Petronius, the Roman general under Augustus, thirty years before our era, took and destroyed Napata, the ancient capital of Tirhaka, situated on the great northern bend of the

Nile at Mount Barkhall, where vast ruins are still found. Meroë certainly, the capital of Queen Candace, mentioned in the New Testament (Acts viii. 27), also fell under the Roman yoke. Nero, early in his reign, sent a remarkable exploring party, under two centurions, with military force, to explore the source of the Nile and the countries to the west of the Astapus or White River, at that early day considered to be the true Nile. Assisted by an Ethiopian sovereign (Candace, no doubt), they went through the district now known as Upper Nubia, to a distance of 890 Roman miles from Meroë. In the last part of their journey they came to immense marshes, the end of which no one seemed to know, amongst which the channels were so narrow that the light boat or canoe in use was barely sufficient to carry one man across them. Still they continued their course south till they saw the river tumbling down or issuing out between the rocks, when they turned back, carrying with them a map of the regions through which they had passed: for Nero's guidance and information. This, it may be remarked, is exactly the case still. The Dutch ladies told us last year that they found the channels amongst these marshes so thick that the lightest canoe, made of bulrushes, scarcely fit to carry one man, could not find room to pass on them or across them. After this, Pliny, Strabo, and other Roman authors took notice of this portion of Africa, but without giving us anything important or new."

I quote from Captain Burton once more certain passages. "Edrisi, who was born in Nubia, but who wrote in Egypt about A. D. 1400, says, in that part of Ethiopia south and south-west of Nubia is first seen the separation of the two Niles. The one flows from south to north into Egypt, and the other part of the Nile flows from east to west; and upon that branch of the Nile lie all, or at least the most celebrated, kingdoms of the Negroes. 'From the Mountains of the Moon,' says Scheadeddin, 'the Egyptian Nile takes its rise. It cuts horizontally the equator in its course north. Many rivers come from this mountain, and unite in a great lake. From this lake comes the Nile, the greatest and most beautiful of the rivers of all the earth. Many rivers derived from this great river water Nubia,' &c.

"From the Arabs we may fairly descend to our own times. The early Portuguese discoverers obtained a great deal of geographical information regarding the interior of Africa, and especially regarding two lakes near the Equator, from one of which, the most northern, the Egyptian Nile was stated to flow. This information was largely used by the French geographer (D'Anville), and the Dutch geographers of that time. Subsequently Bruce and others told us about the great disparity in magnitude between the Blue and the White Rivers; the latter, they asserted, rose far to the south, near to the Equator, and amongst mountains covered with eternal snow. Twenty-five years ago, Mohammed Ali, the clear-sighted and energetic ruler of Egypt, sent an expedition, consisting of several barques well provided with everything necessary, and under able naval officers, to explore the White Nile to its source, if possible. They did their work so far well, but were forced to turn back on the 26th January 1840, in lat. 3° 22′ N., for want of sufficient depth of water for their vessels. At lat. 3° 30′ they found the river 1370 feet broad and say six feet deep. In every day's work on the voyage they gave the width of the river, the depth of the river, the force of its current, its temperature, and the miles (geographical) made good daily."

These quotations bring us down to our own times. A few of the principal characters, through whose agency the problem of the Sources of the Nile has been solved, still live. The old African Association became merged in 1831 into the Royal Geographical Society. The change of title seems to have evoked greater energies, and the publications of the new society, the position of its President, his influence, learning, and tact, soon attracted general public attention. In the midst of this, Messrs. Krapf and Rebmann and Erhardt, missionaries located at Mombasa, on the east coast of Africa, announced that Arab traders and natives acquainted with the interior informed them that far inland there was a very large lake, or several lakes, which some spoke of under one collective title. The information thus obtained was illustrated by a sketch map by Mr. Erhardt, and was published in the 'Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society' in 1856, "the most striking feature of which was a vast lake of a curious shape, extending through 12° of latitude."

LAKE TANGANIKA.

The Royal Geographical Society was induced to despatch an expedition to East Africa for the exploration of this interesting inland region, the command of which it entrusted to Lieutenant Richard Francis Burton, and Lieutenant John Hanning Speke, officers of the East Indian Army.

Lieutenant Burton was already distinguished as an enterprising traveller by his book, 'Pilgrimage to Mekka and Medina.' Speke had, until this time, only a local reputation, but bore the character of being a very promising officer, and an amiable gentleman with a fondness for natural history and botanical studies, besides being an ardent sportsman and an indefatigable pedestrian.

Burton and Speke's expedition landed at Zanzibar on the 20th December 1856. On the

13th February 1858, after a journey of 950 miles, and at a distance of 540 lineal geographical miles from the point of departure on the Indian Ocean, they first sighted and discovered Lake Tanganika. How much they explored of the lake is best illustrated by their well-known map, to which it will suffice to refer here. Speke first crossed Lake Tanganika to the western side to Kasengé, an island, then returned by the same route to Kawelé, the district or quarter occupied at that time by Arabs, in a large straggling village on the shores of the lake, in the country of Ujiji.

On the second exploration of the lake, Lieutenant Burton accompanied Lieutenant Speke to a cove in Uvira, which is about thirteen miles from the north end of the lake. Unable to reach the extremity of the lake, they both returned to Ujiji. Lieutenant Speke was most anxious to proceed on a third tour of exploration of the lake, but was overruled by his chief, Lieutenant Burton. On the 26th of May 1858, the expedition turned homewards, arriving in Unyanyembé on the 20th of June.

LAKE VICTORIA.

While Lieutenant Burton preferred to rest in Unyanyembé to collect the copious information about the Lake Regions from Arabs and natives, which we see set forth in a masterly manner in his book, Lieutenant Speke, of a more active disposition, mustered a small force of men, and, with his superior's permission, set out northward on July 9, 1858, on an exploring tour, and on the 30th of the same month arrived at the south end of a lake called by the Wanyamwezi who were with him the N'yanza, or the Lake, and by the Arabs, Ukerewé.

At Muanza, in Usukuma, he took a survey of the body of the water, such as might be embraced in a view taken from an altitude of 200 feet above the lake.

In his reflections on the magnitude of the water expanse before him, Speke wrote:—"I no longer felt any doubt that the lake at my feet gave birth to that interesting river, the source of which has been the subject of so much speculation, and the object of so many explorers."

* * * * *

And again: "This is a far more extensive lake than the Tanganika; so broad you could not see across it, and so long that nobody knew its length." To this magnificent lake Lieutenant Speke, its discoverer, gave the name of Victoria N'yanza.

From this short view of the Victoria Lake, Speke returned to Unyanyembé, and announced to Lieutenant Burton that he had discovered the source of the White Nile. Lieutenant Burton did not acquiesce in his companion's views of the importance of the discovery, and in his 'Lake Regions' and 'Nile Basins,' in lectures, speeches, and essays in magazines, and conversations with friends, always vigorously combated the theory.

On the 30th February 1859, Burton and Speke's task of exploration, which had occupied twenty-five months, terminated with the arrival of the expedition at the little maritime village of Konduchi, on the Indian Ocean.

On opening John Hanning Speke's book, 'Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile,' we are informed on the very first page that his second important expedition into Africa, "which was avowedly for the purpose of establishing the truth of the assertion that the Victoria N'yanza (which he discovered on the 30th of July 1858) would eventually prove to be the source of the Nile, may be said to have commenced on the 9th of May 1859, the first day of his return to England from his last expedition, when, at the invitation of Sir Roderick Impey Murchison, he called at his house to show him his map, for the information of the Royal Geographical Society."

Mr. Speke, who was now known as Captain Speke, was entrusted with the command of the succeeding expedition which the Royal Geographical Society determined to send out for the purpose of verifying the theories above stated. He was accompanied this time by an old brother officer in India, Captain James Augustus Grant.

The expedition under Speke and Grant set out from Zanzibar on the 25th September 1860. On the 23rd January 1861, it arrived at the house occupied by Burton and Speke's Expedition, in Tabora, Unyanyembé, having traversed nearly the entire distance along the same route that had been adopted formerly. In the middle of May the journey to Karagwé began. After a stay full of interest with Rumanika, king of Karagwé, they followed a route which did not permit them even a view of Lake Victoria, until they caught sight of the great lake near Meruka, on the 31st January 1862. From this point, the expedition, up to its arrival at the court of Mtesa, emperor of Uganda, must have caught several distant views of the lake, though not travelling near its shores. During a little excursion from the Emperor's capital, they also discovered a long broad inlet, which is henceforth known as Murchison Bay, on its northern coast.

On the 7th July 1862, the two travellers started in a north-easterly direction, away from the lake, and Speke states that he arrived at Urondogani on the 21st. From this point he marched up the river along the left bank, and reached the Ripon Falls at the outlet of Lake

Victoria on the 20th July. He thus sums up the result and net value of the explorations of himself and companion in the years 1860—62:—

"The Expedition had now performed its functions. I saw that old Father Nile without any doubt rises in the Victoria N'yanza, and as I had foretold, that Lake is the great source of the holy river which cradled the first expounder of our religious belief. . . . The most remote waters, or *top-head of the Nile*, is the southern end of the lake, situated close on the 3° lat., which gives to the Nile the surprising length in direct measurement, rolling over 34 degrees of latitude, of above 2300 miles, or more than one-eleventh of the circumference of our globe. Now, from the southern point round by the west, to where the great Nile stream rises, there is only one feeder of any importance, and that is the *Kitangule* River; while from the southernmost point round by the east, to the strait, there are no rivers of any importance." . . . .

He christened the falling effluent where it drops from the level of the lake, and escapes northerly into the Victoria Nile—"Ripon Falls," in honour of the Earl of Ripon, who was President of the Royal Geographical Society when the expedition was organized, and the arm of the Lake from which the Victoria Nile issued—Napoleon Channel, as a token of respect to the Paris Geographical

Society, who had honoured him with a gold medal for the discovery of Lake Victoria.

Following this paragraph, Captain Speke makes an important statement, to which I beg attention:—"One thing seemed at first perplexing: the volume of water in the Kitangule (Alexandra Nile) looked as large as the Nile (Victoria), but then the one was a slow river, and the other swift, and on this account I could form no adequate judgment of their relative values."

On the 4th June, Captains Speke and Grant embarked at Alexandria, Egypt, for England, where they arrived after an absence of 1146 days.

Though one might suppose that the explorers had sufficient grounds for supposing that Lake Victoria covered an enormous area, quite as large, or approching to the 29,000 square miles extent Captain Speke boldly sketched it, there were not wanting many talented men to dispute each point in the assertions he made. One of the boldest who took opposing views to Speke was his quondam companion, Captain R. F. Burton, and he was supported by very many others, for very plausible reasons, which cannot, however, be touched upon here.

Doctor David Livingstone, while on his last expedition, obtained much oral information in the interior of Africa from Arab traders, which dissected Speke's Grand Lake into five; and it really seemed as if, from the constant assaults made upon it by geographers and cartographers, it would in time be erased from the chart altogether, or become a mere "rush drain," like one of those which Speke and Grant found so numerous in that region. It was evident, therefore, that a thorough exploration of Lake Victoria was absolutely necessary to set at rest, once and for ever, one of the great problems that was such a source of trouble and dissatisfaction to the geographers of Europe and America.

LAKE TANGANIKA AGAIN.

The next European to arrive at the shores of Lake Tanganika, after Burton and Speke, was Dr. David Livingstone. He first saw it as he stood on the verge of the plateau which rises steeply from the surface of the Tanganika at its south-west corner, on the 2nd April 1867; and on the 14th March 1869, and after traversing nearly the whole of the western shore from the extreme south end of the lake to Kasengé, the island which Speke visited in 1858, he crossed over to the east side and reached Ujiji.

On the 15th July 1869, after camping at Kasengé, when on his way to Manyema, he writes in his journal the following opinion of Lake Tanganika:—"Tanganyika narrows at Uvira or Vira, and goes out of sight among the mountains; then it appears as a waterfall into the Lake of Quando, seen by Banyamwezi."

In his letters home Dr. Livingstone constantly made mention of two lakes, called Upper Tanganika, which Burton discovered, and Lower Tanganika, which Sir Samuel Baker discovered, and which formed, as he said, the second line of drainage trending to and discharging its waters into the Nile.

He makes record in his Journals of the causes which induced him to verify his opinions by a personal investigation of the north end of Lake Tanganika on the 16th November 1871, a few days after my arrival at Ujiji, I being the fourth European who had arrived on the shores of the Lake, in this manner:—

"16*th November* 1871.—As Tanganika Explorations are said by Mr. Stanley to be an object of interest to Sir Roderick, we go at his expense and by his men to the north end of the lake."

"24*th November*.—To Point Kisuka in Mukamba's country. A Mgwana came to us from King Mukamba, and asserted most positively that all the water of Tanganika flowed into the river Lusizé, and then on to Ukerewe of Mteza; nothing could be more clear than his statements."

"25*th November*.—Our friend of yesterday now declared as positively as before, that the water of Lusizé flowed into Tanganika, and not the way he said yesterday! Tanganika closes in except at one point N. and by W. of us."

"26*th November*.—The end of Tanganika seen clearly, is rounded off about 4′ broad from east to west."

On the 29th November, Livingstone and I, in a canoe manned by several strong rowers, entered into the Lusizé, or Rusizi, and discovered that it flowed *into* Lake Tanganika by three mouths with an impetuous current.

The explorations of Livingstone and myself in November 1871 to the north end of Lake Tanganika resolved that portion of the problem, but described only about thirteen miles of coast unvisited by Burton and Speke. On our way back, however, by a southern route to Unyanyembé, we added to the knowledge of the Tanganika coast-line, on the eastern side from Kabogo Point as far as Urimba, about twenty miles farther south than Speke had seen.

In August 1872, about five months after I had departed from him homewards, he recommenced his last journey. On the 8th October of the same year he saw the Tanganika again about sixty miles south of the point where he and I bade farewell to the lake eight months previously. Clinging to the lake, he travelled along the eastern shore, until he reached the southernmost end of it.

From this it will appear evident that the only portion of Lake Tanganika remaining unvisited was that part of the west-end shore, between Kasengé Island and the northernmost point of what Burton and Speke called Ubwari Island, and what Livingstone and I called Muzimu Island. Doubtless there were many portions of Livingstone's route overland which rendered the coastline somewhat obscure, and in his hurried journey to Ujiji in 1869, by canoe from Mompara's to Kasengé, a portion of the Uguha coast was left unexplored. But it is Livingstone who was the first to map out and give a tolerably correct configuration to that part of Lake Tanganika extending from Urimba round to the south end and up along the eastern shore to Kasengé Island, as it was Burton and Speke who were the first to map out that portion of the Tanganika extending from Ujiji to a point nearly opposite Ubwari and the north-west, from Ubwari's north end as far as Uvira.

In February 1874, Lieutenant Verney Lovett Cameron, R. N., arrived at the same village of Ujiji which had been seen by Burton and Speke in 1858, and which was known as the place where I discovered Livingstone in 1872. He had traversed a route rendered familiar to thousands of the readers of the 'Lake Regions of Central Africa,' the 'Journal of the Discovery of the Nile,' and 'How I Found Livingstone,' through a country carefully mapped, surveyed and described. But the land that lay before him westerly had only been begun by Livingstone, and there were great and important fields of exploration beyond the farthest point he had reached.

Lieutenant Cameron procured two canoes, turned south, and coasted along the eastern shore of the Tanganika, and when near the southern end of the Lake, crossed it, turned up north along the western shore, and discovered a narrow channel, between two spits of pure white sand. Entering this channel, the Lukuga creek, he traced it until farther progress was stopped by an immovable and impenetrable barrier of papyrus. This channel, Lieutenant Cameron wrote, was the outlet of Lake Tanganika. Satisfied with his discovery, he withdrew from the channel, pursued his course along the west coast as far as Kasengé Island, the camping place of both Speke and Livingstone, and returned direct to Ujiji without making further effort.

Lake Tanganika, as will be seen, upon Lieutenant Cameron's departure, had its entire coastline described, except the extreme south end, the mouth of the Lufuvu and that portion of coast lying between Kasengé Island and the northern point of Ubwari, about 140 miles in extent.

LIVINGSTONE'S GREAT RIVER.

What we knew distinctly of this great river began with Livingstone's last journey, when he wrote from Ujiji in 1869, repeating what he had already written in 1867, at the town of Cazembe, in a despatch to Lord Clarendon.

Briefly, this last journey began, let us say, at Zanzibar, the date of his arrival being the 28th January 1866. On the 19th March he sailed in H. M. S. *Penguin* for the mouth of the Rovuma river, after invoking the blessing of the Most High upon his meditated intercourse with the heathen. Effecting a landing at Mikindini Bay, he directed his course in a south-westerly direction, arriving within view of Lake Nyassa on the 13th September 1866.

On the 16th January 1867, he reached the most southerly streams emptying into the Chambezi, after crossing the mountains which separate the streams flowing east to the Loangwa. He describes the northern slope which gives birth to the affluents of the new river thus:—"It is needless to repeat that it is all forest on the northern slopes of the mountains—open glade and miles of forest; ground at present all sloppy, oozes full and overflowing, feet constantly wet. Rivulets rush with clear water; though they are in flood we can guess which are perennial and which are torrents that dry up; they flow northwards and westwards to the Chambezi."

Eight days later, in S. lat. 10° 34′, he reached the main river—the Chambezi—a stream "flooded with clear water-banks not more than 40 yards apart, showing abundant animal life in its waters and on its banks as it flowed westwards." Just at the point Livingstone first saw the Chambezi, numerous streams are gathered from all points—northerly, easterly, and southerly, from the westerly slope of the uplands of Mambwe into the main river, which presently becomes a formidable river, and which subsequent explorations proved to `enter Lake Bemba on its eastern side.

On the 8th November 1867, the traveller makes a very comprehensive statement. It is the evening of his arrival at Lake Mweru or Moero. "Lake Moero seems of goodly size, and is flanked by ranges of mountains on the east and west. Its banks are of coarse sand, and slope gradually down to the water; outside of these banks stands a thick belt of tropical vegetation, in which fishermen build their huts. The country called Rua lies on the west, and is seen as a lofty range of dark mountains; another range of less height, but more broken, stands along the eastern shore."

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"The northern shore has a fine sweep, like an unbent bow, and round the western end flows the water that makes the river Lualaba, which, before it enters Mweru, is the Luapula, and that again (if the most intelligent report speak true) is the Chambezi before it enters Lake Bemba or Bangweolo."

On page 261, vol. i., of 'Livingstone's Last Journals,' he sums up very succinctly what knowledge he has gained of the country which was the scene of his exploration 1866—67. "First of all the Chambezi runs in the country of Mambwe N. E. of Molemba. It then flows S. W. and W. till it reaches 11° S. Lat. and Long. 29° E., where it forms Lake Bemba or Bangweolo. Emerging thence, it assumes the new name Luapula, and comes down here to fall into Mweru. On going out of this lake it is known by the name Lualaba as it flows N. W. in Rua to form another lake with many islands called Ulengé or Urengé. Beyond this, information is not positive as to whether it enters Tanganika, or another lake beyond that."

On the 18th July 1868, the discovery of Lake Bemba or Bangweolo was made by Dr. Livingstone.

On page 59, vol. ii., 'Last Journals,' we think we have an explanation of the causes which led him to form those hypotheses and theories which he subsequently made public by his letters, or elaborated in his journals, on the subject of the Nile Sources.

"*Bambarre*, 25*th August* 1870.—One of my waking dreams is that the legendary tales about Moses coming up into Lower Ethiopia, with

Merr his foster mother, and founding a city which he called in her honour 'Meroe,' may have a substratum of fact."

* * * * *

"I dream of discovering some monumental relics of Meroe, and if anything confirmatory of sacred history does remain, I pray to be guided thereunto. If the sacred chronology would thereby be confirmed, I would not grudge the toil and hardship, hunger and pain, I have endured—the irritable ulcers would only be discipline."

The old explorer, a grand spectacle and a specimen of most noble manhood, in these latter days of his life, travels on and on, but never reaches nearer the solution of the problem which puzzles his soul than the Arab depot Nyangwé, which is situate a few miles south of 4° S. lat. and a little east of 26° E. long., where he leaves the great river still flowing north.

Livingstone never returned to this point, but retracing his steps to Ujiji, thence to the north end of Lake Tanganika and back again to Ujiji and Unyanyembé, directed his course to the southern shore of Lake Bemba, where he died of dysentery in the beginning of May 1873.

In the month August 1874, Lieutenant Cameron, whom we left at Ujiji after the delineation of that part of Lake Tanganika south of Ujiji, after traversing Livingstone's route to Kasongo's, Manyema, and travelling by canoe about thirty-five miles, reaches Nyangwé, his predecessor's farthest point. Though he does not attempt to resolve this problem, or penetrate the region north of Nyangwé, Lieutenant Cameron ventures upon the following hypothesis:—"This great stream must be one of the head-waters of the Kongo, for where else could that giant amongst rivers, second only to the Amazon in its volume, obtain the 2,000,000 cubic feet of water which it unceasingly pours each second into the Atlantic? The large affluents from the north would explain the comparatively small rise of the Kongo at the coast; for since its enormous basin extends to both sides of the equator, some portion of it is always under the zone of rains, and therefore the supply to the main stream is nearly the same at all times, instead of varying as is the case with tropical rivers, whose basins lie completely on one side of the equator." In his map Lieutenant Cameron illustrates this hypothesis, by causing Livingstone's great river to flow, soon after leaving Nyangwé, straight westward, the highest part of which is only 3° 30′ S. lat.

At Nyangwé, Lieutenant Cameron crossed the river, proceeded south with some Arab traders a few days' journey, then, accompanied by guides, travelled still south to Juma Merikani's or Kasongo's, thence, after a stay of nearly nine months, accompanied by some Portuguese traders, he proceeded to Benguella, a small port belonging to the Portuguese government on the Atlantic Ocean, having crossed Africa from east to west south of S. lat. 4°.

The above is a brief sketch, which explains and illustrates the several geographical problems left by my predecessors. I now propose to describe how these problems were solved, and the incomplete discoveries of Burton and Speke, Speke and Grant, and Doctor Livingstone were finished, and how we sighted the lake Muta N'zigé, by its broad arm, which I have called Beatrice Gulf, by a comprehensive exploration, lasting, from sea to sea, two years. eight months and twenty days; the results of which are to be found embodied in these four volumes, entitled: '*Through the Dark Continent; the Sources of the Nile, around the Great Lakes of Africa, and down the "Livingstone" to the Atlantic Ocean.*'

CHAPTER I.

Arrival at Zanzibar Island—Life at Zanzibar—The town of Zanzibar, its roadstead and buildings—The One Cocoa-nut tree and the red cliffs—Selection and purchase of goods for the journey—Residence of Prince Barghash—Busy mornings—Pleasant rides and quiet evenings.

(September, 1874.)

TWENTY-EIGHT months had elapsed between my departure from Zanzibar after the discovery of Livingstone and my re-arrival on that island, September 21, 1874.

The well-remembered undulating ridges, and the gentle slopes clad with palms and mango trees bathed in warm vapour, seemed in that tranquil drowsy state which at all times any portion of tropical Africa presents at first appearance. A pale blue sky covered the hazy land and sleeping sea as we steamed through the strait that separates Zanzibar from the continent. Every stranger, at first view of the shores, proclaims his pleasure. The georgeous verdure, the distant purple ridges, the calm sea, the light gauzy atmosphere, the semi-mysterious silence which pervades all nature, evoke his admiration.

For it is probable that he has sailed through the stifling Arabian Sea, with the grim, frowning mountains of Nubia on the one hand, and on the other the drear, ochreous-coloured ridges of the Arab Peninsula; and perhaps the aspect of the thirsty volcanic rocks of Aden and the dry brown bluffs of Guardafui is still fresh in his memory.

But a great change has taken place. As he passes close to the deeply verdant shores of Zanzibar Island, he views nature robed in the greenest verdure, with a delightful freshness of leaf, exhaling fragrance to the incoming wanderer. He is wearied with the natural deep-blue of the ocean, and eager for any change. He remembers the unconquerable aridity and the dry bleached heights he last saw, and, lo! what a change! Responding to his half formed wish, the earth rises before him verdant, prolific, bursting with fatness. Palms raise their feathery heads and mangoes their great globes of dark green foliage; banana plantations with impenetrable shade, groves of orange, fragrant cinnamon, and spreading bushy clove, diversify and enrich the landscape. Jack-fruit trees loom up with great massive crowns of leaf and branch, while between the trees and in every open space succulent grasses and plants cover the soil with a thick garment of verdure. There is nothing grand or sublime in the view before him, and his gaze is not attracted to any special feature, because all is toned down to a uniform softness by the exhalation rising from the warm heaving bosom of the island. His imagination is therefore caught and exercised, his mind loses its restless activity, and reposes under the influence of the eternal summer atmosphere.

Presently on the horizon there rise the thin upright shadows of ships' masts, and to the left begins to glimmer a pale white mass which, we are told, is the capital of the island of Zanzibar. Still steaming southward, we come within rifle-shot of the low green shores, and now begin to be able to define the capital. It consists of a number of square massive structures, with little variety of height and all whitewashed, standing on a point of low land, separated by a broad margin of sand beach from the sea, with a bay curving, gently from the point, inwards to the left towards us.

Within two hours from the time we first caught sight of the town, we have dropped anchor about 700 yards from the beach. The arrival of the British India Company's steamer causes a sensation. It is the monthly "mail" from Aden and Europe! A number of boats break away from the beach and come towards the vessel. Europeans sit at the stern, the rowers are white-shirted Wangwana* with red caps. The former are anxious to hear the news, to get newspapers and letters, and to receive the small parcels sent by friendly hands "per favour of captain."

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*Wangwana (freed negroes).

The stranger, of course, is intensely interested in this life existing near the African Equator, now first revealed to him, and all that he sees and hears of figures and faces and sounds is being freshly impressed on his memory. Figures and faces are picturesque enough. Happy, pleased-looking men of black, yellow, or tawny colour, with long white cotton shirts, move about with quick, active motion, and cry out, regardless of order, to their friends or mates in the Swahili or Arabic language, and their friends or mates respond with equally loud voice and lively gesture, until, with fresh arrivals, there appears to be a Babel created, wherein English, French, Swahili, and Arabic accents mix with Hindi, and, perhaps, Persian.

In the midst of such a scene I stepped into a boat to he rowed to the house of my old friend, Mr. Augustus Sparhawk, of the Bertram Agency. At this low-built, massive-looking house near Shangani Point, I was welcomed with all the friendliness and hospitality of my first visit, when, three years and a half previously, I arrived at Zanzibar to set out for the discovery of Livingstone.

With Mr. Sparhawk's aid I soon succeeded in housing comfortably my three young Englishmen, Francis John and Edward Pocock and Frederick Barker, and my five dogs, and in stowing safely on shore the yawl *Wave*, bought for me at Yarmouth by Mr. Edwin Arnold, the gig, and the tons of goods, provisions, and stores I had brought.

Life at Zanzibar is a busy one to the intending explorer. Time flies rapidly, and each moment of daylight must be employed in the selection and purchase of the various kinds of cloth, beads, and wire, in demand by the different tribes of the mainland through whose countries he purposes journeying. Strong, half naked porters come in with great bales of unbleached cottons, striped and coloured fabrics, handkerchiefs and red caps, bags of blue, green, red, white and amber-coloured beads small and large, round and oval, and coils upon coils of thick brass wire. These have to be inspected, assorted, arranged, and numbered separately, have to be packed in portable bales, sacks, or packages, or boxed according to their character and value. The house-floors are littered with cast-off wrappings and covers, box-lids, and a medley of rejected paper, cloth, zinc covers and broken boards, sawdust and other débris. Porters and servants and masters, employés and employers, pass backwards and forwards, to and fro, amid all this litter, roll bales over, or tumble about boxes; and a rending of cloth or paper, clattering of hammers, demands for the marking pots, or the number of bale and box, with quick, hurried breathing and shouting, are heard from early morning until night.

Towards evening, after such a glaring day of glaring heat and busy toil, comes weariness: the arm-chair is sought, and the pipe or cigar with a cup of tea rounds off the eventful hours. Or, as sometimes the case would be, we would strike work early, and after a wholesome dinner at 4.30 P.M. would saddle our horses and ride out into the interior of the island, returning during the short twilight. Or we would take the well-known path to Mnazi-Moya—the One Cocoa-nut Tree, where it stands weird and sentinel-like over humble tombs on the crest of an ancient beach behind Shangani Point. Or, as the last and only resource left to a contemplative and studious mind, we would take our easy-chairs on the flat roof, where the cowhides of the merchant are poisoned and dried, and, with our feet elevated above our heads, watch the night coming.

If we take our ride, in a few minutes we may note, at the pleasantest hour, those local features which, with the thermometer at 95° Fahr., might have been a dangerous pleasure, or, at any rate, disagreeable. Through a narrow, crooked, plastered lane, our horses' feet clattering noisily as we go, we ride by the tall, whitewashed, massive houses, which rise to two and three stories above our heads. The residences of the European merchants and the officials here stand side by side, and at the tall doorway of each sits the porter—as comfortable as his circumstances will permit. As we pass on, we get short views of the bay, and then plunge again into the lane until we come in view of the worm-eaten old fort, crumbling fast into disuse and demolition. Years ago, behind it, I saw a market where some slaves were being sold. Happily there is no such market now.

We presently catch sight, on our right, of the entrance to the fort at which sit on guard, a few lazy Baluchis and dingy-looking Arabs. On our left is the saluting battery, which does frequent service for the ignition of much powder, an antique mode of exchanging compliments with ships of war, and of paying respect to government officials. The custom-sheds are close by, and directly in front of us rises the lofty house and harem of Prince Barghash. It is a respectable-looking building of the Arab architecture which finds favour at Muscat, three stories high and whitewashed—as all houses here appear to be. It is connected by a covered gangway, about 30 feet above our heads, with a large house on the opposite side of the lane, and possesses an ambitious doorway raised 3 feet above the street, and reached by four or five broad and circular steps. Within the lower hall are some soldiers of the same pattern as those at the fort, armed with the Henry-Martini rifle, or matchlock, sword, and targe. A very short time takes us into a still narrower lane, where the whitewash is not so white as at Shangani, the European quarter. We are in the neighbourhood of Melindi now, where the European who has not been able to locate himself at Shangani is obliged to put up with neighbours of East Indian race or Arabs. Past and beyond Melindi is a medley of tall white houses and low sheds, where wealth and squalor jostle side by side, and then we find ourselves at the bridge over the inlet of Malagash, which extends from the bay up to Mnazi-Moya, or the One Cocoa-nut, behind Shangani. The banks on either side are in view as we pass over the bridge, and we note a dense mass of sheds and poor buildings, amid hills of garbage and heaps of refuse, and numbers of half naked negroes, or people in white clothes, giving the whole an appearance somewhat resembling the more sordid village of Boulak, near Cairo.

Having crossed the bridge from Melindi, we are in what is very appropriately termed Ngambu, or "t'other side." The street is wide, but the quarter is more squalid. It is here we find the Wangwana, or Freedmen, of Zanzibar, whose services the explorer will require as escort on the continent. Here they live very happily with the well-to-do Coast man, or Mswahili, poor Banyans, Hindis, Persians, Arabs, and Baluchis, respectable slave artisans, and tradesmen. When the people have donned their holiday attire, Ngambu becomes picturesque, even gay, and yields itself up to a wild, frolicsome abandon of mirth. On working days, though the colours are still varied, and give relief to the clay walls and withered palm-frond roofs, this poor man's district has a dingy hue, which black faces and semi-naked bodies seem to deepen. However, the quarter is only a mile and a half long, and, quickening our paces, we soon have before us detached houses and huts, clusters of cocoa-nut palms and ancient mango trees crowned with enormous dark green domes of foliage. For about three miles one can enjoy a gallop along an ochreous-coloured road of respectable width, bordered with hedges. Behind the hedges grow the sugar-cane, banana, palm, orange, clove, cinnamon, and jack-fruit trees, cassava, castor-oil, diversified with patches of millet, Indian corn, sweet potatoes, and egg-plant, and almost every vegetable of tropic growth. The fields, gently undulating, display the variety of their vegetation, on which the lights and shadows play, deepening or paling as the setting sun clouds or reveals the charms of the verdure.

Finally arriving upon the crest of Wirezu hill, we have a most beautiful view of the roadstead and town of Zanzibar, and, as we turn to regard it, are struck with the landscape lying at our feet. Sloping away gradually towards the town, the tropical trees already mentioned seem, in the bird's-eye view, to mass themselves into a thin forest, out of which, however, we can pick out clearly the details of tree and hut. Whatever of beauty may be in the scene, it is Nature's own, for man has done little; he has but planted a root, or a seed, or a tender sapling carelessly. Nature has nourished the root and the seed and the sapling, until they became sturdy giants, rising one above another in hillocks of dark green verdure, and has given to the whole that wonderful depth and variety of colour which she only exhibits in the Tropics.

The walk to Mnazi-Moya will compel the traveller to moralize, and meditate pensively. Decay speaks to him, and from the moment he leaves the house to the moment he returns, his mind is constantly dwelling upon mortality. For, after lounging through two or three lanes, he comes to a populous graveyard, over which the wild grass has obtained supreme control, and through the stalks of which show white the fading and moss-touched headstones. Across the extensive acreage allotted to the victims of the sad cholera years, the Prince of Zanzibar has ruthlessly cut his way to form a garden, which he has surrounded with a high wall. Here a grinning skull and there a bleached thigh-bone or sunken grave exposing its ghastly contents attract one's attention. From time immemorial this old beach has been the depository of the dead, and unless the Prince prosecutes his good work for the reclamation of this golgotha (and the European officials urge it on him), the custom may be continued for a long period yet.

Beyond this cemetery is to be seen the muddy head of Malagash inlet, between which and the sea south of Shangani there lies only this antique sand bar, about two hundred yards in breadth. On the crest of the sand bar stands the One Cocoa-nut Palm which has given its name to this locality. Sometimes this spot is also known as the "fiddler's" grave. It is the breathing-place of the hard-worked and jaded European, and here, seated on one of the plastered tombs near the base of the One Cocoa-nut Palm, with only a furtive look now and then at the "sleep and a forgetting" which those humble white structures represent, he may take his fill of ocean and watch the sun go down to his daily rest.

Beyond Mnazi-Moya is Mbwenni, the Universities Mission, and close behind are some peculiar red cliffs, which are worth seeing.

From the roof of the house, if we take the "last resource" already mentioned, we have a view of the roadstead and bay of Zanzibar. Generally there ride at anchor two or three British ships of war just in from a hunt after contumacious Arabs, who persist, against the orders of their prince, in transporting slaves on the high seas. There is a vessel moored closer to Frenchman's Island, its "broken back" a memento of the Prince's fleet shattered by the hurricane of 1872. Nearer in-shore float a number of Arab dhows, boats, lighters, steam launches, and two steamers, one of which is the famous *Deerhound.* One day I counted, as a mere matter of curiosity, the great and small vessels in roadstead and harbour, and found that there were 135.

From our easy-chairs on the roof we can see the massive building occupied formerly by the Universities Mission, and now the residence of Captain Prideaux, Acting British Consul and Political Resident, whose acquaintance I first made soon after his release from Magdala in 1868. This building stands upon the extremity of Shangani Point, and the first line of houses which fronts the beach extends northerly in a gentle sweep, almost up to Livingstone's old residence on the other side of Malagash inlet.

During the day the beach throughout its length is alive with the moving figures of hamals, bearing clove and cinnamon bags, ivory, copal and other gums, and hides, to be shipped in the lighters waiting along the water's edge, with sailors from the shipping, and black boatmen discharging the various imports on the sand. In the evening the beach is crowded with the naked forms of workmen and boys from the "godowns," preparing to bathe and wash the dust of copal and hides off their bodies in the surf. Some of the Arab merchants have ordered chairs on the piers, or bunders, to chat sociably until the sun sets, and prayer-time has come. Boats hurry by with their masters and sailors returning to their respective vessels. Dhows move sluggishly past, hoisting as they go the creaking yards of their lateen sails, bound for the mainland ports. Zanzibar canoes and "matepes" are arriving with wood and produce, and others of the same native form and make are squaring their mat sails, outward bound. Sunset approaches, and after sunset silence follows soon. For as there are no wheeled carriages with the eternal rumble of their traffic in Zanzibar, with the early evening, comes early peace and rest.

The intending explorer, however, bound for that dark edge of the continent which he can just see lying low along the west as he looks from Zanzibar, has thoughts at this hour which the resident cannot share. As little as his eyes can pierce and define the details in that gloomy streak on the horizon, so little can he tell whether weal or woe lies before him. The whole is buried in mystery, over which he ponders, certain of nothing but the uncertainty of life. Yet will he learn to sketch out a comparison between what he sees at sunset and his own future. Dark, indeed, is the gloom of the fast-coming night over the continent, but does he not see that there are still bright flushes of colour, and rosy bars, and crimson tints, amidst what otherwise would be universal blackness? And may he not therefore say—"As those colours now brighten the darkening west, so my hopes brighten my dark future"?

CHAPTER II.

Seyyid Barghash—His prohibition of slavery, character and reforms—Treaty with British Government by Sir Bartle Frere—Tramways the need of Africa—Arabs in the interior—Arabs in Zanzibar—Mtuma or Mgwana?—The Wangwana, their vices and virtues—A Mgwana's highest ambition—The Wanyamwezi "the coming race."

(October, 1874.)

THE foot-note at the bottom of this page will explain all that need be known by the general reader in connection with the geography of the island of Zanzibar.* Any student who wishes to make the island a special study will find books dealing most minutely with the subject at all great libraries. Without venturing, therefore, into more details than I have already given in 'How I Found Livingstone,' I shall devote this chapter to the Sultan of Zanzibar—Barghash bin Sayid—the Arabs, the Wangwana, and the Wanyamwezi, with whose aid the objects of the Anglo-American Expedition were attained.

It is impossible not to feel a kindly interest in Prince Barghash, and to wish him complete

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*"The fort of Zanzibar is in S. lat. 6° 9′ 36″ and E. long. 39° 14′ 33″."—*East African Pilot.*

success in the reforms he is now striving to bring about in his country. Here we see an Arab prince, educated in the strictest school of Islam, and accustomed to regard the black natives of Africa as the lawful prey of conquest or lust, and fair objects of barter, suddenly turning round at the request of European philanthropists and becoming one of the most active opponents of the slave-trade—and the spectacle must necessarily create for him many well-wishers and friends.

Though Prince Barghash has attributed to myself the visit of those ships of war under Admiral Cumming, all who remember that period, and are able, therefore, to trace events, will not fail to perceive that the first decided steps taken by the British Government for the suppression of the slave-trade on the east coast of Africa were due to the influence of Livingstone's constant appeals. Some of his letters, they will remember, were carried by me to England, and the sensation caused by them was such as to compel the British Government to send Sir Bartle Frere in the *Enchantress*, as a special envoy to Zanzibar, to conclude a treaty with Prince Barghash. When the Prince's reluctance to sign became known, the fleet under Admiral Cumming made its appearance before Zanzibar, and by a process of gentle coercion, or rather quiet demonstration, the signature of the Prince was at last obtained. One thing more, however, still remained to be done before the treaty could be carried into full effect, and that was to eradicate any feeling of discontent or sullenness from his mind which might have been created by the exhibition of force, and this, I was happy to [illegible], was effected by the hospitable reception he enjoyed in England in 1875. There was a difference in the manner and tone of the Sultan of 1874 and of 1877, that I can only attribute to the greater knowledge he had gained of the grandeur of the power which he had so nearly provoked. We must look upon him now as a friendly and, I believe, sincere ally, and as a man willing to do his utmost for the suppression of the slave-trade.

The philanthropist having at last obtained such signal success with the Prince, it is time the merchant should attempt something with him. The Prince must be considered as an independent sovereign. His territories include, besides the Zanzibar, Pemba, and Mafia islands, nearly 1000 miles of coast, and extend probably over an area of 20,000 square miles, with a population of half a million. The products of Zanzibar have enriched many Europeans who traded in them. Cloves, cinnamon, tortoise-shell, pepper, copal gum, ivory, orchilla weed, india-rubber, and hides have been exported for years; but this catalogue does not indicate a tithe of what might be produced by the judicious investment of capital. Those intending to engage in commercial enterprises would do well to study works on Mauritius, Natal, and the Portuguese territories, if they wish to understand what these fine, fertile lands are capable of. The cocoa-nut palm flourishes at Zanzibar and on the mainland, the oil palm thrives luxuriantly in Pemba, and sugar-cane will grow everywhere. Caoutchouc remains undeveloped in the maritime belts of woodland, and the acacia forests, with their wealth of gums, are nearly untouched. Rice is sown on the Rufiji banks, and yields abundantly; cotton would thrive in any of the rich river bottoms; and then there are, besides, the grains, millet, Indian corn, and many others, the cultivation of which, though only in a languid way, the natives understand. The cattle, coffee, and goats of the interior await also the energetic man of capital and the commercial genius.

First, however, the capitalist must find means of carriage, otherwise he will never conquer African difficulties. Cutting roads through jungles, and employing waggons, are mere temporary conveniences, requiring great outlay, patience, and constant reinforcement of work and energies. Almost as fast as the land is cleared, it is covered again—so prolific is the soil—with tall wild grasses of the thickness of cane, and one season is sufficient to undo the work of months of the pioneer. Cattle die, tormented out of life by the flies or poisoned by the rank grasses; natives perish from want of proper nourishment, and, while suffering from fatigue and debility, are subject to many fatal diseases.

A tramway is the one thing that is needed for Africa. All other benefits that can be conferred by contact with civilization will follow in the wake of the tramway, which will be an iron bond, never to be again broken, between Africa and the more favoured continents.

However energetic the small merchant may be, he can effect nothing permanent for the good of a country that has neither roads nor navigable rivers, whose climate is alike fatal to the starved hamal as it is to the beast of burthen. The maritime belt must first be crossed by an iron road, and another must tap the very centre of the rice-fields of the Rufiji valley, in order to insure cheap, nutritious food in abundance. To a company, however, which can raise the sum required to construct a tramway, East Africa holds out special advantages. The Sultan himself offers a handsome sum, five lakhs of dollars or, roughly, £100,000, and there are rich Hindis at Zanzibar who, no doubt, would invest large sums, and thus the company would become the principal merchants along the line. The Sultan has also poor subjects enough who would be only too glad of the opportunities thus afforded to work for reasonable pay, so that very little fear need be entertained of lack of labour. Besides, there are the natives of the interior who, after two or three bold examples, would soon be induced to apply for employment along the line.

Those whom we call the Arabs of Zanzibar are either natives of Muscat who have immigrated thither to seek their fortunes, or descendants of the conquerors of the Portuguese. As the present Sultan calls himself Barghash the son of Sayid, the son of Sultan, the son of Hamed, so all Arabs, from the highest to the lowest of his subjects, are known by their proper names —Ahmed, or Khamis, or Abdullah, as being the sons of Mussoud, of Mustapha, or of Mohammed. Some of them boast of unusually long pedigrees, and one or two I am acquainted with proclaimed themselves of purer and more aristocratic descent than even the Sultan.

The Arab conquerors who accompanied Seyyid Sultan, the grandfather of the present Seyyid Barghash, took unto themselves, after the custom of polygamists, wives of their own race according to their means, and almost all of them purchased negro concubines, the result of which we trace to-day in the various complexions of those who call themselves Arabs. By this process of miscegenation the Arabs of the latest migration are already rapidly losing their rich colour and fine complexions, while the descendants of the

Arabs of the first migration are now deteriorated so much that on the coast they can scarcely be distinguished from the aborigines. While many of the descendants of the old settlers who came in with Seyyid Sultan, still cling to their homesteads, farms, and plantations, and acquire sufficient competence by the cultivation of cloves, cinnamon, oranges, cocoa-nut palms, sugar-cane, and other produce, a great number have emigrated into the interior to form new colonies. Hamed Ibrahim has been eighteen years in Karagwé, Muini Kheri has been thirty years in Ujiji, Sultan bin Ali has been twenty-five years in Unyanyembé, Muini Dugumbi has been eight years in Nyangwé, Juma Merikani has been seven years in Rua, and a number of other prominent Arabs may be cited to prove that, though they themselves firmly believe that they will return to the coast some day, there are too many reasons for believing that they never will.

None of the Arabs in the interior with whom I am acquainted ever proceeded thither with the definite intention of colonisation. Some were driven thither, by false hopes of acquiring rapid fortunes by the purchase of slaves and ivory, and, perceiving that there were worse places on earth than Africa, preferred to remain there, to facing the odium of failure. Others borrowed large sums on trust from credulous Hindis and

Banyans, and having failed in the venture, now prefer to endure the exclusion to which they have subjected themselves, to returning and being arrested by their enraged creditors. Others again are not merely bankrupts, but persons who have fled the vengeance of the law for political offences, as well as ordinary crimes. There are many who are in better circumstances in the interior than they would be on their own island of Zanzibar. Some of them have hundreds of slaves, and he would be a very poor Arab indeed who possessed only ten. These slaves, under their masters' direction, have constructed roomy, comfortable, flat-roofed houses, or lofty cool huts, which, in the dangerous and hostile districts, are surrounded by strong stockades. Thus, at Unyanyembé there are sixty or seventy large stockades enclosing the owner's house and store-rooms, as well as the numerous huts of his slaves. Ujiji, again, may be described as a long straggling village, formed by the large tembes of the Arabs; and Nyangwé is another settlement similar to Ujiji. Many of the Arabs settled in the pastoral districts possess large herds of cattle and extensive fields where rice, wheat, Indian corn, and millet are cultivated, besides sugar-cane and onions, and the fruit trees of Zanzibar—the orange, lemon, papaw, mango, and pomegranate—now being gradually introduced.

The Arabs of Zanzibar, whether from more frequent intercourse with Europeans or from other causes, are undoubtedly the best of their race. More easily amenable to reason than those of Egypt, or the shy, reserved, and bigoted fanatics of Arabia, they offer no obstacles to the European traveller, but are sociable, frank, good-natured, and hospitable. In business they are keen traders, and of course will exact the highest percentage of profit out of the unsuspecting European if they are permitted. They are staunch friends and desperate haters. Blood is seldom satisfied without blood, unless extraordinary sacrifices are made.

The conduct of an Arab gentleman is perfect. Indelicate matters are never broached before strangers; impertinence is hushed instantly by the elders, and rudeness is never permitted. Naturally, they have the vices of their education, blood, and race, but these moral blemishes are by their traditional excellence of breeding seldom obtruded upon the observation of the stranger.

After the Arabs let us regard the Wangwana, just as in Europe, after studying the condition and character of the middle classes, we might turn to reflect upon that of the labouring population.

Of the Wangwana there will be much written in the following pages, the outcome of careful study and a long experience of them. Few explorers have recorded anything greatly to their credit. One of them lately said that the negro knows neither love nor affection; another that he is simply the "link" between the simian and the European. Another says, "The wretches take a trouble and display an ingenuity in opposition and disobedience, in perversity, annoyance, and villainy, which rightly directed would make them invaluable." Almost all have been severe in their strictures on the negro of Zanzibar.

The origin of the Mgwana or Freeman may be briefly told. When the Arabs conquered Zanzibar, they found the black subjects of the Portuguese to be of two classes, Watuma (slaves) and Wangwana (freemen). The Freemen were very probably black people who had either purchased their freedom by the savings of their industry or were made free upon the death of their masters: these begat children who, being born out of bondage, were likewise free. Arab rulers, in classifying their subjects, perceived no great difference in physique or general appearance between those who were slaves and those who were free, both classes belonging originally to the same negro tribes of the interior. Thus, when any of these were brought before the authorities convicted of offences, the question naturally asked was, "Are you a Mtuma, a slave, or a Mgwana, a freeman?" A repetition of these questions through a long course of years established the custom of identifying the two classes of Zanzibar negroes as Watuma—slaves—and Wangwana—freemen. Later, however, came a new distinction, and the word Watuma, except in special and local cases, was dropped, for, with the advent of the free native traders direct from the mainland, and the increase of traffic between Zanzibar and the continent, as well as out of courtesy to their own slaves, the Arabs began to ask the black stranger, "Are you Mgwana, a freeman, or Mshensi, a pagan?" In disputes among themselves the question is still asked, "Are you a slave or a freeman?" but when strangers are involved, it is always, "Are you Mgwana, a freeman or a native of Zanzibar, or a Mshensi, a pagan or an uncircumcised native of the mainland?"

It will be thus seen that the word "Wangwana" is now a generic, widely used, and well understood for the coloured natives of Zanzibar. When, therefore, the term is employed in this book, it includes alike both the slaves and the freemen of Zanzibar.

After nearly seven years' acquaintance with the Wangwana, I have come to perceive that they represent in their character much of the disposition of a large portion of the negro tribes of the continent. I find them capable of great love and affection, and possessed of gratitude and other noble traits of human nature: I know too that they can be made good, obedient servants, that many are clever, honest, industrious, docile, enterprising, brave and moral; that they are, in short, equal to any other race or colour on the face of the globe, in all the attributes of manhood. But to be able to perceive their worth, the traveller must bring an unprejudiced judgment, a clear, fresh, and patient observation, and must forget that lofty standard of excellence upon which he and his race pride themselves, before he can fairly appreciate the capabilities of the Zanzibar negro. The traveller should not forget the origin of his own race, the condition of the Briton before St. Augustine visited his country, but should rather recall to mind the first state of the "wild Caledonian," and the original circumstances and surroundings of Primitive Man.

Louis Figuier says:—"However much our pride may suffer by the idea, we must confess that, at the earliest period of his existence, man could have been but little distinguished from the brute. His pillow was a stone, his roof was the shadow of a wide-spreading tree, or some dark cavern, which also served as a refuge against wild beasts."

And again, in his chapter on the "Iron Epoch," he notes how "From the day when iron was first placed at man's disposal, civilization began to make its longest strides, and as the working of this metal improved, so the dominion of man —his faculties and his intellect—real activity—likewise enlarged in the same proportion." And at the end of a most admirable book, he counsels the traveller, "Look to it, lest thy pride cause thee to forget thy own origin."

Being, I hope, free from prejudices of caste, colour, race, or nationality, and endeavouring to pass what I believe to be a just judgment upon the negroes of Zanzibar, I find that they are a people just emerged into the Iron Epoch, and now thrust forcibly under the notice of nations who have left them behind by the improvements of over 4000 years. They possess beyond doubt all the vices of a people still fixed deeply in barbarism, but they understand to the full what and how low such a state is; it is, therefore, a duty imposed upon us by the religion we profess, and by the sacred command of the Son of God, to help them out of the deplorable state they are now in. At any rate, before we begin to hope for the improvement of races so long benighted, let us leave off this impotent bewailing of their vices, and endeavour to discover some of the virtues they possess as men, for it must be with the aid of their virtues, and not by their vices, that the missionary of civilization can ever hope to assist them. While, therefore, recording my experiences through Africa, I shall have frequent occasion to dilate upon both the vices and the virtues of the Wangwana as well as of the natives of the interior, but it will not be with a view to foster, on the one hand, the self-deception of the civilized, or the absurd prejudices created by centuries of superior advantages, nor, on the other hand, to lead men astray by taking a too bright view of things. I shall write solely and simply with a strong desire to enable all interested in the negro to understand his mental and moral powers rightly.

The Mgwana or native of Zanzibar, who dwells at Ngambu, is a happy, jovial soul. He is fond of company, therefore sociable. His vanity causes him to be ambitious of possessing several white shirts and bright red caps, and since he has observed that his superiors use walking-sticks, he is almost certain, if he is rich enough to own a white shirt and a red cap, to be seen sporting a light cane. The very poorest of his class hire themselves, or are hired out by their masters, to carry bales, boxes, and goods, from the custom-house to the boat, or store-room, or *vice versâ*, and as a general beast of burden, for camels are few, and of wheeled vehicles there are none. Those who prefer light work and have good characters may obtain positions as doorkeepers or house-servants, or for washing copal and drying hides for the European merchants. Others, trained as mechanics, obtain a livelihood by repairing muskets, manufacturing knives, belts, and accoutrements, or by carpentering and ship-building. There is a class of Wangwana living at Ngambu, in the small gardens of the interior of the island, and along the coast of the mainland, who prefer the wandering life offered to them by the Arab traders and scientific expeditions to being subject to the caprice, tyranny, and meanness of small estate proprietors. They complain that the Arabs are haughty, grasping, and exacting; that they abuse them and pay them badly; that, if they seek justice at the hands of the Cadis, judgment, somehow, always goes against them. They say, on the other hand, that, when accompanying trading or other expeditions, they are well paid, have abundance to eat, and comparatively but little work.

But the highest ambition of a Mgwana is to have a house and *shamba* or garden of his own. The shamba may only be large enough to possess a dozen cocoa-nut-trees, a dozen rows, thirty yards long, of cassava shrubs, half a dozen banana plants, half a dozen rows planted with sweet potatoes, and two or three rows of ground-nuts; nevertheless, this would be *his* garden or estate, and therefore of priceless estimation. At one corner of this tiny but most complete estate, he would erect his house, with an exclusive courtyard, which he would stock with half a dozen chickens and one goat, which last he would be sure to spoil with kindness. Three hundred dollars would probably be the total value of house, garden, chickens, goat, domestic utensils, tools, and all, and yet, with this property, he would be twice married, the father of four or five children, and even the owner of a domestic slave or two. If such be his condition, he will snap his fingers at the cruel world, and will imagine himself as prosperous, well-to-do, and comfortable as any Arab in Zanzibar. But he is seldom spoiled by this great prosperity. He is a sociable, kindly-disposed man, and his frank, hearty nature has won for him hosts of friends. Beer made of fermented mtama or Indian corn, wine of the palm or cocoa-nut milk, or the stronger *eau de vie* sold by the Goanese in the town at twenty-five cents the bottle, serve to diffuse and cement these friendships.

It is to the Wangwana that Livingstone, Burton, Speke and Grant owe, in great part, the accomplishment of their objects, and while in the employ of those explorers, this race rendered great services to geography. From a considerable distance north of the Equator down to the Zambezi and across Africa to Benguella and the mouth of the Livingstone, they have made their names familiar to tribes who, but for the Wangwana, would have remained ignorant to this day of all things outside their own settlements. They possess, with many weaknesses, many fine qualities. While very superstitious, easily inclined to despair, and readily giving ear to vague, unreasonable fears, they may also, by judicious management, be induced to laugh at their own credulity and roused to a courageous attitude, to endure like Stoics, and fight like heroes. It will depend altogether upon the leader of a body of such men whether their worst or best qualities shall prevail.

There is another class coming into notice from the interior of Africa, who, though of a sterner nature, will, I am convinced, as they are better known, become greater favourites than the Wangwana. I refer to the Wanyamwezi, or the natives of Unyamwezi, and the Wasukuma, or the people of Usukuma. Naturally, being a grade less advanced towards civilization than the Wangwana, they are not so amenable to discipline as the latter. While explorers would in the present state of acquaintance prefer the Wangwana as escort, the Wanyamwezi are far superior as porters. Their greater freedom from diseases, their greater strength and endurance, the pride they take in their profession of porters, prove them born travellers of incalculable use and benefit to Africa. If kindly treated, I do not know more docile and good-natured creatures. But the discipline must not be strict, until they have had opportunities of understanding their employer's nature and habits, and of comprehending their discipline does not mean abuse. Their courage they have repeatedly proved under their Napoleonic leader Mirambo, in many a well-fought field against the Arabs and Wangwana. Their skill in war, tenacity of purpose, and determination to defend the rights of their elected chief against foreigners, have furnished themes for song to the bards of Central Africa. Tippu-Tib has led 500 of these men through distant Bisa and the plains of Rua; Juma Merikani has been escorted by them into the heart of the regions beyond the Tanganika: Khamis bin Adallah commanded a large force of them in his search for ivory in the intra-lake countries. The English discoverer of Lake Tanganika and, finally, I myself have been equally indebted to them, both on my first and last expeditions.

From their numbers, and their many excellent qualities, I am led to think that the day will come when they will be regarded as something better than the "best of pagazis"; that they will be esteemed as the good subjects of some enlightened power, who will train them up as the nucleus of a great African nation, as powerful for the good of the Dark Continent, as they threaten, under the present condition of things, to be for its evil.

CHAPTER III.

Organization of the Expedition—The *shauri*—"Poli-poli"—Msenna's successful imposture—Black sheep in the flock—The *Lady Alice* remodelled—Sewing a British flag—Tarya Topan, the millionaire—Signing the covenants—"On the word of a white man"—Saying good-bye—Loading the dhows—Vale!—Towards the Dark Continent.

(End of Oct.—Nov. 12, 1874.)

IT is a most sobering employment, the organizing of an African expedition. You are constantly engaged, mind and body; now in casting up accounts, and now travelling to and fro hurriedly to receive messengers, inspecting purchases, bargaining with keen-eyed, relentless Hindi merchants, writing memoranda, haggling over extortionate prices, packing up a multitude of small utilities, pondering upon your lists of articles, wanted, purchased, and unpurchased, groping about in the recesses of a highly exercised imagination for what you ought to purchase, and cannot do without, superintending, arranging, assorting, and packing. And this under a temperature of 95° Fahr.

In the midst of all this terrific, high-pressure exercise arrives the first batch of applicants for employment. For it has long ago been bruited abroad that I am ready to enlist all able-bodied human beings willing to carry a load, be they Wangwana or Wanyamwezi, Wagalla, Somali, Wasagara, Wayow, Wajindo, Wagogo, or Wazaramo. Ever since I arrived at Zanzibar, since which date I have been absent exploring the Rufiji river,* I have had a very good reputation among Arabs and Wangwana. They have not forgotten that it was I who found the "old white man"—Livingstone—in Ujiji, nor that liberality and kindness to my men were my special characteristics. They have also, with the true Oriental spirit of exaggeration, proclaimed that I was but a few months absent; and that, after this brief excursion, they returned to their homes to enjoy the liberal pay awarded them, feeling rather the better for the trip than otherwise. This unsought-for reputation brought on me the laborious task of selecting proper men out of an extraordinary number of applicants. Almost all the cripples, the palsied, the consumptive, and the superannuated that Zanzibar could furnish applied to be enrolled on the muster list, but these, subjected to a searching examination, were refused. Hard upon their heels came all the roughs, rowdies, and ruffians of the island, and these, schooled by their fellows, were not so easily detected. Slaves were also refused, as being too much under the influence and instruction of their masters, and yet many were engaged of whose character I had not the least conception, until, months afterwards, I learned from their quarrels in the camp how I had been misled by the clever rogues.

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* For account of this exploration, see brief account in Appendix.

All those who bore good characters on the Search Expedition, and had been despatched to the assistance of Livingstone in 1872, were employed without delay. Out of these the chiefs were selected: these were, Manwa Sera, Chowpereh, Wadi Rehani, Kachéché, Zaidi, Chakanja, Farjalla, Wadi Safeni, Bukhet, Mabruki Manyapara, Mabruki Unyanyembé, Muini Pembe, Ferahan, Bwana Muri, Khamseen, Mabruki Speke, Simba, Gardner, Hamoidah, Zaidi Mganda, and Ulimengo.

But before real business could be entered into, the customary present had to be distributed to each.

Ulimengo, or the *World*, the incorrigible joker and hunter in chief of the Search and Livingstone's expeditions, received a gold ring to encircle one of his thick black fingers, and a silver chain to suspend round his neck, which caused his mouth to expand gratefully. Rojab, who was soon reminded of the unlucky accident with Livingstone's Journal in the muddy waters of the Mukondokwa, was endowed with a munificent gift which won him over to my service beyond fear of bribery. Manwa Sera, the redoubtable ambassador of Speke and Grant to Manwa Sera—the royal fugitive distressed by the hot pursuit of the Arabs—the leader of my second caravan in 1871, the chief of the party sent to Unyanyembé to the assistance of Livingstone in 1872, and now appointed Chief Captain of the Anglo-American Expedition, was rendered temporarily speechless with gratitude because I had suspended a splendid jet necklace from his neck, and ringed one of his fingers with a heavy seal ring. The historical Mabruki Speke, called by one of my predecessors "Mabruki the Bull-headed," who has each time in the employ of European explorers conducted himself with matchless fidelity, and is distinguished for his hawk-eyed guardianship of their property and interests, exhibited extravagant rapture at the testimonial for past services bestowed on him; while the valiant, faithful, sturdy Chowpereh, the man of manifold virtues, was rewarded for his former worth with a silver dagger, gilt bracelet, and earrings. His wife was also made happy with a suitable gift, and the heir of the Chowpereh estate, a child of two years, was, at his father's urgent request, rendered safe by vaccine from any attack of the small-pox during our absence in Africa.

All great enterprises require a preliminary deliberative palaver, or, as the Wangwana call it, "Shauri." In East Africa particularly shauris are much in vogue. Precipitate, energetic action is dreaded. "Poli, poli!" or "Gently!" is the warning word of caution given.

The chiefs arranged themselves in a semi-circle on the day of the shauri, and I sat *à la Turque* fronting them. "What is it, my friends? Speak your minds." They hummed and hawed, looked at one another, as if on their neighbours' faces they might discover the purport of their coming, but, all hesitating to begin, finally broke down in a loud laugh.

Manwa Sera, always grave, unless hit dexterously with a joke, hereupon affected anger, and said, "*You* speak, son of Safeni; verily we act like children! Will the master eat us?"

Wadi, son of Safeni, thus encouraged to perform the spokesman's duty, hesitates exactly two seconds, and then ventures with diplomatic blandness and *graciosity*. "We have come, master, with words. Listen. It is well we should know every step before we leap. A traveller journeys not without knowing whither he wanders. We have come to ascertain what lands you are bound for."

Imitating the son of Safeni's gracious blandness, and his low tone of voice, as though the information about to be imparted to the intensely interested and eagerly listening group were too important to speak it loud, I described in brief outline the prospective journey, in broken Kiswahili. As country after country was mentioned of which they had hitherto but vague ideas, and river after river, lake after lake named, all of which I hoped with their trusty aid to explore carefully, various ejaculations expressive of wonder and joy, mixed with a little alarm, broke from their lips, but when I concluded, each of the group drew a long breath, and almost simultaneously they uttered admiringly, "Ah, fellows, this is a journey worthy to be called a journey!"

"But, master," said they, after recovering themselves, "this long journey will take years to travel—six, nine, or ten years." "Nonsense," I replied. "Six, nine, or ten years! What can you be thinking of? It takes the Arabs nearly three years to reach Ujiji, it is true, but, if you remember, I was but sixteen months from Zanzibar to Ujiji and back. Is is not so?" "Ay, true," they answered. "Very well, and I assure you I have not come to live in Africa. I have come simply to see those rivers and lakes, and after I have seen them to return home." "Ah, but you know the old master, Livingstone," rejoined Hamoidah, who had followed the veteran traveller nearly eight years, "said he was only going for two years, and you know that he never came back, but died there." "That is true enough, but if I were quick on the first journey, am I likely to be slow now? Am I much older than I was then? Am I less strong? Do I not know what travel is now? Was I not like a boy then, and am I not now a man? You remember while going to Ujiji I permitted the guide to show the way, but when we were returning who was it that led the way? Was it not I, by means of that little compass which could not lie like the guide?" "Ay, true, master, true every word!" "Very well, then, let us finish the shauri, and go. To-morrow we will make a proper agreement before the consul"; and, in Scriptural phrase, "they forthwith arose and did as they were commanded."

Upon receiving information from the coast that there was a very large number of men waiting for me, I became still more fastidious in my choice. But with all my care and gift of selection, I was mortified to discover that many faces and characters had baffled the rigorous scrutiny to which I had subjected them, and that some scores of the most abandoned and depraved characters on the island had been enlisted by me on the Expedition. One man, named Msenna, imposed upon me by assuming such a contrite penitent look, and weeping such copious tears, when I informed him that he had too bad a character to be employed, that my good-nature was prevailed upon to accept his services, upon the understanding that, if he indulged his murderous propensities in Africa, I should return him chained the entire distance to Zanzibar, to be dealt with by his Prince.

The defence of his conduct was something like this: "Bwana,* you see these scars on my head and neck. They are from the sabres of the Seyyid's soldiers. Demand of any, Arab or Freeman, why I received them. They will tell you they were inflicted for rebellion against Prince Majid at Melinda. The Arabs hate me because I joined the coast men against their authority. Can any one charge me with worse deeds?"—appealing to the Wangwana. All were silent. "I am a free-born son of the coast, and never did any man or woman who did not molest me the smallest injury. Allah be praised! I am strong, healthy, and contented with my lot, and if you take me you will never have cause to regret it. If you fear that I shall desert give me no advance pay, but pay me when I come back to Zanzibar according to my deserts."

This appeal was delivered with impassioned accents and lively gestures, which produced a great effect upon the mixed audience who listened to him, and gathering from their faces, more than from my own convictions, that poor scarred Msenna was a kind of a political refugee, much abused and very much misunderstood, his services were accepted, and as he appeared to be an influential man, he was appointed a junior captain with prospects of promotion and higher pay.

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* "Master."

Subsequently, however, on the shores of Lake Victoria, it was discovered—for in Africa people are uncommonly communicative—that Msenna had murdered eight people, that he was a ruffian of the worst sort, and that the merchants of Zanzibar had experienced great relief when they heard that the notorious Msenna was about to bid farewell for a season to the scene of so many of his wild exploits. Msenna was only one of many of his kind, but I have given in detail the manner of his enlistment that my position may be better understood.

Soon after my return from the Rufiji delta, the B. I. S. N. Company's steamer *Euphrates* had brought the sectional exploring boat, *Lady Alice*, to Zanzibar. Exceedingly anxious for the portability of the sections, I had them at once weighed, and great were my vexation and astonishment when I discovered that four of the sections weighed 280 lbs. each, and that one weighed 310 lbs.! She was, it is true, a marvel of workmanship, and an exquisite model of a boat, such, indeed, as few builders in England or America could rival, but in her present condition her carriage through the jungles would necessitate a pioneer force a hundred strong to clear the impediments and obstacles on the road.

While almost plunged into despair, I was informed that there was a very clever English carpenter, named Ferris, about to leave by the *Euphrates* for England. Mr. Ferris was quickly made acquainted with my difficulty, and for a "consideration" promised, after a personal inspection of the boat, to defer his departure one month, and to do his utmost to make the sections portable without lessening her efficiency. When the boat was exhibited to him, I explained that the narrowness of the path would make her portage absolutely impossible, for since the path was often only 18 inches wide in Africa, and hemmed in on each side with dense jungle, any package 6 feet broad could by no means be conveyed along it. It was therefore necessary that each of the four sections should be subdivided, by which means I should obtain eight portable sections, each 3 feet wide, and that an afterpiece could easily be made by myself upon arriving at the lakes. Mr. Ferris, perfectly comprehending his instructions, and with the aid given by the young Pococks, furnished me within two weeks with the newly modelled *Lady Alice*. But it must be understood that her success as a safe exploring boat is due to the conscientious workmanship which the honest and thoroughly reliable boat-builder of Teddington lavished upon her.

The pride which the young Pococks and

Frederick Barker entertained in respect to their new duties, in the new and novel career of adventure now opening before them, did not seem to damp that honourable love of country which every Englishman abroad exhibits, and is determined to gratify if he can. Their acquaintance with the shipwright, Mr. Ferris, who had evidently assisted at the ceremony of planting the British flag at the masthead of many a new and noble structure, destined to plough strange seas, reminded them, during one of the social evening hours which they spent together, that it would be a fine thing if they might also be permitted to hoist a miniature emblem of their nationality over their tent in camp, and over their canoes on the lakes and rivers of Africa.

The Pococks and Barker accordingly, a few days before our departure, formed themselves into a deputation, and Frank, who was spokesman, surprised me with the following request:—

"My brother, Fred Barker, and myself, Sir, have been emboldened to ask you a favour, which no doubt you will think strange and wrong. But we cannot forget, wherever we go, that we are Englishmen, and we should like to be permitted to take something with us that will always remind us of who we are, and be a comfort to us even in the darkest hours of trouble, perhaps even encourage us to perform our duties better. We have come to ask you, sir, if we may be permitted to make a small British flag to hoist above our tent, and over our canoe on the lakes."

"My dear fellow," I replied, "you surprise me by imagining for one moment that I could possibly refuse you. This is not an American Government or a British Government Expedition, and I have neither the power nor disposition to withhold my sanction to your request. If it will be any pleasure to you, by all means take it, I cannot have the slightest objection to such an innocent proceeding. All that I shall require from you in Africa is such service as you can give, and if you prove yourselves the highly recommended lads you are, I shall not interfere with any innocent pleasure you may feel yourselves at liberty to take. If one British flag is not enough, you may take a thousand so far as I am concerned."

"Thank you kindly, Sir. You may rest assured that we have entered your service with the intention to remember what my old father and our friends strictly enjoined us to do, which was to stick to you through thick and thin."

The young Englishmen were observed soon afterwards busy sewing a tiny flag, about 18 inches square, out of some bunting, and after a pattern that Mr. Ferris procured for them. Whether the complicated colours, red, blue, white, were arranged properly, or the crosses according to the standard, I am ignorant. But I observed that, while they were occupied in the task, they were very much interested, and that, when it was finished, though it was only the size of a lady's handkerchief, they manifested much delight.

Zanzibar possesses its "millionaires" also, and one of the richest merchants in the town is Tarya Topan—a self-made man of Hindostan, singularly honest and just; a devout Muslim, yet liberal in his ideas; a sharp business man, yet charitable. I made Tarya's acquaintance in 1871, and the righteous manner in which he then dealt by me caused me now to proceed to him again for the same purpose as formerly, viz. to sell me cloth, cottons, and kanikis, at reasonable prices, and accept my bills on Mr. Joseph M. Levy, of the *Daily Telegraph*.

Honest Jetta, as formerly, was employed as my vakeel to purchase the various coloured cloths, fine and coarse, for chiefs and their wives, as well as a large assortment of beads of all sizes, forms, and colours,* besides a large quantity of brass wire $^1/_8$ inch in thickness.

The total weight of goods, cloth, beads, wire, stores, medicine, bedding, clothes, tents, ammunition, boat, oars, rudder and thwarts, instruments and stationery, photographic apparatus, dry plates, and miscellaneous articles too numerous to mention, weighed a little over 18,000 lbs., or rather more than eight tons, divided as nearly as possible into loads weighing 60 lbs. each, and requiring therefore the carrying capacity of 300 men. The loads were made more than usually light, in order that we might travel with celerity, and not fatigue the people.

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* For list of cloths, beads, wire, &c., and their prices, see Appendix.

But still further to provide against sickness and weakness, a supernumerary force of forty men were recruited at Bagamoyo, Konduchi, and the Rufiji delta, who were required to assemble in the neighbourhood of the first-mentioned place. Two hundred and thirty men, consisting of Wangwana, Wanyamwezi, and coast people from Mombasa, Tanga, and Saadani, affixed their marks opposite their names before the American Consul, for wages varying from 2 to 10 dollars per month, and rations according to their capacity, strength, and intelligence, with the understanding that they were to serve for two years, or until such time as their services should be no longer required in Africa, and were to perform their duties cheerfully and promptly.

On the day of "signing" the contract, each adult received an advance of 20 dollars, or four months' pay, and each youth 10 dollars, or four months' pay. Ration money was also paid them from the time of first enlistment, at the rate of 1 dollar per week, up to the day we left the coast. These conditions were, however, not entered into without requiring the presence of each person's friends and relatives to witness and sanction the engagements, so that on this day the parents, uncles, cousins, and near and distant relatives, wives and children, were in attendance, and crowded every room and court at the American Consulate. The entire amount disbursed in cash for advances of pay and rations at Zanzibar and Bagamoyo was 6260 dollars, or nearly £1300.

The obligations, however, were not all on one side. Besides the due payment to them of their wages on demand, and selling them such cloths as they would require for dress while in Africa at reasonable prices, which would be a little above cost price at Zanzibar, I was compelled to bind myself to them, on the word of an "honourable white man," to observe the following conditions as to conduct towards them:—

1st. That I should treat them kindly, and be patient with them.

2nd. That in cases of sickness, I should dose them with proper medicine, and see them nourished with the best the country afforded. That if patients were unable to proceed, they should not be abandoned to the mercy of heathen, but were to be conveyed to such places as should be considered safe for their persons and their freedom, and convenient for their return, on convalescence, to their friends. That, with all patients thus left behind, I should leave sufficient cloth or beads to pay the native practitioner for his professional attendance, and for the support of the patient.

3rd. That in cases of disagreement between man and man, I should judge justly, honestly, and impartially. That I should do my utmost to prevent the ill-treatment of the weak by the strong, and never permit the oppression of those unable to resist.

4th. That I should act like a "father and mother" to them, and to the best of my ability resist all violence offered to them by "savage natives, and roving and lawless banditti."

They also promised, upon the above conditions being fulfilled, that they would do their duty like men, would honour and respect my instructions, giving me their united support and endeavouring to the best of their ability to be faithful servants, and would never desert me in the hour of need. In short, that they would behave like good and loyal children, and "may the blessing of God," said they, "be upon us."

How we kept this bond of mutual trust and forbearance, and adhered to each other in the hours of sore trouble and distress, faithfully performing our duties to one another: how we encouraged and sustained, cheered and assisted one another, and in all the services and good offices due from man to man, and comrade to comrade, from chief to servants and from servants to chief, how we kept our plighted word of promise, will be best seen in the following chapters, which record the strange and eventful story of our journeys.

The fleet of six Arab vessels which were to bear us away to the west across the Zanzibar Sea were at last brought to anchor a few yards from the wharf of the American Consulate. The day of farewell calls had passed, and ceremoniously we had bidden adieu to the hospitable and courteous Acting British Consul, Captain William F. Prideaux, and his accomplished wife,* to friendly and amiable Dr. James Robb and Mrs. Robb, to Dr. Riddle, and the German and French Consuls. Seyyid Barghash bin Sayid received my thanks for his courtesy, and his never failing kindness, and my sincere wishes for his lasting prosperity and happiness. Many kind Arab and Hindi friends also received my parting salaams. Grave Sheikh Hashid expressed a hope that we should meet again on earth, Captain Bukhet, the pilot, wished me a quick and safe return from the dread lands of the heathen, and the princely Indian merchant, Tarya Topan, expressed his sincere hopes that I should be prosperous in my undertaking, and come back crowned with success.

The young Englishmen, whose charming, simple manners and manly bearing had won for them a number of true friends at Zanzibar, were not without many hearty well-wishers, and received cheerful farewells from numerous friends.

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*No lady was ever more universally respected at Zanzibar than Mrs. Prideaux, and no death ever more sincerely regretted by the European community than was hers.

At the end of the Ramadan, the month of abstinence of Mohammedans, the Wangwana, true to their promise that they would be ready, appeared with their bundles and mats, and proceeded to take their places in the vessels waiting for them. As their friends had mustered in strong force to take their final parting and bestow last useful hints and prudent advice, it was impossible to distinguish among the miscellaneous crowd on the beach those who were present, or to discover who were absent. The greater part of my company were in high spirits, and from this I inferred that they had not forgotten to fortify themselves with stimulants against the critical moment of departure.

As fast as each dhow was reported to be filled, the *Nakhuda* or Captain was directed to anchor farther off-shore to await the signal to sail. By 5 P. M. of the 12th November, 224 men had responded to their names, and five of the Arab vessels, laden with the *personnel*, cattle, and *matériel* of the expedition, were impatiently waiting, with anchor heaved short, the word of command. One vessel still lay close ashore, to convey myself, and Frederick Barker—in charge of the personal servants—our baggage, and dogs. Turning round to my constant and well-tried friend, Mr. Augustus Sparhawk, I fervently clasped his hand, and with a full heart though halting tongue, attempted to pour out my feelings of gratitude for his kindness and long sustained hospitality, my keen regret at parting and hopes of meeting again. But I was too agitated to be eloquent, and all my forced gaiety could not carry me through the ordeal. So we parted in almost total silence, but I felt assured that he would judge my emotions by his own feelings, and would accept the lame effort at their expression as though he had listened to the most voluble rehearsal of thanks.

A wave of my hand, and the anchors were hove up and laid within ship, and then, hoisting our lateen sails, we bore away westward to launch ourselves into the arms of Fortune. Many wavings of kerchiefs and hats, parting signals from white hands, and last long looks at friendly white faces, final confused impressions of the grouped figures of our well-wishers, and then the evening breeze had swept us away into mid-sea beyond reach of recognition.

The parting is over! We have said our last words for years, perhaps for ever, to kindly men! The sun sinks fast to the western horizon, and gloomy is the twilight that now deepens and darkens. Thick shadows fall upon the distant land and over the silent sea, and oppress our throbbing, regretful hearts, as we glide away through the dying light towards The Dark Continent.

CHAPTER IV.

Bagamoyo—Taming the dark brother—Bagamoyo in a ferment—An exciting scene—The disturbance quelled—The Universities Mission, its origin, history, decline and present condition—The Rev. Edward Steere—Notre Dame de Bagamoyo—Westward ho!—In marching order—*Sub Jove fervido*—Crossing the Kingani—The stolen women.

(Nov. 13th–Nov. 18, 1874.)

BAGAMOYO, Whindi, and Saadani, East African villages on the mainland near the sea, offer exceptionally good starting-points for the unexplored interior, for many reasons. First. Because the explorers and the people are strangers to one another, and a slight knowledge of their power of mutual cohesion, habits, and relative influences, is desirable before launching out into the wilds. Second. The natives of those maritime villages are accustomed to have their normally languid and peaceful life invaded and startled by the bustle of foreigners arriving by sea and from the continent, Arab traders bound for the interior and lengthy native caravans from Unyamwezi. Third. An expedition not fully recruited to its necessary strength at Zanzibar may be easily reinforced at these ports by volunteers from native caravans who are desirous of returning to their homes, and who, day by day, along the route, will straggle in towards it until the list is full and complete.

These, then, were the principal reasons for my selection of Bagamoyo as the initial point, from whence, after inoculating the various untamed spirits who had now enlisted under me, with a respect for order and discipline, obedience and system (the true prophylactic against failure), I should be free to rove where discoveries would be fruitful. This "inoculation" will not, however, commence until after a study of their natures, their deficiencies and weaknesses. The exhibition of force, at this juncture, would be dangerous to our prospects, and all means gentle, patient, and persuasive have, therefore, to be tried first. Whatever deficiencies, weaknesses, and foibles the people may develop must be so manipulated that, while they are learning the novel lesson of obedience, they may only just suspect that behind all this there lies the strong unbending force which will eventually make men of them, wild things though they now are. For the first few months, then, forbearance is absolutely necessary. The dark brother, wild as a colt, chafing, restless, ferociously impulsive, superstitiously timid, liable to furious demonstrations, suspicious and unreasonable, must be forgiven seventy times seven, until the period of probation is passed. Long before this period is over, such temperate conduct will have enlisted a powerful force, attached to their leader by bonds of good-will and respect, even, perhaps, of love and devotion, and by the moral influence of their support even the most incorrigible *mauvais sujet* will be restrained, and finally conquered.

Many things will transpire during the first few weeks which will make the explorer sigh and wish that he had not ventured upon what promises to be a hopeless task. Maddened by strong drinks and drugs, jealous of their status in the camp, regretting also, like ourselves, that they had been so hasty in undertaking the journey, brooding over the joys of the island fast receding from them, anxious for the future, susceptible to the first and every influence that assails them with temptations to return to the coast, these people require to be treated with the utmost kindness and consideration, and the intending traveller must be wisely circumspect in his intercourse with them. From my former experiences of such men, it will be readily believed that I had prepared for the scenes which I knew were to follow at Bagamoyo, and that all my precautions had been taken.

Upon landing at Bagamoyo, on the morning of the 13th, we marched to occupy the old house where we had stayed so long to prepare the

First Expedition. The goods were stored, the dogs chained up, the riding asses tethered, the rifles arrayed in the store-room, and the sectional boat laid under a roof close by, on rollers, to prevent injury from the white ants—a precaution which, I need hardly say, we had to observe throughout our journey. Then some more ration money, sufficient for ten days, had to be distributed among the men, the young Pococks were told off to various camp duties to initiate them to exploring life in Africa, and then, after the first confusion of arrival had subsided, I began to muster the new *engagés*.

But within three hours Bagamoyo was in a ferment. "The white man has brought all the robbers, ruffians, and murderers of Zanzibar to take possession of the town," was the rumour that ran wildly through all the streets, lanes, courts, and bazaars. Men with bloody faces, wild, bloodshot eyes, bedraggled, rumpled and torn dresses, reeled up to our orderly and nearly silent quarters, clamouring for rifles and ammunition. Arabs with drawn swords, and sinewy Baluchis with match-locks and tinder ready to be ignited, came up threatening, and, following them, a miscellaneous rabble of excited men, while, in the background, seethed a mob of frantic women and mischievous children.

"What is the matter?" I asked, scarcely knowing how to begin to calm this turbulent mass of passionate beings.

"Matter!" was echoed. "What is the matter?" was repeated. "Matter enough. The town is in an uproar. Your men are stealing, murdering, robbing goods from the stores, breaking plates, killing our chickens, assaulting everybody, drawing knives on our women after abusing them, and threatening to burn the town and exterminate everybody. Matter indeed! matter enough! What do you mean by bringing this savage rabble from Zanzibar?" So fumed and sputtered an Arab of some consequence among the magnates of Bagamoyo.

"Dear me, my friend, this is shocking; terrible. Pray sit down, and be patient. Sit down here by me, and let us talk this over like wise men," I said in soothing tones to this *enfant terrible*, for he really looked, in feature, dress, and demeanour, what, had I been an imaginative raw youth, I should have set down as the "incarnate scourge of Africa," and he looked wicked enough with his bare, sinewy arms, his brandished sword, and fierce black eyes, to chop off my innocent head.

The Arab, with a short nod, accepted my proposition and seated himself. "We are about to have a *Shauri* —a consultation." "Hush there! Silence!" "Words!" "Shauri!" "Words—open your ears!" "Slaves!" "Fools!" "List, Arabs!"

"You Baluch there, rein in your tongue!" &c. &c., cried out a wild mixture of voices in a strange mixture of tongues, commanding, or imploring, silence.

The Arab was requested to speak, and to point out, if he knew them, the Wangwana guilty of provoking such astonishing disorder. In an indignant and eloquent strain he rehearsed his special complaint. A man named Mustapha had come to his shop drunk, and had abused him like a low blackguard, and then, snatching up a bolt of cotton cloth, had run away with it, but, being pursued and caught, had drawn a knife, and was about to stab him when a friend of his opportunely clubbed the miscreant and thus saved his life. By the mouths of several witnesses the complaint was proved, and Mustapha was therefore arrested, disarmed of his knife, and locked up in the dark strong-room, to reflect on his crimes in solitude. Loud approval greeted the sentence.

"Who else?"

A score of people of both sexes advanced towards me with their complaints, and it seemed as though silence could never be restored, but by dint of threatening to leave the burzah from sheer despair, quietness was restored. It is unnecessary to detail the several charges made against them, or to describe the manner of conviction, but, after three hours, peace reigned in Bagamoyo once more, and over twenty of the Wangwana had been secured and impounded in the several rooms of the house, with a dozen of their comrades standing guard over them.

To avoid a repetition of this terrible scene, I despatched a messenger with a polite request to the Governor, Sheikh Mansur bin Suliman, that he would arrest and punish all disorderly Wangwana in my service, as justice should require, but I am sorry to say that the Wali (governor) took such advantage of this request that few of the Wangwana who showed their faces in the streets next day escaped violence. Acting on the principle that desperate diseases require desperate remedies, over thirty had been chained and beaten, and many others had escaped abuse of power only by desperate flight from the myrmidons of the now vengeful sheikh.

Another message was therefore sent to the Governor, imploring him to be as lenient as possible, consistent with equitable justice, and explaining to him the nature and cause of these frantic moods and ebullitions of temper on the part of the Wangwana. I attempted to define to him what "sprees" were, explaining that all men, about to undergo a long absence from their friends and country, thought they were entitled to greater freedom at such a period, but that some weak-headed men, with a natural inclination to be vicious, had, in indulging this privilege, encroached upon the privileges of others, and that hence arose collision and confusion. But the Governor waxed tyrannical: beatings, chainings, and extortionate exactions became more frequent and unbearable, until at last the Wangwana appeared in a body before me, and demanded another "Shauri."

The result of this long consultation—after an earnest protest from me against their wild conduct, calculated, as I told them, to seriously compromise me, followed by expostulation with them on their evil course, and a warning that I felt more like abetting the Governor in his treatment of them than seeking its amelioration—was an injunction to be patient and well-behaved during our short stay, and a promise that I would lead them into Africa within two days, when at the first camp pardon should be extended to all, and a new life would be begun in mutual peace and concord, to continue, I hoped, until our return to the sea.

There is an institution at Bagamoyo which ought not to be passed over without remark, but the subject cannot be properly dealt with, until I have described the similar institution, of equal importance, at Zanzibar: viz. the Universities Mission. Besides, I have three pupils of the Universities Mission who are about to accompany me into Africa—Robert Feruzi, Andrew, and Dallington. Robert is a stout lad of eighteen years old, formerly a servant to one of the members of Lieutenant Cameron's Expedition, but discharged at Unyanyembé for not very clear reasons, to find his way back. Andrew is a strong youth of nineteen years, rather reserved, and, I should say, not of a very bright disposition. Dallington is much younger, probably only fifteen, with a face strongly pitted with traces of a violent attack of small-pox, but as bright and intelligent as any boy of his age, white or black.

The Universities Mission is the result of the sensation caused in England by Livingstone's discoveries on the Zambezi and of Lake Nyassa and Shirwa. It was despatched by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge in the year 1860, and consisted of Bishop Mackenzie, formerly Archdeacon of Natal, and the Rev. Messrs. Proctor, Scudamore, Burrup, and Rowley. These devoted gentlemen reached the Zambezi river in February 1861.

When the Universities Mission met Livingstone, then engaged in the practical work of developing the discovery of the Zambezi and other neighbouring waters, a consultation was held as to the best locality for mission work to begin at. The Bishop and his followers were advised by Livingstone to ascend the Rovuma river, and march thence overland to some selected spot on Lake Nyassa. But, upon attempting the project, the river was discovered to be falling, and too shallow to admit of such a steamer as the *Pioneer*, and as much sickness had broken out on board, the Mission sailed to the Comoro Islands to recruit. In July 1861 they reached the foot of the Murchison Cataracts on the Shiré. Soon after, while proceeding overland, they encountered a caravan of slaves, whom they liberated, with a zeal that was commendable though impolitic. Subsequently, other slaves were forcibly detained from the caravans until the number collected amounted to 148, and with these the missionaries determined to begin their holy work.

While establishing its quarters at Magomero, the Mission was attacked by the Ajawas, but the reverend gentlemen and their pupils drove off the enemy. Shortly after this, a difference of opinion arising with Livingstone as to the proper policy to be pursued, the latter departed to pursue his explorations, and the Bishop and his party continued to prosecute their work with every promise of success. But in its zeal for the suppression of the slave-trade, the Mission made alliance with the Manganjas, and joined with them in a war against the Ajawas, whom they afterwards discovered to be really a peaceable people. Thus was the character of the Mission almost changed, by the complicated politics of the native tribes in which they had meddled without forethought of the consequences. Then came the rainy season with its unhealthiness and fatal results. Worn out with fever and privations, poor Bishop Mackenzie died, and in less than a month the Rev. Mr. Burrup followed him. Messrs. Scudamore, Dickinson, and Rowley removed the Mission to the banks of the Shiré, where the two former died and the few remaining survivors, despairing of success, soon left the country, and the Universities Mission to Central Africa became only a name with which the succeeding Bishop, the Rev. Mr. Tozer, continued to denominate his Mission at Zanzibar.

Nor is the record of this hitherto unfortunate and struggling Mission in the city of Zanzibar, with access to luxuries and comforts, brighter or more assuring than it was at primitive Magomero, surrounded by leagues of fen and morass. Many noble souls of both sexes perished, and the good work seemed far from hopeful. I am reminded, as I write these words, of my personal acquaintance with the venerable figure of Pennell, and the young and ardent West. The latter was alive in 1874, full of ardour, hope, and zealous devotion. When I returned, he had gone the way of his brother martyrs of the Zambezi.

Almost single-handed remains the Rev. Edward Steere, faithful to his post as Bishop and Chief Pastor. He has visited Lake Nyassa, and established a Mission half-way, and another I believe at Lindi; he keeps a watchful eye upon the operations of the Mission House established among the Shambalas; and at the head-quarters or home at Mbwenni, a few miles east of Shangani Point, the old residence, he superintends, and instructs lads and young men as printers, carpenters, blacksmiths, and in the practical knowledge of other useful trades. His quarters represent almost every industrial trade useful in life as occupations for members of the lower classes, and are in the truest sense an industrial and religious establishment for the moral and material welfare of a class of unfortunates who deserve our utmost assistance and sympathy. This extraordinary man, endowed with piety as fervid as ever animated a martyr, looms grander and greater in the imagination as we think of him as the one man who appears to have possessed the faculties and gifts necessary to lift this Mission, with its gloomy history, into the new life upon which it has now entered. With all my soul I wish him and it success, and while he lives, provided he is supported, there need be no fear that the Mission will resume that hopeless position from which he, and he alone, appears to have rescued it.

From the same source that the Universities Missions have drawn their pupils, namely, the youthful victims of the slave-trade, her Majesty's Consul has supplied to a great extent the French

Catholic Missions at Zanzibar and Bagamoyo. The mission in the island which has now been established for years is called the St. Joseph's, that at Bagamoyo bears the title of "Notre Dame de Bagamoyo." The first possesses two priests and four brothers, with one lay professor of music; the other, which is the principal one, consists of four priests, eight brothers, and twelve sisters, with ten lay brothers employed in teaching agriculture. The French fathers superintend the tuition of 250 children, and give employment to about 80 adults; 170 freed slaves were furnished from the slave captures made by British cruisers. They are taught to earn their own living as soon as they arrive of age, are furnished with comfortable lodgings, clothing, and household utensils.

"Notre Dame de Bagamoyo" is situated about a mile and a half north of Bagamoyo, overlooking the sea, which washes the shores just at the base of the tolerably high ground on which the mission buildings stand. Thrift, order, and that peculiar style of neatness common to the French are its characteristics. The cocoa-nut palm, orange, and mango flourish in this pious settlement, while a variety of garden vegetables and grain are cultivated in the fields; and broad roads, cleanly kept, traverse the estate. During the Superior's late visit to France he obtained a considerable sum for the support of the Mission, and he has lately, during my absence in Africa, established a branch mission at Kidudwe. It is evident that, if supported constantly by his friends in France, the Superior will extend his work still farther into the interior, and it is, therefore, safe to predict that the road to Ujiji will in time possess a chain of mission stations affording the future European trader and traveller safe retreats with the conveniences of civilized life.

There are two other missions on the east coast of Africa, that of the Church Missionary Society, and the Methodist Free Church at Mombasa. The former has occupied this station for over thirty years, and has a branch establishment at Rabbai Mpia, the home of the Dutch missionaries Krapf, Rebmann, and Erhardt. But these missions have not obtained the success which such long self-abnegation and devotion to the pious service deserved.

It is strange how British philanthropists, clerical and lay, persist in the delusion that the Africans can be satisfied with spiritual improvement only. They should endeavour to impress themselves with the undeniable fact that man, white, yellow, red or black, has also material wants which crave to be understood and supplied. A barbarous man is a pure materialist. He is full of cravings for possessing something that he cannot describe. He is like a child which has not yet acquired the faculty of articulation. The missionary discovers the barbarian almost stupefied with brutish ignorance, with the instincts of a man in him, but yet living the life of a beast. Instead of attempting to develop the qualities of this practical human being, he instantly attempts his transformation by expounding to him the dogmas of the Christian Faith, the doctrine of transubstantiation and other difficult subjects, before the barbarian has had time to articulate his necessities and to explain to him that he is a frail creature requiring to be fed with bread, and not with a stone.

My experience and study of the pagan prove to me, however, that, if the missionary can show the poor materialist that religion is allied with substantial benefits and improvement of his degraded condition, the task to which he is about to devote himself will be rendered comparatively easy. For the African once brought in contact with the European becomes docile enough: he is awed by a consciousness of his own immense inferiority, and imbued with a vague hope that he may also rise in time to the level of this superior being who has so challenged his admiration. It is the story of Caliban and Stefano over again. He comes to him with a desire to be taught, and, seized with an ambition to aspire to a higher life, becomes docile and tractable, but to his surprise he perceives himself mocked by this being who talks to him about matters that he despairs of ever understanding, and therefore, with abashed face and a still deeper sense of his inferiority, he retires to his den, cavern, or hut with a dogged determination to be contented with the brutish life he was born in.

On the morning of the 17th November 1874, the first bold step for the interior was taken. The bugle mustered the people to rank themselves before our quarters, and each man's load was given to him according as we judged his power of bearing burthen. To the man of strong sturdy make, with a large development of muscle, the cloth bale of 60 lbs. was given, which would in a couple of months by constant expenditure be reduced to 50 lbs., in six months perhaps to 40 lbs., and in a year to about 30 lbs., provided that all his comrades were faithful to their duties; to the short compactly formed man, the bead sack of 50 lbs. weight; to the light youth of eighteen or twenty years old, the box of 40 lbs., containing stores, ammunition, and sundries. To the steady, respectable, grave-looking men of advanced years, the scientific instruments, thermometers, barometers, watches, sextant, mercury bottles, compasses, pedometers, photographic apparatus, dry plates, stationery, and scientific books, all packed in 40-lb. cases, were distributed; while the man most highly recommended for steadiness and cautious tread was entrusted with the carriage of the three chronometers which were stowed in balls of cotton, in a light case weighing not more than 25 lbs. The twelve Kirangozis, or guides, tricked out this day in flowing robes of crimson blanket cloth, demanded the privilege of conveying the several loads of brass wire coils, and as they form the second advanced guard, and are active, bold youths—some of whom are to be hereafter known as the boat's crew, and to be distinguished by me above all others, except the chiefs—they are armed with Snider rifles, with their respective accoutrements. The boat-carriers are herculean in figure and strength, for they are practised bearers of loads, having resigned their ignoble profession of hamal in Zanzibar to carry sections of the first Europe-made boat that ever floated on Lakes Victoria and Tanganika and the extreme sources of the Nile and the Livingstone. To each section of the boat there are four men, to relieve one another in couples. They get higher pay than even the chiefs, except the chief captain, Manwa Sera, and, besides receiving double rations, have the privilege of taking their wives along with them. There are six riding asses also in the expedition, all saddled, one for each of the Europeans—the two Pococks, Barker, and myself—and two for the sick: for the latter there are also three of Seydel's net hammocks, with six men to act as a kind of ambulance party.

Though we have not yet received our full complement of men, necessity compels us to move from the vicinity of the Goanese liquor shops, and from under the severe authority of Sheikh Mansur bin Suliman, whose views of justice would soon demoralize any expedition. Accordingly at 9 A.M. of the 17th, five days after leaving Zanzibar, we filed out from the town, receiving some complimentary and not a few uncomplimentary parting words from the inhabitants, male and female, who are out in strong force to view the procession as follows: —Four chiefs a few hundred yards in front; next the twelve guides clad in red robes of Jobo, bearing the wire coils; then a long file 270 strong, bearing cloth, wire, beads, and sections of the *Lady Alice;* after them thirty-six women and ten boys, children of some of the chiefs and boat-bearers, following their mothers and assisting them with trifling loads of utensils, followed by the riding asses, Europeans and gun-bearers; the long line closed by sixteen chiefs who act as rearguard, and whose duties are to pick up stragglers, and act as supernumeraries until other men can be procured: in all, 356 souls connected with the Anglo-American Expedition. The lengthy line occupies nearly half a mile of the path which at the present day is the commercial and exploring highway into the Lake regions.

Edward Pocock is kind enough to act as bugler, because from long practice at the military camps at Aldershot and Chatham he understands the signals, and he has familiarized Hamadi, the chief guide, with its notes, so that in case of a halt being required, Hamadi may be informed immediately. The chief guide is also armed with a prodigiously long horn of ivory, his favourite instrument, and one that belongs to his profession, which he has permission to use only when approaching a suitable camping-place, or to notify to us danger in the front. Before Hamadi strides a chubby little boy with a native drum, which he is to beat only when in the neighbourhood of villages, to warn them of the advance of a caravan, a caution most requisite, for many villages are situated in the midst of a dense jungle, and the sudden arrival of a large force of strangers before they had time to hide their little belongings might awake jealousy and distrust.

In this manner we begin our long journey, full of hopes. There is noise and laughter along the ranks, and a hum of gay voices murmuring through the fields, as we rise and descend with the waves of the land and wind with the sinuosities of the path. Motion had restored us all to a sense of satisfaction. We had an intensely bright and fervid sun shining above us, the path was dry, hard, and admirably fit for travel, and during the commencement of our first march nothing could be conceived in better order than the lengthy thin column about to confront the wilderness.

Presently however, the fervour of the dazzling sun grows overpowering as we descend into the valley of the Kingani river. The ranks become broken and disordered; stragglers are many; the men complain of the terrible heat; the dogs pant in agony. Even we ourselves under our solah topees, with flushed faces and perspiring brows, with handkerchiefs ever in use to wipe away the drops which almost blind us, and our heavy woollens giving us a feeling of semi-asphyxiation, would fain rest, were it not that the sun-bleached levels of the tawny, thirsty valley offer no inducements. The veterans of travel push on towards the river three miles distant, where they may obtain rest and shelter, but the inexperienced are lying prostrate on the ground, exclaiming against the heat, and crying for water, bewailing their folly in leaving Zanzibar. We stop to tell them to rest a while and then to come on to the river, where they will find us; we advise, encourage, and console the irritated people as best we can, and tell them that it is only the commencement of a journey that is so hard, that all this pain and weariness are always felt by beginners, but that by and by it is shaken off, and that those who are steadfast emerge out of the struggle heroes.

Frank and his brother Edward, despatched to the ferry at the beginning of these delays, have now got the sectional boat *Lady Alice* all ready, and the ferrying of men, goods, asses, and dogs across the Kingani is prosecuted with vigour, and at 3.30 P.M. the boat is again in pieces, slung on the bearing poles, and the Expedition has resumed its journey to Kikoka, the first halting-place.

But before we reach camp, we have acquired a fair idea as to how many of our people are staunch and capable, and how many are too feeble to endure the fatigues of bearing loads. The magnificent prize mastiff dog "Castor" died of heat apoplexy, within two miles of Kikoka, and the other mastiff, "Captain," seems likely to follow soon, and only "Nero," "Bull," and "Jack," though prostrate and breathing hard, show any signs of life.

At Kikoka, then, we rest the next day. We discharge two men, who have been taken seriously ill, and several new recruits, who arrive at camp during the night preceding and this day, are engaged.

There are several reasons which can be given, besides heat of the Tropics and inexperience, for the quick collapse of many of the Wangwana on the first march, and the steadiness evinced by the native carriers confirms them. The Wangwana lead very impure lives on the island, and with the importation of opium by the Banyans and Hindis, the Wangwana and many Arabs have acquired the vicious habit of eating this drug. Chewing betel-nut with lime is another uncleanly and disgusting habit, and one that can hardly benefit the *moral* of a man; while certainly most deleterious to the physical powers is the almost universal habit of vehemently inhaling the smoke of the *Cannabis sativa*, or wild hemp. In a light atmosphere, such as we have in hot days in the Tropics, with the thermometer rising to 140° Fahr. in the sun, these people, with lungs and vitals injured by excessive indulgence in these destructive habits, discover they have no physical stamina to sustain them. The rigour of a march in a loaded caravan soon tells upon their weakened powers, and one by one they drop from the ranks, betraying their impotence and infirmities. From this date I set myself to examine their several cases, and the results which I gathered may be found in the Appendix, from which the thoughtful student may perhaps deduce some useful hints.

During the afternoon of this day, as I was preparing my last letters, I was rather astonished by a visit paid to my camp by a detachment of Baluchi soldiers, the chief of whom bore a letter from the governor of Bagamoyo—Mansur bin Suliman—wherein he complained that the Wangwana had induced about fifteen women to abandon their masters, and requested me to return them.

Upon mustering the people, and inquiring into their domestic affairs, it was discovered that a number of women had indeed joined the Expedition during the night. Some of them bore free papers given them by H.M. Political Resident at Zanzibar, but nine were by their own confessions runaways. After being hospitably received by the Sultan and the Arabs of Zanzibar, it was no part of my duty, I considered, unauthorized as I was by any government, to be even a passive agent in this novel method of liberating slaves. The order was therefore given that these women should return with the soldiers, but as this did not agree with either the views of the women or of their loving abductors, a determined opposition was raised, which bore every appearance of soon culminating in sanguinary strife. The men seized their Snider rifles and Tower muskets, and cartridges, ramrods and locks were handled with looks which boded mischief. Acting upon the principle that as chief of my own camp I had a perfect right to exclude unbidden guests, I called out the "faithfuls" of my first expedition, forty-seven in number, and ranked them on the side of the Sultan's soldiers, to prove to the infuriated men that, if they fired, they must injure their own friends, brothers, and chiefs. Frank Pocock also led a party of twenty in their rear, and then, closing in on the malcontents, we disarmed them, and lashed their guns into bundles, which were delivered up to the charge of Edward Pocock. A small party of faithfuls was then ordered to escort the Sultan's soldiers and the women out of camp, lest some vengeful men should have formed an ambuscade between our camp and the river.

From the details furnished in this and the two preceding chapters, a tolerably correct idea may be gained by the intending traveller, trader, or missionary in these lands, of the proper method of organization, as well as the quality and nature of the men whom he will lead, the manner of preparation and the proportion of articles to be purchased. In the Appendix will be found the price list and names, which will afford a safe guide.

As there are so many subjects to be touched upon along the seven thousand miles of explored lines, I propose to be brief with the incidents and descriptive sketches of our route to Ituru, because the country for two-thirds of the way has been sufficiently described in 'How I Found Livingstone,' and in the Appendix attached to the present volumes.

Pol. Tow. Geograficzne
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CHAPTER V.

On the march—Congorido to Rubuti—The hunting-grounds of Kitangeh—Shooting zebra—"Jack's" first prize—Interviewed by lions—Geology of Mpwapwa—Dudoma—"The flood-gates of heaven" opened—Dismal reflections—The Salina—A conspiracy discovered—Desertions—The path lost—Starvation and deaths—Trouble imminent—Grain huts plundered—Situation deplorable—Sickness in the camp—Edward Pocock taken ill—His death and funeral.

(Nov. 19, 1874—Jan. 17, 1875.)

THE line of march towards the interior, which, after due consideration, we adopted, runs parallel to the routes known to us by the writings of many travellers, but extends as far as thirty miles north of the most northerly of them.

At Rosako the route began to diverge from that which led to Msuwa and Simba-Mwenni, and opened out on a stretch of beautiful park land, green as an English lawn, dipping into lovely vales, and rising into gentle ridges. Thin, shallow threads of water in furrow-like beds or in deep narrow ditches, which expose the sandstone strata on which the fat ochreous soil rests, run in mazy curves round forest clumps, or through jungle tangles, and wind about among the higher elevations, on their way towards the Wami river.

On the 23rd, we halted at the base of one of the three cones of Pongwé, at a village situated at an altitude of 900 feet above the sea. The lesser Pongwé cone rises about 800 feet higher than the village, the greater probably 1200 feet. The pedometers marked forty-six miles from Bagamoyo.

Congorido, a populous village, was reached on the 24th. From my hut, the Pongwé hills were in clear view. The stockade was newly built, and was a good defensive enclosure. The drinking-water was brackish, but, after long search, something more potable was discovered a short distance to the south-east.

Mfuteh, the next village, was another strong, newly enclosed construction after the pattern of the architecture of Unyamwezi. The baobab, at this height, began to flourish, and in the depressions of the land the doum, borassus, and fan-palm were very numerous. The soil westward of Congorido, I observed, contains considerable alkali, and it is probable that this substance is favourable to the growth of palms. The villagers are timid and suspicious. Lions are reported to abound towards the north.

Westward of Mfuteh, we travelled along the right or southern bank of the Wami for about four miles. Its banks are fringed with umbrageous wooded borders, and beyond these extends an interesting country. The colossal peak of Kidudu rears its lofty crown to a great height, and forms a conspicuous landmark, towering above its less sublime neighbours of Nguru, about fifteen or twenty miles north of the Wami's course.

From Mfuteh to Rubuti, a village on the Lugumbwa creek, which we reached on the 29th, game is numerous, but the landscape differs little from that described above. We crossed the Wami three times in one march, the fords being only 2½ feet deep. Granite boulders protruded above the surface, and the boiling-point at one of the fords showed a considerable height above the sea. At one of the fords there was a curious suspension-bridge over the river, constructed of llianes with great ingenuity by the natives. The banks were at this point 16 feet high above the river, and from bank to bank the distance was only 30 yards: it was evident, therefore, that the river must be a dangerous torrent during the rainy season.

The road thence, skirting a range of mountains, leads across numerous watercourses and some very clear rivers—one, the Mkindo, near Mvomero, being a beautiful stream, and the water of which I thought very invigorating. I certainly imagined I felt in excellent spirits the whole of the day after I had taken a deep draught of it!

On the 3rd of December, we came to the Mkundi river, a tributary of the Wami, which divides Nguru country from Usagara. Simba-Mwenni, or Simba-Miunyi—the Lion Lord—not the famous man farther south—owns five villages in this neighbourhood. He was generous, and gratified us with a gift of a sheep, some flour, and plantains, accepting with pleasure some cloth in return.

The Wa-Nguru speak the same dialect as the Waseguhha and Wasagara, and affect the same ornaments, being fond of black and white beads and brass wire. They split the lobes of their ears, and introduce such curious things as the necks of gourds or round disks of wood to extend the gash. A medley of strange things are worn round the neck, such as tiny goats' horns, small brass chains, and large egg-like beads. Blue Kaniki and the red-barred Barsati are the favourite cloths in this region. The natives dye their faces with ochre, and, probably influenced by the example of the Wanyamwezi, dress their hair in long ringlets, which are adorned with pendicles of copper, or white or red beads of the large Sam-sam pattern.

Grand and impressive scenery meets the eye as we march to Makubika, the next settlement, where we attain an altitude of 2675 feet above the ocean. Peaks and knolls rise in all directions, for we are now ascending to the eastern front of the Kaguru mountains. The summits of Ukamba are seen to the north, its slopes famous for the multitude of elephants. The mountain, characteristically called the "Back of the Bow," has a small, clear lake near it, and remarkable peaks or mountain-crests break the sky line on every side. Indeed, some parts of this great mountain-range abound in scenery both picturesque and sublime.

Between Mamboya and Kitangeh, I was much struck by the resemblance that many of the scenes bear to others that I had seen in the Alleghanies. Water is abundant, flowing clear as crystal from numerous sources. As we neared eastern Kitangeh, villages were beheld dotted over every hill, the inhabitants of which, so often frightened by inroads of the ever marauding Wamasai, have been rendered very timid. Here, for the first time, cattle were observed as we travelled westerly from Bagamoyo.

By a gradual ascent from the fine pastoral basin of Kitangeh, we reached the spine of a hill at 4490 feet, and beheld an extensive plain, stretching north-west and west, with browsing herds of noble game. Camping on its verge, between a humpy hill and some rocky knolls, near a beautiful pond of crystal-clear water, I proceeded with my gun-bearer, Billali, and the notorius Msenna, in the hope of bringing down something for the Wangwana, and was heartily encouraged thereto by Frank and Ted Pocock.

The plain was broader than I had judged it by the eye from the crest of the hill whence we had first sighted it. It was not until we had walked briskly over a long stretch of tawny grass, crushed by sheer force through a brambly jungle, and trampled down a path through clumps of slender cane-stalks, that we came at last in view of a small herd of zebras. These animals are so quick of scent and ear, and so vigilant with their eyes, that, across an open space, it is most difficult to stalk them. But by dint of tremendous exertion, I contrived to approach within 250 yards, taking advantage of every thin tussock of grass, and, almost at random, fired. One of the herd leaped from the ground, galloped a few short maddened strides, and then, on a sudden, staggered, kneeled, trembled, and fell over, its legs kicking the air. Its companions whinnied shrilly for their mate, and, presently wheeling in circles with graceful motion, advanced nearer, still whinnying, until I dropped another with a crushing ball through the head—much against my wish, for I think zebras were created for better purpose than to be eaten. The remnant of the herd vanished, and the bull-terrier "Jack," now unleashed, was in an instant glorying in his first strange prizes. How the rogue plunged his teeth in their throats! with what ardour he pinned them by the nose! and soon bathing himself in blood, he appeared to be the very Dog of Murder, a miracle of rabid ferocity.

Billali, requested to run to camp to procure Wangwana to carry the meat to camp, was only too happy, knowing what brave cheers and hearty congratulations would greet him. Msenna was already busy skinning one of the animals, some 300 yards from me; Jack was lying at my feet, watchful of the dead zebra on which I was seated, and probably calculating, so I supposed, how large a share would fall to him for his assistance in seizing the noble quarry by the nose. I was fast becoming absorbed in a mental picture of what might possibly lie behind the northern mountain barrier of the plain, when Jack sprang up and looked southward. Turning my head, I made out the form of some tawny animal, that was advancing with a curious long step, and I recognized it to be a lion. I motioned to Msenna, who happened to be looking up, and beckoned him. "What do you think it is, Msenna?" I asked. "Simba (a lion), master," he answered.

Finding my own suspicions verified, we both lay down, and prepared our rifles. Two explosive bullets were slipped into an elephant rifle, and I felt sure, with the perfect rest which the body of the zebra gave for the rifle, that I could drop anything living larger than a cat at the distance of 100 yards; so I awaited his approach with composure. The animal advanced to within 300 yards, and then, giving a quick bound as though surprised, stood still. Shortly afterwards, after a deliberate survey, he turned sharp round and trotted off into a low shrubby jungle, about 800 yards away. Ten minutes elapsed, and then as many animals emerged from the same spot into which the other had disappeared, and approached us in stately column. But it being now dusk, I could not discern them very clearly. We both were, however, quite sure in our own minds that they were lions, or at any rate some animals so like them in the twilight that we could not imagine them to be anything else. When the foremost had come within 100 yards, I fired. It sprang up and fell, and the others disappeared with a dreadful rush. We now heard shouts behind us, for the Wangwana had come; so, taking one or two with me, I endeavoured to discover what I felt sure to be a prostrate lion, but it could not be found. It occupied us some time to skin and divide our game, and as the camp was far, we did not reach it until 9 P. M., when, of course, we received a sincere welcome from people hungry for meat.

The next day Manwa Sera went out to hunt for the lion-skin, but returned after a long search with only a strong doubt in his mind as to its having been a lion, and a few reddish hairs to prove that it was something which had been eaten by hyenas. This day I succeeded in shooting a small antelope of the springbok kind.

We crossed the plain on the 11th December, and arrived at Tubugwé. It is only six miles in width, but within this distance we counted fourteen human skulls, the mournful relics of some unfortunate travellers, slain by an attack of Wahumba from the north-west. I think it is beyond doubt that this plain, extending, as it does, from the unexplored north-west, and projecting like a bay into a deep mountain fiord south-east of our road, must in former times have been an inlet or creek of the great reservoir of which the Ugombo lake, south of here, is a residuum. The bed of this ancient lake now forms the pastoral plains of the Wahumba, and the broad plain-like expanses visible in the Ugogo country.

Rounding the western extremity of a hilly range near the scene of our adventures, we followed a valley till it sloped into a basin, and finally narrowed to a ravine, along the bottom of which runs a small brackish stream. A bed of rock-salt was discovered on the opposite side.

Two miles farther, at the base of a hilly cone, we arrived at a wooded gully, where very clear and fresh water is found, and from which the path runs west, gradually rising along the slope of a hill until it terminates in a pass 3700 feet above sea-level, whence the basin of Tubugwé appears in view, enclosing twenty-five square, stockaded villages and many low hills, and patched with cultivated fields. A gentle descent of about 400 feet brought us to our camp, on the banks of a small tributary of the Mukondokwa.

On the 12th December, twenty-five days' march from Bagamoyo, we arrived at Mpwapwa.

The region traversed from the eastern slopes of that broad range which we began to skirt soon after passing to the left bank of the Wami river, as far as Chunyu (a few miles west of Mpwapwa), comprises the extreme breadth of the tract distinguished in the work, 'How I Found Livingstone,' as the Usagara mountains. The rocks are of the older class, gneiss and schists, but in several localities granite protrudes, besides humpy dykes of trap. From the brackish stream east of Tubugwé, as far as Mpwapwa, there are also several dykes of a feldspathic rock, notably one that overlooks the basin of Tubugwé. The various clear streams coursing towards the Mukondokwa, as we dipped and rose over the highest points of the mountains among which the path led us, reveal beds of granite, shale, and rich brown prophyritic rock, while many loose boulders of a granitic character lie strewn on each side, either standing up half covered with clambering plants in precarious positions upon a denuded base, or lying bare in the beds of the stream, exposed to the action of the running water. Pebbles also, lodged on small shelves of rock in the streams, borne thither by their force during rainy seasons, attest the nature of the formations higher up their course. Among these, we saw varieties of quartz, prophyry, greenstone, dark grey shale, granite, hematite, and purple jasper, chalcedony, and other gravels.

The rock-salt discovered has a large mass exposed to the action of the stream. In its neighbourhood is a greyish tufa, also exposed, with a brown mossy parasite running in threads over its face.

Wood is abundant in large clumps soon after passing Kikoka, and this feature of the landscape obtains as far as Congorido. The Wami has a narrow fringe of palms on either bank; while, thinly scattered in the plains and less fertile parts, a low scrubby brushwood, of the acacia species, is also seen, but nowhere dense. Along the base and slopes of the mountains, and in its deep valleys, large trees are very numerous, massing, at times, even into forests. The extreme summits, however, are clothed with only grass and small herbage.

Mpwapwa has also some fine trees, but no forest; the largest being the tamarind, sycamore, cottonwood, and boabab. The collection of villages denominated by this title lies widely scattered on either side of the Mpwapwa stream, at the base of the southern slope of a range of mountains that extends in a sinuous line from Chunyu to Ugombo. I call it a range because it appeared to be one from Mpwapwa; but in reality it is simply the northern flank of a deep indentation in the great mountain-chain that extends from Abyssinia, or even Suez, down to the Cape of Good Hope. At the extreme eastern point of this indentation from the western side lies Lake Ugombo, just twenty-four miles from Mpwapwa.

Desertions from the expedition had been frequent. At first, Kachéché, the chief detective, and his gang of four men, who had received their instructions to follow us a day's journey behind, enabled me to recapture sixteen of the deserters; but the cunning Wangwana and Wanyamwezi soon discovered this resource of mine against their well-known freaks, and, instead of striking east in their departure, absconded either south or north of the track. We then had detectives posted long before dawn, several hundred yards away from the camp, who were bidden to lie in wait in the bush, until the expedition had started, and in this manner we succeeded in repressing to some extent the disposition to desert, and arrested very many men on the point of escaping; but even this was not adequate. Fifty had abandoned us before reaching Mpwapwa, taking with them the advances they had received, and often their guns, on which our safety might depend.

Several feeble men and women also had to be left behind, and it was evident that the very wariest methods failed to bind the people to their duties. The best of treatment and abundance of provisions daily distributed were alike insufficient to induce such faithless natures to be loyal. However, we persisted, and as often as we failed in one way, we tried another. Had all these men remained loyal to their contract and promises, we should have been too strong for any force to attack us, as our numbers must necessarily have commanded respect in lands and among tribes where only power is respected.

One day's march from Mpwapwa, the route skirting a broad arm of the Marenga Mkali desert, which leads to the Ugombo lake, brought us to Chunyu—an exposed and weak settlement, overlooking the desert or wilderness separating Usagara from Ugogo. Close to our right towered the Usagara mountains, and on our left stretched the inhospitable arm of the wilderness. Fifteen or twenty miles distant to the south rose the vast cluster of Rubeho's cones and peaks.

The water at Chunyu is nitrous and bitter to the taste. The natives were once prosperous, but repeated attacks from the Waheh́e to the south and the Wahumba to the north have reduced them in numbers, and compelled them to seek refuge on the hill-summits.

On the 16th Dezember, at early dawn, we struck camp, and at an energetic pace descended into the wilderness, and at 7 P. M. the vanguard of the expedition entered Ugogo, camping two or three miles from the frontier village of Kikombo. The next day, at a more moderate pace, we entered the populated district, and took shelter under a mighty baobab a few hundred yards distant from the chief's village.

The fields, now denuded of the dwarf acacia and gum jungle which is the characteristic feature of the wilderness of Marenga Mkali and its neighbourhood, gave us a clear view of a broad bleak plain, with nothing to break its monotony to the jaundiced eye save a few solitary baobab, some square wattled enclosures within which the inhabitants live, and an occasional herd of cattle or flock of goats that obtain a poor subsistence from the scanty herbage. A few rocky hills rise in the distance on either hand.

Kikombo, or Chikombo, stands at an altitude by aneroid of 2475 feet. The hills proved, as we afterwards ascertained on arriving at Itumbi, Sultan Mpamira's, to be the eastern horn of the watershed that divides the streams flowing south to the Rufiji from those that trend north.

We marched under a very hot sun to Mpamira's village; and through the double cover of the tent the heat at Itumbi rose to 96° Fahr. Within an hour of our arrival, the sky, as usual in this season, became overcast, the weather suddenly became cold, and the thermometer descended to 69° Fahr., while startling claps of thunder echoed among the hills, accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning. About three miles to the south-west, we observed a thick fog, and knew that rain was falling, but we only received a few drops. Half an hour later, a broad and dry sandy stream-bed, in which we had commenced to dig for water, was transformed into a swift torrent 18 inches deep and 50 yards wide, the general direction of which was north by east. Within two or three hours, there were only a few gentle threads of water remaining; the torrent had subsided as quickly as it had risen.

On our road to Leehumwa, we passed over a greyish calcareous tufa. On either side of us rise hills bare of soil, presenting picturesque summits, some of which are formed by upright masses of yellow feldspar, coloured by the presence of iron and exposure to weather.

The next settlement, Dudoma, is situated on a level terrace to the north of the hills which form the watershed, and from its base extends, to the unknown north, the great plain of

Uhumba, a dry, arid, and inhospitable region, but covered with brushwood, and abandoned to elephants, lions, large game, and intractable natives.

The rainy season began in earnest on the 23rd of December, while we halted at Dudoma, and next day we struggled through a pelting storm, during an eight miles' march to Zingeh, the plain of which we found already half submerged by rushing yellow streams.

The following sketch is a portion of a private letter to a friend, written on Christmas Day at Zingeh:—"I am in a centre-pole tent, seven by eight. As it rained all day yesterday, the tent was set over wet ground, which, by the passing in and out of the servants, was soon trampled into a thick pasty mud bearing the traces of toes, heels, shoe-nails, and dogs' paws. The tent walls are disfigured by large splashes of mud, and the tent corners hang down limp and languid, and there is such an air of forlornness and misery about its very set that it increases my own misery, already great at the sight of the doughy, muddy ground with its puddlets and strange hieroglyphic traceries and prints. I sit on a bed raised about a foot above the sludge, mournfully reflecting on my condition. Outside, the people have evidently a fellow-feeling with me, for they appear to me like beings with strong suicidal intentions, or perhaps they mean to lie still, inert until death relieves them. It has been raining heavily the last two or three days, and an impetuous downpour of sheet rain has just ceased. On the march, rain is very disagreeable; it makes the clayey path slippery, and the loads heavier by being saturated, while it half ruins the cloths. It makes us dispirited, wet, and cold, added to which we are hungry—for there is a famine or scarcity of food at this season, and therefore we can only procure half-rations. The native store of grain is consumed during the months of May, June, July, August, September, October, and November. By December, the planting month, there is but little grain left, and for what we are able to procure, we must pay about ten times the ordinary price. The natives, owing to improvidence, have but little left. I myself have not had a piece of meat for ten days. My food is boiled rice, tea, and coffee, and soon I shall be reduced to eating native porridge, like my own people. I weighed 180 lbs. when I left Zanzibar, but under this diet I have been reduced to 134 lbs. within thirty-eight days. The young Englishmen are in the same impoverished condition of body, and unless we reach some more flourishing country than famine-stricken Ugogo, we must soon become mere skeletons.

"Besides the terribly wet weather and the scarcity of food from which we suffer, we are compelled to undergo the tedious and wearisome task of haggling with extortionate chiefs over the amount of black-mail which they demand, and which we must pay. We are compelled, as you may perceive, to draw heavy drafts on the virtues of prudence, patience, and resignation, without which the transit of Ugogo, under such conditions as above described, would be most perilous. Another of my dogs, 'Nero,' the retriever, is dead. Alas! all will die."

The next camp westward from Zingeh which we established was at Jiweni, or the Stones, at an altitude above sea-level of 3150 feet; crossing on our march three streams with a trend southerly to the Rufiji. Formerly there had been a settlement here, but in one of the raids of the Wahumba it had been swept away, leaving only such traces of man's occupation as broken pottery, and shallow troughs in the rocks caused probably by generations of female grinders of corn.

Through a scrubby jungle, all of which in past times had been cultivated, we marched from the "Stones" to Kitalalo, the chief of which place became very friendly with me, and, to mark his delight at my leading a caravan to his country—the first, he hoped, of many more—he presented a fat ox to the Wangwana and Wanyamwezi.

The outskirts of Kitalalo are choked with growths of acacia, tamarisk, and gum, while clusters of doum palms are numerous. Further west stretches the broad plain of Mizanza and Mukondoku, with its deceitful mirage, herbless and treeless expanse, and nitrous water.

One Somali youth, Mohammed, deserted just eastward of Kitalalo, and was never afterwards heard of.

Early on the 29th December, guided by Kitalalo's son, we emerged from our camp under the ever rustling doum palms, and a short mile brought us to the broad and almost level Salina, which stretches from Mizanza to the south of the track to the hills of Unyangwira, north.

The hilly range or upland wall which confronted us on the west ever since we left the "Stones," and which extends from Usekké northwards to Machenché, is the natural boundary accepted by the natives as separating Ugogo from Uyanzi—or Ukimbu, as it is now beginning to be called. The slope of the Salina, though slight and imperceptible to the eye, is southerly, and therefore drained by the Rufiji. The greatest breadth of this plain is twenty miles, and its length may be estimated at fifty miles. The march across it was very fatiguing. Not a drop of water was discovered *en route*, though towards the latter part of the journey a grateful rainshower fell which revived the caravan, but converted the plain into a quagmire.

On approaching the Mukondoku district, which contains about a hundred small villages, we sighted the always bellicose natives advancing upon our van with uplifted spears and noisy show of war. This belligerent exhibition did not disturb our equanimity, as we were strangers and had given no cause for hostilities. After manifesting their prowess by a few harmless boasts and much frantic action, they soon subsided into a more pacific demeanour, and permitted us to proceed quietly to our camp under a towering baobab near the king's village.

This king's name is Chalula, and he is a brother of Masumami of Kitalalo. Unlike his nobler brother, he is crafty and unscrupulous, and levies extortionate tribute on travellers, for which he never deigns to send the smallest present in return. His people are numerous, strong, and bold, and, sharing the overweening pride of their king, are prone to insolence and hostility upon the slightest cause. Being so powerful, he is cordially detested by his royal brothers of Kiwyeh, Khonko, and Mizanza. We experienced therefore much difficulty in preserving the peace, as his people would insist upon filling the camp, and prying into every tent and hut.

A conspiracy was discovered at this place, by which fifty men, who had firmly resolved to abscond, were prevented from carrying out their intention by my securing the ringleaders and disarming their deluded followers. Twenty men were on the sick list, from fever, sore feet, ophthalmia, and rheumatism. Five succeeded in deserting with their guns and accoutrements, and two men were left at Mukondoku almost blind. Indeed, to record our daily mischances and our losses up to this date in full detail would require half of this volume; but these slight hints will suffice to show that the journey of an expedition into Africa is beset with troubles and disaster.

Frank and Edward Pocock and Frederick Barker rendered me invaluable services while endeavouring to harmonize the large, unruly mob with its many eccentric and unassimilating natures. Quarrels were frequent, sometimes even dangerous, between various members of the Expedition, and at such critical moments only did my personal interference become imperatively necessary. What with taking solar observations and making ethnological notes, negotiating with chiefs about the tribute moneys and attending on the sick, my time was occupied from morning until night. In addition to all this strain on my own physical powers, I was myself frequently sick from fever, and wasted from lack of proper, nourishing food; and if the chief of an expedition be thus distressed, it may readily be believed that the poor fellows depending on him suffer also.

Having received our guides from Chalula, king of Mukondoku, on the 1st January 1875, we struck north, thus leaving for the first time the path to Unyanyembé, the common highway of East Central Africa. We were skirting the eastern base of the upland wall, or hilly range (which, as I have said, we sighted westward from the "Stones"), by a path which connected several Wahumba villages. Though humble to the European eye, these villages owned several herds of humped short-horned cattle, flocks of sheep and goats, with many strong asses and dogs. Some of the young women were unusually pretty, with regular features, well-formed noses, thin, finely chiselled lips, and graceful forms.

We—the Europeans—were as great curiosities to the natives as though they lived hundreds of miles from the Unyanyembé road. Each of the principal men and women extended to us pressing invitations to stop in their villages, and handsome young chiefs entreated us to become their blood-brothers. Young Keelusu, the son of the chief of Mwenna, even came to my camp at night, and begged me to accept a "small gift from a friend," which he had brought. This gift was a gallon of new milk, still warm from the udder. Such a welcome present was reciprocated with a gilt bracelet, with a great green crystal set in it, a briarwood pipe, stem banded in silver, a gilt chain, and a Sohari cloth, with which he was so overjoyed as almost to weep. His emotions of gratitude were visible in the glistening and dilated eyes, and felt in the fervent grasp he gave my hand. By some magic art with his sandals of cowhide, he predicted success to my journey. As the right sandal, after being tossed three times upward, each time turned upside down, my good health and well-being, he said, were assured, without a doubt.

The next halt was made at Mtiwi, the chief of which was Malewa. The aneroid here indicated an altitude of 2825 feet. Our faithless Wagogo guides having deserted us, we marched a little distance farther north, and ascended the already described "upland wall," where the aneroid at our camp indicated a height of 3800 feet—or about 950 feet above the plain on which Mtiwi, Mwenna, and Mukondoku are situated.

The last night at Mtiwi was a disturbed one. The "flood-gates of heaven" seemed literally opened for a period. After an hour's rainfall, 6 inches of water covered our camp, and a slow current ran southerly. Every member of the expedition was distressed, and even the Europeans, lodged in tents, were not exempted from the evils of the night. My tent walls enclosed a little pool, banked by boxes of stores and ammunition. Hearing cries outside, I lit a candle, and my astonishment was great to find that my bed was an island in a shallow river, which, if it increased in depth and current, would assuredly carry me off south towards the Rufiji. My walking-boots were miniature barks, floating to and fro on a turbid tide seeking a place of exit to the dark world of waters without. My guns, lashed to the centre pole, were stock deep in water. But the most comical sight was presented by Jack and Bull, perched back to back on the top of an ammunition-box, butting each other rearward, and snarling and growling for that scant portion of comfort.

In the morning, I discovered my fatigue cap several yards outside the tent, and one of my boots sailing down south. The harmonium, a present for Mtesa, a large quantity of gunpowder, tea, rice, and sugar, were destroyed. Vengeance appeared to have overtaken us. At 10 A. M. the sun appeared, astonished no doubt at a new lake formed during his absence. By noon the water had considerably decreased, and permitted us to march, and with glad hearts we surmounted the upland of Uyanzi, and from our busy camp, on the afternoon of the 4th January, gazed upon the spacious plain beneath, and the vast broad region of sterility and thorns which we had known as inhospitable Ugogo.

On the upland which we were now about to traverse, we had arrived at an elevation which greatly altered the character of the vegetation. On the plain of Ugogo flourish only dwarf bush, a mongrel and degenerate variety of the noble trees growing in Uyanzi, consisting of acacia, rank-smelling gum-trees, and euphorbias. Here we have the stately myombo or African ash. This tree grows on the loftier ridges and high uplands, flourishing best on loose ferruginous soil. It utterly rejects the rich alluvium, as well as the sandy loam. Where the tree assumes its greatest height and girth, we may be sure also that not far off strange freaks of rock will be found in the bosom of the forest, such as gigantic square blocks of granite, of the magnitude of cottages, and at a distance reminding the traveller of miniature castles and other kinds of human dwellings. Large sheets of hematite and gneiss denuded of soil are also characteristics of this plateau, while still another feature is a succession of low and grandly swelling ridges, or land-waves.

On our road to Muhalala, we met hundreds of fugitives fleeing from the battle-grounds near Kirurumo, the natives of which were being harassed by Nyungu, son of Mkasiwa of Unyanyembé, for expressing sympathy with Mirambo, the warrior chief of Western Unyamwezi.

Muhalala is a small settlement of Wakimbu, the chief of which declares he owes a nominal allegiance to Malewa of Mtiwi. Procuring guides here, on the 6th January we ascended a ridge, its face rough with many a block of iron ore, and a scabby grey rock, on which torrents and rains had worked wonderful changes, and within two hours arrived at Kashongwa, a village situated on the verge of a trackless wild, peopled by a mixture of Wasukuma, renegade Wangwana, and Wanyamwezi. We were informed by officious Wangwana, who appeared glad to meet their countrymen, that we were but two days' march from Urimi. As they had no provisions to sell, and each man and woman had two days' rations, we resumed our journey, accompanied by one of them as a guide, along a road which, they informed us, would take us the day after to Urimi, and, after two hours, camped near a small pool.

The next day we travelled over a plain which had a gradual uplift towards the north-west, and was covered with dense, low bush. Our path was ill-defined, as only small Wagogo caravans travelled to Urimi, but the guide assured us that he knew the road. In this dense bush there was not one large tree. It formed a vast carpet of scrub and brush, tall enough to permit us to force our way among the lower branches, which were so interwoven one with another that it sickens me almost to write of this day's experience. Though our march was but ten miles, it occupied us as many hours of labour, elbowing and thrusting our way, to the injury of our bodies and the detriment of our clothing. We camped at 5 P. M. near another small pool, at an altitude of 4350 feet above the sea. The next day, on the afternoon of the 8th, we should have reached Urimi, and, in order to be certain of doing so, marched fourteen miles to still another pool at a height of 4550 feet above sea-level. Yet still we saw no limit to this immense bushfield, and our labours had, this day, been increased tenfold. Our guide had lost the path early in the day, and was innocently leading us in an easterly direction!

The responsibility of leading a half starved expedition—as ours now certainly was—through a dense bush, without knowing whither or for how many days, was great; but I was compelled to undertake it rather than see it wander eastward, where it would be hopeless to expect provisions. The greater number of our people had consumed their rations early in the morning. I had led it northward for hours, when we came to a large tree to the top of which I requested the guide to ascend, to try if he could recognize any familiar feature in the dreary landscape. After a short examination, he declared he saw a ridge that he knew, near which, he said, was situate the village of Uveriveri. This news stimulated our exertions, and, myself leading the van, we travelled briskly until 5 P. M., when we arrived at the third pool.

Meantime Barker and the two Pococks, assisted by twenty chiefs, were bringing up the rear, and we never suspected for a moment that the broad track which we trampled over grass and through bush would be unperceived by those in rear of us. The Europeans and chiefs, assisted by the reports of heavily loaded muskets, were enabled to reach camp successfully at 7 P. M.; but the chiefs then reported that there had not arrived a party of four men, and a donkey-boy who was leading an ass loaded with coffee. Of these, however, there was no fear, as they had detailed the chief Simba to oversee them, Simba having a reputation among his fellows for fidelity, courage, and knowledge of travel.

The night passed, and the morning of the 9th dawned, and I anxiously asked about the absentees. They had not arrived. But as each hour in the jungle added to the distress of a still greater number of people, we moved on to the miserable little village of Uveriveri. The inhabitants consisted of only two families, who could not spare us one grain! We might as well have remained in the jungle, for no sustenance could be procured here.

In this critical position, many lives hanging on my decision, I resolved to despatch forty of the strongest men—ten chiefs and thirty of the boldest youths—to Suna in Urimi, for the villagers of Uveriveri had of course given us the desired information as to our whereabouts. The distance from Uveriveri to Suna was twenty-eight miles, as we subsequently discovered. Pinched with hunger themselves, the forty volunteers advanced with the resolution to reach Suna that night. They were instructed to purchase 800 lbs. of grain, which would give a light load of 20 lbs. to each man, and urged to return as quickly as possible, for the lives of their women and friends depended on their manliness.

Manwa Sera was also despatched with a party of twenty to hunt up the missing men. Late in the afternoon they returned with the news that three of the missing men were dead. They had lost the road, and, travelling along an elephant track, had struggled on till they perished, of despair, hunger, and exhaustion. Simba and the donkey-boy, the ass and its load of coffee, were never seen or heard of again.

With the sad prospect of starvation impending over us, we were at various expedients to sustain life until the food purveyors should return. Early on the morning of the 10th, I travelled far and searched every likely place for game, but though tracks were numerous, we failed to sight a single head. The Wangwana also roamed about the forest—for the Uveriveri ridge was covered with fine myombo trees—in search of edible roots and berries, and examined various trees to discover whether they afforded anything that could allay the grievous and bitter pangs of hunger. Some found a putrid elephant, on which they gorged themselves, and were punished with nausea and sickness. Others found a lion's den, with two lion whelps, which they brought to me. Meanwhile, Frank and I examined the medical stores, and found to our great joy we had sufficient oatmeal to give every soul two cupfuls of thin gruel. A "Torquay dress trunk" of sheet-iron was at once emptied of its contents and filled with 25 gallons of water, into which were put 10 lbs. of oatmeal and four 1-lb. tins of "revalenta arabica." How the people, middle-aged and young, gathered round that trunk, and heaped fuel underneath that it might boil the quicker! How eagerly they watched it lest some calamity should happen, and clamoured, when it was ready, for their share, and how inexpressibly satisfied they seemed as they tried to make the most of what they received, and with what fervour they thanked "God" for his mercies!

At 9 P.M., as we were about to sleep, we heard the faint sound of a gun, fired deliberately three times, and we all knew then that our young men with food were not very far from us. The next morning, about 7 A.M., the bold and welcome purveyors arrived in camp with just enough millet-seed to give each soul one good meal. This the people soon depatched, and then demanded that we should resume our journey that afternoon, so that next morning we might reach Suna in time to forage.

Skirting the southern base of the wooded ridge of Uveriveri, we continued to ascend almost imperceptibly for eight miles, when we arrived at another singular series of lofty rocks, called at once by the Wangwana the Jiweni or "Stones." We camped near a rocky hill 125 feet high, from the summit of which I obtained a view of a green grassy plain stretching towards the north. The altitude of this camp was 5250 feet above sea-level. Towards night I shot a wild boar and a duck, but several of the Wangwana, being strict Muslims, could not be induced to eat the pork. From the "Stones" we came to what we had called a plain from the summit, but what was really, from its marshy nature, more of a quagmire. It appeared to be a great resort for elephants; thousands of the tracks of these great animals ran in all directions. Plunging into another jungle, we reappeared, after marching twenty miles, in the cultivated fields of Suna; and on the verge of a coppice we constructed a strong camp, whence we had a view of the "Stones," which we had left in the morning, no other eminences being visible above what appeared a very ocean of bush.

Next morning there was a strange and peculiar air of discontent, like a foreshadowing of trouble, among the natives who appeared before our camp. They did not appear to understand us. They were seen hurrying their women and children away, and deserting their villages, while others hovered round our camp menacingly, carrying in their hands a prodigious quantity of arms—spears, bows and arrows, and knobsticks. Trouble seemed imminent. To prevent it, if possible, I stepped out to them with empty hands, motioned them to be seated, and, calling an interpreter, likewise unarmed, I attempted to explain the nature of our expedition and a few of its objects, one of which of course was to reach Lake Victoria. To those elders who appeared to have most influence, I gave some beads, as an expression of good-will and friendship. But nothing seemed to be of avail until, after close questioning, I ascertained that they had a grievance. Some of the Wangwana, in their ravenous hunger, had plundered the grain huts, and stolen some chickens. The natives were requested to come and point out the thieves. They did so, and pointed their fingers at Alsassi, a notorius thief and gourmand. Convicted of the crime after a strict examination of his quarters by Kachéché, the chief detective, Alsassi was flogged in their presence, not severely, but sufficiently to mark my sense of extreme displeasure. The value of the stolen food was given to the defrauded natives, and peace and tranquillity were restored.

The Warimi are the finest people in physique we saw between their country and the sea. They are robust, tall, manly in bearing, and possess very regular features. As they go stark naked, we perceived that the males had undergone the process of circumcision. Their ornaments are cinctures of brass wire round the loins, armlets and leglets of brass, brass-wire collars, beads plentifully sprinkled over their hair, and about a dozen long necklaces suspended from the neck. The war-costumes which they were wearing when I had thought that trouble was near were curious and various. Feathers of the kite and hawk, manes of the zebra and giraffe, encircled their foreheads. Their arms consisted of portentous-looking spears, bows and yard-long arrows, and shields of rhinoceros hide. The women, I imagine, are generally a shade lighter than the men. I failed to see in a day's examination a single flat nose or thick lip, though they were truly negroidal in hair and colour. I ought to have said that many shaved their heads, leaving only a thin wavy line over the forehead.

The rolling plain of Suna was at this season utterly devoid of grass. An immense area was under cultivation; clusters of small villages were sprinkled over all the prospect the eye embraced, and large flocks of goats and sheep and herds of cattle proved that they were a pastoral as well as an agricultural people.

The Warimi appear to have no chief, but submit to direction by the elders, or heads of families, who have acquired importance by judicious alliances, and to whom they refer civil causes. In time of war, however, as we observed the day after we arrived, they have for their elder, one who has a military reputation. This fighting elder, to whom, I remarked, great deference was paid, was certainly $6^1/_2$ feet in height. The species of beads called Kanyera were, it seemed to me, most in favour; brass wire was also in demand, but all cloth was rejected except the blue Kaniki.

We halted four days at Suna, as our situation was deplorable. A constantly increasing sick list, culminating in the serious illness of Edward Pocock, the evident restlessness of the Warimi at our presence, who most certainly wished us anywhere except in their country, and yet had no excuse for driving us by force from their neighbourhood, the insufficient quantity of food that could be purchased, and the growing importunacy of the healthy Wangwana to be led away from such a churlish and suspicious people, plunged me in perplexity.

We had now over thirty men ailing. Some

suffered from dysentery, others from fever, asthma, chest diseases, and heart sickness; lungs were weak, and rheumatism had its victims. Edward Pocock, on the afternoon of the day we arrived at Suna, came to me, and complained of pain in the loins, a throbbing in the head—which I attributed to weariness, after our terribly long march—and a slight fever. I suggested to him that he had better lie down and rest. Before I retired, I reminded Frank, his brother, that he should give Edward some alterative medicine. The next day the young man was worse. His tongue was thickly coated with a dark fur, his face fearfully pallid, and he complained of wandering pains in his back and knees, of giddiness and great thirst. I administered to him sweet spirits of nitre with orange water, and a few grains of ipecacuanha as an emetic. The fourth day he was delirious, and we were about to sponge him with cold water, when I observed that small red pimples with white tops covered his chest and abdomen, arms and neck. One or two were very like small-pox pustules, which deceived me for a time into the belief that it was a mild case of small-pox. However, by carefully noticing the symptoms, I perceived that it was unmistakably a case of the dreadful typhus.

There were two or three cases of sickness equally dangerous in camp, but far more dangerous was the sickness of temper from which the Warimi suffered. It became imperative that we should keep moving, if only two or three miles a day. Accordingly, on the 17th January, after rigging up four hammocks, and making one especially comfortable for Edward Pocock, roofed over with canvas, we moved from the camp through the populated district at a very slow pace; Frank Pocock and Fred Barker at the side of the hammock of the sick European, and a chief and four men attending to each suffering Wangwana. Hundreds of natives, fully armed, kept up with us on either side of our path.

Never since leaving the sea were we weaker in spirit than on this day. Had we been attacked, I doubt if we should have made much resistance. The famine in Ugogo, and that terribly protracted trial of strength through the jungle of Uveriveri, had utterly unmanned us; besides, we had such a long list of sick, and Edward Pocock and three Wangwana were dangerously ill, in hammocks. We were an unspeakably miserable and disheartened band; yet, urged by our destiny, we struggled on, though languidly. Our spirits seemed dying, or resolving themselves into weights which oppressed our hearts. Weary, harassed, and feeble creatures, we arrived at Chiwyu, four hundred miles from the sea, and camped near the crest of a hill, which was marked by aneroid as 5400 feet above the level of the ocean.

Edward Pocock was reported by Frank to have muttered in his delirium, "The master has just hit it," and to have said that he felt very comfortable. On arriving at the camp, one of the boat sections was elevated above him as a protection from the sun, until a cool grass hut could be erected. A stockade was being constructed by piling a thick fence of brushwood around a spacious circle, along which grass huts were fast being built, when Frank entreated me to step to his brother's side. I sprang to him —only in time, however, to see him take his last gasp. Frank gave a shriek of sorrow when he realized that the spirit of his brother had fled for ever, and, removing the boat section, bent over the corpse and wailed in a paroxysm of agony.

We excavated a grave 4 feet deep at the foot of a hoary acacia with wide-spreading branches, and on its ancient trunk Frank engraved a deep cross, the emblem of the faith we all believe in, and, when folded in its shroud, we laid the body in its final resting-place during the last gleams of sunset. We read the beautiful prayers of the church service for the dead, and, out of respect for the departed, whose frank, sociable, and winning manners had won their friendship and regard, nearly all the Wangwana were present to pay a last tribute of sighs to poor Edward Pocock.

When the last solemn prayer had been read, we retired to our tents, to brood in sorrow and silence over our irreparable loss.

CHAPTER VI.

From Chiwyu to Vinyata—Kaif Halleck murdered—The magic doctor—Giving away the heart—Deeds of blood—"The white men are only women"—A three days' fight—Punishment of the Wanyaturu—The ubiquitous Mirambo—The plain of the Luwamberri—In a land of plenty—Through the open country—"I have seen the lake, Sir, and it is grand!"—Welcomed at Kagehyi.

(Jan. 18—Feb. 27, 1875.)

We have seen no remarkable feature in the landscape since we surmounted that steep wall of the upland which bounds Ugogo on the west. Near its verge, it is true, it rose in steep terraces, until finally it extended westward and northward in a broad jungle-covered plain, which had a gradual rise, culminating in the myombo-clad slopes of the Uveriveri ridge. While standing at Suna, we were in view of that vast waste out of which, after terrible experience, we had emerged as it were only with our lives.

At Chiwyu, we camped near the loftiest altitude of the gradual and almost unbroken rise of upland, at a height of 5400 feet. To the northward of Suna and Chiwyu, the country, however, no longer retained that grand unfurrowed uplift, but presented several isolated hills and short ranges, while to the westward also we saw that it was divided into oval basins, rimmed with low hills. From these same hollows and furrows and basins at the base of the hills, scattered to the north and west of Suna and Chiwyu, issue the first tiny rivulets, which, as we continue our journey to the north-west, gradually converge to one main stream, trending towards Lake Victoria. It is in this region, therefore, that the most extreme southern Sources of the Nile were discovered.

Since leaving Mpwapwa, we have not crossed one perennial stream. All our drinking water has been obtained from pools, or shallow depressions lately filled by rain. Between Suna and Chiwyu was crossed one small rill flowing north-easterly, which soon afterwards joins another and still another, and gathering volume, swerves north, then north-west. These are the furthest springs and head-waters of a river that will presently become known as the Leewumbu, then as the Monangah, and lastly as the Shimeeyu, under which name it enters Lake Victoria on the south-east coast of Speke Gulf.

Descending into the basin of Matongo from Chiwyu with its melancholy associations, we crossed several narrow and shallow furrows, which a few late rains had probably caused, and came to a clear stream flowing north through a deep rocky channel. Near this ravine was a space about a square mile in extent, strangely torn up and exhibiting thousands of boulders and blocks, large and small, with smooth, water-worn tops; and the sides of what is now a small hill in the centre of the basin showed visible traces of the action of furious torrents through centuries of time. The hard granite was worn into cones, the tops of which bore a calcined appearance, proving the effect of intense heat suddenly cooled by rain. The rocky channel of this stream in the Matongo basin was a veritable geological section. The surface consisted of massive granite boulders imbedded in vegetable deposit; below this was a stratum of sand about 3 feet deep, below the sand a stratum of coarse shingle of quartz, feldspar, and porphyry, about 8 feet thick, and below this was alluvium, resting on solid rock.

During these days the thermometer had seldom risen higher than 78°; for hours during the day it stood at 66°, while at night the mean was 63°. Seven miles from Chiwyu stand the villages of Mangura on the borders of Ituru. Soon after leaving Mangura we ought to have followed the left-hand road, which, after traversing a forest, would have brought us to Mgongo Tembo, where we should have found Wangwana and Wanyamwezi. We also discovered that we had already lost the regular path to Usukuma at

Kashongwa, which would have taken us, we were told, to Utaturu and thence to Mgongo Tembo. But the Mangura natives, though they were otherwise tolerant of our presence and by no means ill-disposed, would not condescend to show us the road, and we were therefore exposed to a series of calamities, which at one time threatened our very existence.

After passing Mangura, we entered Ituru. Streams now became numerous, all flowing northward; but though such a well-watered country, the cattle in it were poor and gaunt in frame, the dogs half starved, and the sheep and goats mere skeletons. Only the human beings seemed to me to be in good condition. Among the birds of this region which attracted our attention, we noted spur-winged geese, small brown short-billed ducks, delicate of flesh and delicious eating, long-legged plover, snipe, cranes, herons, spoonbills, parroquets and jays, and a large greyish-brown bird with short legs resembling a goose, and very shy and difficult of approach.

The language of Ituru is totally distinct from that of Ugogo or of Unyamwezi. Besides possessing large herds of cattle, nearly every village boasts of one or two strong Masai asses. As the Wanyaturu stood in groups indulging their curiosity outside our camps, I observed they had a curious habit of employing themselves in plucking the hair from their faces and arm-pits.

Being extremely distant in their manner, we found it difficult to gain their confidence, though we were assiduous in our attempts to cultivate their good-will.

Izanjeh was our next camp after Mangura, and the first place we halted at in Ituru. It was 5450 feet above the sea.

On leaving Izanjeh, Kaif Halleck, the bearer of the letter-bag to Livingstone in 1871, was afflicted with asthma, and as we were compelled to travel slowly, I entreated him not to lag behind the Expedition while it traversed such a dangerous country. But I have observed that sick men seldom heed advice. Being obliged to go forward to the front during these evil and trying days, I had to leave the rearguard under Frank Pocock and Fred Barker and the Wangwana chiefs. As my duties would be mainly to introduce and ingratiate our expedition with the natives, I could not possibly know what happened in the rear until we reached camp, and reports were made to me by Frank and Manwa Sera.

From the top of a ridge, accompanied by a guide whose good-will had been secured by me, I descended to the basin of what the Wangwana at Mgongo Tembo call Vinyata, but which the guide, I feel assured, called Niranga. The basin is oval, about twelve miles long by six miles wide, cut through the centre by the Leewumbu, as it flows in a W. N. W. direction, becoming lost, soon after leaving the basin, in a cluster of wood-clad hills. Numbers of villages are sprinkled over it from end to end, and from the summit of the ridge we guessed it to contain a populous and wealthy community. On the evening of the same day, the 21st January 1875, we arrived at Vinyata.

There was nothing in the horizon of our daily life that the most fearful and timid could have considered ominous. Nevertheless, consistent with custom, the camp was constructed on the summit of a slightly swelling ground, between a forest and the fields in the basin. The people of the small village nearest to us deserted it upon first sight of our party, but they were finally persuaded to return. Everything promised at night to be peaceful, though anxiety began to be felt about the fate of Kaif Halleck. He had not been seen for two days. Some suggested he had deserted, but "faithfuls" rarely desert upon mere impulse, without motive or cause. It was necessary therefore to halt a day at Vinyata to despatch a searching party. Manwa Sera was told to take four staunch men, one of whom was the scout and famous detective, Kachéché, to hunt up the sick "letter-carrier of 1871."

During Manwa Sera's absence, Frank, Barker, and myself were occupied in reducing our loads, and rejecting every article that we could possibly subsist without. Our sick were many, twenty had died, and eighty-nine had deserted, between the coast and Vinyata!

While examining the cloth bales, we discovered that several were wet from the excessive rains of Ugogo, and to save them from being ruined, it was imperative, though impolitic, that we should spread the cloths to dry. In the midst of this work, the great magic doctor of Vinyata came to pay me a visit, bringing with him a fine fat ox as a peace offering. Being the first we had received since leaving Kitalalo, we regarded it as a propitious omen, and I showed by my warmth toward the ancient Mganga that I was ready to reciprocate his kindness. He was introduced to my tent, and after being sociably entertained with exceedingly sweet coffee and some of Huntley and Palmer's best and sweetest biscuits, he was presented with fifteen cloths, thirty necklaces, and ten yards of brass wire, which repaid him fourfold for his ox. Trivial things, such as empty sardine boxes, soup and bouilli pots, and empty jam tins, were successively bestowed on him as he begged for them. The horizon appeared clearer than ever, when he entreated me to go through the process of blood-brotherhood, which I underwent with all the ceremonious gravity of a pagan. As he was finally departing, he saw preparations being made to despatch the ox, and he expressed his desire that the heart of the animal should be returned to him. While he stayed for it, I observed with uneasiness that he and his following cast lingering glances upon the cloths which were drying in camp.

During the day the Wangwana received several days' back rations, towards repairing the havoc which the jungle of Uveriveri and famine-stricken Ugogo had effected in their frames, and our intercourse with the natives this day was most friendly. But before retiring for the night, Manwa Sera and his scouts returned with the report that "Kaif Halleck's" dead body had been discovered, gashed with over thirty wounds, on the edge of a wood between Izanjeh and Vinyata!

"We cannot help it, my friends," I said after a little deliberation. "We can mourn for him, but we cannot avenge him. Go and tell the people to take warning from his fate not to venture too far from the camp, and when on the march not to lag behind the caravan; and you, who are the chiefs and in charge of the rear, must not again leave a sick man to find his way unprotected to camp."

The next day the magic doctor appeared about 8 A.M. to receive another present, and as he brought with him about a quart of curded milk, he was not disappointed. He also received a few beads for his wife and for each of his children. We parted about 9.30 A.M. after shaking hands many times, apparently mutually pleased with each other. No mention was made to any native of Vinyata of the murder of Kaif Halleck, lest it might be suspected we charged our new friends with being cognizant of, or accessory to, the cruel deed, which would, without doubt, have caused new complications.

Half an hour after the departure of the magic doctor, while many of the Wangwana were absent purchasing grain, and others were in the forest collecting faggots, we heard war-cries. Imagining that they were the muster-call to resist their neighbours of Izanjeh, or of some tribe to the east, we did not pay much attention to them. However, as these peculiar war-cries, which may be phonetically rendered "Hehu-a hehu," appeared to draw nearer, we mustered a small party on the highest ground of the camp, in an attitude of doubt and enquiry, and presently saw a large body of natives, armed with spears, bows and arrows, and shields, appear within a hundred yards on a similar high-ground outside the camp. The sight suggested to us that they had mustered against us, yet I could divine no cause of grievance or subject of complaint to call forth a warlike demonstration.

I despatched two unarmed messengers to them to inquire what their intentions were, and to ascertain the object of this apparently hostile mob. The messengers halted midway between the camp and the crowd, and sitting down, invited two of the natives to advance to them for a "shauri."

We soon discovered upon the return of the messengers that one of the Wangwana had stolen some milk, and that the natives had been aroused to "make war"* upon us because of the theft. They were sent back to inform the natives that war was wicked and unjust for such a small crime, and to suggest that they should fix a price upon the milk, and permit us to atone for the wrong with a handsome gift. After some deliberation the proposition was agreed to. A liberal present of cloth was made, and the affair had apparently terminated.

But as this mob was about to retire peacefully, another large force appeared from the north. A consultation ensued, at first quietly enough, but there were one or two prominent figures there, who raised their voices, the loud, sharp, and peremptory tones of which instinctively warned me that their owners would carry the day. There was a bellicose activity about their movements, an emphasis in their gestures, and a determined wrathful fury about the motion of head and pose of body that were un-

* "Make war" is the literal translation of *fanya vita.*

mistakable. They appeared to be quarrelling doggedly with those who had received cloth for the milk, and were evidently ready to fight with them if they persisted in retiring without bloodshed.

In the midst of this, Soudi, a youth of Zanzibar, came hastily upon the scene. He had a javelin gash near the right elbow-joint, and a slight cut as though from a flying spear was visible on his left side, while a ghastly wound from a whirling knobstick had laid open his temples. He reported his brother Suliman as lying dead near the forest, to the west of the camp.

We decided, nevertheless, to do nothing. We were strong disciples of the doctrine of forbearance, for it seemed to me then as if Livingstone had taught it to me only the day before. "Keep silence," I said; "even for this last murder I shall not fight; when they attack the camp, it will be time enough then." To Frank I simply said that he might distribute twenty rounds of ammunition without noise to each man, and dispose our party on either side of the gate, ready for a charge should the natives determine upon attacking us.

The loudly arguing mob had not yet settled conclusively what they should do, and possibly, hostilities might have been averted, had not the murderers of young Suliman, advancing redhanded and triumphant, extorted from all the unanimous opinion that it would be better after all to fight "the cowardly Wangwana and the white men, who were evidently only women."

They quickly disposed themselves, delivered loud whoops of triumph, prepared their bows, and shot their first arrows. The Wangwana became restless, but I restrained them. Perceiving no sign of life in our camp, the Wanyaturu judged, doubtless, that we were half dead with fright, and advanced boldly to within thirty yards, when the 'word was given to the Wangwana and Wanyamwezi, who rushed outside and, by the very momentum of the rush, drove the savages to a distance of 200 yards. The Wangwana were then ordered to halt, and deployed as skirmishers.

We still waited without firing. The savages, not comprehending this extraordinary forbearance, advanced once more. The interpreters were requested to warn them that we should delay no longer. They replied, "Ye are women, ye are women; go, ask Mirambo how he fared in Ituru," saying which they twanged their bows. It was only then, perceiving that they were too savage to understand the principles of forbearance, that the final word to "fight" was given. A brisk encounter was maintained for an hour, and then, having driven the savages away, the Wangwana were recalled to camp.

Meanwhile Frank was busy with sixty men armed with axes in constructing a strong stockade, and on the return of the Wangwana they were employed in building marksmen's "nests" at each corner of the camp. We also cleared the ground to the space of 200 yards around the camp. By night our camp was secure, and perfectly defensible.

On the morning of the 24th we waited patiently in our camp. Why should we attack? We were wretched enough as it was without seeking to add to our wretchedness. We numbered only seventy effective men, for all the others were invalids, frightened porters, women, donkey-boys, and children. The sick list was alarming, but, try how we might, the number was not to be reduced. While we lived from hand to mouth on a few grains of corn a day, after a month's experience of famine fare, our plight must not only remain pitiable, but become worse. We were therefore in a mood to pray that we might not be attacked, but permitted to leave the camp in safety.

At 9 A.M., however, the enemy appeared, reinforced both in numbers and confidence, for the adjoining districts on the north and east had been summoned to the "war." This word means now, as is evident, daily attacks upon our camp, with forces hourly increasing, until we shall have also perhaps strange tribes to the westward invited to the extermination of the strangers, and ourselves be in the meantime penned in our hold until hunger reduces us to surrender, to be butchered without mercy.

Our position, as strangers in a hostile country, is such that we cannot exist as a corporate expedition, unless we resist with all our might and skill, in order to terminate hostilities and secure access to the western country. We therefore wait until they advance upon our camp, and drive them from its vicinity as we did the day before. In half an hour our people are back, and organized into four detachments of ten men each under their separate chiefs, two more detachments of ten men each being held in reserve, and one other, of ten also, detailed for the defence of the camp. They are instructed to proceed in skirmishing order in different directions through the hostile country, and to drive the inhabitants out wherever they find them lodged, to a distance of five miles east and north, certain rocky hills, the rendezvous of the foe, being pointed out as the place where they must converge. Messengers are sent with each detachment to bring me back information.

The left detachment, under chief Farjalla Christie, were soon thrown into disorder, and were killed to a man, except the messenger who brought us the news, imploring for the reserve, as the enemy were now concentrated on the second detachment. Manwa Sera was therefore despatched with fifteen men, and arrived at the scene only in time to save eight out of the second detachment. The third plunged boldly on, but lost six of its number; the fourth, under chief Safeni, behaved prudently and well, and, as fast as each enclosed village was taken, set it on fire. But ten other men despatched to the scene retrieved what the third had lost, and strengthened Safeni.

About 4 P.M. the Wangwana returned, bringing with them oxen, goats, and grain for food. Our losses in this day's proceedings were twenty-one soldiers and one messenger killed, and three wounded.

On the morning of the 25th we waited until 9 A.M., again hoping that the Wanyaturu would see the impolicy of renewing the fight; but we were disappointed, for they appeared again, and apparently as numerous as ever. After some severe volleys we drove them off again on the third day, but upon the return of the Wangwana, instead of dividing them into detachments, I instructed them to proceed in a compact body. Some of the porters volunteered to take the place of the soldiers who perished the previous day, and we were therefore able to show still a formidable front. All the villages in our neighbourhood being first consumed, they continued their march, and finally attacked the rocky hill, which the Wanyaturu had adopted as a stronghold, and drove them flying precipitately into the neighbouring country, where they did not follow them.

We knew now that we should not be disturbed. Some of the guns, lost the day before, we recaptured. On reckoning up our loss on the evening of the third day, we ascertained it to be twenty-two men killed, three men wounded, twelve guns lost, and four cases of ammunition expended. Including Kaif Halleck and Suliman murdered, our losses in Ituru were therefore twenty-four men killed and four wounded, and as we had twenty-five on the sick list, it may be imagined that to replace these fifty-three men great sacrifices were necessary on the part of the survivors, and much ingenuity had to be exercised. Twelve loads were accordingly placed on the asses, and ten chiefs were detailed to carry baggage until we should arrive in Usukuma. Much miscellaneous property was burned, and on the morning of the 26th, just before daybreak, we resumed our interrupted journey.

The expedition on this day consisted of three Europeans, 206 Wangwana and Wanyamwezi, twenty-five women, and six boys. At 9.30 A.M. we camped at a place which might be called a natural fortress. To our right and left rose two little hills 100 feet high and almost perpendicular. Behind us dropped a steep slope 400 feet down to the Leewumbu river, so that the only way of access was the narrow gap through which we had entered. We soon closed the gateway with a dense wall of brushwood, and in perfect security lay down to rest.

This camp was at an altitude of 5650 feet above the ocean, and due west of Vinyata about ten miles. On one side of us was the deep-wooded valley through which the rapid Leewumbu rushes. Its banks on each side slope steeply upward, and at the top become detached hills clothed with forest; from their base wave the uplands in grand and imposing wooded ridges. North of the Leewumbu the hills are bolder than those to the south.

On the 27th, at dawn, we crossed the Leewumbu, and the whole of that day and the day following, our route was through a forest of fine myombo, intersected by singular narrow plains, forming at this season of the year so many quagmires. Other features of this region were enormous bare rocks, looming like castles through the forest, and hillocks composed of great fragments of splintered granite and broad heaving humps of grey gneiss. One of these singular features of this part of Africa gives its name to Mgongo Tembo, "The Elephant's Back." Far to the south is a similar hill, which I passed by during the first expedition; and its chief, emigrating to Iramba, has bestowed upon a like feature at the site of his new colony the name of his former village, to remind him of old associations.

On the 29th we entered Mgongo Tembo, and became acquainted with the chief, who is also known by the fantastic name which he has given his new quarters, though his real name is Malewa. He is a strong conservative, dislikes innovations, declares young men nowadays to be too fond of travel, and will not allow his sons—he has sixteen—to visit either Unyanyembé or Zanzibar lest they should learn bad habits. He is a hearty, jovial soul, kindly disposed if let alone. He has lately emerged triumphantly out of a war with Maganga of Rubuga, an ally of the famous Mirambo.

It had been an object with me at one time to steer clear of Mirambo, but as I recognised and became impressed with his ubiquitous powers, I failed to perceive how the system of exploration I had planned could be effected if I wandered great distances out of his way. On the first expedition some of my people perished in a conflict with him, and on returning with Livingstone to Unyanyembé, we heard of him dealing effective blows with extraordinary rapidity on his Arab and native foes. Since leaving Ugogo, we heard daily of him on this expedition. He was one day advancing upon Kirirumo, at another place he was on our flanks somewhere in Utaturu. He fought with Ituru, and, according to Mgongo Tembo's chief, lost 1100 men two months before we entered the country. Mgongo Tembo, who kept a wary eye upon the formidable chief's movements, informed us that Mirambo was in front of us, fighting the Wasukuma. Mgongo Tembo further said, in explanation of the unprovoked attacks of the Wanyaturu upon us, that we ought not to have bestowed the heart of the presented ox upon the magic doctor of Vinyata, as by the loss of that diffuser of blood, the Wanyaturu believed we had left our own bodies weakened and would be an easy prey to them. "The Wanyaturu are robbers, and sons of robbers," said he fiercely, after listening to the recital of our experiences in Ituru.

On the 1st February, after a very necessary halt of two days at Mgongo Tembo, with an addition to our force of eight pagazis and two guides, and encouraged by favourable reports of the country in front, we entered Mangura in Usukuma near a strange valley which contained a forest of borassus palms. In the beds of the several streams we crossed this day we observed granite boulders, blue shale, basalt, porphyry and quartz.

Beyond Mangura, or about six miles west of it, was situate Igira, a sparse settlement overlooking the magnificent plain of Luwamberri, at an altitude by boiling-point of 5350 feet. A camp which we established in this plain was ascertained with the same apparatus to be 4475 feet. Ten miles farther, near a sluggish ditch-like creek, the boiling-point showed 4250 feet, only 100 feet higher than Lake Victoria.

As far as Igira the myombo flourished, but when we descended into the plain, and the elevation above the sea decreased to 4000 feet, we discovered that the baobab became the principal feature of the vegetation, giving place soon after to thorny acacias and a variety of scrub, succeeded in their turn by a vast expanse of tawny grass.

The Luwamberri plain—with its breadth of nearly forty miles, its indefinite length of level reach towards the N.N.W., its low altitude above the Victorian Lake, the wave-worn slopes of the higher elevations which hem it on the east and the south—appears to me to have been in ancient times a long arm of the great lake which was our prospective goal at this period. About sixteen miles from Igira there is a small sluggish stream with an almost imperceptible current northward, but though it was insignificant at the time of our crossing, there were certain traces on the tall grass to show that during the middle of the rainy season it is nearly a mile broad, and very deep. Several nullahs or ravines with stagnant water, when followed up, prove to have their exit in the broad channel.

In the centre of the level plain rises a curious elevation, like an island crowned with a grove, whither the game with which the plain teems resort during the wet season. At the period of our crossing, however, they roved in countless numbers over the plain—giraffe, zebra, gnu, buffalo, springbok, water-buck, kudu, hartebeest, wild-boar, and several varieties of smaller antelope; while birds abounded, ibis, field-larks, fish-hawks, kingfishers, spur-winged geese, ducks, vultures, flamingoes, spoonbills, and cranes.

With such a variety before them, it may readily be conceived that the Wangwana and Wanyamwezi, which now numbered, with the accessions to our strength gained at Mangura and Igira, 280 men, earnestly hoped that I should be successful in the sport to which I now devoted myself with the aid of my faithful factotum Billali. One day I shot a giraffe and a small antelope; on the next, in the neighbourhood of the woody elevation in the plain, five zebra; and the third day, on the western verge, I shot two gnu, one buffalo, and a zebra, besides bagging two spur-winged geese, four guinea-fowl, and five ducks. Meat was now a drug in our camp. It was cooked in various styles, either stewed, roasted, fried, or pounded for cakes. Some of the Wanyamwezi carried, besides their cloth bale of 60 lbs. weight, nearly 35 lbs. of dried meat.

On the western verge of the grassy plain we crossed the Itawa river, a broad but sluggish stream choked with grass, and camped in a locality which seemed to be favourable only to the production of baobab and mimosa. After a few hours' travel west of the Itawa, we crossed the Gogo river with a course N.N.E. towards the Luwamberri plain. Here we arrived at the easternmost of a chain of low hills with truncated tops. These hills, pleasant to the eye, and covered with waving grass and a sprinkling of thin dwarf bush, consisted of silicious feldspathic rock, the stratification of which was vertical, in other parts diagonal, with a dip to the north-west. The slopes of the hills were thickly covered with detached pieces of this rock, and at the base with shingle. The plain beneath, close to the vicinity of the hills, had extensive beds of the same rock, which, in places, rose above it, exposed in great sheets.

On the 9th February we crossed the Nanga ravine, and the next day, by a gradual ascent, arrived at the Seligwa, flowing to the Leewumbu, and, after following it for four miles, reached the hospitable village of Mombiti. We had fairly entered the rich country of Usukuma, where the traveller, if he has resources at his disposal, need never fear starvation.

The products of the rich upland were here laid at our feet, and it must be conceded that the plenteous stores of grain, beans, potatoes, vetches, sesamum, millet, vegetables, such as melons and various garden herbs, honey, and tobacco, which we were enabled to purchase at Mombiti, were merited by the members of the long-enduring expedition. The number of chickens and goats that were slaughtered by the people was enormous. Long arrears of rewards were due them for the many signal examples of worth they had shown; and here I earned anew the flattering appellation bestowed upon me three years previously in Africa: "The white man with the open hand"—"Huyu Msungu n'u fungua mikono."

With the rewards they received, the Wangwana and Wanyamwezi, men, women, and children, revelled in the delights of repleted stomachs, and the voice of the gaunt monster, Hunger, was finally hushed. In festive rejoicings and inordinate fulness we spent three days at Mombiti.

A fresh troop of porters was here engaged to relieve the long-suffering people, and with renewed spirits and rekindled vigour, and with reserve stores of luxuries on our shoulders, we plunged into the jungle in the direction of the Monangah valley and Usiha, in preference to the ever-troubled route by Usanda, Nguru, and Masari. Mirambo, it was reported, was also in the neighbourhood of Masari, and hovering about our path like a phantom.

During the second day's march from Mombiti, Gardner, one of the faithful followers of Livingstone during his last journey, succumbed to a severe attack of typhoid fever. We conveyed the body to camp, and having buried him, raised a cairn of stones over his grave at the junction of two roads, one leading to Usiha, the other to Iramba. His last words were, "I know I am dying. Let my money (370 dollars), which is in charge of Tarya Topan of Zanzibar, be divided. Let a half be given to my friend Chumah, and a half be given to these my friends—pointing to the Wangwana—that they may make the mourning-feast." In honour of this faithful, the camp is called after his name—"Camp Gardner."

A gradual descent from the ridges and wavy upland brought us to the broad, brown valley of the Leewumbu, or the Monangah river, as the Wasukuma now called the river. At the ford in this season the Monangah was 30 yards wide and 3 feet deep, with a current of about a mile an hour, but discoloured marks high above its present level denote a considerable rise during the rainy season. A few hills on the south bank showed the same features of the silicified feldspathic rock visible near the Gogo stream. Giraffe were numerous, feeding on the dwarf acacia, but the country was too open to permit my approaching them. However, I succeeded in dropping a stray springbok in a hunting excursion which I made in the evening.

On leaving the Monangah, we struck northerly across a pathless country seamed with elephant tracks, rhinoceros wallows, and gullies which contained pools of grey muddy water. Four miles from the river, Kirira Peak bore W.N.W., Usanda west by north, Wanhinni N.N.W., and Samui west by south. A chain of hill-cones ran from Samui to Wanhinni.

Surmounting a ridge which bounded the valley of the Monangah on the north, and following its crest westerly, we arrived on the morning of the 17th February at Eastern Usiha. When in sight of their conical cotes, we despatched one of our native guides ahead, to warn the natives that a caravan of Wangwana was approaching, and to bear messages of peace and goodwill. But in his absence, one of the Kinyamwezi asses set up a terrific braying, which nearly created serious trouble. It appears that on one of his former raids the terrible Mirambo possessed a Kinyamwezi ass which also brayed, and, like the geese of the Roman Capitol, betrayed the foe. Hence the natives insisted, despite the energetic denial of our guide, that this ass must also belong to Mirambo, and for a short period he was in a perilous state. They seized and bound him, and would probably have despatched him had not the village scouts returned laughing heartily at the fright the vicious ass had caused.

Usiha is the commencement of a most beautiful pastoral country, which terminates only in the Victoria Nyanza. From the summit of one of the weird grey rock-piles which characterize it, one may enjoy that unspeakable fascination of an apparently boundless horizon. On all sides there stretches toward it the face of a vast circle replete with peculiar features, of detached hills, great crag-masses of riven and sharply angled rock, and outcropping mounds, between which heaves and rolls in low, broad waves a green grassy plain whereon feed thousands of cattle scattered about in small herds.

As fondly as the Wangwana with their suffering vitals lingered over their meals in the days of plenty at Mombiti, so fondly did I gloat over this expanding extent, rich in contrasts and pleasing surprises. Fresh from the tawny plains of Monangah, with its thirsty and sere aspect, I was as gratified as though I possessed the wand of an enchanter, and had raised around me the verdant downs of Sussex. I seated myself apart, on the topmost grey rock. Only my gunbearer was near me, and he always seemed intuitively to know my moods. I revelled therefore undisturbed in the bland and gracious prospect. The voices of the Wangwana came to me now and again faint by distance, and but for this I might, as I sat there, have lost myself in the delusion that all the hideous past and beautiful present was a dream.

After the traveller has performed his six hundred miles from the ocean to Usiha, however phlegmatic he may be, he will surely glow with pleasure when he views this fair scene of promise. The delicious smell of cattle and young grass comes up from the plain quick, and reminds one of home-farm memories, of milk and cheese, and secret dippings into cream-pots, and from the staked bomas and the hedge-encircled villages there rise to my hearing the bleating of young calves, and the lowing of the cows as they looked interested towards the village, and I could see flocks of kids and goats, and sheep with jealously watchful shepherd-boys close by—the whole prospect so peaceful and idyllic that it made a strangely affecting impression on me.

Daybreak of the 19th February saw the refreshed Expedition winding up and down the rolling pasture-land, escorted by hundreds of amiable natives who exchanged pleasant jests with our people, and laughed recklessly and boisterously to show us that they were glad we had visited their country. "Come yet again," said they, as they turned to go back after escorting us three miles on our way. "Come always, and you will be welcome."

We thoroughly enjoyed marching with such a broad prospect on either hand. We felt free, and for the first time enjoyed something of the lordly feeling to which it is said man is born, but to which we had certainly been strangers between the ocean and the grassy plains of Usukuma. One half the distance, it appears to me, we had ploughed our way through the lower regions of vegetation—the dense intermeshed tangle of a full-grown jungle—or we had crawled about like an army of ants, with the ordinary grasses of the maritime lands, the Luwamberri and the Monangah plains, towering like a forest of cane above our heads. The myombo forests of Uveriveri, and wood-clad ridges—drained by the crystal-clear streams and rivulets which supply the furthest waters to Egypt's sacred river—though tolerably open, did not inspire us with such a large, indescribable sense of freedom as the open short-grass lands in which we now found ourselves.

Among the rugged rock-heaps which relieved a landscape that might otherwise have been monotonous, the most characteristic and noticeable, perhaps, were Wezi's rocks. They are extremely picturesque from their massiveness and eccentricity, which distance increases and charms into ruined castles or antique human dwellings.

Villages were numerous between Usiha and Wandui. Sweet springs bubbled from all sides, especially from the opposing bases of the granite ridges which, like walls, flank the broad natural avenue, at the upper end of which stands the capital of the king of Usiha, shaded by glorious boabab and bowery masses of milk-weed.

As we were marching from Wandui to Mondo, on the 20th February, we were once again mistaken by the warlike natives for Mirambo, but the mistake went no further than war-cries, long, low, and melodious, caught up by hundreds of clear voices, and a demonstrative exhibition of how they would have exterminated us had we been really and truly Mirambo. In proportion as Mirambo haunts their vicinity, so do the natives appear to be possessed and disturbed. Wandui and Usiha become suddenly exercised at seeing their cattle run frightened from some prowling beast, and immediately the cry of "Mirambo, Mirambo!" is raised, and from every height the alarming cry is echoed, until from Usiha to Usanda, and from Masari north to Usmau, the dread name is repeated. Then two neighbours, finding it was a mistake, quarrel with each other, and begin fighting, and in the midst of their local war Mirambo veritably appears, as though from the ground, and attacks both!

North of Mondo, as far as Abaddi, or Baddi —sometimes Abatti—the country rolled, clear and open, like a treeless park, with scarcely a single shrub or tree. The grass was only an inch high. The rock-crowned hills were, however, still frequent features. All the male adults of Abaddi stalked about stark naked, but their women were clad with stiff skins and half tanned cowhides. The herds of cattle and flocks of goats and sheep absolutely whitened the glorious park country.

The following brief list of prices will serve to illustrate this extraordinary land of plenty:—

Prices at Abaddi.

1 ox	6 yards of sheeting.
1 goat	2 „ „
1 sheep	2 „ „
1 chicken	1 necklace.
6 chickens	2 yards of sheeting.
40 kubaba of Mtama	4 „ „

Prices in Ugogo.

1 ox	48 yards of sheeting.
1 goat.	12 „ „
1 sheep	10 „ „
1 chicken	From 5 to 10 necklaces.
6 chickens	12 yards of sheeting.
40 kubaba of Mtama . . .	16 „ „

The villages of this part of Usukuma are surrounded by hedges of euphorbias, milk-weed, the juice of which is most acrid, and when a drop is spattered over such a tender organ as the eye, the pain is almost intolerable. My poor bull-terrier Jack, while chasing a mongoose into one of these hedges, quite lost the use of one eye.

Our next camp was Marya, fifteen miles north by east Mag. from Mondo, and 4800 feet above the sea. We were still in view of the beautiful rolling plain, with its rock-crested hills, and herds of cattle, and snug villages, but the people, though Wasukuma, were the noisiest and most impudent of any we had yet met. One of the chiefs insisted on opening the door of the tent while I was resting after the long march. I heard the tent-boys remonstrate with him, but did not interfere until the chief forcibly opened the door, when the bull-dogs "Bull" and "Jack," who were also enjoying a well-earned repose, sprang at him suddenly and pinned his hands. The terror of the chief was indescribable, as he appeared to believe that the white man in the tent had been transformed into two ferocious dogs, so little was he prepared for such a reception. I quickly released him from his position, and won his gratitude and aid in restoring the mob of natives to a more moderate temper.

A march of seventeen miles north by west across a waterless jungle brought us on the 24th to South Usmau. Native travellers in this country possess native bells of globular form with which, when setting out on a journey, they ring most alarming though not inharmonious sounds, to waken the women to their daily duties.

The journey to Hulwa in North Usmau was begun by plunging through a small forest at the base of some rocky hills which had been distinctly visible from Marya, thirty-one miles south. A number of monkeys lined their summits, gazing contemptuously at the long string of bipeds condemned to bear loads. We then descended into a broad and populous basin, wherein villages with their milk-weed hedges appeared to be only so many verdant circlets. Great fragments and heaps of riven granite, gneiss, and trap rock, were still seen cresting the hills in irregular forms.

Through a similar scene we travelled to Gambachika, in North Usmau, which is at an altitude of 4600 feet above the sea, and fourteen miles from Hulwa. As we approached the settlement, we caught a glimpse to the far north of the mountains of Urirwi, and to the north-east of the Manassa heights which, we were informed by the natives, formed the shores of the great lake.

On the morning of the 27th February we rose up early, and braced ourselves for the long march of nineteen miles, which terminated at 4 P.M. at the village of Kagehyi.

The people were as keenly alive to the importance of this day's march, and as fully sensitive to what this final journey to Kagehyi promised their wearied frames, as we Europeans. They, as well as ourselves, looked forward to many weeks of rest from our labours and to an abundance of good food.

When the bugle sounded the signal to "Take the road," the Wanyamwezi and Wangwana responded to it with cheers, and loud cries of "Ay indeed, ay indeed, please God"; and their good-will was contagious. The natives, who had mustered strongly to witness our departure, were affected by it, and stimulated our people by declaring that the lake was not very far off —"but two or three hours' walk."

We dipped into the basins and troughs of the land, surmounted ridge after ridge, crossed watercourses, and ravines, passed by cultivated fields, and through villages smelling strongly of cattle, by good-natured groups of natives, until, ascending a long gradual slope, we heard, on a sudden, hurrahing in front, and then we too, with the lagging rear, knew that those in the van were in view of the Great Lake!

Frank Pocock impetuously strode forward until he gained the brow of the hill. He took a long sweeping look at something, waved his hat, and came down towards us, his face beaming with joy, as he shouted out enthusiastically with the fervour of youth and high spirits, "I have seen the Lake, Sir, and it is grand!" Frederick Barker, riding painfully on an ass, and sighing wearily from illness and the length of the journey, lifted his head to smile his thanks to his comrade.

Presently we also reached the brow of the hill, where we found the expedition halted, and the first quick view revealed to us a long broad arm of water, which a dazzling sun transformed into silver, some 600 feet below us, at the distance of three miles.

A more careful and detailed view of the scene showed us that the hill on which we stood sloped gradually to the broad bay or gulf edged by a line of green wavy reeds and thin groves of umbrageous trees scattered along the shore, on which stood several small villages of conical huts. Beyond these, the lake stretched like a silvery plain far to the eastward, and away across to a boundary of dark blue hills and mountains, while several grey rocky islets mocked us at first with an illusion of Arab dhows with white sails. The Wanyamwezi struck up the song of triumph:—

Sing, O friends, sing; the journey is ended:
Sing aloud, O friends; sing to the great Nyanza.
Sing all, sing loud, O friends, sing to the great sea;
Give your last look to the lands behind and then turn to the sea.
Long time ago you left your lands,
Your wives and children, your brothers and your friends;
Tell me, have you seen a sea like this
Since you left the great salt sea?

CHORUS.

Then sing, O friends, sing; the journey is ended:
Sing aloud, O friend; sing to this great sea.

This sea is fresh, is good, and sweet;
Your sea is salt, and bad, unfit to drink.
This sea is like wine to drink for thirsty men;
The salt sea—bah! it makes men sick.

Lift up your heads, O men, and gaze around;
Try if you can see its end.
See, it stretches moons away,
This great, sweet, fresh-water sea.

We come from Usukuma land,
The land of pastures, cattle, sheep, and goats,
The land of braves, warriors, and strong men,
And, lo! this is the far-known Usukuma sea.

Ye friends, ye scorned at us in other days.
Ah, ha! Wangwana. What say ye now?
Ye have seen the land, its pastures and its herds,
Ye now see the far-known Usukuma sea.

Kaduma's land is just below;
He is rich in cattle, sheep, and goats.
The Msungu is rich in cloth and beads;
His hand is open, and his heart is free.

To-morrow the Msungu must make us strong
With meat and beer, wine and grain.
We shall dance and play the livelong day,
And eat and drink, and sing and play.

I have in the above (as literal a translation as I can render it) made no attempt at rhyme—nor, indeed, did the young, handsome, and stalwart Corypheus who delivered the harmonious strains with such startling effect. The song, though extemporised, was eminently dramatic, and when the chorus joined in, it made the hills ring with a wild and strange harmony.

Re-animated by the cheerful music, we flung the flags to the breeze, and filed slowly down the slopes towards the fields of Kagehyi.

About half a mile from the villages we were surprised by seeing hundreds of warriors, decked with feathered head-dresses and armed to the teeth, advancing on the run towards us, and exhibiting, as they came, their dexterity with bows and arrows and spears. They had at first been alarmed at the long procession filing down the hill, imagining that we were the ubiquitous Mirambo and his force, but, though discovering their error, they still thought it too good an opportunity to be lost for showing their bravery, and therefore amused us with this byplay. Sungoro Tarib, an Arab resident at Kagehyi, also despatched a messenger with words of welcome, and an invitation to us to make Kagehyi our camp, as Prince Kaduma, chief of Kagehyi, was his faithful ally.

In a short time we had entered the wretched-looking village, and Kaduma was easily induced by Sungoro to proffer hospitalities to the strangers. A small conical hut about 20 feet in diameter, badly lighted, and with a strong smell of animal matter—its roof swarmed with bold rats, which, with a malicious persistence, kept popping in and out of their nests in the straw roof, and rushing over the walls—was placed at my disposal as a store-room. Another small hut was presented to Frank Pocock and Fred Barker as their quarters.

In summing up, during the evening of our arrival at this rude village on the Nyanza, the number of statute miles travelled by us, as measured by two rated pedometers and pocket watch, I ascertained it to be 720. The time occupied—from November 17, 1874, to February 27, 1875, inclusive—was 103 days, divided into 70 marching and 33 halting days, by which it will be perceived that our marches averaged a little over 10 miles per day. But as halts are imperative, the more correct method of ascertaining the rate of travel would be to include the time occupied by halts and marches, and divide the total distance by the number of days occupied. This reduces the rate to 7 miles per diem.

CHAPTER VII.

A burzah held—Paying off recruits—Kagehyi becomes a great trading centre—A Central African "toper"—Prince Kaduma—Hopes of assistance from him relinquished—The boat ready for sea—No volunteers—Selecting my crew—The start for the circumnavigation of Lake Victoria.

(Feb. 28—March 8, 1875.)

We all woke up on the morning of the 28th February with a feeling of intense relief. There were no more marches, no more bugle summons to rouse us up for another fatiguing day, no more fear of hunger—at least for a season.

We Europeans did not rise from bed until 8 A.M., and we then found the Wangwana and Wanyamwezi still extended at their full lengths on their mats and goat-skins, and peacefully reposing after their fatigues; and had I not finally sallied out into the open air at this hour, I believe that Sungoro and Kaduma, who, by the bye, were inseparable friends, would, from motives of delicacy, have refrained from paying a morning call, supposing that I should need many hours of rest.

At 9 A.M. a *burzah*, or levee, was held. First came Frank and Fred—now quite recovered from fever—to bid me good morning, and to congratulate themselves and me upon the prospective rest before us. Next came the Wangwana and Wanyamwezi chiefs, to express a hope that I had slept well, and after them the bold youths of the Expedition; then came Prince Kaduma and Sungoro, to whom we were bound this day to render an account of the journey and to give the latest news from Zanzibar; and, lastly, the princess and her principal friends—for introductions have to be undergone in this land as in others. The burzah lasted two hours, after which my visitors retired to pursue their respective avocations, which I discovered to be principally confined, on the part of the natives, to gossiping, making or repairing fishing-nets, hatchets, canoes, food-troughs, village fences, and huts, and on the part of our people, to arranging plans for building their own grass-huts, being perfectly content to endure a long stay at Kagehyi.

Though the people had only their own small domestic affairs to engage their attentions, and Frank and Fred were for this day relieved from duty; I had much to do—observations to take to ascertain the position of Kagehyi, and its altitude above the sea; to prepare paper, pens, and ink for the morrow's report to the journals which had despatched me to this remote and secluded part of the globe; to make calculations of the time likely to be occupied in a halt at Kagehyi, in preparing and equipping the *Lady Alice* for sea, and in circumnavigating the great "Nianja," as the Wasukuma call the lake. It was also incumbent upon me to ascertain the political condition of the country before leaving the port and the camp, that my mind might be at rest about its safety during my contemplated absence. Estimates were also to be entered upon as to the quantity of cloth and beads likely to be required for the provisioning of the expeditionary force during my absence, and as to the amount of tribute and presents to be bestowed upon the King of Uchambi—of which Kagehyi was only a small district, and to whom Prince Kaduma was only a subordinate and tributary. In brief, my own personal work was but begun, and pages would not suffice to describe in detail the full extent of the new duties now devolving upon me.

During the afternoon the Wasukuma recruits were summoned to receive farewell gifts, and nearly all were discharged. Then 13 doti of cloth were measured for the King of Uchambi, and 10 doti for Prince Kaduma; and beads were also given in proportion—the expectations of these two magnates and their favourite wives being thus satisfactorily realized. These grave affairs were not to be disposed of as mere trivialities, and occupied me many hours of our second day's life at Kagehyi. Meanwhile the Wangwana and Wanyamwezi required me to show my appreciation of their fidelity to me during the march, and chiefs and men received accordingly substantial tokens thereof. Besides new cloths to wear, and beads to purchase luxuries, I was expected to furnish them with meat for a banquet; and in accordance with their just wishes, six bullocks were purchased and slaughtered for their benefit. In addition to which, as a banquet would be rather tame without wine for cheer, twenty gallons of *pombé*—beer in a state of natural fermentation—were distributed. To satisfy all which demands and expectations, three full bales of cloth and 120 lbs. of beads were disbursed.

On the evening of the second day, I was rewarded for my liberality when I saw the general contentment, and heard on all sides expressions of esteem and renewed loyalty.

Nor were Frank and Fred forgotten, for I gave permission for them to issue for themselves, each day while in camp, four yards of cloth, or two fundo of beads, to be expended as they thought fit, over and above ration money. Small as this may seem, it was really equal to a gift of 4*s*. per day pocket-money. Though they lived on similar food to that cooked for myself, I observed that they chose to indulge in many things which I could not digest, or for which I had no appetite, such as ground-nuts, ripe bananas, plantains, and parched green corn. Fred Barker was remarkably partial to these things. This extra pocket-money also served to purchase a larger quantity of milk, eggs, chickens, and rice from the Wasukuma and Sungoro. My daily fare at this time consisted principally of chickens, sweet potatoes, milk, tea, and coffee. Pocock and Barker varied this diet with rice, with which Sungoro furnished them, and bread made of Indian corn and millet.

The village of Kagehyi, in the Uchambi district and country of Usukuma, became after our arrival a place of great local importance. It attracted an unusual number of native traders from all sides within a radius of twenty or thirty miles. Fishermen from Ukerewé, whose purple hills we saw across the arm of the lake, came in their canoes, with stores of dried fish; those of Igusa, Sima, and Magu, east of us in Usukuma, brought their cassava, or manioc, and ripe bananas; the herdsmen of Usmau, thirty miles south of Kagehyi, sent their oxen; and the tribes of Muanza—famous historically as being the point whence Speke first saw this broad gulf of Lake Victoria—brought their hoes, iron wire, and salt, besides great plenty of sweet potatoes and yams.

Reports of us were carried far along the paths of trade to the countries contiguous to the high-ways of traffic, because we were in a land which had been, from time immemorial, a land of gossip and primitive commerce, and a small band of peaceful natives, accustomed to travel, might explore hundreds of square miles in Usukuma without molestation. But though Unyanyembé, and through it Zanzibar, might receive within a few months reliable information about our movements, there were countries in the immediate neighbourhood of Kagehyi whither traders never venture, which were for ever cut off from the interesting intelligence that there were three *white* men on the shores of the lake, who were said to be most amiable and sociable. Ujiji, far away on Lake Tanganika, might be set to wondering whether they had come from Masr (Cairo) or from Zanzibar, but Wirigedi, close at hand here, on Speke Gulf, might still be in profound ignorance of the arrival. Mtesa of Uganda might prick his ears at the gratifying intelligence, and hope they would soon visit him, while Ukara, though only about twenty-five geographical miles from Kagehyi, might be excluded for ever from discussing the strange topic. The natives of Karagwé and their gentle king might be greatly exercised in their minds with the agreeable news, and wonder whether they, in their turn, should ever see the white men, and yet Komeh, 300 miles nearer to us, might only hear of the wonderful event years after our departure! Thus it is that information is only conveyed along the lines of traffic, and does not filter into those countries which are ostracized from common interests and events by the reputed ferocity of their inhabitants and their jealous hostility to strangers, even though they may actually border upon the localities where those interests and events are freely discussed.

Prince Kaduma, truth compels me to state, is a true Central Afrikan "toper"—a naturally amiable man, whose natural amiability might be increased to enormous proportions, provided that it was stimulated by endless supplies of pombé. From perpetual indulgence in his favourite vice, he has already attained to that blear-eyed, thick-tongued, husky-voiced state from which only months of total abstinence can redeem a man. In his sober moments—I cannot say hours—which were soon after he rose in the morning, he pretended to manifest an interest in his cattle-yard, and to be deeply alive to the importance of doing something in the way of business whenever opportunities offered. In fact, he would sometimes go so far as to say to his half-dozen elders that he had something in view even then—"but we must have a shauri first." Becoming exceedingly interested, the elders would invite him to speak, and instantly assume that wise, thoughtful, grave aspect which you sometimes see in members of Parliament, Congress, Reichstag, &c. "Ah, but," Kaduma would say, "does a man work when he is hungry? Can he talk when he is thirsty?" The elders slily exchange winks and nods of approval, at which Kaduma bursts into a hoarse chuckle—never a laugh—for Kaduma is remarkable for possessing the conceit of humour. Others may laugh at his dry sayings, but he himself never laughs: he chuckles.

The great jar of froth-topped pombé* is then brought up by a naked youth of fourteen or fifteen years, who is exceedingly careful to plant the egg-bottomed jar firmly in the ground lest it should topple over. Beside it is conveniently placed Kaduma's favourite drinking-cup, as large as a quart measure, and cut out of a symmetrically shaped gourd. Kaduma is now seated on a favourite low stool, and folds his greasy Sohari cloth about him, while the elders are seated on either side of him on wood chips, or axe handles, or rocks. The foaming jar is ready, and the dusky Ganymede attentive. Kaduma stretches out his hand languidly—it is all affectation, for Kaduma is really thirsty—and Ganymede, with both hands, presents the cup kneeling. The pombé being broached, the valves of the "shauri" are opened. During the hour devoted to the consumption of the pombé, Kaduma may be said to be rational, and even interested in business. Withal he is gay, light-hearted, and pleasant in conversation; grand projects are hinted at; trading expeditions even as far as Ujiji suggested; a trip to Unyanyembé and Zanzibar appears to be in serious contemplation with him. But, alas! the pombé is ended. Kaduma goes to sleep. At three o'clock he expands again into a creature of intelligence. Two or three pots are exhausted between 3 and 6 P.M., and finally Kaduma reels to his cot like the inebriated sot he really is. Alas! for the virtues of a naturally intelligent nature drowned by such intemperance! Alas! for the fine attributes of manhood conquered by vile indulgences! Alas! for the brains muddled by such impurities!

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* Native beer, made from fermented grain or coarse flour.

It will be apparent, then, that, though the Prince of Kagehyi is a well-meaning and well-disposed creature, he possessed an infirmity that rendered him incapable of rendering me that service which he had himself suggested to me. He promised that he would accompany me in my exploration of Lake Victoria! It is to be doubted, after acquiring such a knowledge of his character, whether his intentions could be fulfilled. Yet he informed me that he had visited Ukerewé, Ururi, and Ugeyeya, and would, for a consideration, place himself at my disposal. The consideration was ready, but Kaduma, unfortunately for me, I saw, could not be ready within a decade! Hopes of his assistance and influence were therefore relinquished; and, since the chief was not available, it became evident that none of his people could be obtained for the service of exploration. Without this insight into Kaduma's life and manners, it would have been a matter for fair speculation whether his weakness and intemperance, or his dread of the vast lake, were the real causes of his reluctance to accompany me.

The prince was learned in the names of several countries or villages—but which they were, I was then ignorant. But if every name he repeated to my interested ears were the names of real countries, then, I began to think, it might be true, as he himself believed, that the lake was so large that its exploration would occupy years. Nearly all the Wangwana, while the *Lady Alice* was being prepared for sea, were impressed with the vastness of the enterprise, as Prince Kaduma, his people, Sungoro, and his slaves—who had really only reached Ururi—sketched it to them with their superstitious and crude notions of its size. There were, they said, a people dwelling on its shores who were gifted with tails; another who trained enormous and fierce dogs for war; another a tribe of cannibals, who preferred human flesh to all other kinds of meat. The lake was so large it would take years to trace its shores, and who then at the end of that time would remain alive? Therefore, as I expected, there were no volunteers for the exploration of the Great Lake. Its opposite shores, from their very vagueness of outline, and its people, from the distorting fogs of misrepresentation through which we saw them, only heightened the fears of my men as to the dangers which filled the prospect.

Within seven days the boat was ready, and strengthened for a rough sea life. Provisions of flour and dried fish, bales of cloth and beads of various kinds, odds and ends of small possible necessaries were boxed, and she was declared, at last, to be only waiting for her crew. "Would any one volunteer to accompany me?" A dead silence ensued. "Not for rewards and extra pay?" Another dead silence: no one would volunteer.

"Yet I must," said I, "depart. Will you let me go alone?"

"No."

"What then? Show me my braves—those men who freely enlist to follow their master round the sea."

All were again dumb. Appealed to individually, each said he knew nothing of sea life; each man frankly declared himself a terrible coward on water.

"Then, what am I to do?"

Manwa Sera said:—

"Master, have done with these questions. Command your party. All your people are your children, and they will not disobey you. While you ask them as a friend, no one will offer his services. Command them, and they will all go."

So I selected a chief, Wadi Safeni—the son of Safeni—and told him to pick out the elect of the young men. Wadi Safeni chose men who knew nothing of boat life. Then I called Kachéché, the detective, and told him to ascertain the names of those young men who were accustomed to sea life, upon which Kachéché informed me that the young guides first selected by me at Bagamoyo were the sailors of the Expedition. After reflecting upon the capacities of the younger men, as they had developed themselves on the road, I made a list of ten sailors and a steersman, to whose fidelity I was willing to entrust myself and fortunes while coasting round the Victorian Sea.

Accordingly, after drawing up instructions for Frank Pocock and Fred Barker on about a score of matters concerning the well-being of the Expedition during my absence, and enlisting for them, by an adequate gift, the good-will of Sungoro and Prince Kaduma, I set sail on the 8th March 1875, eastward along the shores of the broad arm of the lake which we first sighted, and which henceforward is known, in honour of its first discoverer, as "Speke Gulf."

CHAPTER VIII.

Afloat on the lake—We catch a guide—Saramba's terror—The Shimeeyu—Pyramid Point—The island of Ukerewé—In the haunts of crocodiles—Shizu Island—Ururi—The hippopotami—Volcanoes—The headlands of Goshi—Bridge Island—U-go-weh—Treachery at Maheta—Primitive man—The inebriates of Ugamba—The art of pleasing—A night at Uvuma—Mobbed by Wavuma—Barmecide fare—Message from Mtesa—"In the Kabaka's name"—Camp on Soweh Island.

(March 8—April 4, 1875.)

AFLOAT on the waters of Speke Gulf! The sky is gloomy, and the light grey water has become a dull ashen grey; the rocks are bare and rugged; and the land, sympathizing with the gloom above, appears silent and lonely. The people sigh dolorously, their rowing is as that of men who think they are bound to certain death, and now and again wistful looks are thrown towards me as though they expected an order to return. Their hearts are full of misgivings. Slowly, however, we move through the dull, dead waters; slowly we pass by the dull grey rocks of Lutari Point, and still slower do the boatmen row when the rugged rocks shut off the view of Kagehyi and front them with their bare rude masses.

Five miles brought us to Igusa, a settlement doubtless pleasant enough under a fair sky, but bearing this afternoon its share of the universal gloom. Without a guide or interpreter, we bore in for a little reed-lined creek. A fisherman, with a head of hair resembling a thick mop, came down to the boat. He had, it seems, visited Kagehyi two or three days before, and recognized us. A better acquaintance was soon begun, and ended in his becoming captivated with our promises of rewards and offering his services as guide. The boatmen were overjoyed; for the guide, whose name was Saramba, proved to have been one of Sungoro's boatmen in some of that Arab's trading excursions to Ururi. We passed a cheerless night, for the reeds turned out to be the haunt of a multitude of mosquitoes, and the air was cold. However, with Saramba as guide, we promised ourselves better quarters in future.

At 6 A.M., after Saramba's appearance, we resumed our voyage, and continued on our way eastward, clinging to the shores of Sima. At 11 A.M. the clouds, which had long been gathering over the horizon to the north-west, discharged both squall and gale, and the scene soon became wild beyond description. We steered from the shore, and were soon involved in the dreadful chaos of watery madness and uproar. The wind swept us over the fierce waves, the *Lady Alice* bounding forward like a wild courser. It lashed the waters into spray and foam, and hurled them over the devoted crew and boat. With a mere rag presented to the gale, we drove unresistingly along. Strange islets in the neighbourhood of Mashakka became then objects of terror to us, but we passed them in safety and saw the grey hills of Magu far in front of us. The boatmen cowered to windward: Saramba had collapsed in terror, and had resignedly covered his moppy head with his loin-cloth. Zaidi Mganda, the steersman, and myself were the only persons visible above the gunwale, and our united strengths were required to guide the boat over the raging sea. At 2 P.M. we came in view of the Shimeeyu river, and, steering close to the little island of Natwari, swept round to leeward, and through a calm water made our way into harbour, opposite the entrance to the river.

The next day was beautiful. The wild waters of yesterday were calm as those of a pond. The bold hills of Magu, with all their sere and treeless outlines, stood out in fine relief. Opposite them, at about 1300 yards distant, were the brush-covered tops of the Mazanza heights; while between them lay glittering the broad and noble creek which receives the tribute flood of the

Shimeeyu, the extreme southern reach of Nile waters. The total length of the course of this river, as laid out on the chart, is 300 miles, which gives the course of the Nile a length of 4200 miles: thus making it the second largest river in the world. The creek extends to a considerable distance, and then contracts to a width of about 400 yards, through which the Monangah, after uniting with the Luwamberri and the Duma rivers, discharges its brown waters, under the name of the Shimeeyu, into the lake.

After an examination of these features, we continued our journey along the coast of Mazanza, which forms the eastern shore of the bay of Shimeeyu, passing by the boldly rising and wooded hills of Manassa. At 4 P.M. we attempted to land in a small cove, but were driven away by a multitude of audacious hippopotami, who rushed towards us open-mouthed. Perceiving that they were too numerous and bold for us, we were compelled to drop our stone anchors in 40 feet of water, about two miles from shore.

On the 11th March, after rowing nearly the whole day against a head-wind, we arrived at the eastern end of Speke Gulf, which here narrows to about seven miles. On the southern side, Manassa extends from Mazanza, its coast-line marked by an almost unbroken ridge about two miles inland, varied here and there by rounded knolls and hills, from whose base there is a gradual slope covered with woods down to the water's edge. The eastern end of the gulf is closed by the land of the Wirigedi or, as Saramba called them, the Wajika. At the north-eastern end begins Shahshi, consisting of a group of sterile hills, which, as we proceed west along the north side of the gulf, sink down into a naked plain. The Ruana river empties itself into the head of the gulf by two narrow mouths through a low wooded shore.

On the 12th we continued to coast along Shahshi's low, bare plain, margined at the water's edge by eschinomenæ, and a little farther inland lined by mimosa, thence past Iramba, a similar country to Shahshi, until we reached Pyramid Point, so christened from the shape of its hills, but on running up into the bay (which has its greatest width at Rugedzi Strait), we found that Pyramid Point really forms the south-western end of a mountain-range. One of the most conspicuous objects we saw, as we stood on the uplands of Usmau, looking towards the N.N.E., was this Pyramid Point, but at that time we had, of course, only a dim idea of its neighbourhood to the lake.

Near the Point is a group of small islands, the principal being Kitaro, on which cattle and goats are found. Though the islanders obtain but a scanty subsistence from the soil, they find reason to congratulate themselves in that they are safe from the periodical raids made by the Wajika, or Wirigedi, a tribe unpleasantly distinguished for the length of their knives and the breadth and weight of their spears. On one of this group, which was uninhabited, we stayed to cook our mid-day meal. It appeared fair and pleasant enough from without—one mass of deepest verdure, with a cone rising about 100 feet above the lake. Upon exploring it, we found it to be a heap of gigantic rocks, between which the deposit of vegetable matter had given birth to a forest of young trees, the spreading green foliage of which was rendered still more impervious to sunshine by a multitude of parasitical plants and llianes, which had woven the whole into as thick and dense a shade as I ever remember to have seen. Below this mass of tangled branch and leaf the thermometer descends to 70° Fahr.; without, exposed to the blazing sun, it ascends to 115° Fahr.

In the evening we camped on a small island in the middle of the bay of Ukerewé, east of the beautiful isle of Nifuah, which is inhabited and is the home of an industrious colony subject to the king of Ukerewé.

From the summit of Nifuah we could distinguish the tall trees which gave shade to our camp and to Kaduma's village of Kagehyi, across Speke Gulf. Upon coming down to the water's edge, we saw nothing but the blue hills, 600 feet high, situated three miles south of Kagehyi; nor, turning our eyes to the north, could we see anything of the low shore which the Rugedzi Channel cuts. Standing close to the water at Nifuah, we would have imagined that Ukerewé was an island separated by a strait about two miles broad; but turning our boat to the north, a couple of hours' rowing brought us so near that we could see that the opposing point of the mainland is joined to the island, or appears to be joined, by a very low bush-covered neck of land a mile in width, which thus separates the waters of Speke Gulf from the great body of Lake Victoria. A still closer examination, however, reveals the fact that this narrow neck is cut by a shallow channel, 6 feet wide and in some places only 3 feet deep. The ground, though extremely low on each side, is firm and compact enough; but here and there it is of a boggy nature. Hence it will be seen that Captain Speke, who called Ukerewé an island, was literally correct.

On the 13th we enjoyed a fine six-knot breeze, and were able to make a good day's work, though we still clung to the shore of Ukerewé near enough to note clearly the features of the water-line. A glance at the country of Ukerewé showed it to be exceedingly populous and extensively cultivated. From Matembe to Yambuyah extends a bold ridge about 300 feet above the lake, and beyond this point is a deep indentation, called Ukwya, near the western horn of which we perceived a group of islets named Kiregi. These are the haunts of an immense number of crocodiles, and one nest discovered here contained fifty-eight eggs. At almost every step I took, when walking round one of the reed-lined islets, a specimen of the ugly Saurian tribe sprang with a startling rush into the lake. There appeared also to be as many monitors as there were crocodiles in this infested islet, and all round me, from the little creeks, and sometimes in very close proximity, lowed the hippopotami. I shot one of the monitors, and it measured 7 feet from the tip of the snout to the tip of the tail. One of the boat's crew skinned it, but, not having means or time to preserve it, we were finally compelled to abandon our treasure. Being extremely keen-eyed and agile in its movements, the monitor is a valuable auxiliary to the more indolent crocodile, which it wakes frequently from slumber, and by its impetuous rush at sight of the intruder saves it from becoming a prey to the hunter. In return for its services the greater monster furnishes it with many a delicious meal on its eggs. The enormous number of smaller lizards, skinks, and geckos, which these islets also sustain, prove that the monitors have abundant means of supplies.

From here we sailed round the coast of Wiru, and leaving about four miles on our left the Kuneneh group, we steered N.N.W. Mag. for the Irangara Islands, at the north-western extremity of Ukerewé, the shore presenting to our view throughout only a low hill-range clothed with woods. Leaving Irangara behind us, we emerged in view of the vast amplitude, as though of ocean, of the Victoria Nyanza.*

After sailing past the Kamassi and Kindevi islets, we rounded the hilly point of Masonga, and beheld on our right, as far as Shizu Island, a broad bay, bounded by a crescent-shaped ridge springing some 300 feet above the lake, and extensively wooded, while on our left lay the large and populous island of Ukara—peopled by an intensely superstitious colony, who cherish the most devout faith in charms and witchcraft.

As we rowed past Shizu Island, we beheld the table-topped mountain of Majita rising, massive and grand, to the eastward. On the 16th March we encamped on one of the bird-rocks about three miles from the base of Majita, which rises probably between 2000 and 3000 feet above the lake. From the northern angle of Majita we sailed, on a north-east course for the district of Wye, across a deep bay distinguished only for the short hill-range of Usambara, between which, on either side, extends the low and almost treeless plain of Shahshi to the waters of Speke Gulf.

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* Out of respect to the memory of Captain Speke, I leave the word Nyanza as he spelled it, adding only the explanation that none but the Arabs and Wangwana pronounce it N'yanza. All the native tribes and nations round the lake pronounce it either Nee-yanja or Nee-yanza, Niyanja or Niyanza.

From Wye we coasted along populous Ururi. The country appears well cultivated, and villages are numerous. Some of the Waruri fishermen informed us we should be eight years circumnavigating the lake! Numerous rocky islands, almost all uninhabited at this period, stud the neighbourhood of the mainland, and the coast is so indented with deep bays and inlets that it requires very careful attention to survey it. Its features are similar to those of Usukuma, namely, swelling and uneven lines of hills, sometimes with slopes extending for three or four miles, more often, as in the case of nearly all the headlands, with points springing abrupt and sheer from the water's edge. Wherever the ridges rise gradually and at a distance from the lake, special advantages for cultivation appear to obtain, for I have noted that all such sites were thickly populated by the tribes of Ururi, Ukerewé, Sima, Magu, or Uchambi. A few of the Burdett-Coutts Islands exhibited traces of having been the resort of fugitives, for on several of them we discovered bananas and other garden plants, and ruined huts. We struck across the bay to Ikungu, and thence across another to picturesque Dobo, nearly opposite to Irieni.

Having arrived at anchorage at dusk, we were led to seek shelter under the lee of one of the outlying rocks of Dobo. We had moored both by bow and stern, to prevent being swept by the restless surf against the rocks, but about midnight a storm arose from the eastward, exposing us to all its fury. We were swept with great force against the rocks, and should inevitably have been lost, had not the oars, which we had lashed outside the boat as fenders, protected it. Through the pelting rain, and amid the thunders of the aroused waves which lashed the reef, we laboured strenuously to save ourselves, and finally succeeded in rowing to the other lee.

Exrernally, the aspect of these islands on the coast of Ururi is very rugged, bare, and unpromising, but within are many acres of cultivable soil covered with green grass, and the hippopotami, which abound in the neighbourhood of these deserted, grassy islands, here find luxurious pasturage. Like the tribes on the mainland, these amphibiæ appear to possess also their respective boundaries and their separate haunts. The hippopotami of Lake Victoria, moreover, are an excessively belligerent species, and the unwary voyager, on approaching their haunts, exposes himself to danger. We were frequently chased by them; and as the boat was not adapted for a combat with such pachyderms, a collision would have been fatal to us. The settlements at Irieni possess large herds of cattle, but the soil does not seem to be highly cultivated. In this respect the people appear to resemble in character the Watusi in Unyamwezi, who live only on the milk of their cattle, and such grain as they are enabled to obtain by its sale.

Suspecting, after leaving Irieni and approaching Mori Bay, that a river of considerable importance emptied into it, we paid particular attention to every indentation on its uneven coast; but on arriving at a lofty though small island at the eastern extremity, and climbing to its summit, 150 feet above the lake, we saw that the river was small, and that its course was from south of east. Observation Island was rich in plants, though only a few hundred yards in length. The wild pine-apple, mimosas, acacia, thorn, gum, vines, euphorbias, eschinomenæ, llianes, water-cane, and spear-grass flourished with a luxuriance quite astonishing. As we passed Utiri, we observed that the natives were much interested in our boat, and some fishermen whom we encountered fell into ecstasies of laughter when they saw the novel method we adopted for propelling her. They mocked us goodnaturedly, and by their gestures seemed to express contempt for the method in question, as not being equal to paddling. The rudder and its uses also excited unusual astonishment, and when the sail was hoisted, they skurried away as though it were an object of terror.

After leaving the hilly coast of Utiri, the lowlands of Shirati and Mohuru rose into view, and the black mountain mass of Ugeyeya appeared to the eastward at the distance of about twenty miles. To the west of it, grim and lofty, loomed the island of Ugingo. Clusters of grey, rocky islets stud the lake along the coast of Shirati, while from the water's edge, to a distance of five or six miles, an uninteresting plain, unenlivened by forest or verdure, slopes slowly up to where the land breaks into groups and masses of irregular hills. This continues to the mouth of a river which the natives called Gori, and which terminates the country of Ururi. On the right bank of the river begins mountainous Ugeyeya, the south-western extremity of which runs out into the lake like a promontory.

Gori is an important and powerful river during the rainy season. It is said to rise in a north-easterly direction near Kavi. Far inland on the east, to a distance of twenty-five days' journey, the country is reported to be a continuous plain, dotted with low hills and containing water only in pools. About fifteen days' journey from the lake, the natives also report a region wherein are "low hills which discharge smoke and sometimes fire from their tops." This district is called Susa, and is a portion of the Masai Land. All concurred in stating that no stream runs north, but that all waters for at least twenty days' journey enter the lake. Beyond that distance lies a small lake which discharges a stream eastward—supposed by me to be the Pangani.

On the 21st March we were passing under the lee—for the wind blew then from the north-east, off the land—of the dark headlands of Goshi, which at first rise steeply from the lake 900 feet and, later, receding from the lake, attain a height of from 2000 to 3000 feet. On our left towered the tall, tree-clad island of Ugingo, extending far to the north-west. Thin blue columns of smoke rising from the depths of its woods announced the presence of man, probably fishermen or fugitives from the mainland. Judging from what I observed of the slopes of this extremity of Ugeyeya, I should say that much of this portion is uninhabited. Rounding the point that confronts the island of Ugingo, we passed between two more uninhabited islands, and then the dome-like hills of Wakuneh burst upon our view. Our impression of the land on this side was that it was a pastoral country, and more thickly populated, for smoke curled more frequently from above depressions and sheltered positions.

At evening we camped on Bridge Island, so named from a natural bridge of basaltic rock which forms an irregular arch of about 24 feet in length by about 12 feet in depth, and under which we were able to pass from one side of the island to the other. The island is covered with brush-wood and tall grass, and in the interstices of the rocks, where the vegetable deposit was of great depth, grew several fine mangroves. The height is about 50 feet above the lake, and from its summit we obtained a fine view of Ugingo Island, brooding in its gloomy solitude, and of the steep and high ranges of Ugeyeya, with the level plains of Wagansu and Wigassi extending eastward. To the west stretched an apparently boundless sea, its face ruffled by a strong breeze, and farther northward still loomed upward unknown lands, their contour broken now by rounded domes and again by sharp cones.

The number of islands encountered next day proved so troublesome to us that we were compelled to creep cautiously along the shore. As we neared Nakidimo, we observed the water change from its usual clear grey colour to that of a rich brown, and, seeing a creek close by, felt fully assured that we had discovered some important river. As we entered, the creek widened, and disclosed picturesque features of outlined hill and wooded slope. We pulled steadily to its further extremity, but the stream which entered here was small, and oozed through a reedy marsh. We endeavoured for an hour to induce a canoe with three fishermen in it to approach, but all we could make out from Saramba, who, I fear, did not understand them, was that the name of the country was Ugoweh, which sounded so like *You go 'way* that I declined accepting it, until the natives shouted out still more clearly and emphatically, "U-go-weh." It was evident, however, that these natives spoke a language that our guide from the south did not quite comprehend. We continued our keen inspection of the numerous indentations from Ugoweh (?) to Nakidimo Creek, into which an important stream debouches. The hippopotami were numerous, and as bold as those of Speke Gulf.

Emerging once more into the lake, we anchored about a mile from the shore in 6 fathoms, and found that there was a current of about half a knot setting westward. At 2 P.M. we hoisted sail, and with a fair wind were able to hug the mainland and make good progress, within view of a very populous and extensively cultivated shore. This was the land of Maheta, we were told, and the same which we had sighted from the summit of Bridge Island. We flew away with a bellying sail along the coast of Maheta, where we saw a denser population and more clusters of large villages than we had beheld elsewhere. We thought we would make one more effort to learn of the natives the names of some of these villages, and for that purpose steered for a cove on the western shore. We anchored within 50 yards, and so paid out our cable that only a few feet of deep water separated us from the beach. Some half-dozen men, wearing small land-shells above their elbows and a circle of them round their heads, came to the brink. With these we opened a friendly conversation, during which they disclosed the name of the country as "Mahata" or "Maheta" in Ugeyeya; but more they would not communicate unless we would land. We prepared to do so, but the numbers on the shore increased so fast that we were compelled to pull off again until they should moderate their excitement and make room. They seemed to think we were about to pull off altogether, for there suddenly appeared out of the bush on each side of the spot where we had intended to land such a host of spears that we hoisted sail, and left them to try their treachery on some other boat or canoe more imprudent than ours. The discomfited people were seen to consult together on a small ridge behind the bush lining the lake, and no doubt they thought we were about to pass close to a small point at the north end of the cove, for they shouted gleefully at the prospect of a prize; but lowering sail, we pulled to windward, far out of the reach of bow or sling, and at dusk made for a small island to which we moored our boat, and there camped in security.

From our little island off Maheta, we sailed at the dawn of day towards the low shores, and were making good progress, when we bumped over the spine of a rising hippopotamus, who, frightened by this strange and weighty object on his back, gave a furious lunge, and shook the boat until we all thought she would be shaken to pieces. The hippo, after this manifestation of disgust, rose a few feet astern, and loudly roared his defiance; but after experiencing his great strength, we rowed away hard from his neighbourhood.

About 10 A.M. we found ourselves abreast of the cones of Manyara, and discovered the long and lofty promontory which had attracted our attention ever since leaving Maheta to be the island of Usuguru, another, though larger, copy of Ugingo. Through a channel two miles broad we entered the bay of Manyara, bounded on the east by the picturesque hills of that country, on the north by the plain of Ugana, and on the west by Muiwanda and the long, narrow promontory of Chaga. This bay forms the extreme north-east corner of Lake Victoria, but strangers, travelling by land, would undoubtedly mistake it for a separate lake, as Usuguru, when looked at from this bay, seems to overlap the points of Chaga and Manyara.

About six miles from the north-eastern extremity of the bay, we anchored on the afternoon of the 24th March, about 100 yards from the village of Muiwanda. Here we found a people speaking the language of Usoga. A good deal of diplomacy was employed between the natives and ourselves before a friendly intercourse was established, but we were finally successful in inducing the natives to exchange vegetable produce and a sheep for some of the blue glass beads called *Mutunda*. Neither men nor women wore any covering for their nakedness save a kirtle of green banana-leaves, which appeared to me to resemble in its exceeding primitiveness the fig-leaf costume of Adam and Eve. The men were distinguished, besides, by the absence of the upper and lower front teeth, and by their shaven heads, on which were left only irregular combs or crescents of hair on the top and over the forehead. While we were negotiating for food, a magnificent canoe, painted a reddish brown, came up from the western side of the village, but, despite the loud invitations tendered to them, the strangers kept on their way, and proceeded up the bay of Manyara.

On the 25th, refreshed by the meat and vegetables we had purchased, we began our voyage along the northern coast of Lake Victoria, and, two hours later, were in conversation with the natives of Chaga or Shaga, who informed us that Murambo, king of Usuguru, was also king of Chaga. I am unable to decide whether Chaga is a promontory or an island, but I believe that there is a narrow channel navigable for canoes (of the same nature as the Rugedzi* Channel) separating Chaga from the mainland. Between its southern point and Usuguru Island, there is a strait about three-quarters of a mile wide, through which we passed to Fisherman's Island, where we rested for our noonday meal. At 2 P.M. we arrived, after an hour's rowing, near Ngevi Island, and when close to it, we were compelled to take shelter from a furious nor'-wester.

We had been at anchor scarcely ten minutes before we saw a small canoe, paddled by two men, boldly approach us from the shore of Ugamba, distant about a mile and a half on our right or to the east of us. In our mildest accents we hailed them, and, after a protracted interval employed by them in curiously scanning us, they permitted us to hear the sound of their voices. But nothing would induce them to come nearer than about 100 yards. In the midst of these vain efforts to win their confidence, a canoe similar in form and colour to that which had won our admiration at Muiwanda advanced towards us. A false prow projected upward, curving in the shape of a bent elbow, from the tip of which to the top of the bow of the canoe was strung a taut line, and along this was suspended some fine grass, which waved like a mane as she charged up, bold and confident, propelled by forty paddlers. Half of this number, who were seated forward, sprang up when they came within 50 yards, and, seizing long tufted lances and shields, began to sway them menacingly. As we made no demonstration of resistance, they advanced cautiously, and when within 20 yards, swerved aside, wheeling round us in a defiant style.

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* Rugedzi is the name of the narrow channel which separates Ukerewe from the mainland.

Finally we broke silence, and demanded who they were, and why they came up as though they would attack us. As they did not understand either Kingwana, Kisukuma, or Kinyamwezi, one of my boatmen attempted Kiganda, a little of which they appeared to understand; and by this means we opened a conversation. They edged towards us a little nearer, and ended by ranging their long canoe alongside of our boat. Our tame, mild manners were in striking contrast to their bullying, overbearing, and insolent demeanour. The paddlers, half of whom were intoxicated, laid their hands with familiar freedom upon everything. We still smiled, and were as mild and placable as though anger and resentment could never enter our hearts. We were so courteous, indeed, that we permitted them to handle our persons with a degree of freedom which to them appeared unaccountable—unless we were so timid that we feared to give offence. If we had been so many sheep, we could not have borne a milder or a more innocent aspect. Our bold friends, reeling and jostling one another in their eagerness to offend, seized their spears and shields, and began to chant in bacchanalian tones a song that was tipsily discordant. Some seized their slings and flung stones to a great distance, which we applauded. Then one of them, under the influence of wine, and spirits elated by the chant, waxed bolder, and looked as though he would aim at myself, seated observant but mute in the stern of my boat. I made a motion with my hand as though deprecating such an action. The sooty villain seemed to become at once animated by an hysteric passion, and whirled his stone over my head, a loud drunken cheer applauding his boldness.

Perceiving that they were becoming wanton through our apparently mild demeanour, I seized my revolver and fired rapidly into the water, in the direction the stone had been flung, and the effect was painfully ludicrous. The bold, insolent bacchanals at the first shot had sprung overboard, and were swimming for dear life to Ngevi, leaving their canoe in our hands. "Friends, come back, come back; why this fear?" cried out our interpreter; "we simply wished to show you that we had weapons as well as yourselves. Come, take your canoe; see, we push it away for you to seize it." We eventually won them back with smiles. We spoke to them sweetly as before. The natives were more respectful in their demeanour. They laughed, cried out admiringly; imitated the pistol shots; "Boom, boom, boom," they shouted. They then presented me with a bunch of bananas! We became enthusiastic admirers of each other.

Meantime, two more large canoes came up, also bold and confident, for they had not yet been taught a lesson. These new-comers insisted that we should visit their king Kamoydah. We begged to be excused. They became still more urgent in their request. We said it was impossible; they were strangers, and not very well behaved; if they wished to barter with us, they could load their canoes and come to Ngevi, where we would be happy to exchange beads or cloth for their articles. Three other canoes were now seen approaching. We sat, however, extremely still, patient, and placable, and waited for them. The united voices of the 130 natives made a terrible din, but we endured it with saintly meekness and the fortitude of stoics—for a period. We bore the storm of entreaties mixed with rude menaces until instinct warned me that it was becoming dangerous. I then delivered some instructions to the boat's crew, and, nodding to the shore, affected to surrender with an indifferent grace. They became suddenly silent. We lifted the stone anchor, and took to our oars, steering to the broken water, ruffled by the nor'-wester, beyond the shelter of the island, convoyed by the six canoes. We accompanied them some hundreds of yards, and then, suddenly hoisting sail, swept by them like an arrow. We preferred the prospect of the lone watery expanse to the company of the perverse inebriates of Ugamba.

We continued sailing for half an hour, and as it was then near sunset, dropped anchor in 75 feet of water. The wind, which had swept in strong gusts from the north-west, suddenly fell, for in the north-east the aspect of the sky had long been threatening. Clouds surged up in thick masses from that direction, and cast a gloom over the wood-clothed slopes and crests of Usuguru, which became almost as black as a velvet pall, while the lake grew as quiet as though vitrified into glass. Soon the piled-up cloud-mass grew jagged, and a portentous zigzag line of deep sable hue ran through its centre, from which the storm seemed to issue. I requested the crew to come farther aft, and, fastening a double rope to the stone anchor, prepared every mug and baler for the rain with which we were threatened. The wind then fell, as though from above, upon our bowed heads with an overpowering force, striving against the resistance which it met, as if it would bear us down to the bottom of the lake, and then, repelled by the face of the water, it brushed it into millions of tiny ripples. The temperature fell to 62° Fahr., and with this sudden cold down dropped a severe shower of hailstones of great size, which pelted us with great force, and made our teeth chatter. Aften this the rain fell in sheets, while the lightning blazed, preceding the most dreadful thunder-claps I remember to have ever heard.

The rain, indeed, fell in such quantities that it required two men for each section to keep the boat sufficiently buoyant to ride the crest of the waves. The crew cried out that the boat was sinking—that, if the rain continued in such volume, nothing could save us. In reply, I only urged them to bale her out faster.

The sable mass of Usuguru—as I observed by the bars of intense light which the lightning flashed almost every second—was still in front, and I knew, therefore, that we were not being swept very fast to sea. Our energies were wholly devoted to keeping our poor pelted selves afloat, and this occupied the crew so much that they half forgot the horrors of the black and dismal night. For two hours this experience lasted, and then, unburdening our breasts with sighs of gladness not unmixed with gratitude, we took our anchor on board, and stole through the darkness to the western side of Ngevi Island, where, after kindling a fire, we dried our clothes and our wetted bodies, and, over a hot potful of Liebig, affected to laugh at our late critical position.

In the morning the world appeared re-born, for the sky was a bluish crystal, the shores looked as if fresh-painted in green, the lake shone like burnished steel, the atmosphere seemed created for health. Glowing with new life, we emerged out of our wild arbour of cane and mangrove to enjoy the glories of a gracious heaven, and the men relieved their grateful breasts by chanting loudly and melodiously one of their most animating boat-songs.

As we rowed in this bright mood across the bay of Ugamba, we noticed a lofty mount, which I should judge to be fully 3000 feet above the lake, towards the north-east. From the natives of Usamu Island, we obtained the name of Marsawa for this the most conspicuous feature of the neighbourhood. After obtaining a clear meridian altitude, on a small island between Usamu and Namungi, we steered for the latter. The art of pleasing was never attempted with such effect as at Namungi. Though we had great difficulty in even obtaining a hearing, we persisted in the practice of the art with all its amusing variations, until our perseverance was finally rewarded. A young fisherman was despatched to listen from the shore, but the young wretch merely stared at us. We tossed into his canoe a bunch of beads, and he understood their signification. He shouted out to his fellows on the shore, who were burning with curiosity to see closer the strange boat and strange crew, amongst whom they saw a man who was like unto no man they had ever seen, or heard, or dreamed of.

A score of canoes loaded with peaceful, harmless souls came towards us, all of whom begged for beads. When we saw that they could be inspired to talk, we suggested to them that, in return for food, abundance of beads might be obtained. They instantly raced for the banana and plantain groves in great excitement. We were so close that we could hear the heavy clusters falling under the native machetes, and within a short time so many bunches were held out to us that we might have sunk under the waves had we purchased all. After storing a sufficient quantity to provision us for three days, of bananas, fowls and eggs, and sweet maramba or banana wine, and eliciting the names of the various islands, capes, and most prominent hills, we attempted to resume our journey. But the people, upon whom our liberality had produced too strong an effect, would not permit us to do so until we had further celebrated our acquaintance with copious draughts of their delicious wine. The Wangwana would have been delighted to have exhausted many days in such a fascinating life, but the coast of the Victoria was lengthy, the winds not always favourable, and we had a large number of friends in Usukuma who might become restless, were we too long absent. We therefore set sail, convoyed a long distance by about thirty canoes, manned by light-hearted, guileless creatures in an extreme state of enjoyment and redundant hilarity.

This was altogether a remarkable scene; our exploring boat, with its lug-sail set, dragging about thirty canoes, whose crews were all intoxicated, and whose good-nature was so excessive as to cause them to supply our boat's crew with copious quantities of their wine, until all were in an uncommonly joyous mood. It would be well worth describing in detail, but I am compelled to be brief. After sailing in company a few miles, we finally freed ourselves from our hospitable entertainers, and, steering across the channel to the island opposite Neygano, coasted along its well-wooded shores. Perceiving a deep bay farther west, we entered it, and near the extreme eastern end of Uvuma anchored about 150 yards off the village of Mombiti.

Had we been better acquainted with the character of the Wavuma, we probably should have been less inclined to visit their shores, but, ignorant of their ferocity, and zealous to perform our duties, we persevered in attempting to open intercourse with this tribe. We were, however, prudent enough not to rush into danger by taking it for granted that most savages were a guileless, amiable set, who would never dream of injuring or molesting strangers—and this circumspection most likely saved our lives.

After a few minutes' distant conversation, the Wavuma approached us, and we were enabled to purchase fuel for cooking, making a liberal payment. We hoped they would be induced to sell us food also, not that we were really in need of it, but because it furnished us with another motive for continuing our intercourse, and enlarged our opportunities for studying their nature and habits, and obtaining names for the localities around. We had numerous visitors, who appeared to be fine, manly, well-made fellows, but nothing would induce them to bring the smallest quantity of food for sale. We therefore resignedly forbore from troubling them, but inspected them with as much interest as they inspected us. They were evidently people with abundant self-confidence, from the cool complacency with which they regarded us. Their canoes were beautiful specimens, and descriptions of them will be given hereafter. The shores were bold, irregular in outline, and clothed with a luxuriance of vegetation and many tall trees, between which were seen the banana groves, their pale green colour strongly contrasting with the darker tints of the forest foliage.

The night that followed was wild. At sunset the temperature fell to 70° Fahr., and the wind was charged with a cold drizzle. Being in rather an exposed position, we moved our anchorage near the mouth of the Munulu river, and not a minute too soon, for the wind increased to a gale; and the gale, heralded by a short-lived squall, brought hailstones with it. Preparing to pass the night here, we covered the boat with a sail, under which the sailors slept, though the watch, frequently relieved, was obliged to maintain a strict look-out. Throughout the long hours of darkness, the gale maintained its force; the boat pitched and groaned, and the rain fell in torrents; the seas frequently tossed capfuls of water into us, so that, under such circumstances, we enjoyed no rest.

By morning the gale had subsided, and the heavy, sluggish waves were slumbering. After waiting to cook our morning meal, and assisting the restoration of animal heat with draughts of Liebig's extract liquefied, we resumed our journey along the southern coast of Uvuma about 8 A.M.

Upon leaving the bay of Mombiti, we were compelled to pass by a point of land closely covered with tall grass, whither we saw a large force of natives rush to take up advantageous positions. As we slowly neared the point, a few of them advanced to the rocks, and beckoned us to approach nearer. We acceded so far as to approach within a few feet, when the natives called out something, and immediately attacked us with large rocks. We sheered off immediately, when a crowd emerged from their hiding-place with slings, with which they flung stones at us, striking the boat and wounding the steersman, who was seated next to me. To prevent further harm, I discharged my revolver rapidly at them, and one of the natives fell, whereupon the others desisted from their attack, and retreated into the grass, leaving us to pursue our way unmolested.

Again edging close to the shore, we continued our investigations of the numerous indentations. The island rose with steep, grassy, treeless slopes to a height of about 300 feet above the lake. Herds of cattle were abundant, and flocks of goats grazed on the hillsides. The villages were many, but unenclosed, and consisted of a few dome-like huts, from which we inferred that the Wavuma were a people who could well defend themselves. At this time the lake was as still as a pond; no clouds hung over any part of the horizon; the sky was of a steel-blue colour, out of which the sun shone with true tropical fervour. But the atmosphere was not clear; a light vapour rose out of the lake, trembling in the heat, rendering islands but five miles distant dim and indistinct.

Arrived in the channel between the tawny, grass-clad island of Bugeyeya and that of Uvuma, we steered midway, that we might take compass bearings. From a small cove in the Uvuma shores, abreast of us, emerged quite a fleet of canoes, thirteen in number. The more advanced held up a handful of sweet potatoes to our view, and we ceased rowing, but left the sail hoisted, which, with the very slight breeze then blowing, drifted us westward about half a knot an hour.

The Wavuma were permitted to range alongside, and we saw that they were fully armed with spear and shield. We offered several kinds of beads for the potatoes they had offered to sell, but with a gesture of contempt they refused everything, and from their actions and manner we became soon convinced that they had manned their canoes for other purposes than barter; besides, they possessed only about twenty potatoes, which, singularly enough, were all in the first canoe. Strange to say, also, the men of the first canoe were, though disinclined to sell, moderate in their behaviour; but their temper changed as soon as their comrades had arrived, and had taken up their positions in front of our boat, blocking her progress through the water. The Wavuma, now emboldened by their numbers, waxed noisy, then insolent, and finally aggressive. They seized one thing after another with a cunning dexterity, which required all our attention to divine their purposes; and while we were occupied with the truculent rabble in our front, a movement of which we were unaware was being made successfully at the stern; but the guide Saramba, catching sight of a thief, warned me to cast my eyes behind, and I detected him in the act of robbery. Becoming assured by this time that the Wavuma had arrived in such numbers for the sole purpose of capturing what appeared to them an apparently easy prey, and that their manœuvres were evidently intended to embarrass us and distract our attention, I motioned them to depart with my hand, giving orders at the same time to the boat's crew to make ready their oars. This movement, of necessity, caused them to declare their purposes, and they manifested them by audaciously laying their hands on the oars, and arresting the attempts of the boat's crew to row. Either we were free or we were not. If yet free men, with the power to defend our freedom, we must be permitted to continue our voyage on the sea without let or hindrance. If not free men, we had first to be disarmed. I seized my gun, and motioned them again to depart. With a loud, scornful cry they caught up their spears and shields, and prepared to launch their weapons. To be saved, we must act quickly, and I fired over their heads; and as they fell back from the boat, I bade my men pull away. Forming a line on each side of us, about 30 yards off, they flung their spears, which the boat's crew avoided by dropping into the bottom of the boat. The canoes astern clapped their hands gleefully, showing me a large bunch of *Mutunda* beads which had been surreptitiously abstracted from the stern of the boat. I seized my repeating rifle and fired in earnest, to right and left. The fellow with the beads was doubled up, and the boldest of those nearest to us was disabled. The big rifle, aimed at the water-line of two or three of the canoes, perforated them through and through, which compelled the crews to pay attention to their sinking crafts, and permitted us to continue our voyage into Napoleon Channel and to examine the Ripon Falls.* On an uninhabited point of

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*A more detailed account of this part of the lake will be given in later chapters, as I paid three visits to the Ripon Falls, and during the third visit photographed them.

Usoga, near the falls, we encamped; and on the 29th March crossed the channel, and coasted along Uganda between numerous islands, the largest of which are densely inhabited.

At Kiwa Island we rested for the day, and were received with the greatest cordiality by the chief, who sent messengers to the island of Kerénge, a distance of three miles, to purchase bananas and jars of maramba wine, for the guest, as he said, of the *Kabaka* Mtesa. As it was the first time for twenty-two days that we had lived with natives since leaving Kagehyi we celebrated, as we were in duty bound, our arrival among friends.

The next day, guided and escorted by the chief, we entered Ukafu, where we found a tall handsome young Mtongoleh in command of the district, before whom the chief of Kiwa Island made obeisance as before a great lord. The young Mtongoleh, though professing an ardent interest in us, and voluble of promises, treated us only to Barmecide fare after waiting twenty-four hours. Perceiving that his courtesies, though suavely proffered, failed to satisfy the cravings of our jaded stomachs, we left him still protesting enormous admiration for us, and still volubly assuring us that he was preparing grand hospitalities in our honour.

I was staggered when I understood in its full extent the perfect art with which we had been duped. "Could this be Central Africa," I asked myself, "wherein we find such perfect adepts in the art of deception? But two days ago the savagery of the land was intense and real, for every man's hand was raised in ferocity against the stranger. In the land next adjoining we find a people polite, agreeable, and professing the warmest admiration for the stranger, but as inhospitable as any hotel-keeper in London or New York to a penniless guest!"

At a little village in the bay of Buka we discovered we were premature in our judgment. The Mtongoleh at this place invited us to his village, spread out before us a feast of new as well as clotted milk, mellow and ripe bananas, a kid, sweet potatoes, and eggs, and despatched a messenger instantly to the *Kabaka* Mtesa to announce the coming of a stranger in the land, declaring, at the same time, his intention not to abandon us until he had brought us face to face with the great monarch of Equatorial Africa, in whom, he smilingly assured us, we should meet a friend, and under whose protection we might sleep secure.

We halted one more day to enjoy the bounteous fare of the chief of Buka. My admiration for the land and the people steadily increased, for I experienced with each hour some pleasing civility. The land was in fit accord with the people, and few more interesting prospects could

Africa furnish than that which lovingly embraces the bay of Buka. From the margin of the lake, lined by waving water-cane, up to the highest hill-top, all was verdure—of varying shades. The light green of the elegant matete contrasted with the deeper tints of the various species of fig; the satin-sheeny fronds of the graceful plantains were overlapped by clouds of the pale foliage of the tamarind; while between and around all, the young grass of the pastured hill-sides spread its emerald carpet. In free, bold, and yet graceful outline, the hills shut in the scene, swelling upward in full dome-like contour, here sweeping round to enclose within its hollow a gorgeous plantain grove, there projecting boldly into abrupt, steep headlands, and again receding in a succession of noble terraces into regions as yet unexplored by the white man. One village had a low pebbly beach, that ran in a sinuous light-grey line between the darker grey face of the lake and the living perennial green of a banana plantation. I imagined myself fallen into an estate which I had inherited by right divine and human, or at least I felt something akin to that large feeling which heirs of unencumbered broad lands may be supposed to feel, and attributed such an unusual feeling to an attack of perfect digestion, and a free, unclogged, and undisturbed liver.

On the 2nd April we proceeded, in an amiable, light-hearted mood, the favourites both of men and nature, along the beautiful shore separating Buka Bay from Kadzi Bay, and halted about noon at the village of Kirudo, where we experienced hospitalities similar to those of the day previous. We purposely made our voyages short, in order that the *Kabaka* might be informed in time of our coming.

Just as we were abaut to depart next morning, we saw six beautiful canoes, crowded with men, coming round a point, and for a very short period were under the impression that they composed another piratical fleet on its way to intercept us, but on surveying them with my glass I saw that several who were seated amidships were dressed in white, like the Wangwana, and our Waganda guides, among whom was our hospitable entertainer of Buka, informed us that they were the *Kabaka's* people. As they approached us, the commander was seen arraying himself for the occasion. He donned a bead-worked head-dress, above which long white cock's feathers waved, and a snowy white and long-haired goatskin, while a crimson robe, depending from his shoulders, completed the full dress.

In the middle of the bay of Kadzi we encountered, and a most ceremonious greeting took place. The commander was a fine lusty young man of twenty or thereabouts, and after springing into our boat he knelt down before me, and declared his errand to the following effect:—

"The *Kabaka* sends me with many salaams to you. He is in great hopes that you will visit him, and has encamped at Usavara, that he may be near the lake when you come. He does not know from what land you have come, but I have a swift messenger with a canoe who will not stop until he gives all the news to the *Kabaka*. His mother dreamed a dream a few nights ago, and in her dream she saw a white man on this lake in a boat coming this way, and the next morning she told the *Kabaka*, and, lo! you have come. Give me your answer, that I may send the messenger. Twiyanzi-yanzi-yanzi!" (Thanks, thanks, thanks.)

Whereupon, as the young commander, whose name was Magassa, understood Kiswahili, I delivered the news to him and to his people freely and frankly; and after I had ended, Magassa translated what the information was into Kiganda, and immediately the messenger departed. Meanwhile Magassa implored me to rest for this one day, that he might show me the hospitality of his country, and that I might enter the *Kabaka's* presence in good humour with him. Persuaded also by my boat's crew to consent, we rowed to the village of Kadzi. Magassa was in his glory now. His voice became imperious to his escort of 182 men; even the feathers of his curious head-dress waved prouder, and his robe had a sweeping dignity worthy of a Roman emperor's. Upon landing, Magassa's stick was employed frequently. The sub-chief of Kadzi was compelled to yield implicit obedience to his viceregal behests.

"Bring out bullocks, sheep, and goats, milk, and the mellowest of your choicest bananas, and great jars of maramba, and let the white man and his boatmen eat, and taste of the hospitalities of Uganda. Shall a white man enter the *Kabaka's* presence with an empty belly? See how sallow and pinched his cheeks are. We want to see whether we cannot show him kindness superior to what the pagans have shown him."

Two bullocks and four goats, a basketful of fat mellow bananas, and four two-gallon jars of maramba, were then brought before us, to which extraordinary bounty the boat's crew did ample justice. Nor were the escort of Magassa without supplies. The country was at their mercy. They killed three bullocks for themselves, cut down as many bananas as they wished, and made a raid on the chickens, in accordance with Magassa's serene and gracious permission to help themselves.

"A wonderful land!" I thought, "where an entire country can be subjected to such an inordinate bully and vain youth as this Magassa, at the mere mention of the *Kabaka's* name, and very evidently with the *Kabaka's* sanction!" Uganda was new to us then. We were not aware how supreme the *Kabaka's* authority was; but a painful suspicion that the vast country which recognized his power was greatly abused, and grieving that the poor people had to endure such rough treatment for my sake, I did my best to prevent Magassa from extorting to excess.

The next day we sallied from Kadzi Bay, with Magassa's escort leading the way. We crossed Bazzi Bay, from the middle of which we gained a view of old Sabaganzi's Hill, a square tabular mount, from the summit of which Magassa said we should see the whole of Murchison Bay and Rubaga, one of the *Kabaka's* capitals. About 10 A.M. we rounded Muvwo Point, and entered Murchison Bay. The entrance is about four miles wide, and naturally guarded by Linant Island, a lofty, dome-shaped island, situated between the opposing points of Muvwo and Umbiru. Upon leaving Muvwo south of us, we have a full view of this fine body of water, which reaches its extreme width between Soweh Island and Ukumba. This, the farthest reach of its waters west is about ten miles across, while its extreme length, from Linant Island to the arm of Monyono Bay, where Mtesa keeps his favourite canoes, cannot be less than fourteen miles.

We camped, according to Magassa's wish, behind Soweh Island, on the east side of Murchison Bay, whence, the next day, we were to start for Usavara, the *Kabaka's* hunting village.

CHAPTER IX.

An extraordinary monarch—I am examined—African "chaff"—Mtesa, Emperor of Uganda—Description of Mtesa—A naval review—Arrival at the imperial capital—Mtesa's palace—Fascination of the country—I meet a white man—Col. Linant de Bellefonds—The process of conversion—A grand mission field—A pleasant day with Col. de Bellefonds—Starting for my camp.

(April 5—17, 1875.)

THE little insight we obtained into the manners of Uganda between Soweh Island, Murchison Bay, and Kiwa Island, near Ukafu Bay, impressed us with the consciousness that we were about to become acquainted with an extraordinary monarch and an extraordinary people, as different from the barbarous pirates of Uvuma, and the wild, mop-headed men of Eastern Usukuma, as the British in India are from their Afridi fellow-subjects, or the white Americans of Arkansas from the semi-civilized Choctaws. If politeness could so govern the actions of the men of Kiwa Island, far removed as they were from contact with the Uganda court, and suave duplicity could so well be practised by the Mtongoleh of Ukafu, and such ready, ungrudging hospitality be shown by the chief of Buka, and the *Kabaka's* orders be so promptly executed by Magassa, the messenger, and the chief of Kadzi, what might we not expect at the court, and what manner of man might not this "*Kabaka*" be!

Such were our reflections as Magassa, in his superb canoe, led the way from behind Soweh Island, and his little slave drummed an accompaniment to the droning chant of his canoe-men. Compared with our lonely voyage from our camp at Usukuma round all the bays and inlets of the much-indented coasts of the Great Lake, these five superb canoes forming line in front of our boat, escorting us to the presence of the great potentate of Equatorial Africa, formed a scene which promised at least novelty, and a view of some extraordinary pomp and ceremony.

When about two miles from Usavara, we saw what we estimated to be thousands of people arranging themselves in order on a gently rising ground. When about a mile from the shore, Magassa gave the order to signal our advance upon it with fire-arms, and was at once obeyed by his dozen musketeers. Half a mile off I saw that the people on the shore had formed themselves into two dense lines, at the ends of which stood several finely dressed men, arrayed in crimson and black and snowy white. As we neared the beach, volleys of musketry burst out from the long lines. Magassa's canoes steered outward to right and left, while 200 or 300 heavily loaded guns announced to all around that the white man—whom Mtesa's mother had dreamed about—had landed. Numerous kettle and bass drums sounded a noisy welcome, and flags, banners, and bannerets waved, and the people gave a great shout. Very much amazed at all this ceremonious and pompous greeting, I strode up towards the great standard, near which stood a short young man, dressed in a crimson robe which covered an immaculately white dress of bleached cotton, before whom Magassa, who had hurried ashore, kneeled reverently, and turning to me begged me to understand that this short young man was the *Katekiro.* Not knowing very well who the "Katekiro" was, I only bowed, which, strange to say, was imitated by him, only that his bow was far more profound and stately than mine. I was perplexed, confused, embarrassed, and I believe I blushed inwardly at this regal reception, though I hope I did not betray my embarrassment.

A dozen well-dressed people now came forward, and grasping my hand declared in the Swahili language that I was welcome to Uganda. The *Katekiro* motioned with his head, and amid a perfect concourse of beaten drums, which drowned all conversation, we walked side by side, and followed by curious thousands, to a courtyard, and a circle of grass-thatched huts surrounding a larger house, which I was told were my quarters.

The *Katekiro* and several of the chiefs accompanied me to my new hut, and a very sociable conversation took place. There was present a native of Zanzibar, named Tori, whom I shortly discovered to be chief drummer, engineer, and general jack-of-all-trades for the *Kabaka.* From this clever, ingenious man I obtained the information that the *Katekiro* was the prime minister or the *Kabaka's* deputy, and that the titles of the other chiefs were Cambarango, Kangau, Mkwenda, Seke-bobo, Kitunzi, Sabaganzi, Kauta, Saruti. There were several more present, but I must defer mention of them to other chapters.

Waganda, as I found subsequently, are not in the habit of remaining incurious before a stranger. Hosts of questions were fired off at me about my health, my journey, and its aim, Zanzibar, Europe and its people, the seas and the heavens, sun, moon, and stars, angels and devils, doctors, priests, and craftsmen in general; in fact, as the representative of nations who "know everything," I was subjected to a most searching examination, and in one hour and ten minutes it was declared unanimously that I had "passed." Forthwith, after the acclamation, the stately bearing became merged into a more friendly one, and long, thin, nervous black hands were pushed into mine enthusiastically, from which I gathered that they applauded me as though I had won the honours of a senior wrangler. Some proceeded direct to the *Kabaka* and informed him that the white man was a genius, knew everything, and was remarkably polite and sociable, and the *Kabaka* was said to have "rubbed his hands as though he had just come into the possession of a treasure."

The fruits of the favourable verdict passed upon myself and merits were seen presently in fourteen fat oxen, sixteen goats and sheep, a hundred bunches of bananas, three dozen fowls, four wooden jars of milk, four baskets of sweet potatoes, fifty ears of green Indian corn, a basket of rice, twenty fresh eggs, and ten pots of maramba wine. Kauta, Mtesa's steward or butler, at the head of the drovers and bearers of these various provisions, fell on his knees before me and said: —

"The *Kabaka* sends salaams unto his friend who has travelled so far to see him. The *Kabaka* cannot see the face of his friend until he has eaten and is satisfied. The *Kabaka* has sent his slave with these few things to his friend that he may eat, and at the ninth hour, after his friend has rested, the *Kabaka* will send and call for him to appear at the burzah. I have spoken. Twiyanzi-yanzi-yanzi!"

I replied suitably, though my politeness was not so excessive as to induce me to kneel before the courtly butler and thank him for permission to say I thanked him.

My boat's crew were amazed at this imperial bounty, which provided more than a bullock apiece for each member of my following. Saramba, the mop-headed guide from Usukuma, was requested to say what he thought of the *Kabaka*, who gave bullocks and goats in proportion as the Usukuma chief gave potatoes to his guests. Saramba's wits were all this time under a cloud. He was still dressed in the primitive goatskin of his country, as greasy and dingy as a whaling cook's pan-cloth—the greasiest thing I ever saw. He was stared at, jeered, and flouted by the courtly, cleanly pages of the court, who by this time had taken such keen and complete mental inventories of my features, traits, and points of character as would have put to shame even a Parisian newsmonger.

"What land is this undressed pagan from?" asked the pages, loud enough for poor Saramba to hear.

"Regard the pagan's hair," said another.

"He had better not let the *Kabaka* see him," said a third.

"He is surely a pagan slave—worth about a goat," remarked a fourth.

"Not he. I would not buy him for a ripe banana," ventured a fifth.

I looked up at Saramba, and half fancied that he paled.

Poor Saramba! "As soon as they are gone, off goes that mop, and we will dress you in white cloth," said Safeni, the coxswain, compassionately.

But Baraka, one of the boatmen, an incorrigible scoffer, said, "What is the use? If we give him cloth, will he wear it? No; he will roll it up and tie it with a piece of string, and save it for his mammy, or sell it in Usukuma for a goat."

To my surprise the boatmen endeavoured to impress the fact on Saramba's mind that the *Kabaka* was a special personal friend of theirs; that all these cattle, goats, and fowls were the *Kabaka's* usual gifts to Wangwana, and they endeavoured, with a reckless disregard for accuracy, to enumerate fabulous instances of his generosity to a number of other Safenis, Sarbokos, Barakas, and Zaidis, all natives, like themselves, of Zanzibar. Let Englishmen never henceforth indulge in the illusion, or lay the flattering unction to their self-love, that they are the only people who have studied the art of "chaff." The Zanzibaris are perfect in the art, as the sordid barbarian Saramba discovered to his cost.

The ninth hour of the day approached. We had bathed, brushed, cleaned ourselves, and were prepared externally and mentally for the memorable hour when we should meet the Foremost Man of Equatorial Africa. Two of the *Kabaka's* pages, clad in a costume semi-Kingwana and semi-Kiganda, came to summon us—the Kingwana part being the long white shirt of Zanzibar, folded with a belt or band about the loins, the Kiganda part being the Sohari doti cloth depending from the right shoulder to the feet. "The *Kabaka* invites you to the burzah," said they. Forthwith we issue from our courtyard, five of the boat's crew on each side of me armed with Snider rifles. We reach a short broad street, at the end of which is a hut. Here the *Kabaka* is seated with a multitude of chiefs, Wakungu* and Watongoleh, ranked from the throne in two opposing kneeling or seated lines, the ends being closed in by drummers, guards, executioners, pages, &c. &c. As we approached the nearest group, it opened, and the drummers beat mighty sounds, Tori's drumming being conspicuous from its sharper beat. The Foremost Man of Equatorial Africa rises and avances, and all the kneeling and seated lines rise—generals, colonels, chiefs, cooks, butlers, pages, executioners, &c. &c.

The *Kabaka*, a tall, clean-faced, large-eyed, nervous-looking, thin man, clad in a tarbush, black robe, with a white shirt belted with gold, shook my hands warmly and impressively, and, bowing not ungracefully, invited me to be seated on an iron stool. I waited for him to show the example, and then I and all the others seated ourselves.

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* Wakungu is the plural of *mkungu*, a rank equivalent to "general." Watongoleh is the plural of *mtongoleh*, or "colonel."

He first took a deliberate survey of me, which I returned with interest, for he was as interesting to me as I was to him. His impression of me was that I was younger than Speke, not so tall, but better dressed. This I gathered from his criticisms as confided to his chiefs and favourites.

My impression of him was that he and I would become better acquainted, that I should make a convert of him, and make him useful to Africa—but what other impressions I had may be gathered from the remarks I wrote that evening in my diary:—

"As I had read Speke's book for the sake of its geographical information, I retained but a dim remembrance of his description of his life in Uganda. If I remember rightly, Speke described a youthful prince, vain and heartless, a wholesale murderer and tyrant, one who delighted in fat women. Doubtless he described what he saw, but it is far from being the state of things now. Mtesa has impressed me as being an intelligent and distinguished prince, who, if aided in time by virtuous philanthropists, will do more for Central Africa than fifty years of Gospel teaching, unaided by such authority, can do. I think I see in him the light that shall lighten the darkness of this benighted region; a prince well worthy the most hearty sympathies that Europe can give him. In this man I see the possible fruition of Livingstone's hopes, for with his aid the civilization of Equatorial Africa becomes feasible. I remember the ardour and love which animated Livingstone when he spoke of Sekeletu; had he seen Mtesa, his ardour and love for him had been tenfold, and his pen and tongue would have been employed in calling all good men to assist him."

Five days later I wrote the following entry:—

"I see that Mtesa is a powerful Emperor, with great influence over his neighbours. I have to-day seen the turbulent Mankorongo, king of Usui, and Mirambo, that terrible phantom who disturbs men's minds in Unyamwezi, through their embassies kneeling and tendering their tribute to him. I saw over 3000 soldiers of Mtesa nearly half civilized. I saw about a hundred chiefs who might be classed in the same scale as the men of Zanzibar and Oman, clad in as rich robes, and armed in the same fashion, and have witnessed with astonishment such order and law as is obtainable in semi-civilized countries. All this is the result of a poor Muslim's labour; his name is Muley bin Salim. He it was who first began teaching here the doctrines of Islam. False and contemptible as these doctrines are, they are preferable to the ruthless instincts of a savage despot, whom Speke and Grant left wallowing in the blood of women, and I honour the memory of Muley bin Salim—Muslim and slave-trader though he be—the poor priest who has wrought this happy change. With a strong desire to improve still more the character of Mtesa, I shall begin building on the foundation-stones laid by Muley bin Salim. I shall destroy his belief in Islam, and teach the doctrines of Jesus of Nazareth."

It may easily be gathered from these entries that a feeling of admiration for Mtesa must have begun very early, and that either Mtesa is a very admirable man, or that I am a very impressionable traveller, or that Mtesa is so perfect in the art of duplicity and acted so clever a part, that I became his dupe.

The chief reason for admiration lay, probably, in the surprise with which I viewed the man whom Speke had beheld as a boy—and who was described by him through about two hundred pages of his book as a vain, foolish, peevish, headstrong youth and a murderous despot—sedate and composed in manner, intelligent in his questions and remarks beyond anything I expected to meet in Africa. That I should see him so well dressed, the centre of a court equally well dressed and intelligent, that he should have obtained supremacy over a great region into which moneyed strangers and soldiers from Cairo and Zanzibar flocked for the sake of its supreme head, that his subjects should speak of him with respect, and his guests, so far as I could gather, honour him, were minor causes, which, I venture to consider, were sufficient to win my favourable judgment. That he should have been so royally liberal in his supplies to me, have proffered other courtesies in a tone of sincerity, and have appeared to me a kindly, friendly soul, who affected all the dignity of one who entertains a vast respect for himself and his position without affronting or giving wanton offence to those around him who also have wants, hopes, and self-respect, may also be offered as reasons which contributed not a little towards creating a favourable impression on me. I am aware that there are negrophobists who may attribute this conduct of Mtesa to a natural gift for duplicity. He is undoubtedly a man who possesses great natural talents, but he also shows sometimes the waywardness, petulance, and withal the frank, exuberant, joyous moods, of youth. I will also admit that Mtesa can be *politic*, as, indeed, future pages will show, but he has also a child's unstudied ease of manner. I soon saw that he was highly clever, and possessed of the abilities to govern, but his cleverness and ability lacked the mannerisms of a European's.

Whether or no I became Mtesa's dupe will be seen in the chapters on Uganda. Meanwhile, he appeared to me to be a generous prince and a frank and intelligent man, and one whose character was well worth studying for its novel intensity and extreme originality, and also as one whom I judged could be made to subserve higher ends than he suspected he was fashioned for. I met his friendly advances with the utmost cordiality, and the burzah concluded at sunset, with the same ceremony that had inaugurated it, leaving Mtesa and myself mutually pleased and gratified with our acquaintance.

A description of Mtesa's person was written in my diary on the third evening of my visit to him, from which I quote:—

"*April 7.*—In person Mtesa is tall, probably 6 feet 1 inch, and slender. He has very intelligent and agreeable features, reminding me of some of the faces of the great stone images at Thebes, and of the statues in the museum at Cairo. He has the same fulness of lips, but their grossness is relieved by the general expression of amiability blended with dignity that pervades his face, and the large, lustrous, lambent eyes that lend it a strange beauty, and are typical of the race from which I believe him to have sprung. His colour is of a dark red brown, of a wonderfully smooth surface. When not engaged in council, he throws off unreservedly the bearing that characterizes him when on the throne, and gives rein to his humour, indulging in hearty peals of laughter. He seems to be interested in the discussion of the manners and customs of European courts, and to be enamoured of hearing of the wonders of civilization. He is ambitious to imitate as much as lies in his power the ways of the white man. When any piece of information is given him, he takes upon himself the task of translating it to his wives and chiefs, though many of the latter understand the Swahili language as well as he does himself."

On this day I recorded an interesting event which occurred in the morning. Mtesa, about 7 A.M., sallied out of his quarters, accompanied by a host of guards, pages, standard bearers, fifers, drummers, chiefs, native guests, claimants, &c., and about two hundred women of his household, and as he passed by my courtyard, he sent one of his pages to request my presence.

While he passed on, I paid some attention to my toilet, and made as presentable an appearance as my clothes-bag enabled me, and then, accompanied by two of my boat's crew as gunbearers, followed the court to the lake. Mtesa was seated on an iron stool, the centre of a large group of admiring women, who, as soon as I appeared, focussed about two hundred pairs of lustrous, humid eyes on my person, at which he laughed.

"You see, 'Stamlee,'" said he, "how my women look at you; they expected to see you accompanied by a woman of your own colour. I am not jealous though. Come and sit down."

Presently Mtesa whispered an order to a page, who sprang to obey, and responding to his summons, there darted into view from the bend in Murchison Bay west of Usavara forty magnificent canoes, all painted an ochreous brown, which I perceived to be the universally favourite colour. *En passant*, I have wondered whether they admire this colour from an idea that it resembles the dark bronze of their own bodies. For pure Waganda are not black by any means. The women and chiefs of Mtesa, who may furnish the best specimens of Waganda, are nearly all of a bronze or a dark reddish brown, with peculiar smooth, soft skins, rendered still more tender and velvety to the touch by their habit of shampooing with butter. Some of the women, I observed, were of a very light red-gold colour, while one or two verged on white. The native cloths—the national dress—which depended from the right shoulders of the larger number of those not immediately connected with the court were of a light brown also. It struck me, when I saw the brown skins, brown robes, and brown canoes, that brown must be the national colour.

These forty canoes, which now rode on the calm grey-green waters of Murchison Bay, contained in the aggregate about 1200 men. The captain of each canoe was dressed in a white cotton shirt and a cloth head-cover, neatly folded turban fashion, while the admiral wore over his shirt a crimson jacket, profusely decorated with gold braid, and on his head the red fez of Zanzibar. Each captain, as he passed us, seized shield and spear, and, with the bravado of a matador addressing the Judge of the Plaza to behold his prowess, went through the performance of defence and attack by water. The admiral won the greatest applause, for he was the Hector of the fleet, and his actions, though not remarkably graceful, were certainly remarkably extravagant. The naval review over, Mtesa commanded one of the captains of the canoes to try and discover a crocodile or a hippopotamus. After fifteen minutes he returned with the report that there was a young crocodile asleep on a rock about 200 yards away. "Now, Stamlee," said

Mtesa, "show my women how white men can shoot." To represent all the sons of Japhet on this occasion was a great responsibility, but I am happy to say that—whether owing to the gracious influence of some unseen divinity who has the guardianship of their interests or whether from mere luck—I nearly severed the head of the young crocodile from its body at the distance of 100 yards with a three-ounce ball, an act which was accepted as conclusive proof that all white men are dead shots.

In the afternoon we amused ourselves with target practice, at which an accident occurred that might have produced grave results. A No. 8 double-barrelled rifle was fractured in Mtesa's hands at the second shot, but fortunately without injuring either him or the page on whose shoulders it rested. General alarm prevailed for a short time, until, seeing that it was about to be accepted as a bad omen, I examined the rifle and showed Mtesa an ancient flaw in the barrel, which his good sense perceived had led to the fracture. The gun was a very old one, and had evidently seen much service.

On the 10th of April the court broke up its hunting lodges at Usavara, on Murchison Bay, and moved to the capital, whither I was strongly urged to follow. Mtesa, escorted by about two hundred musketeers and the great Wakungu and their armed retainers, travelled quickly; but owing to my being obliged to house my boat from the hot sun, I did not reach the capital until 1 P.M.

The road had been prepared for his Imperial Majesty's hunting excursion, and was 8 feet wide, through jungle and garden, forest and field. Beautiful landscapes were thus enjoyed of rolling land and placid lake, of gigantic tamarinds and gum-trees, of extensive banana groves and plantations of the ficus, from the bark of which the national dress, or *mbugu*, is made. The peculiar dome-like huts, each with an attempt at a portico, were buried deep in dense bowers of plantains which filled the air with the odour of their mellow rich fruit.

The road wound upward to the summits of green hills which commanded exquisite prospects, and down again into the sheltered bosoms of woody nooks, and vales, and tree-embowered ravines. Streams of clear water murmured through these depressions, as they flowed towards Murchison Bay. The verdure was of a brilliant green, freshened by the unfailing rains of the Equator; the sky was of the bluest, and the heat, though great, was tempered by the hill breezes, and frequently by the dense foliage overhead.

Within three hours' march from Usavara, we saw the capital crowning the summit of a smooth rounded hill—a large cluster of tall conical grass huts, in the centre of which rose a spacious, lofty, barn-like structure. The large building, we were told, was the palace! the hill, Rubaga; the cluster of huts, the imperial capital!

From each side of the tall cane fence enclosing the grass huts on Rubaga hill radiated very broad avenues, imperial enough in width. Arriving at the base of the hill, and crossing by a "corduroy" road over a broad slimy ooze, we came up to one of these avenues, the ground of which was a reddish clay strongly mixed with the detritus of hematite. It gave a clear breadth of 100 feet of prepared ground, and led by a gradual ascent to the circular road which made the circuit of the hill outside the palace enclosure. Once on the dome-like height, we saw that we had arrived by the back avenue, for the best view of this capital of magnificent distances was that which was obtained by looking from the burzah of the palace, and carrying the eye over the broad front highway, on each side of which, as far as could be defined from the shadows of the burzah, the Wakungu had their respective courts and houses, embowered in gardens of banana and fig. Like the enclosure round the palace courts and quarters, each avenue was fenced with tall *matete* (water cane) neatly set very close together in uniform rows. The by-streets leading from one avenue to another were narrow and crooked.

While I stood admiring the view, a page came up, and, kneeling, announced that he had been despatched by the Emperor to show me my house. Following him, I was ushered within a corner lot of the fenced square, between two avenues, into what I might appropriately term a "garden villa" of Uganda. My house, standing in the centre of a plantain garden about 100 feet square, was 20 feet long, and of a marquee shape, with a miniature portico or eave projecting like a bonnet over the doorway, and was divided into two apartments. Close by, about 30 feet off, were three dome-like huts for the boat's crew and the kitchen, and in a corner of the garden was a railed space for our bullocks and goats. Were it not that I was ever anxious about my distant camp in Usukuma, I possessed almost everything requisite to render a month's stay very agreeable, and for the time I was as proud of my tiny villa as a London merchant is of his country-house.

In the afternoon I was invited to the palace. A number of people in brown robes, or white dresses, some with white goatskins over their brown robes, others with cords folded like a turban round their heads, which I heard were distinguishing marks of the executioners, were also ascending to the burzah. Court after court was passed until we finally stood upon the level top in front of the great house of cane and straw which the Waganda fondly term *Kibuga*, or the Palace. The space at least was of aulic extent, and the prospect gained at every point was also worthy of the imperial eyes of the African monarch.

On all sides rolled in grand waves a voluptuous land of sunshine, and plenty, and early summer verdure, cooled by soft breezes from the great equatorial fresh-water sea. Isolated hill-cones, similar to that of Rubaga, or square tabular masses, rose up from the beautiful landscape to attract, like mysteries, the curious stranger's observation, and villages and banana groves of still fresher green, far removed on the crest of distant swelling ridges, announced that Mtesa owned a land worth loving. Dark sinuous lines traced the winding courses of deep ravines filled with trees, and grassy extents of gently undulating ground marked the pastures; broader depressions suggested the cultivated gardens and the grain fields, while on the far verge of the horizon we saw the beauty and the charm of the land melting into the blues of distance.

There is a singular fascination about this country. The land would be loved for its glorious diversified prospects even though it were a howling wilderness; but it owes a great deal of the power which it exercises over the imagination to the consciousness that in it dwells a people peculiarly fascinating also. "How comes it," one asks, "that this barbarous, uneducated, and superstitious monarch builds upon this height?" Not for protection, surely, for he has smoothed the uneven ground and formed broad avenues to approach it, and a single torch would suffice to level all his fences? Does he, then, care for the charms of the prospect? Has he also an eye to the beauties of nature?

Were this monarch as barbarous as other African chiefs whom I had met between Zanzibar and Napoleon Channel, he would have sought a basin, or the slope of some ridge, or some portion of the shores of the lake where his cattle might best graze, and would there have constructed his grass dwellings. But this man builds upon a hill that he may look abroad, and take a large imperial view of his land. He loves ample room; his house is an African palace, spacious and lofty; large clean courtyards surround it; he has spacious quarters for his harem, and courtyards round those; he has spacious quarters for his guards, and extensive courtyards round those; a cane enclosure surrounds all, and beyond the enclosure again is a wide avenue running round the palace fences. His people, great and small, imitate him as much as lies in their power. They are well dressed, and immodesty is a crime in the land. Yet I am still in Africa, and only yesterday, as it were, I saw naked men and naked women. It may be that such a monarch and people fascinate me as much as their land. The human figures in the landscape have, indeed, as much interest for me as the gracious landscape itself.

The drums sounded. Mtesa had seated himself on the throne, and we hastened to take our seats.

Since the 5th April, I had enjoyed ten interviews with Mtesa, and during all I had taken occasion to introduce topics which would lead up to the subject of Christianity. Nothing occurred in my presence but I contrived to turn it towards effecting that which had become an object to me, viz. his conversion. There was no attempt made to confuse him with the details of any particular doctrine. I simply drew for him the image of the Son of God humbling Himself for the good of all mankind, white and black, and told him how, while He was in man's disguise, He was seized and crucified by wicked people who scorned His divinity, and yet out of His great love for them, while yet suffering on the cross, He asked His great Father to forgive them. I showed the difference in character between Him whom white men love and adore, and Mohammed, whom the Arabs revere; how Jesus endeavoured to teach mankind that we should love all men, excepting none, while Mohammed taught his followers that the slaying of the pagan and the unbeliever was an act that merited Paradise. I left it to Mtesa and his chiefs to decide which was the worthier character. I also sketched in brief the history of religious belief from Adam to Mohammed. I had also begun to translate to him the Ten Commandments, and Idi, the Emperor's writer, transcribed in Kiganda the words of the Law as given to him in choice Swahili by Robert Feruzi, one of my boat's crew, and a pupil of the Universities Mission at Zanzibar.

The enthusiasm with which I launched into this work of teaching was soon communicated to Mtesa and some of his principal chiefs, who became so absorbingly interested in the story as I gave it to them that little of other business was done. The political burzah and seat of justice had now become an alcove, where only the moral and religious laws were discussed.

Before we broke up our meeting Mtesa informed me that I should meet a *white man* at his palace the next day.

"A white man, or a Turk?"

"A white man like yourself," repeated Mtesa.

"No; impossible!"

"Yes, you will see. He comes from Masr (Cairo), from Gordoom (Gordon) Pasha."

"Ah, very well, I shall be glad to see him, and if he is really a white man, I may probably stay with you four or five days longer," said I to Mtesa, as I shook hands with him, and bade him good-night.

The "white man," reported to be coming the next day, arrived at noon with great éclat and flourishes of trumpets, the sounds of which could be heard all over the capital. Mtesa hurried off a page to invite me to his burzah. I hastened up by a private entrance. Mtesa and all his chiefs, guards, pages, executioners, claimants, guests, drummers and fifers were already there, *en grande tenue.*

Mtesa was in a fever, as I could see by the paling of the colour under his eyes and his glowing eyeballs. The chiefs shared their master's excitement.

"What shall we do," he asked, "to welcome him?"

"Oh, form your troops in line from the entrance to the burzah down to the gate of the outer court, and present arms, and as he comes within the gate, let your drums and fifes sound a loud welcome."

"Beautiful!" said Mtesa. "Hurry, Tori, Chambarango, Sekebobo; form them in two lines just as Stamlee says. Oh, that is beautiful! And shall we fire guns, Stamlee?"

"No, not until you shake hands with him; and as he is a soldier, let the guards fire, then they will not injure anyone."

Mtesa's flutter of excitement on this occasion made me think that there must have been a somewhat similar scene before my landing at Usavara, and that Tori must have been consulted frequently upon the form of ceremony to be adopted.

What followed upon the arrival of the white man at the outer gate had best be told as an interlude by the stranger himself.

"At two o'clock, the weather having cleared up, Mtesa sent a messenger to inform me that he was ready to receive me. Notice is given in the camp; every one puts on his finest clothes; at last we are ready; my brave Soudanians look quite smart in their red jackets and white trousers. I place myself at their head; trumpets flourish and drums sound as we follow an avenue from eighty-five to a hundred yards wide, running direct north and south, and terminating at Mtesa's palace." . . .

"On entering this court, I am greeted with a frightful uproar; a thousand instruments, each one more outlandish than the other, produce the most discordant and deafening sounds. Mtesa's body-guard carrying guns present arms on my appearance; the king is standing at the entrance of the reception hall, I approach and bow to him *à la turque*. He holds out his hand, which I press; I immediately perceive a sunburnt European to the left of the king, a traveller, whom I imagine to be Cameron. We exchange glances without speaking.

"Mtesa enters the reception room, and we follow him. It is a narrow hall about 60 feet long by 15 feet wide, the ceiling of which, sloping down at the entrance, is supported by a double row of wooden pillars which divide the room into two aisles. The principal and central room is unoccupied, and leads to the king's throne; the two aisles are filled with the great dignitaries and chief officers. At each pillar stands one of the king's guard, wearing a long red mantle, a white turban ornamented with monkey skin, white trousers and black blouse with a red band. All are armed with guns.

"Mtesa takes his place on his throne, which is a wooden seat in the shape of an office arm-chair; his feet rest upon a cushion; the whole placed on a leopard's skin spread over a Smyrna carpet. Before the king is a highly polished elephant's tusk, and at his feet are two boxes containing fetishes; on either side the throne is a lance (one copper, the other steel), each held by a guard; these are the insignia of Uganda; the dog which Speke mentions has been done away with. Crouching at the foot of the king are the vizier and two scribes.

"Mtesa is dignified in his manner, and does not lack a certain natural air of distinction; his dress is elegant: a white *couftan* finished with a red band, stockings, slippers, vest of black cloth embroidered with gold, and a *tarbouche* with a silver plate on the top. He wears a sword with ivory-inlaid hilt (a Zanzibar weapon), and a staff.

"I exhibited my presents, which Mtesa scarcely pretended to see, his dignity forbidding him to show any curiosity.

"I address the traveller, who sits in front of me, on the left of the king, 'Have I the honour of speaking to Mr. Cameron?'

"STANLEY. 'No, Sir; Mr. Stanley.'

"MYSELF. 'M. Linant de Bellefonds, member of the Gordon-Pasha Expedition.'

"We bow low to each other, as though we had met in a drawing-room, and our conversation is at an end for the moment.

"This meeting with Mr. Stanley greatly surprises me. Stanley was far from my thoughts; I was totally ignorant of the object of his Expedition.

"I take leave of the king, who meanwhile has been amusing himself by making my unlucky soldiers parade and flourish their trumpets. I shake hands with Mr. Stanley, and ask him to honour me with his presence at dinner.

"I had scarcely been more than a few minutes in my hut when Mr. Stanley arrived. After having mutually expressed the pleasure our meeting gave us, Mr. Stanley informed me that Cameron had written from Ujiji that he was starting for the Congo. Mr. Cameron, he told me, must have been much embarrassed by the question of money, having exceeded the amount allowed by the Royal Geographical Society. At Ujiji, he would have lost all his companions, and would be actually alone. Mr. Stanley was loud in his praises of Cameron, and hoped that he would succeed in his expedition." . . . .

"Leaving his expedition at Usukuma, Mr. Stanley embarked with eleven men on the Victoria Lake, in a small boat which he had brought with him; he explored all the eastern part of the lake, penetrating into all the bays, gulfs, and creeks, and taking the bearings of islands and capes. I saw Mr. Stanley's work, which is very extensive. He showed me some curious sketches of islands he had seen; the islands of the Bridge, the Grotto, and the Sphinx. The first is a natural bridge of granite, with all the appearance of a bridge made by the hand of man; the second is like the grotto of the enchantress Calypso; the third greatly resembles the Egyptian Sphinx." . . . .

Colonel Linant de Bellefonds having thus described our meeting, there remains but little for me to add.

As soon as I saw him approaching the burzah, I recognized him to be a Frenchman. Not being introduced to him—and as I was then but a mere guest of Mtesa, with whom it was M. Linant's first desire to converse—I simply bowed to him, until he had concluded addressing the Emperor, when our introduction took place as he has described.

I was delighted at seeing him, and much more delighted when I discovered that M. Linant was a very agreeable man. I observed that there was a vast difference between his treatment of his men and the manner in which I treated mine, and that his intercourse with the Waganda was conducted after exactly opposite principles to those which governed my conduct. He adopted a half military style which the Waganda ill brooked, and many things uncomplimentary to him were uttered by them. He stationed guards at the entrance to his courtyard to keep the Waganda at a distance, except those bearing messages from Mtesa, while my courtyard was nearly full of Watongolehs, soldiers, pages, children, with many a dark-brown woman listening with open ears to my conversation with the Waganda. In fact, my courtyard from morning to night swarmed with all classes, for I loved to draw the natives to talk, so that perfect confidence might be established between us, and I might gain an insight into their real natures. By this freer converse with them I became, it seemed, a universal favourite, and obtained information sufficient to fill two octavo volumes.

M. Linant passed many pleasant hours with me. Though he had started from Cairo previous to my departure from Zanzibar, and consequently could communicate no news from Europe, I still felt that for a brief period I enjoyed civilized life. His *cuisine* was after the French fashion. He possessed French beans and olive oil, various potted meats of Paris brands, *pâtés de foie gras* and Bologna sausage, sardines and Marseilles biscuits, white sugar, coffee, cocoa, chocolate, and tea. If we add to this list the articles that the natives and Mtesa's bounty furnished—milk, beef, kid, green and ripe bananas, eggs, sweet potatoes, tomatoes, melons, and cassava flour—it will be seen that his cook had abundance of material wherewith to supply and satisfy our moderate gastronomic tastes. The pleasure we mutually felt in each other's company, and the exceptional good health which blessed us, sharpened our appetites and improved our digestion. The religious conversations which I had begun with Mtesa were maintained in the presence of M. Linant de Bellefonds, who, fortunately for the cause I had in view, was a Protestant.* For when questioned by Mtesa about the facts which I had uttered, and which had been faithfully transcribed, M. Linant, to Mtesa's astonishment, employed nearly the same words, and delivered the same responses. The remarkable fact that two white men, who had never met before, one having arrived from the south-east, the other having emerged from the north, should nevertheless both know the same things, and respond in the same words, charmed the popular mind without the burzah as a wonder, and was treasured in Mtesa's memory as being miraculous.

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* In the original manuscript, which is in the possession of General C. P. Stone, Chief of the Staff in his Highness the Khedive's service, M. Linant has alluded in the most flattering manner to these hours devoted to religious instruction.

The period of my stay with Mtesa drew to a close, and I requested leave to depart, begging the fulfilment of a promise he had made to me that he would furnish me with transport sufficient to convey the Expedition by water from Kagehyi in Usukuma to Uganda. Nothing loth, since one white man would continue his residence with him till my return, and being eager to see the gifts I told him were safe at Usukuma, he gave his permission, and commanded Magassa to collect thirty canoes, and to accompany me to my camp.

On the 15th April, then, escorted by Magassa and his Watongolehs, and also by M. Linant and ten of his Nubian soldiers, we left Rubaga.

We arrived at Usavara about 10 A.M., and I imagined, foolishly enough, that Magassa would be ready for the voyage. But the Magassa of the 15th April was several grades higher in his own estimation than the Magassa of the 1st April. Fifteen days' life in the Emperor's favour and promotion to an admiralship had intoxicated the youth. Magassa could not be ready for two days.

"Not if I send a messenger back to Mtesa with this information?" I asked.

"Ah, yes, perhaps to-morrow morning."

"Only a few hours longer, M. Linant; so it does not matter much. Meantime we will take possession of our old quarters at Usavara, and pass the evening in a ramble along the shores of the bay, or a sail in the boat." To which suggestion M. Linant assented.

There was matter sufficient to engage us in conversation. The rich region we trod, landscapes steeped in most vivid green, the splendour of the forest foliage, the magnificent lake of Equatorial Africa, studded with a thousand isles, the broad and now placid arm known as Murchison Bay, the diversity of scenery, the nature of the rocks, the variety of the plants, ourselves met upon this far strand of the inland sea, to part perhaps for ever—a continuous chain of topics which, with an intelligent and sympathetic companion like M. Linant, might have served to make our rambles and our evenings in the hut enjoyable for weeks.

In the evening I concluded my letters dated 14th April 1875, which were sent to the *Daily Telegraph* and the *New York Herald*, the English and American journals I represented here, appealing for a Christian mission to be sent to Mtesa.

The appeal written hurriedly, and included in the letter left at Usavara, was as follows:

"I have, indeed, undermined Islamism so much here that Mtesa has determined henceforth, until he is better informed, to observe the Christian Sabbath as well as the Muslim Sabbath, and the great captains have unanimously consented to this. He has further caused the Ten Commandments of Moses to be written on a board for his daily perusal—for Mtesa can read Arabic—as well as the Lord's Prayer and the golden commandment of our Saviour, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' This is great progress for the few days that I have remained with him, and, though I am no missionary, I shall begin to think that I might become one if such success is feasible. But, oh! that some pious, practical missionary would come here! What a field and harvest ripe for the sickle of civilization! Mtesa would give him anything he desired—houses, lands, cattle, ivory, &c.; he might call a province his own in one day. It is not the mere preacher, however, that is wanted here. The bishops of Great Britain collected, with all the classic youth of Oxford and Cambridge, would effect nothing by mere talk with the intelligent people of Uganda. It is the practical Christian tutor, who can teach people how to become Christians, cure their diseases, construct dwellings, understand and exemplify agriculture, and turn his hand to anything, like a sailor—this is the man who is wanted. Such an one, if he can be found, would become the saviour of Africa. He must be tied to no church or sect, but profess God and His Son and the moral law, and live a blameless Christian, inspired by liberal principles, charity to all men, and devout faith in Heaven. He must belong to no nation in particular, but to the entire white race. Such a man or men, Mtesa, Emperor of Uganda, Usoga, Unyoro, and Karagwe—an empire 360 geographical miles in length, by 50 in breadth—invites to repair to him. He has begged me to tell the white men that, if they will only come to him, he will give them all they want. Now, where is there in all the pagan world a more promising field for a mission than Uganda? Colonel Linant de Bellefonds is my witness that I speak the truth, and I know he will corroborate all I say. The Colonel, though a Frenchman, is a Calvinist, and has become as ardent a well-wisher for the Waganda as I am. Then why further spend needlessly vast sums upon black pagans of Africa who have no example of their own people becoming Christians before them? I speak to the Universities Mission at Zanzibar and to the Free Methodists at Mombasa, to the leading philanthropists, and the pious people of England. 'Here, gentlemen, is your opportunity—embrace it! The people on the shores of the Nyanza call upon you. Obey your own generous instincts, and listen to them; and I assure you that in one year you will have more converts to Christianity than all other missionaries united can number. The population of Mtesa's kingdom is very dense; I estimate the number of his subjects at 2,000,000. You need not fear to spend money upon such a mission, as Mtesa is sole ruler, and will repay its cost tenfold with ivory, coffee, otter skins of a very fine quality, or even in cattle, for the wealth of this country in all these products is immense. The road here is by the Nile, or *via* Zanzibar, Ugogo, and Unyanyembé. The former route, so long as Colonel Gordon governs the countries of the Upper Nile, seems the most feasible.'"

When the letters were written and sealed, I committed them to the charge of Colonel Linant. My friend promised he would await my return from Usukuma; meanwhile he lent me a powerful field-glass, as mine, being considerably injured, had been given to Mtesa.

Magassa was not ready on the second day of our arrival. One of his women had absconded, or some of Mtesa's chiefs had seized her. Only ten canoes had arrived by the evening of the 16th.

The parting between M. Linant and myself, I shall allow him to describe:—

"At 5 A.M. drums are beaten; the boats going with Stanley are collecting together.

"Mr. Stanley and myself are soon ready. The *Lady Alice* is unmoored; luggage, sheep, goats, and poultry are already stowed away in their places. There is nothing to be done except to hoist the American flag and head the boat southwards. I accompany Stanley to his boat; we shake hands and commend each other to the care of God. Stanley takes the helm; the *Lady Alice* immediately swerves like a spirited horse, and bounds forward lashing the water of the Nyanza into foam. The starry flag is hoisted, and floats proudly in the breeze; I immediately raise a loud hurrah with such hearty good will as perhaps never before greeted the traveller's ears.

"The *Lady Alice* is already far away. We wave our handkerchiefs as a last farewell; my heart is full; I have just lost a brother. I had grown used to seeing Stanley, the open-hearted, sympathetic man and friend and admirable traveller. With him I forgot my fatigue; this meeting had been like a return to my own country. His engaging instructive conversation made the hours pass like minutes. I hope I may see him again, and have the happiness of spending several days with him."

CHAPTER X.

Parting with Colonel Linant — Magassa's vanity and disloyalty —Jumba's Cove — Uganga — The sailors' island — Dumo —The Alexandra Nile — Lupassi Point — In danger at Makongo — Alone with Nature — Insect life — Dreams of a happier future — A dark secret — Murabo and the fish — Alice Island — A night never to be forgotten — The treachery of Bumbireh — Saved! — Refuge Island — Wiru — "Go and die in the Nyanza!" — Back in camp — Sad news.

(April 17—May 5, 1875.)

"ADIEU! adieu! mon ami Linant! Remember my words, I shall return within a month; if not, present my compliments to your friends at Ismailia (Gondokoro), and tell them they may see me on the Albert Nyanza," were the last words I said to M. Linant de Bellefonds, as I seated myself in my boat on the morning of the 17th April.*

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* Owing to the events which are recorded in this chapter I was unable to return to Mtesa's capital within the time specified to M. Linant, but it is evident that my friend waited nearly six weeks for me. He sustained a fierce attack for fourteen hours from several thousand Wanyoro *en route* to Ismailia, but finally succeeded in making his escape, and reaching Colonel Gordon's headquarters in safety. On the 26th August, however, being on another mission, he was attacked by the Baris near a place called Labore, and he and his party of thirty-six soldiers were massacred. This sad event occurred four days after I returned on my second visit to the Ripon Falls.

We had scarcely gone three miles on the voyage, before the vanity of the youth Magassa exceeded all bounds. Deeming it prudent—before it was too late—to lecture him, and hold out prospects of a reward conditional upon good behaviour, I called to him to approach me, as I had something to say to him. He would not come, but continued on his way with a slight grimace and a saucy inclination of the head. I reserved the lecture until we should arrive in camp.

At noon I took observations for latitude at the entrance to Murchison Bay, and during the afternoon we rowed hard upon our voyage, reaching Chiwanuko Island near sunset. Magassa soon followed me, and as I landed, I laid hold of him gently but firmly, and seating him by my side, employed myself in holding forth grand expectations before him, only, however, on the condition that he obeyed Mtesa's orders, behaved well, and acted in unison with me. Magassa promised faithfully, and as a sign that he was sincere, begged to be permitted to continue his voyage to Sessé, a large island where Mtesa's canoes were beached, to procure the full quota of thirty promised to me. Leaving five canoes in charge of Sentum and Sentageya, two of his Watongolehs, he departed by night, which I thought was a remarkable instance of energy. The truth was, however, that he only proceeded two miles, and slept at a village, where he abused his authority by seizing a woman, and binding the chief.

The next day we proceeded with the Watongolehs, Sentum and Sentageya, and camped at Jumba's Cove. Jumba is the hereditary title of one of the junior admirals in command of a section of the imperial canoe fleet, to whom is awarded the district of Unjaku, a headland abutting on the left or north bank of the Katonga river. It is an exceedingly fertile district, separating Gabunga's, or the chief admiral's, district from Sambuzi's, a sub-chief of Kitunzi.

The whole of the north coast from Murchison Bay presents a panorama of beautiful views, of square table-topped mounts, rounded hills, and cones forming low ranges, which run in all directions, but with a general inclination east and west, and form, as it were, a natural boundary to the lake on the north. These masses of mountain, forming irregular ranges, suggest to the observer that no rivers of importance issue into the lake from the north side. They are terminated suddenly at the Katonga, and from the north-west along their base the river flows sluggishly into the lake. On the right or southern bank the land appears to be very low, as far as the hills of Uddu, four miles off. The Katonga river at its mouth is about 400 yards wide, but its current is very slow, almost imperceptible.

Uganga is a lowland district lying at the mouth of the Katonga, on the south or right bank, whence a large bay with well-wooded shores rounds form this river to the southward in a crescent from, to Bwiru, from which point we begin to trace the coast of Uddu. Uganda proper extends only as far as the Katonga river; from its bank Uddu begins, and stretches as far as the Alexandra Nile or Kagera.

Sessé Island extends from a point six miles south of Kibonga, westward to a point seven miles south of Jumba's village, and southward—parallel almost with the coast of Uddu—to a distance of about twenty-three miles. Its extreme length is about forty-two miles, while its extreme breadth must be about twenty miles. The principal canoe-builders and the greater number of the sailors of Mtesa's empire dwell in Sessé, and because of their coal-black colour, timidity, superstition, and general uncleanly life, are regarded as the helots of Uganda.

On the 21st we made a tedious, eventless voyage along the low, swampy, and jungly shores of Ujaju to Dumo, a village situated on the mainland nearly opposite the extreme southern end of Sessé Island. From a curious stony hill near Dumo, which bears traces of ancient effects of water, we obtained a distant view of the outskirts of a pastoral plateau rising westward.

Magassa appeared in the evening from his unsuccessful quest for canoes. He gave a graphic account of the dangers he had encountered at Sessé, whose inhabitants declared they would rather be beheaded by the *Kabaka* than risk themselves on an endless voyage on the stormy sea, but he had obtained a promise from Magura, the admiral in charge of the naval yards at Sessé, that he would endeavour to despatch fourteen canoes after us. Meanwhile, Magassa had left me at Chiwanuko with five canoes, but returned with only two, alleging that the other three leaked so much that they were not seaworthy. He suggested also that, as Magura might cause great delay if left alone, I should proceed with Sentum and Sentageya, and leave him in charge of five. Having witnessed his vanity and heard of his atrocious conduct near Chiwanuko, I strongly suspected him of desiring to effect some more mischief at Dumo, but I was powerless to interpose the strong arm, and therefore left him to answer for his shortcomings to Mtesa, who would doubtless hear of them before long.

After leaving Dumo and Sessé north of us, we had a boundless horizon of water on the east, while on the west stretched a crescent-shaped bay, bordered by a dense forest, ending south at Chawasimba Point. From here another broad bay extends southwards, and is terminated by the northernmost headland of Uzongora. Into this bay issues the Alexandra Nile in one powerful deep stream, which, from its volume and dark iron colour, may be traced several miles out. At its mouth it is about 150 yards wide, and at two miles above narrows to about 100 yards. We attempted to ascend higher, but the current was so strong that we made but slow progress, and after an ascent of three miles were obliged to abandon it. The plain on either side has a breadth of from five to ten miles, which during the rainy season is inundated throughout its whole extent. The deepest soundings we obtained were 85 feet. I know no other river to equal this in magnitude among the affluents of the Victoria Nyanza. The Shimeeyu river thus becomes the second largest affluent of the lake, and the two united would form a river equal to that which has its exit by the Ripon Falls.

The Waganda Watongolehs, Sentum and Sentageya, call the Alexandra Nile the "Mother of the River at Jinja" or the Ripon Falls.

The Alexandra Nile constitutes a natural boundary between the sovereignty of Uganda and its subject kingdoms of Karagwé and Uzongora, which begin south of the river. The plain of the Alexandra stretches south a few miles to an irregular line of grassy and treeless mountains, which are the characteristics of the fine pastoral countries of Uzongora and Karagwé. At Lupassi Point the mountains project steeply, almost cliff-like, into the lake, with heights varying from 200 feet to 500 feet. The steep slopes bristle at many points with grey gneiss rocks—massy débris from the mountain brows. Near this point I discovered a stream which had a fall of 3 feet issuing from an orifice in a rocky cliff, though above it there was not the faintest sign of a watercourse. In the gullies and clefts of the cliff-sides most beautiful ferns abounded.

I managed to climb to the top of the bluffs, and to my surprise overlooked a plateau, with a grandly rolling surface, covered with pasture and almost treeless, except near the villages, where grew dense groves of bananas. Further west, however, the plateau heaves upwards into mountain masses of the same naked character. Looking towards the east, directly in front of North Uzongora, stretches an apparently illimitable silvery sea; but towards the south one or two lofty islands are visible, situated about twenty-five miles from the mainland, serene and royal in their lone exclusiveness.

The first village we halted at on the coast of Uzongora was Makongo. It nestles in a sheltered nook in a bay-like indentation of the lofty mountain wall crowded with banana groves and huts scattered under their impenetrable shades—with a strip of grey gravel beach gently sloping from the water's edge about 40 feet upward to where it meets the prodigious luxury of the grove. There were about a dozen natives clad in dingy goat-skins seated on the beach, sucking the potent maramba from gourds when we came up, and without question we hauled our boat and two canoes high and dry. To our greetings the natives responded readily and civilly enough. With rather glazed eyes they offered us some of the equatorial nectar. The voyage had been long on this day, and we were tired, and it might be that we sighed for such cordial refreshing drink as was now proffered to us. At any rate, we accepted their hospitable gift, and sucked heartily, with bland approval of the delicacy of the liquid, and cordial thanks for their courtesy. An observation for longitude was taken, the natives looking on pleased and gratified. To all our questions as to the names of the localities and islands in view they replied like friends.

Sunset came. We bade each other good-night. At midnight there was a fearful drumming heard, which kept us all awake from the sheer violence of the sound. "Is anything wrong?" we demanded of Sentum and Sentageya. "Oh, no!" they answered. Still the drumming sounded hoarsely through the dark night, and the desire for sleep fled.

My men were all up before dawn, impatient for the day. Instinct, startled by that ominous drumming, warned them that something was wrong. I was still in my boat with drawn curtains, though able to communicate with my people. At sight of the natives Safeni, the coxswain, hailed me. As I was dressed, I arranged my guns and soon stepped out, and my astonishment was great when I perceived that there were between 200 and 300 natives, all in war costume and armed with spears, and bows and arrows, and long-handled cleaver-like weapons, with ample and long cane shields for defence, so close to us. For this terrible-looking body of men stood only about thirty paces off regarding us steadfastly. It was such a singular position, so unusual and so strangely theatrical, that, feeling embarrassed, I hastened to break the silence, and advanced towards a man whom I recognized as the elder who had given me some native wine on the previous evening.

"What means this, my friend?" I asked. "Is anything wrong?"

He replied rapidly, but briefly and sternly, in the Kinyambu language, which as I did not understand, I called the Mtongoleh Sentum to translate for me.

"What do you mean by drawing your canoes on our beach?" I was told he asked.

"Tell him we drew them up lest the surf

should batter them to pieces during the night. The winds are rough sometimes, and waves rise high. Our canoes are our homes, and we are far from our friends who are waiting for us. Were our canoes injured or broken, how should we return to our friends?"

He next demanded, "Know you this is our country?"

"Yes, but are we doing wrong? Is the beach so soft that it can be hurt by our canoes? Have we cut down your bananas, or entered into your houses? Have we molested any of your people? Do you not see our fires by which we slept exposed to the cold night?"

"Well, you must leave this place at once. We do not want you here. Go!"

"That is easily done," I answered, "and had you told us last night that our presence was not welcome to you, we should have camped on yonder island."

"What did you come here for?"

"We came to rest for the night, and to buy food, and is that a crime? Do you not travel in your canoes? Supposing people received you as you received us this morning, what would you say? Would you not say they were bad? Ah, my friend, I did not expect that you who were so good yesterday would turn out thus! But never mind; we will go away quickly and quietly, and the *Kabaka* Mtesa shall hear of this, and judge between us."

"If you wish food, I will send some bananas to yonder island, but you must go away from this, lest the people, who wish to fight you, should break out."

We soon shoved the boat and two canoes into the water, and I and my boat's crew embarked and rowed away a few yards. But Sentum was angry with the people, and instead of quietly departing, was loudly expostulating with them. To prevent mischief and the massacre of his entire party, I shouted to Sentum, commanding him to embark at once, which after a short time he obeyed, growling.

We steered for Musira Island, about three miles from Makongo, where we found four or five canoes from Kamiru's country loaded with coffee and butter. The Waganda, Sentum and Sentageya, with feelings embittered against the natives, seized upon several packages of coffee, which drew a loud remonstrance from the natives. The Waganda sailors, ever ready for a scramble, followed their chiefs' example, and assisted in despoiling the natives, which caused one of them to appeal to me. I was busy directing the boat's crew to set my tent, when I was thus made acquainted with the conduct of the Waganda. The property taken from them was restored immediately, and Sentum and Sentageya were threatened with punishment if they molested them further, and the natives were advised to leave for another island about five miles north of us, as soon as the lake should become calm.

About 10 A.M. the chief of Makongo, true to his promise, sent us ten bunches of green bananas, sufficient for one day's provisions for the sixty-two men, Waganda and Wangwana, of whom our party consisted.

After these events I strolled alone into the dense and tangled luxuriance of the jungle woods which lay behind our camp. Knowing that the people would be discussing their bananas, that no foe could molest them, and that they could not quarrel with any natives—there being nobody else on the island of Musira but ourselves—I was able to leave them to pass the time as they might deem most agreeable. Therefore, with all the ardour of a boy, I began my solitary exploration. Besides, it was so rare for me to enjoy solitude and silence in such perfect safety as was here promised to me. My freedom in these woods, though I was alone, none could endanger or attempt to restrain; my right to climb trees, or explore hollows, or stand on my head, or roll about on the leaves or ruins of branch and bark, or laugh or sing, who could oppose? Being thus absolute monarch and supreme arbiter over myself, I should enjoy for a brief period perfect felicity.

That impulse to jump, to bound, to spring upward and cling to branches overhead, which is the characteristic of a strong green age, I gave free rein to. Unfettered for a time from all conventionalisms, and absolved from that sobriety and steadiness which my position as a leader of half wild men compelled me to assume in their presence, all my natural elasticity of body came back to me. I dived under the obstructing bough or sprang over the prostrate trunk, squeezed into almost impossible places, crawled and writhed like a serpent through the tangled undergrowth, plunged down into formidable depths of dense foliage, and burrowed and struggled with frantic energy among shadowing pyramids of vines and creepers, which had become woven and plaited by their numbers into a solid mass.

What eccentricities of creation I became acquainted with in this truanting in the wild woods! Ants, red, black, yellow, grey, white, and particoloured, peopling a miniature world with unknown emmet races. Here were some members of the belligerent warrior caste always threatening the harmless, and seeking whom they might annoy, and there the ferocious food-providers, active for the attack, ranging bole, bough, twig and leaf for prey; the meek and industrious artisans absorbed in defending the poor privilege of a short existence; the frugal neuters tugging enormous loads towards their cunningly constructed nests; sentries on watch at the doors to defend the approaches to their fastnesses. They swarmed among the foliage in columns of foraging and plundering marauders and countless hordes of ruthless destroyers. In the decaying vegetation I heard all around me the xylophagous larvæ of great beetles hard at work by thousands, and saw myriads of termites destroying with industrious fury everything that lay in their path, whether animal or vegetable. Armies of psyllæ and moths innumerable were startled from the bushes, and from every bough shrilled the tiresome cicada, ever noisy. Here the relentless ant-lions prepared their pitfalls, and there the ghostly mantis, green or grey, stood waiting for unwary insects. Diamond beetles abounded, and many another species, uncouth and horrid, scrambled away from before my feet. Nor are these a thousandth part of the insect nations that I disturbed; the secluded island was a world of infinite activities.

Beyond the flats I came at last to where the ground sloped upward rapidly, though still clothed with tall trees and their parasitical plants and undergrowth; and in spite of the intense heat, I continued my exploration, determined to view the upper regions. Clambering up the steep side, I had a large choice of supports; here a tamarind and next a bombax, now a projecting branch of mimosa and now a thick lliane, hung down, inviting me to haul myself upward and forward; the young and pliant teak sapling or slender jasmine bent as I seized them to assist my labouring feet, and at last I emerged above the trees and the tangle of meshed undergrowth, and stood upright on the curious spiky grass, studded with wild pine-apple, ground orchids and aloes, which covered the summit.

After a general look around the island, I discovered it was in the form of a rudely shaped boot-last, lying east and west, the lowest part being the flats through which I had just struggled. It was about three-quarters of a mile long and about 200 yards wide. The heel was formed by a narrow projecting ledge rising about 50 feet nearly perpendicularly from the water. From this ledge rose the rock 80 feet above it, and 130 feet therefore above the water.

I gazed long on the grand encircling prospect. A halcyon calm brooded on the lake, eastward, northward, and southward, until the clear sky and stainless silver water met, the clear bounds of both veiled by a gauzy vapour, suggesting infinity. In a bold, majestic mass to the south-east rose Alice Island, while a few miles south-east of it appeared the Bumbireh group. Opposite me, to the west, and two miles from where I stood, was the long cliffy front of the plateau of Uzongora, its slowly rising summit gemmed with patches of evergreen banana, until it became banked in the distance by lines of hazy blue mountains.

It is a spot from which, undisturbed, the eye may rove over one of the strangest yet fairest portions of Africa—hundreds of square miles of beautiful lake scenes—a great length of grey plateau wall, upright and steep, but indented with exquisite inlets, half surrounded by embowering plantains—hundreds of square miles of pastoral upland dotted thickly with villages and groves of banana. From my lofty eyrie I can see herds upon herds of cattle, and many minute specks, white and black, which can be nothing but flocks of sheep and goats. I can also see pale blue columns of ascending smoke from the fires, and upright thin figures moving about. Secure on my lofty throne, I can view their movements, and laugh at the ferocity of the savage hearts which beat in those thin dark figures; for I am a part of Nature now, and for the present as invulnerable as itself. As little do they know that human eyes survey their forms from the summit of this lake-girt isle as that the eyes of the Supreme in heaven are upon them. How long, I wonder, shall the people of these lands remain thus ignorant of Him who created the gorgeous sunlit world they look upon each day from their lofty upland! How long shall their untamed ferocity be a barrier to the Gospel, and how long shall they remain unvisited by the Teacher!

What a land they possess! and what an inland sea! How steamers afloat on the lake might cause Ururi to shake hands with Uzongora, and Uganda with Usukuma, make the wild Wavuma friends with the Wazinza, and unite the Wakerewé with the Wagana! A great trading port might then spring up on the Shimeeyu, whence the coffee of Uzongora, the ivory, sheep, and goats of Ugeyeya, Usoga, Uvuma, and Uganda, the cattle of Uwya, Karagwé, Usagara, Ihangiro, and Usukuma, the myrrh, cassia, and furs and hides of Uganda and Uddu, the rice of Ukerewé, and the grain of Uzinza, might be exchanged for the fabrics brought from the coast; all the land be redeemed from wildness, the industry and energy of the natives stimulated, the havoc of the slave-trade stopped, and all the countries round about permeated with the nobler ethics of a higher humanity. But at present the hands of the people are lifted—murder in their hearts—one against the other; ferocity is kindled at sight of the wayfarer; piracy is the acknowledged profession of the Wavuma; the people of Ugeyeya and Wasoga go stark naked; Mtesa impales, burns, and maims his victims; the Wirigedi lie in wait along their shores for the stranger, and the slingers of the islands practise their art against him; the Wakara poison anew their deadly arrows at sight of a canoe; and each tribe, with rage and hate in its heart, remains aloof from the other. "Verily, the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."

Oh for the hour when a band of philanthropic capitalists shall vow to rescue these beautiful lands, and supply the means to enable the Gospel messengers to come and quench the murderous hate with which man beholds man in the beautiful lands around Lake Victoria!

I descended from the lofty height, the summit of Musira Island, by another way, which disclosed to me the character of the rocky island, and exposed to my view the precipitous walls of shale, rifted and indented by ages of atmospheric influences, that surround the island upon all sides but the western. After great difficulty I succeeded in getting upon the top of a portion of an upper ledge that had fallen on the north-east corner and now formed a separate projection about 30 feet high. In a cavernous recess upon the summit of it, I discovered six human bodies in a state of decomposition, half covered with grass and débris of rock. One of the skulls showed the mark of a hatchet, which made me suspect that a tragedy had occurred here but a short time before. No doubt the horrible event took place on the island on the ground occupied by our camp, for there was no other spot where such a deed could have been wrought, and probably the victims were taken in canoes, and deposited in this hidden recess, that strangers might not be alarmed at the sight of the bodies, or of such evidence of violence as the hatchet-cleft skull. Probably, also, these strangers were murdered for their cargo of coffee or of butter by the natives of the mainland, or by a later arrival of strangers like my own Waganda, who because of their numerical superiority had begun their molestation and robbery of the coffee-traders, without other cause than that they were strong and the traders weak.

About 5 P.M., having long before returned to camp, I saw on the horizon Magassa's fleet of canoes, and counted fourteen. I despatched Safeni and some of the Waganda in a canoe to the small islands we passed just before reaching Makongo, begging Magassa to hasten and join me early next morning, as we were short of provisions, and starvation would ensue if we were delayed in our voyage. Safeni returned about 9. P.M., with a request from Magassa that I would go on as early as I wished, and a promise that he would follow me to camp.

I waited, however, for Magassa until 10 A.M., and as Alice Island—which Sentum and Sentageya advised me was the best place to touch at in order to make a short course ior Usukuma—

was about thirty miles from Musira, I could delay no longer. It was then agreed that Sentum should stay at Musira Island until Magassa arrived, and inform him of the direction which Sentageya and I had taken.

We had proceeded on our voyage but three miles when Sentageya turned back with all speed towards Musira, waving his hand to me to continue my journey. Imagining that he had merely forgotten something, I did as he directed.

We reached Alice Island about 9 P. M., for we had been delayed by a strong head-wind since 4 P. M. As it was pitch-dark, we were guided to a camping-place by a flickering light which we saw on the shore. The light for which we steered was that of a fire kindled by two men and a boy, who were drying fish in a cavern the entrance of which opened on the lake. Though the fishermen were rather frightened at first, they were discreet enough to remain passive; and to calm their fears, I assumed an air of extreme blandness and amiability. It being late, I prepared to rest in the stern-sheets of my boat, but as I was about to lie down, I heard the natives expostulating. I knew by this that the boat's crew must be committing depredations on their fish stores; so I sprang out—and only just in time to save them a serious loss. Murabo had already made himself master of half a dozen large fish, when I came up with naked feet behind him, announcing my arrival by a staggering blow, which convinced the fishermen better than any amount of blandness and affectation of amiability could have done that I was sincere, and convinced the Wangwana also that injustice would not be permitted. The fishermen received a handful of beads as an atonement for the attempted spoliation, and to secure the Wangwana against further temptation, I gave them double rations.

The next morning, when I awoke, I found that we were camped under the shadow of a basaltic cliff, about 50 feet high, at the base of which was the fishermen's cavern, extending about 15 feet within. The island was lofty, about 400 feet above the lake at its highest part, nearly four miles in length, and a mile and a half across at its greatest breadth. The inhabitants consisted of about forty families from Ukerewé, and owned King Lukongeh as their liege lord.

The summit of Alice Island is clothed with an abundance of coarse grass, and the ravines and hollows are choked with a luxuriance of vegetable life—trees, plants, ferns, ground orchids, and wild pine-apple: along the water's edge there waves a thin strip of water-cane. The people became fast friends with us, but their keen trading instincts impelled them to demand such exorbitant prices for every article that we were unable to purchase more than a few ears of corn. I obtained a view from the summit with my field-glass, but I could distinguish nothing east or south-east. South-west we saw the Bumbireh group, and to purchase food we were compelled to proceed thither—disagreeably convinced that we had lost a whole day by calling at Alice Island, whereas, had we kept a direct course to the south, we might have reached the Bumbireh group in a few hours.

As we started only at noon from Alice Island, being delayed by expectations of seeing Magassa, and also by the necessity for purchasing something even at high prices to prevent starvation, we did not reach Barker's Island—the easternmost of the Bumbireh group—until night, which we passed most miserably in a little cove surrounded by impenetrable brush-wood. It was one downpour of rain throughout the whole night, which compelled us to sit up shivering and supperless, for to crown our discomforts, we had absolutely nothing to eat. No more abject objects can be imagined than the human beings that occupied the boat through the hours of darkness. There were my crew all sitting as closely as possible, back to back or side by side, on the oars and boards which they had arranged like a platform on the thwarts, and I sitting alone under the awning in the stern-sheets, wearily trying to outline their figures, or vaguely taking mental notes of the irregularities of the bush, with occasional hasty glances at the gloomy sky, or at Bumbireh, whose black mass looked grim and lofty in the dark, and all the time the rain kept pouring down with a steady malignant impetuosity. I doubt if even the happiest hours which may fall to my lot in the future will ever obliterate from my memory that dismal night of discomfort and hunger.

But as it generally happens, the dismal night was followed by a beautiful bright morning. Every inch of nature that we could scan seemed revivified, refreshed, and gay, except the little world which the boat contained. We were eager to renew our acquaintance with humanity, for only by contact with others could we live. We accordingly sailed for Bumbireh, which lay about two miles from Barker's Island, and ran down the coast in search of a cove and haven for our boat, while we should be bartering our beads for edibles.

Bumbireh Island is about eleven miles in extreme length by two miles greatest breadth. It is in appearance a hilly range, with a tolerably even and softly rolling summit-line clothed with short grass. Its slopes are generally steep, yet grassy or cultivated. It contains probably fifty small villages, averaging about twenty huts to a village, and if we calculate four souls to each hut, we have a population of about 4000, including all ages.

Herds of cattle grazed on the summit and slopes; a tolerably large acreage here and there showed a brown soil upturned for planting, while extensive banana groves marked most of the village sites. There was a kindly and prosperous aspect about the island.

As soon as we had sailed a little distance along the coast, we caught sight of a few figures which broke the even and smooth outline of the grassy summit, and heard the well-known melodious war-cries employed by most of the Central African tribes, "Hehu-a hehu-u-u-u!" loud, long-drawn, and ringing.

The figures increased in number, and fresh voices joined in the defiant and alarming note. Still, hungry wretches as we were, environed by difficulties of all kinds, just beginning to feel warm after the cold and wet of the night before, with famine gnawing at our vitals, leagues upon leagues of sea between us and our friends at Usukuma, and nothing eatable in our boat, we were obliged to risk something, reminding ourselves "that there are no circumstances so desperate which Providence may not relieve."

At 9 A.M. we discovered a cove near the south-east end of the long island, and pulled slowly into it. Immediately the natives rushed down the slopes, shouting war-cries and uttering fierce ejaculations. When about 50 yards from the shore, I bade the men cease rowing, but Safeni and Baraka became eloquent, and said, "It is almost always the case, master, with savages. They cry out, and threaten, and look big, but you will see that all that noise will cease as soon as they hear us speak. Besides, if we leave here without food, where shall we obtain it?"

The last argument was unanswerable, and though I gave no orders to resume their oars, four of the men impelled the boat on slowly, while Safeni and Baraka prepared themselves to explain to the natives, who were now close within hearing, as they came rushing to the water's edge. I saw some lift great stones, while others prepared their bows.

We were now about 10 yards from the beach, and Safeni and Baraka spoke, earnestly pointing to their mouths, and by gestures explaining that their bellies were empty. They smiled with insinuating faces; uttered the words "brothers," "friends," "good fellows," most volubly; cunningly interpolated the words Mtesa—the *Kabaka*—Uganda, and Antari king of Ihangiro, to whom Bumbireh belongs. Safeni and Baraka's pleasant volubility seemed to have produced a good effect, for the stones were dropped, the bows were unstrung, and the lifted spears lowered to assist the steady, slow-walking pace with which they now advanced.

Safeni and Baraka turned to me triumphantly and asked, "What did we say, master?" and then, with engaging frankness, invited the natives, who were now about two hundred in number, to come closer. The natives consulted a little while, and several—now smiling pleasantly themselves—advanced leisurely into the water until they touched the boat's prow. They stood a few seconds talking sweetly, when suddenly with a rush they ran the boat ashore, and then all the others, seizing hawser and gunwale, dragged her about 20 yards over the rocky beach high and dry, leaving us almost stupefied with astonishment!

Then ensued a scene which beggars description. Pandemonium—all its devils armed—raged around us. A forest of spears was levelled; thirty or forty bows were drawn taut; as many barbed arrows seemed already on the wing; thick, knotty clubs waved above our heads; two hundred screaming black demons jostled with each other and struggled for room to vent their fury, or for an opportunity to deliver one crushing blow or thrust at us.

In the meantime, as soon as the first symptoms of this manifestation of violence had been observed, I had sprung to my feet, each hand armed with a loaded self-cocking revolver, to kill and be killed. But the apparent hopelessness of inflicting much injury upon such a large crowd restrained me, and Safeni turned to me, though almost cowed to dumbness by the loud fury around us, and pleaded with me to be patient. I complied, seeing that I should get no aid from my crew; but, while bitterly blaming myself for my imprudence in having yielded—against my instincts—to placing myself in the power of such savages, I vowed that, if I escaped this once, my own judgment should guide my actions for the future.

I assumed a resigned air, though I still retained my revolvers. My crew also bore the first outburst of the tempest of shrieking rage which assailed them with almost sublime imperturbability. Safeni crossed his arms with the meekness of a saint. Baraka held his hands palms outward, asking with serene benignity, "What, my friends, ails you? Do you fear empty hands and smiling people like us? We are friends, we came as friends to buy food, two or three bananas, a few mouthfuls of grain, or potatoes, or muhogo (cassava), and if you permit us, we shall depart as friends."

Our demeanour had a great effect. The riot and noise seemed to be subsiding, when some fifty new-comers rekindled the smouldering fury. Again the forest of spears swayed on the launch, again the knotty clubs were whirled aloft, again the bows were drawn, and again the barbed arrows seemed flying. Safeni received a push which sent him tumbling, little Kirango received a blow on the head with a spear-staff, Saramba gave a cry as a club descended on his back.

I sprang up this time to remonstrate, with the two revolvers in my left hand. I addressed myself to an elder, who seemed to be restraining the people from proceeding too far. I showed him beads, cloth, wire, and invoked the names of Mtesa, and Antari their king.

The sight of the heaps of beads and cloth I exposed awakened, however, the more deliberate passions of selfishness and greed in each heart. An attempt at massacre, they began to argue, would certainly entail the loss of some of themselves. "Guns might be seized and handled with terrible effect even by dying men, and who knows what those little iron things in the white man's hands are?" they seemed to be asking themselves. The elder, whatever he thought, responded with an affectation of indignation, raised his stick, and to right and left of him drove back the demoniac crowd. Other prominent men now assisted this elder, whom we subsequently discovered to be Shekka, the king of Bumbireh.

Shekka then, having thus bestirred himself, beckoned to half a dozen men and walked away a few yards behind the mass. It was the "shauri," dear to a free and independent African's heart, that was about to be held. Half the crowd followed the king and his council, while the other half remained to indulge their violent, vituperative tongues on us, and to continually menace us with either club or spear. An audacious party came round the stern of the boat and, with superlatively hideous gestures, affronted me; one of them even gave a tug at my hair, thinking it was a wig. I revenged myself by seizing his hand, and suddenly bending it back almost dislocated it, causing him to howl with pain. His comrades swayed their lances, but I smilingly looked at them, for all idea of self-preservation had now almost fled.

The issue had surely arrived. There had been just one brief moment of agony when I reflected how unlovely death appears in such guise as that in which it then threatened me. What would my people think as they anxiously waited for the never returning master! What would Pocock and Barker say when they heard of the tragedy of Bumbireh! And my friends in America and Europe! "Tut, it is only a brief moment of pain, and then what can the ferocious dogs do more? It is a consolation that, if anything, it will be short, sharp, sudden—a gasp, and then a silence—for ever and ever!" And after that I was ready for the fight and for death.

"Now, my black friends, do your worst; anything you choose; I am ready."

A messenger from the king and the council arrives, and beckons Safeni. I said to him, "Safeni, use your wit." "Please God, master," he replied.

Safeni drew nearly all the crowd after him, for curiosity is strong in the African. I saw him pose himself. A born diplomatist was Safeni. His hands moved up and down, outward and inward; a cordial frankness sat naturally on his face; his gestures were graceful; the man was an orator, pleading for mercy and justice.

Safeni returned, his face radiant. "It is all right, master, there is no fear. They say we must stop here until to-morrow."

"Will they sell us food?"

"Oh, yes, as soon as they settle their shauri."

While Safeni was speaking, six men rushed up and seized the oars.

Safeni, though hitherto politic, lost temper at this, and endeavoured to prevent them. They raised their clubs to strike him. I shouted out, "Let them go, Safeni."

A loud cheer greeted the seizure of the oars. I became convinced now that this one little act would lead to others; for man is the same all over the world. Set a beggar on horseback, and he will ride to the devil; give a slave an inch, and he will take an ell; if a man submit once, he must be prepared to submit again.

The "shauri" proceeded. Another messenger came, demanding five cloths and five fundo of necklaces. They were delivered. But as it was now near noon, and they were assured we could not escape, the savages withdrew to their nearest village to refresh themselves with wine and food.

After the warriors had departed, some women came to look at us. We spoke kindly to them, and in return they gave us the consoling assurance that we should be killed; but they said that if we could induce Shekka to make blood-brotherhood, or to eat honey with one of us, we should be safe. If we failed, there was only flight or death. We thanked them, but we would wait.

About 3 P.M. we heard a number of drums beaten. Safeni was told that if the natives collected again he must endeavour to induce Shekka with gifts to go through the process of blood-brotherhood.

A long line of natives in full war costume appeared on the crest of the terrace, on which the banana grove and village of Kajurri stood. Their faces were smeared with black and white pigments. Almost all of them bore the peculiar shields of Uzongora. Their actions were such as the dullest-witted of us recognized as indicating hostilities.

Even Safeni and Baraka were astounded, and their first words were, "Prepare, master. Truly, this is trouble."

"Never mind me," I replied, "I have been ready these three hours. Are you ready, your guns and revolvers loaded, and your ears open this time?"

"We are," they all firmly answered.

"Don't be afraid; be quite cool. We will try, while they are collecting together, the women's suggestion. Go frankly and smilingly, Safeni, up to Shekka, on the top of that hill, and offer him these three fundo of beads, and ask him to exchange blood with you."

Safeni proceeded readily on his errand, for there was no danger to him bodily while we were there within 150 yards, and their full power as yet unprepared. For ten minutes he conversed with them, while the drums kept beating, and numbers of men bepainted for war were increasing Shekka's force. Some of them entertained us by demonstrating with their spears how they fought; others whirled their clubs like tipsy Irishmen at Donnybrook fair. Their gestures were wild, their voices were shrill and fierce, they were kindling themselves into a fighting fever.

Safeni returned. Shekka had refused the pledge of peace. The natives now mustered over 300.

Presently fifty bold fellows came rushing down, uttering a shrill cry. Without hesitation they came straight to the boat, and, hissing something to us, seized our Kiganda drum. It was such a small affair, we did not resist; still the manner in which it was taken completely undeceived us, if any small hope of peace remained. Loud applause greeted the act of gallantry.

Then two men came down towards us, and began to drive some cows away that were grazing between us and the men on the hill. Safeni asked of one of them, "Why do you do that?"

"Because we are going to begin fighting presently, and if you are men, you may begin to prepare yourselves," he said scornfully.

"Thanks, my bold friend," I muttered to myself. "Those are the truest words we have heard to-day."

The two men were retiring up the hill. "Here, Safeni," I said, "take these two fine red cloths in your hand; walk slowly up after them a little way, and the minute you hear my voice run back; and you, my boys, this is for life and death, mind; range yourselves on each side of the boat, lay your hands on it carelessly, but with a firm grip, and when I give the word, push it with the force of a hundred men down the hill into the water. Are you all ready, and do you think you can do it? Otherwise we might as well begin fighting where we are."

"Yes, Inshallah Master," they cried out with one voice.

"Go, Safeni!"

I waited until he had walked fifty yards away, and saw that he acted precisely as I had instructed him.

"Push, my boys; push for your lives!"

The crew bent their heads and strained their arms; the boat began to move, and there was a hissing, grinding noise below me. I seized my double-barrelled elephant rifle and shouted, "Safeni! Safeni, return!"

The natives were quick-eyed. They saw the boat moving, and with one accord they swept down the hill uttering the most fearful cries.

My boat was at the water's edge. "Shoot her into the lake, my men; never mind the water"; and clear of all obstructions she darted out upon the lake.

Safeni stood for an instant on the water's edge, with the cloths in his hand. The foremost of a crowd of natives was about twenty yards from him. He raised his spear and balanced himself.

"Spring into the water, man, head first," I cried.

The balanced spear was about to fly, and another man was preparing his weapon for a deadly cast, when I raised my gun and the bullet ploughed through him and through the second. The bowmen halted and drew their bows. I sent two charges of duck-shot into their midst with terrible effect. The natives retreated from the beach on which the boat had lately lain.

Having checked the natives, I assisted one of my men into the boat, and ordered him to lend a hand to the others, while I reloaded my big guns, keeping my eyes on the natives. There was a point about 100 yards in length on the east, which sheltered the cove. Some of the natives made a rush for this, but my guns commanded the exposed position, and they were obliged to retire.

The crew seized their rifles, but I told them to leave them alone, and to tear the bottom-boards out of the boat and use them as paddles; for there were two hippopotami advancing upon us open-mouthed, and it seemed as if we were to be crushed in the water after such a narrow escape from the ferocious people ashore. I permitted one of the hippos to approach within ten yards, and, aiming between his eyes, perforated his skull with a three-ounce ball, and the second received such a wound that we were not molested by him.

Meanwhile the savages, baffled and furious at seeing their prey escape, had rushed, after a short consultation, to man two canoes that were drawn up on the beach at the north-west corner of the cove. Twice I dropped men as they endeavoured to launch the boats; but they persisted, and finally, launching them, pursued us vigorously. Two other canoes were seen coming down the coast from the eastern side of the island.

Unable to escape, we stopped after we had got out of the cove, and waited for them.

My elephant rifle was loaded with explosive balls for this occasion. Four shots killed five men and sank two of the canoes. The two others retired to assist their friends out of the water. They attempted nothing further, but some of those on shore had managed to reach the point, and as we resumed our paddles, we heard a voice cry out, "Go and die in the Nyanza!" and saw them shoot their arrows, which fell harmlessly a few yards behind us. We were saved!

It was 5 P.M. We had only four bananas in the boat, and we were twelve hungry men. If we had a strong fair breeze, a day and a night would suffice to enable us to reach our camp. But if we had head-winds, the journey might occupy a month. Meanwhile, after the experience of Makongo, Alice Island, and Bumbireh, where should we apply for food? Fresh water we had in abundance, sufficient to satisfy the thirst of all the armies of the world for a century. But food? Whither should we turn for it?

A gentle breeze came from the island. We raised the lug sail, hoping that it would continue fair for a south-east course. But at 7 P.M. it fell a dead calm. We resumed our extemporized paddles—those thin weak bottom-boards. Our progress was about three-quarters of a mile per hour!

Throughout the night we laboured, cheering one another. In the morning not a speck of land was visible: all was a boundless circle of grey water.

About 9 A.M. a squall came fair and drove us about eight miles to the south; about 10.30 it became calm again, but still we paddled unceasingly. At night we found ourselves about seven miles away from an island to the southward of us, and we made noble efforts to reach it. But a gale came up from the south-west, against which it was useless to contend. The crew were fatigued and weakened after paddling forty-nine hours without food.

We resigned ourselves to the waves and the rain that was falling in sheets, and the driving tempest. Up and down we rose and sank on the great waves, battered from side to side, swung round, plunged in dark hollows, and bathed in spray. We baled the boat out, and again sat down. At midnight the gale moderated and the moon rose, throwing a weird light upon the face of the lake and its long heaving billows, which still showed high crests whitened with foam. Up and down we rose and plunged. The moon now shone clear upon the boat and her wretched crew, ghastlily lighting up the crouching, wearied, despairing forms, from which there sometimes rose deep sighs that wrung my heart. "Cheer up, my lads, think nothing of the curse of those of Bumbireh; bad men's curses sometimes turn out blessings," I said, to encourage them. One of the thwarts was chopped up, and we made a fire, and with some of the coffee which I had obtained from Colonel Linant at Mtesa's we felt somewhat refreshed. And then, completely wearied out, they all slept, but I watched, busy with my thoughts.

The morning came, the morning of the 30th April, and though my men had only eaten four bananas between them and tasted, besides, a cup of coffee since 10 A.M. of the 27th, they nevertheless, sixty-eight hours afterwards, when I urged them to resume their paddles that we might reach an island twelve miles south of us, rallied to my appeal with a manliness which won my admiration, responding with heroic will but alas! with little strength.

At 2 P.M.—seventy-six hours after leaving Alice Island—we approached a cove in an uninhabited island, which I have distinguished on the chart by the name of "Refuge." We crawled out of the boat, and each of us thanked God for even this little mercy, and lay down on the glowing sand to rest.

But food must be obtained before night. Baraka and Safeni were sent to explore the interior in one direction, Murabo and Marzouk in another. Robert and Hamoidah were set to kindle a fire, and I took my shot-gun to shoot birds. Within half an hour I had obtained a brace of large fat ducks; Baraka and Safeni returned each with two bunches of young green bananas, and Murabo and his comrade had discovered some luscious berries, like cherries.

And what glad souls were we that evening around our camp fire with this gracious abundance to which a benignant Providence had led us, storm-tossed, bruised, and hungry creatures that we were but a few hours before! Bananas, ducks, berries, and coffee! The tobacco gourd and pipe closed one of the most delicious evenings I ever remember to have passed. No wonder that before retiring, feeling ourselves indebted to the Supreme Being who had preserved us through so many troubles, we thanked Him for His mercies and His bounties.

We rested another day on Refuge Island to make oars; and further explorations enabled us to procure half a dozen more bunches of bananas. Our appetites were so keen that there was but little left next morning by the time we were ready to start afresh. With oar and sail we set out for Singo Island. Perceiving it was uninhabited, we steered for Ito Island, the slopes of which were rich with plantains, but the natives slung stones at us, and we were therefore obliged to continue on our way to the Kuneneh group, near the peninsula of Ukerewé.

On the afternoon of the 4th May, a stormy head-wind rising, we were compelled to turn into the cove of Wiru, where, through the influence of Saramba the guide, who was at home in this country, we were hospitably received, and meat, potatoes, milk, honey, bananas both ripe and green, eggs and poultry, were freely sold to us. We cooked these delicacies on board, and ate them with such relish and appetite as only half starved men can appreciate.

Hoping to reach our camp next morning, we set sail at 9 P.M., steering across Speke Gulf. But about 3 A.M., when we were nearly in mid-gulf, the fickle wind failed us, and then, as if resolved we should taste to the uttermost the extreme of suffering, it met us with a tempest from the N.N.E., as fearful in other respects as that which we experienced at Usuguru, but with the fresh torment added of hailstones as large as filberts. The sky was robed in inky blackness, not a star was visible, vivid lightnings flashed accompanied by loud thunder-crashes, and furious waves tossed us about as though we were imprisoned in a gourd, the elements thus combining to multiply the terrors of our situation. Again we resigned the boat to wind and wave, as all our efforts to keep our course were unavailing.

We began to think that the curse of the people of Bumbireh, "Go and die in the Nyanza," might be realized after all—though I had much faith in the staunch craft which Messenger of Teddington so conscientiously constructed.

A grey, cheerless morning dawned at last, and we discovered ourselves to be ten miles north of Rwoma, and about twenty miles north-west of Kagehyi. We put forth our best efforts, hoisted sail, and though the wind was but little in our favour at first, it soon veered round, and sent us sailing merrily over the tall waves, and along the coast of Usukuma, straight towards camp.

Shouts of welcome greeted us from shore, for the people had recognized us by our sail when miles away, and as we drew nearer the shouts changed to volleys of musketry, and the waving of flags, and the land seemed alive with leaping forms of the glad-hearted men. For we had been fifty-seven days away from our people, and many a false rumour had reached them of our deaths, strengthened each day that our return was deferred and our absence grew longer. But the sight of the exploring boat sailing towards Kagehyi dissipated all alarm, concern, and fear.

As the keel grounded, fifty men bounded into the water, dragged me from the boat, and danced me round the camp on their shoulders, amid much laughter, and clapping of hands, grotesque wriggling of forms, and real Saxon hurrahing.

Frank Pocock was there, his face lit up by fulness of joy, but when I asked him where Frederick Barker was, and why he did not come to welcome me, Frank's face clouded with the sudden recollection of our loss as he answered, "Because he died twelve days ago, Sir, and he lies there," pointing gravely to a low mound of earth by the lake!

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