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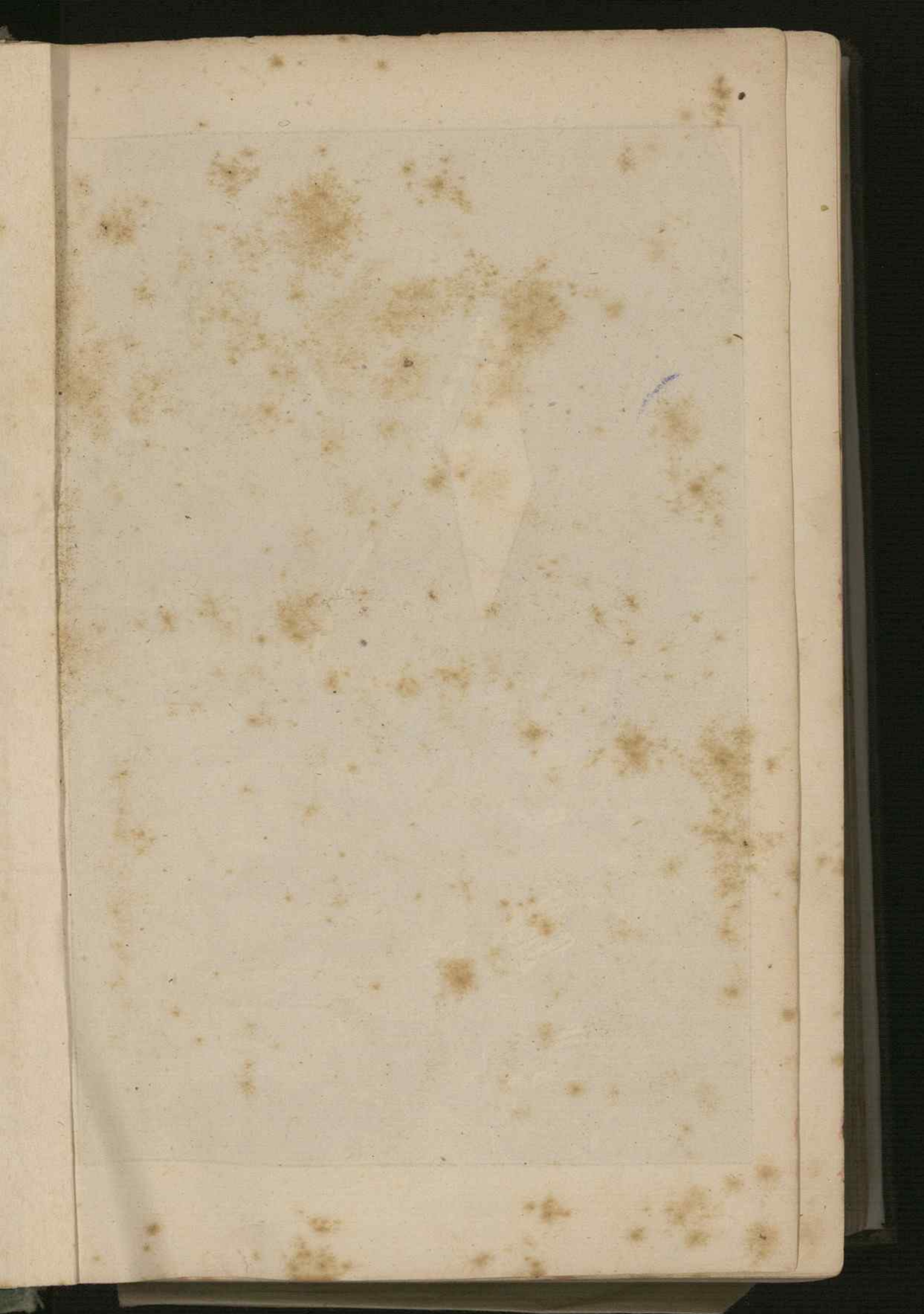
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# THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT

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 "IN DARKEST AFRICA," "HOW I FOUND LIVINGSTONE,"  
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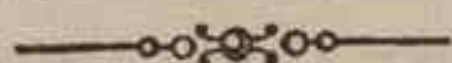
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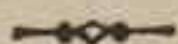
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## Dedication.



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 THIS WORK, WHICH RECORDS 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.

Stationer

MR. J. M. LEBBY AND MR. J. M. LEBBY

MR. JAMES M. LEBBY

MR. J. M. LEBBY

Stationer

## 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 portrait has been graciously subscribed—

“All' intrepido viaggiatore

“ Enrico Stanley

“ UMBERTO RE.”

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 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.

With reference to the illustrations, I should mention that I carried a photographic apparatus with me across the continent, and so long as my dry plates held out I never lost an opportunity of obtaining a good view, and when my plates were used up I found the reflection of the scenes on the ground glass of my camera an invaluable aid to my unpractised pencil.

\* 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.

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 compilations of maps a pleasant task. In their drawing and engraving work, Mr. E. Weller and Mr. E. Stanford, and in the intelligent reproduction of my pictures, Mr. J. D. Cooper, have earned my thanks, and in no less a degree Messrs. William Clowes and Sons, for the care and despatch with which these volumes have been prepared for the public.

H. M. S.

---

#### PUBLISHERS' NOTE TO THE PRESENT EDITION.

It will be observed that Mr. Stanley refers to "*these volumes*," meaning of course the original edition in two vols. He is at present again somewhere on *The Congo*, and therefore unable to alter in any way the original text, which his publishers in obedience to popular demand now produce in one volume.

LONDON, Nov. 15, 1879.

In conclusion, I have to thank Mr. T. H. Robinson, the author of the  
London Edition, for his kind revision of my work. Mr. Robinson  
has also been kind enough to point out several errors in the  
London Edition which have been corrected in this edition.  
The persons who have assisted me in the preparation of  
this edition are Mr. W. H. D. and Mr. H. W. and in the  
revision of my proof Mr. A. B. Cooper, have assisted me  
and in no less a degree Mr. W. H. D. and Mr. H. W. and  
Mr. A. B. Cooper have been prepared for the public.

H. M. S.

PUBLISHERS' NOTE TO THE PRESENT EDITION.

It will be observed that the present edition is a reprint  
of the original edition in two vols. It is at present  
on the press and therefore might be said to be the original text,  
the publishers in obedience to popular demand now produce in one volume.

LONDON, 1850.

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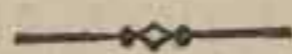
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# THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT.

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## 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 Africa. 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 book-shop, 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 the 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.

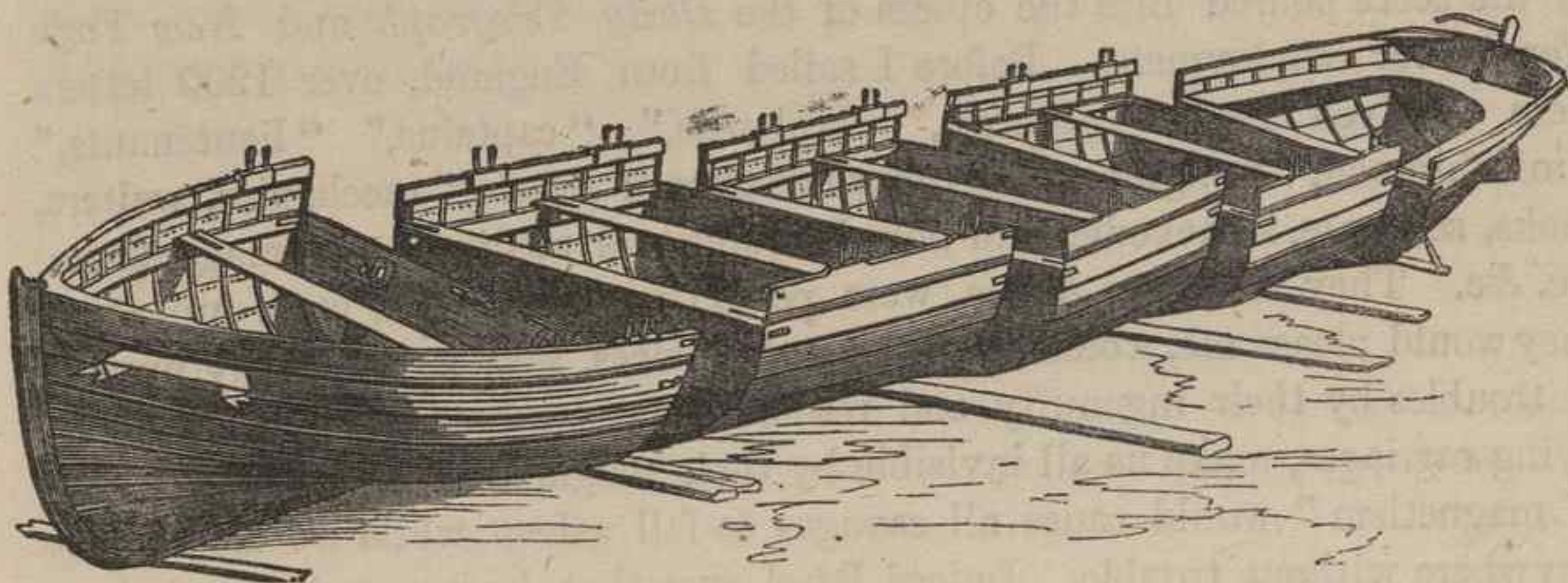
A telegram was despatched to New York to him: “Would he join the *Daily Telegraph* in sending Stanley out to Africa, to complete the discoveries of Speke, Burton, and Livingstone?” and, within twenty-four hours, my “new mission” to Africa was determined on as a joint expedition, by the laconic answer 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 memor-

able 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  $\frac{3}{8}$  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,



THE 'LADY ALICE' IN SECTIONS.

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 Pockocks, '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 of August, 1874, having shipped the Europeans, boats, and 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 in 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 places his lake Nilus a little to the south of the Equator (about ten degrees), and  $5^{\circ}$  E. long. from Alexandria—that is, in  $34^{\circ}$  or  $35^{\circ}$  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  $6^{\circ}$  N. lat., which we know to be in  $11^{\circ} 48' 50''$ , being thus, say,  $6^{\circ}$  out of its true place. He places the lake, the source of the western branch of the river,  $1^{\circ}$  more to the north and  $8^{\circ}$  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 (Taczze), 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  $16^{\circ} 25'$  N. lat., but the ancient astronomer Hipparchus has placed it in  $16^{\circ} 51'$ , which may be taken as the most correct. Caillaud found the vast ruins in  $16^{\circ} 56'$ . 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 Nubataë. 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 Sheadeddin, '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 of January, 1840, in lat.  $30^{\circ} 22' N.$ , for want of sufficient depth of water for their vessels. At lat.  $3^{\circ} 30'$  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  $12^{\circ}$  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 of December, 1856. On the 13th of 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 map, which is appended to this present volume. 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 the 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 the 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 of 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 intrusted 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 of September, 1860. On the 23rd of 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 of 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 of 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 of 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 of 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, approaching 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 of April, 1867; and on the 14th of 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 of July, 1869, after camping at Kasengé, when on his way to Manyema, he writes in his journal the following opinion of Lake Tanganika: "Tanganika 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 of 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:—

"16th 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."

"24th 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."

"25th 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."

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

On the 29th of November, Livingstone and I, in a canoe manned by several strong rowers, entered into 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 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 of 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 coast line somewhat obscure, and in his hurried journey to Ujiji in 1869, by canoe from Mompara's to Kasengé, a portion of the Ughua 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 coast-line 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 of January, 1866. On the 19th of 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 of September, 1866.

On the 16th of 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.  $10^{\circ} 34'$ , 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 of 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."

\* \* \* \* \*

"The northern shore has a fine sweep, like an unbent bow, and round the western end flows the water that makes the River Zualaba, 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 explorations, 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  $11^{\circ}$  S. lat. and long.  $29^{\circ}$  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 of 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, 25th 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  $4^{\circ}$  S. lat. and a little east of  $26^{\circ}$  E. long. where he leaves the great river still flowing north.

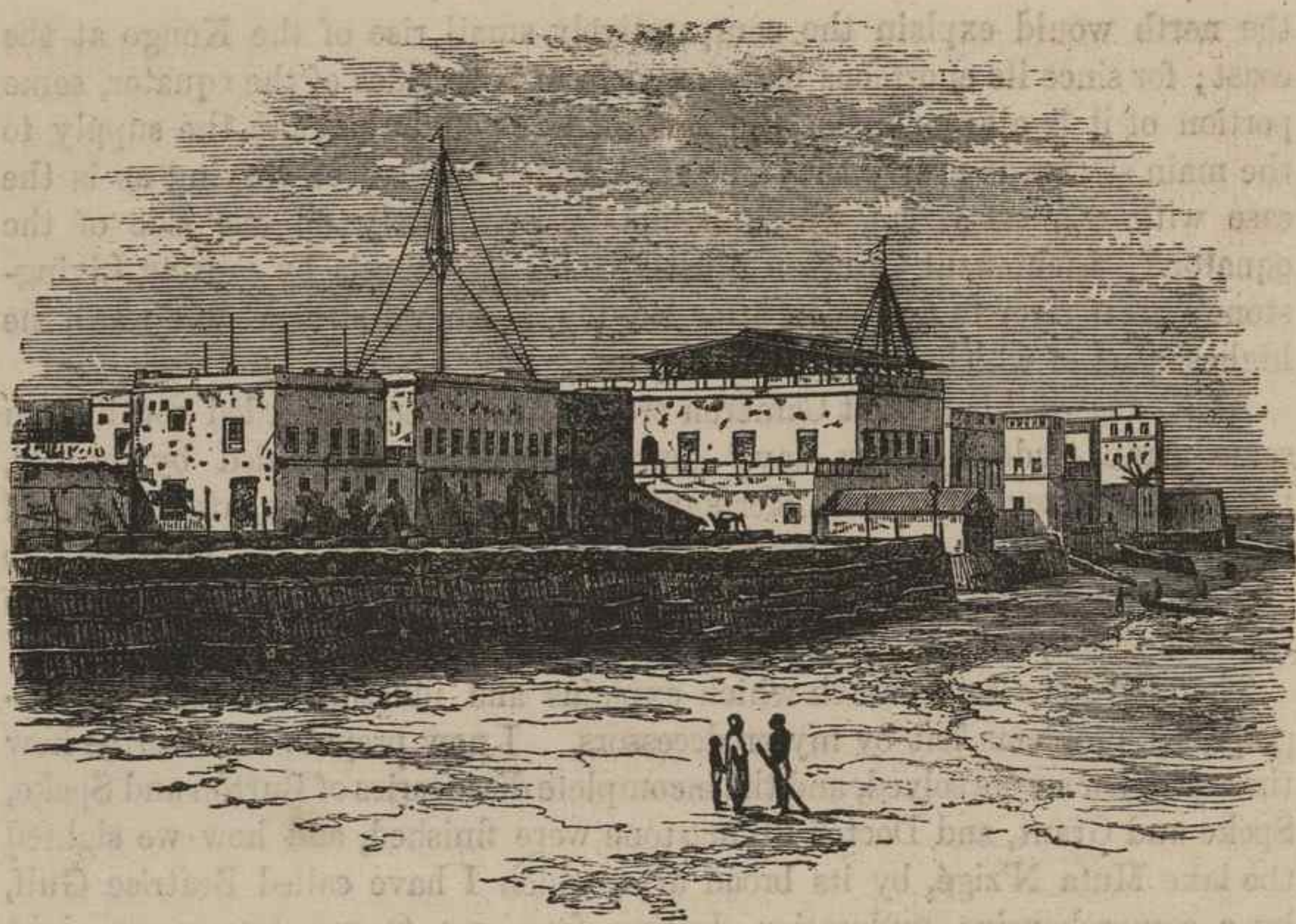
Livingstone never returned to this point, but retracing his steps to Ujiji, thence to the north end of Lake Tanganika and back again to Ujiji and Unyanyembé, directed his course to the southern shore of Lake Bemba, where he died of dysentery in the beginning of May 1873.

In the month of 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 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." Lieutenant Cameron illustrates his hypothesis by causing Livingstone's great river to flow soon after leaving Nyangwé straight westward, the highest part of which is only  $3^{\circ} 30'$  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 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.  $4^{\circ}$ .

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 two 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.*'



VIEW OF A PORTION OF THE SEA-FRONT OF ZANZIBAR, FROM THE WATER BATTERY  
TO SHANGANI POINT.

(From a photograph by Mr. Buchanan, of Natal.)

## 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.

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 gorgeous verdure, the distant purple ridges, the calm sea, the light gauzy atmosphere, the semi-mysterious silence which prevades 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 rises 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."

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

\* Wangwana (freed negroes).

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 be 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.

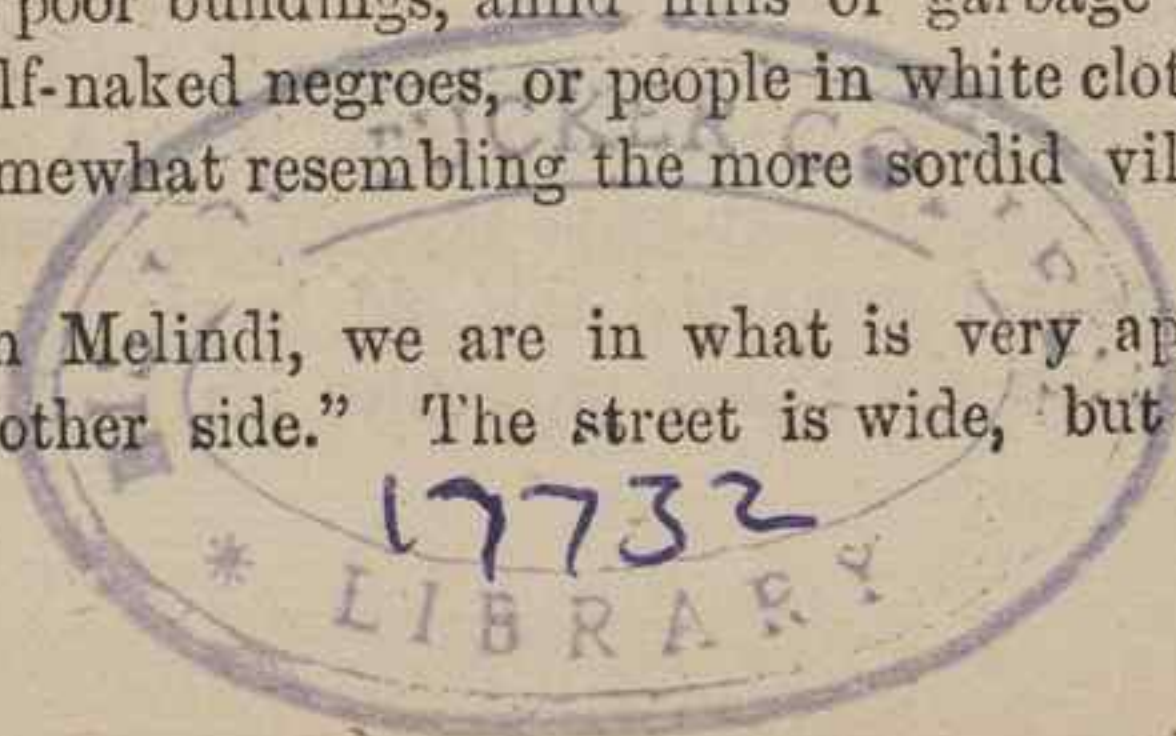
Towards evening, after such a glaring day of glaring heat and busy toil, comes weariness: the arm-chair is sought, and the pipe or cigar with a cup of tea rounds off the eventful hours. Or, as sometimes the case would be, we would strike work early, and after a wholesome dinner at 4.30 P.M. would saddle 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, white-washed, 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 customs 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 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 seems 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.

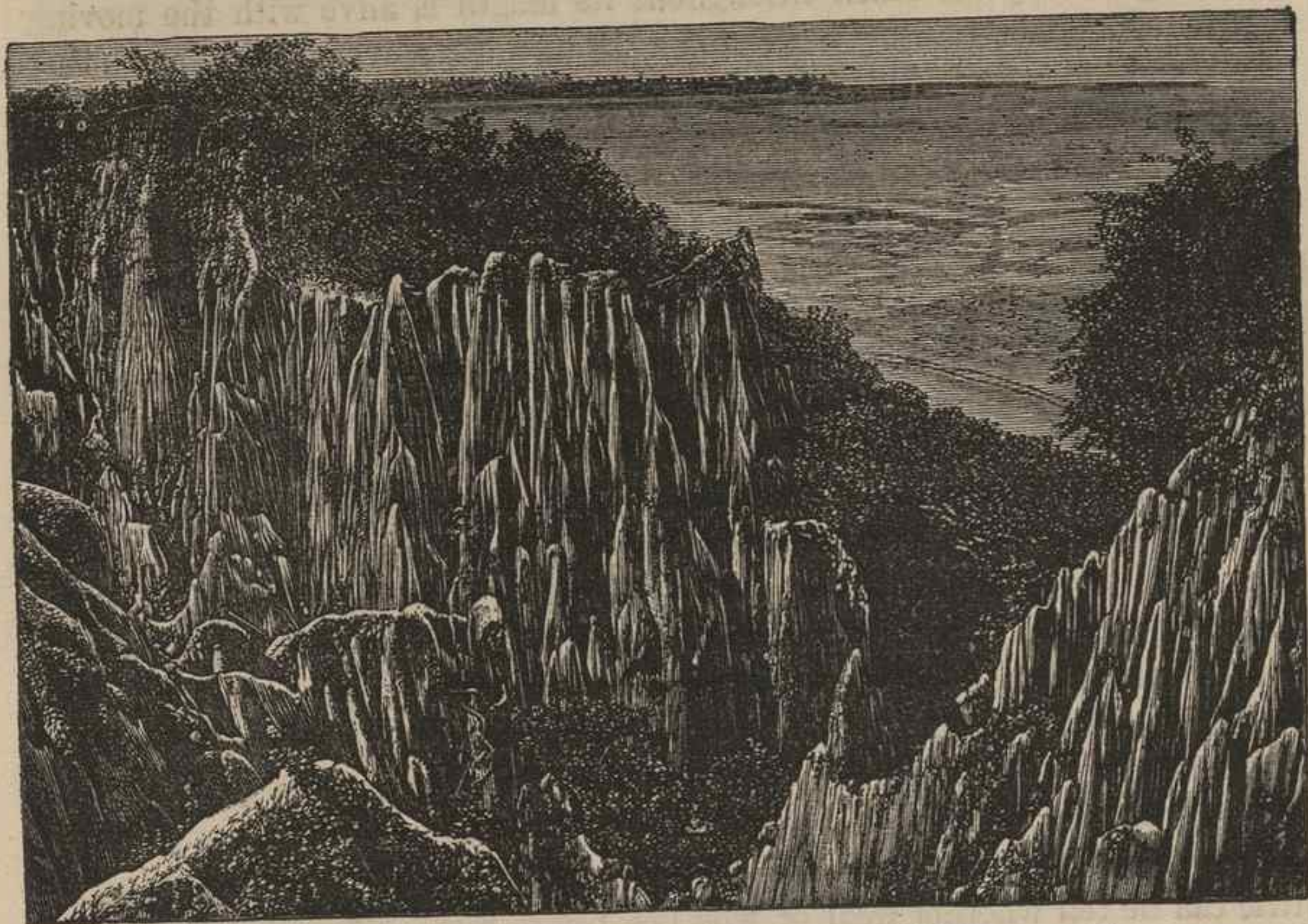
Finally arriving upon the crest of Wirezu hill, we have a most beautiful view of the roadstead and town of Zanzibar, and, as we turn to regard it, are struck with the landscape lying at our feet. Sloping away gradually towards the town, the tropical trees already mentioned seem, in the bird's-eye view, 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



RED CLIFFS BEHIND UNIVERSITIES MISSION.

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.

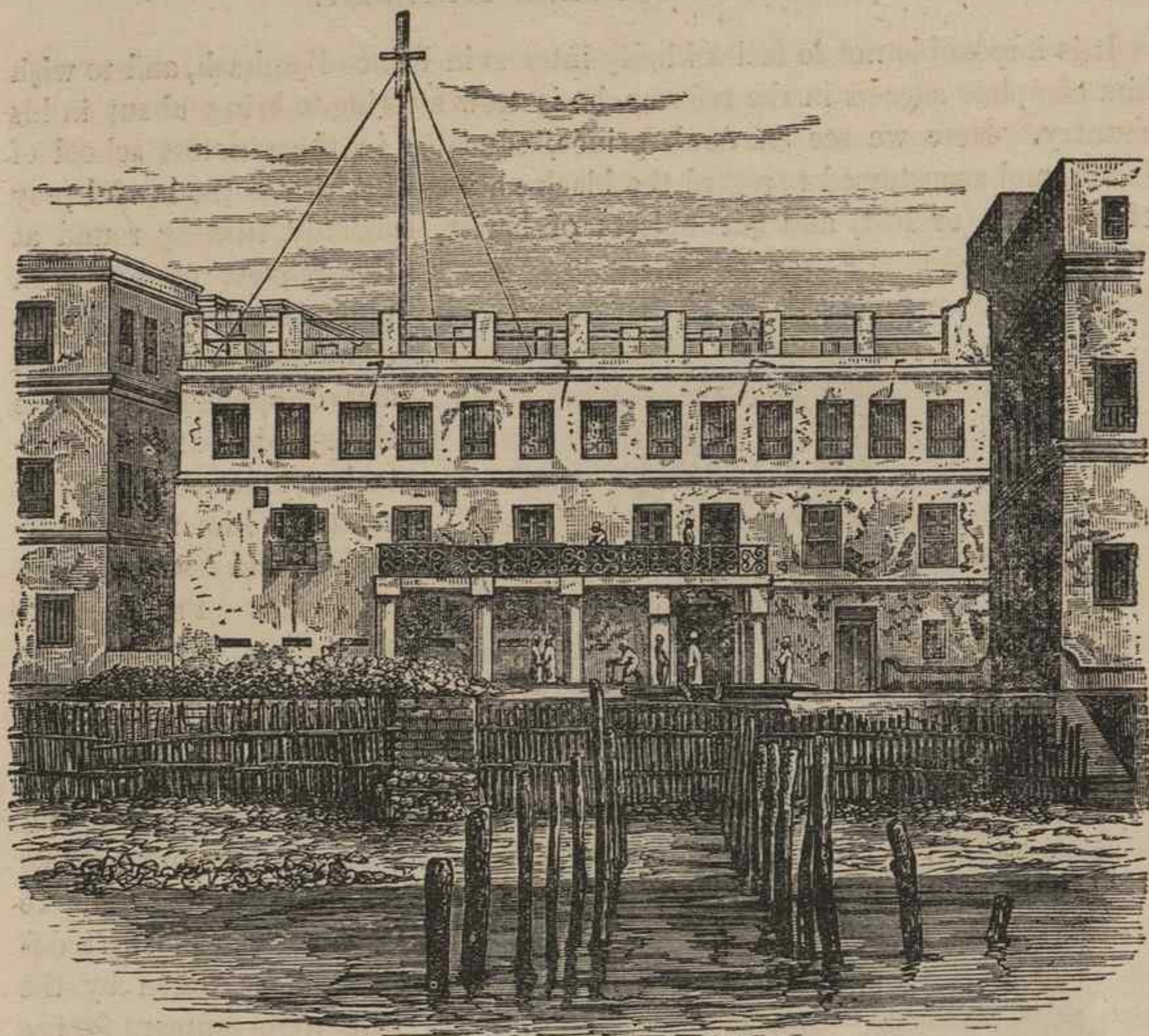
From the roof of the house, if we take the "last resource" already mentioned, we have a view of the roadstead and bay of Zanzibar. Generally there ride at anchor two or three British ships of war just in from a hunt after contumacious Arabs, who persist, against the orders of their prince, in transporting 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 "go-downs," 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"?



A HOUSE AT ZANZIBAR.

## 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."

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.

\* "The fort of Zanzibar is in S. lat.  $6^{\circ} 9' 36''$  and E. long.  $39^{\circ} 14' 33''$ ."—*East African Pilot*.

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



برگش سعید

SEYYID BARGHASH.

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

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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 see, 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, indiarubber, 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 enterprise 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 one thing that is needed for Africa. All other benefits that can be conferred by contact with civilisation 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 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—are 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 Freeman 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 beget 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.

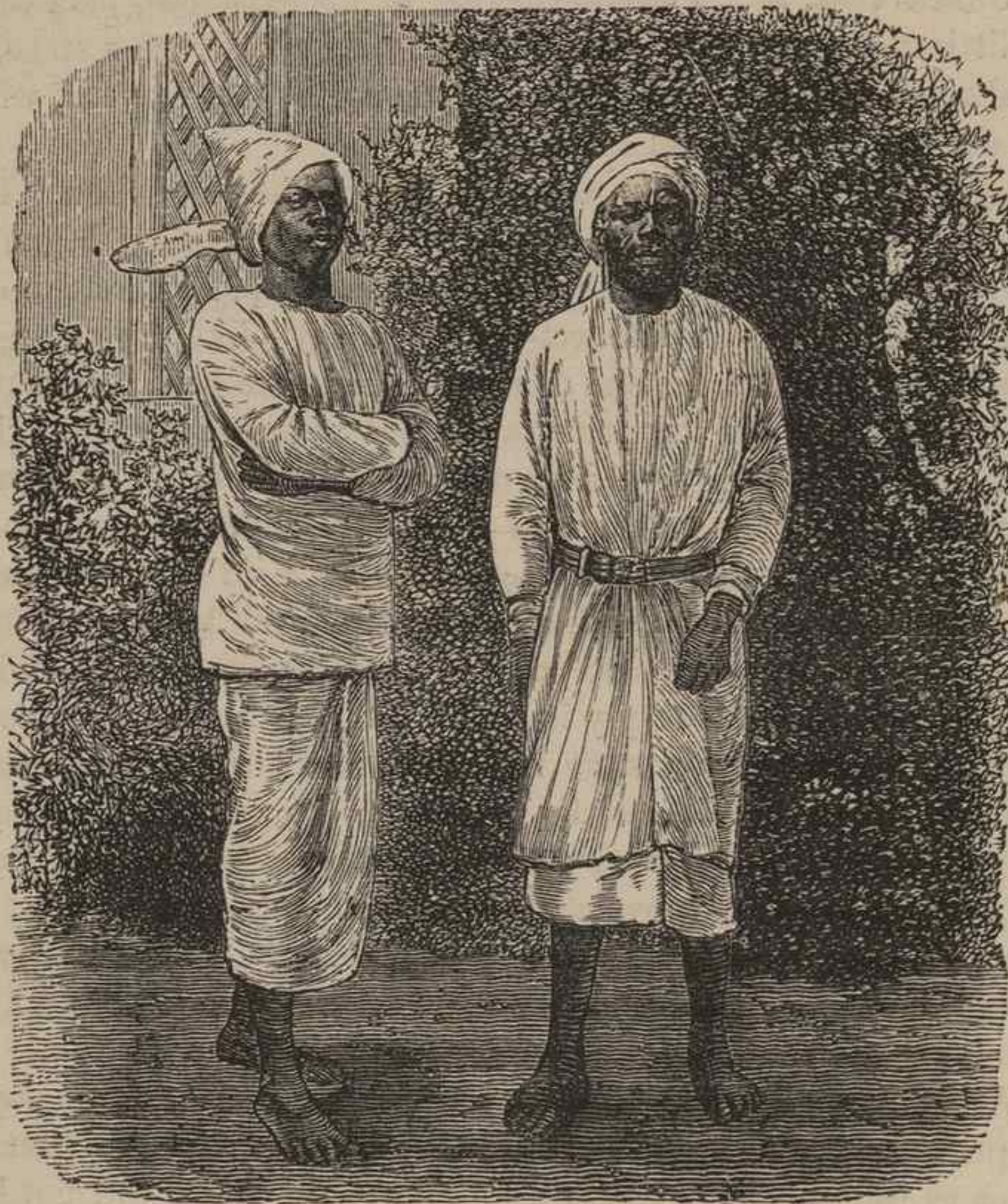
Louis Figuier says: "However much our pride may suffer by the idea, we must confess that, at the earliest period of his existence, man could have been but little distinguished from the brute. His pillow was a stone, his roof was the shadow of a wide-spreading tree, or some dark cavern, which also served 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 cast, 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 by 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 door-keepers or house-servants, or for washing copal and drying hides for the European merchants. Others, trained as mechanics, obtain a livelihood by



COXSWAIN ULEDI, AND MANWA SERA, CHIEF CAPTAIN.

(From a photograph.)

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 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.

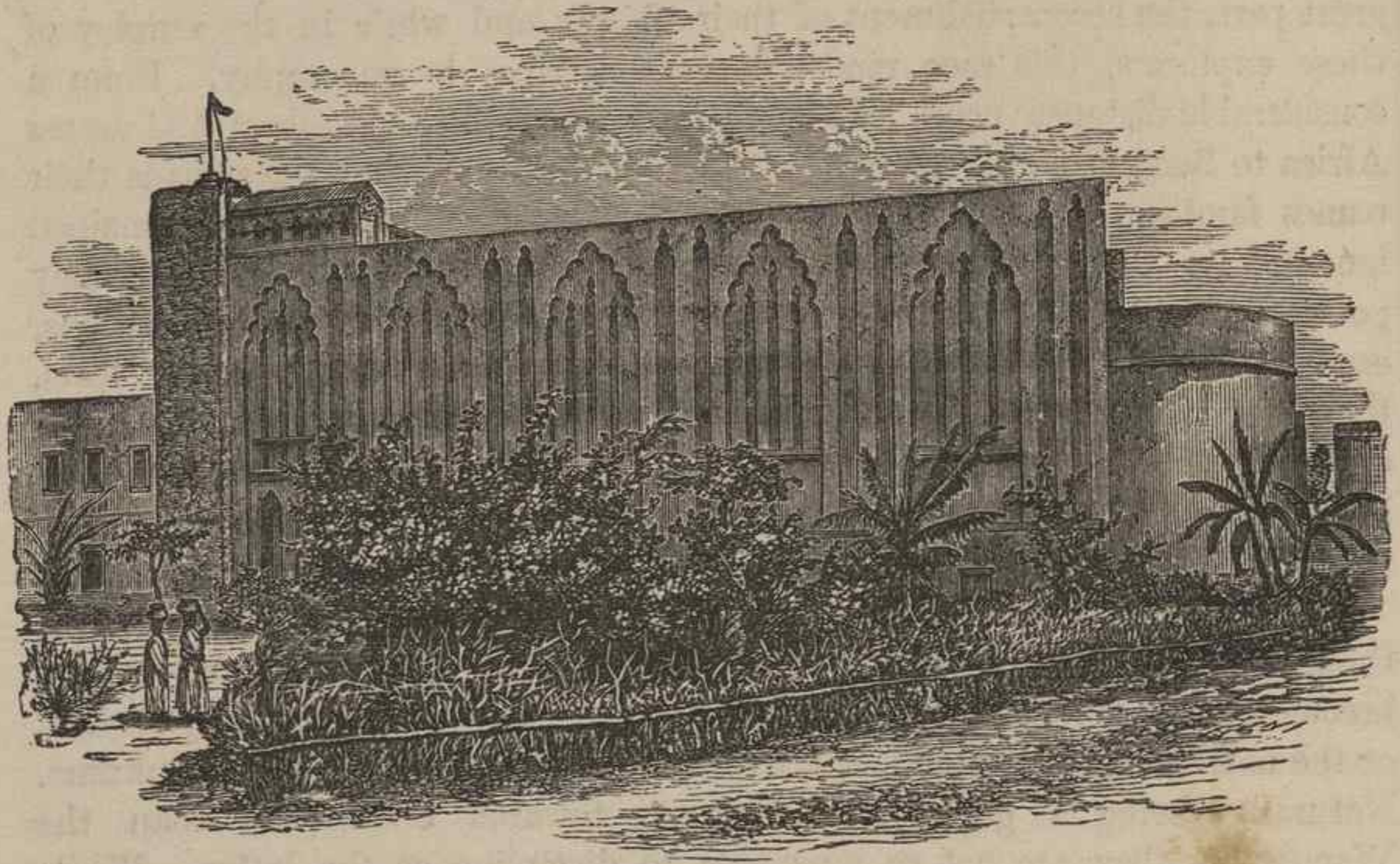
But the highest ambition of a Mgwana is to have a house and *shamba* or garden of his own. The *shamba* may only be large enough to possess a dozen cocoa-nut-trees, a dozen rows, thirty yards long, of cassava shrubs, half-a-dozen banana plants, half-a-dozen rows planted with sweet-potatoes, and two or 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 these 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 great 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 that 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.



NEW CHURCH ON SITE OF OLD SLAVE-MARKET, ZANZIBAR.

## 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.

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 Rufigi 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.

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, Chowperch, 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 Chowperch, 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 Chowperch 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 neighbour's 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 *graciously*. "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 it 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 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.

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,

\* "Master."



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 Pockocks, 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 Pockocks 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 mast-head 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 Pockocks and Barker accordingly, a few days before our departure, formed themselves into a deputation, and Frank, who was the 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 the 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 squares, 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  $\frac{1}{8}$  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 8 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.

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.



TARYA TOPAN.

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 case 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,\*

\* 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.

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.

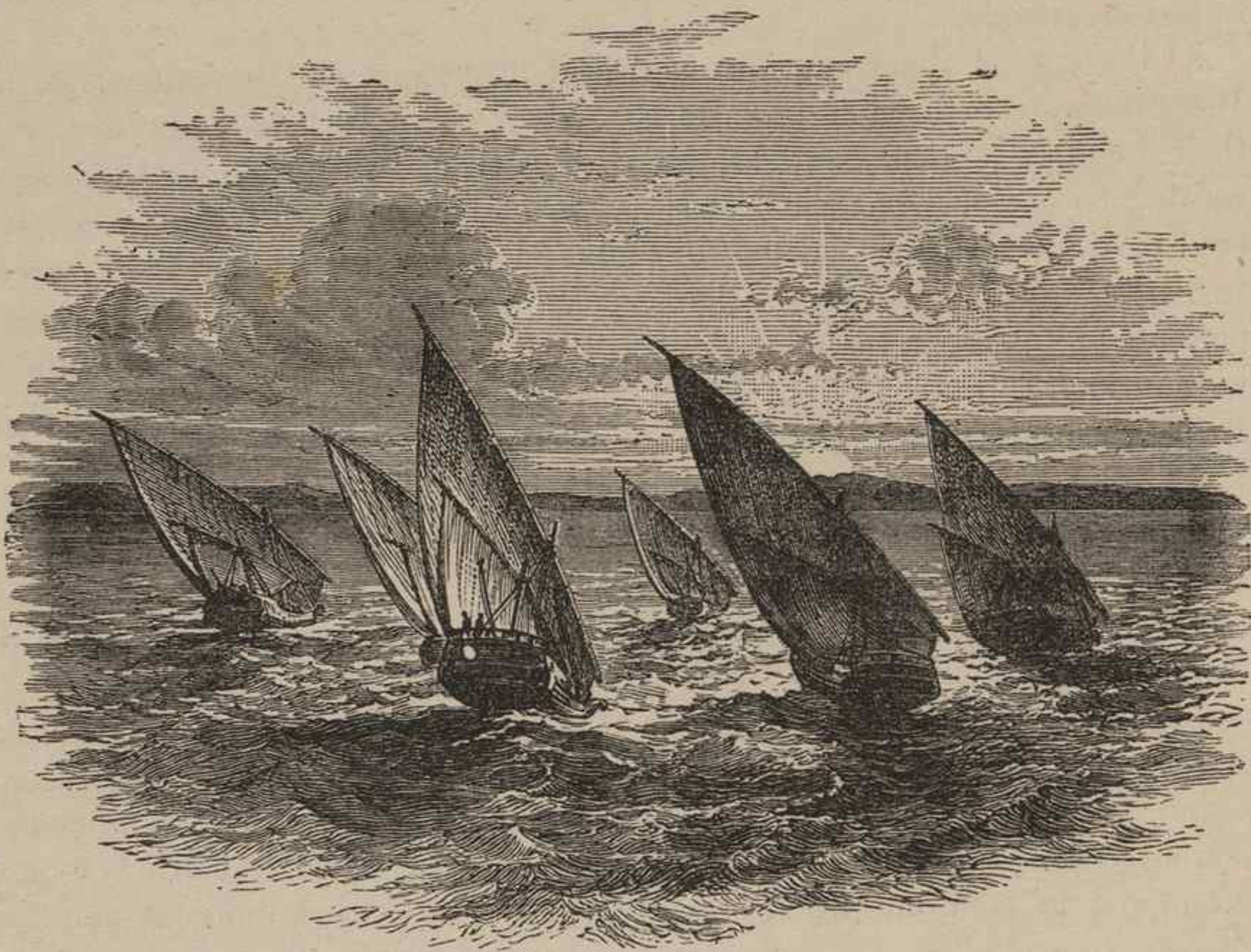
At the end of Ramadan, the month of abstinence of Mohammedans, the Wangwana, true to their promise that they would be ready, appeared with their bundles and mats, and proceeded to take their places in the vessels waiting for them. As their friends had mustered in strong force to take their final parting 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 further off shore to await the signal to sail. By 5 P.M. of the 12th of 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 efforts 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.



"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.

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 Pockocks 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 matchlocks 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 black-guard, 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 still more 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 Unyanyembe, 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 Lakes 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

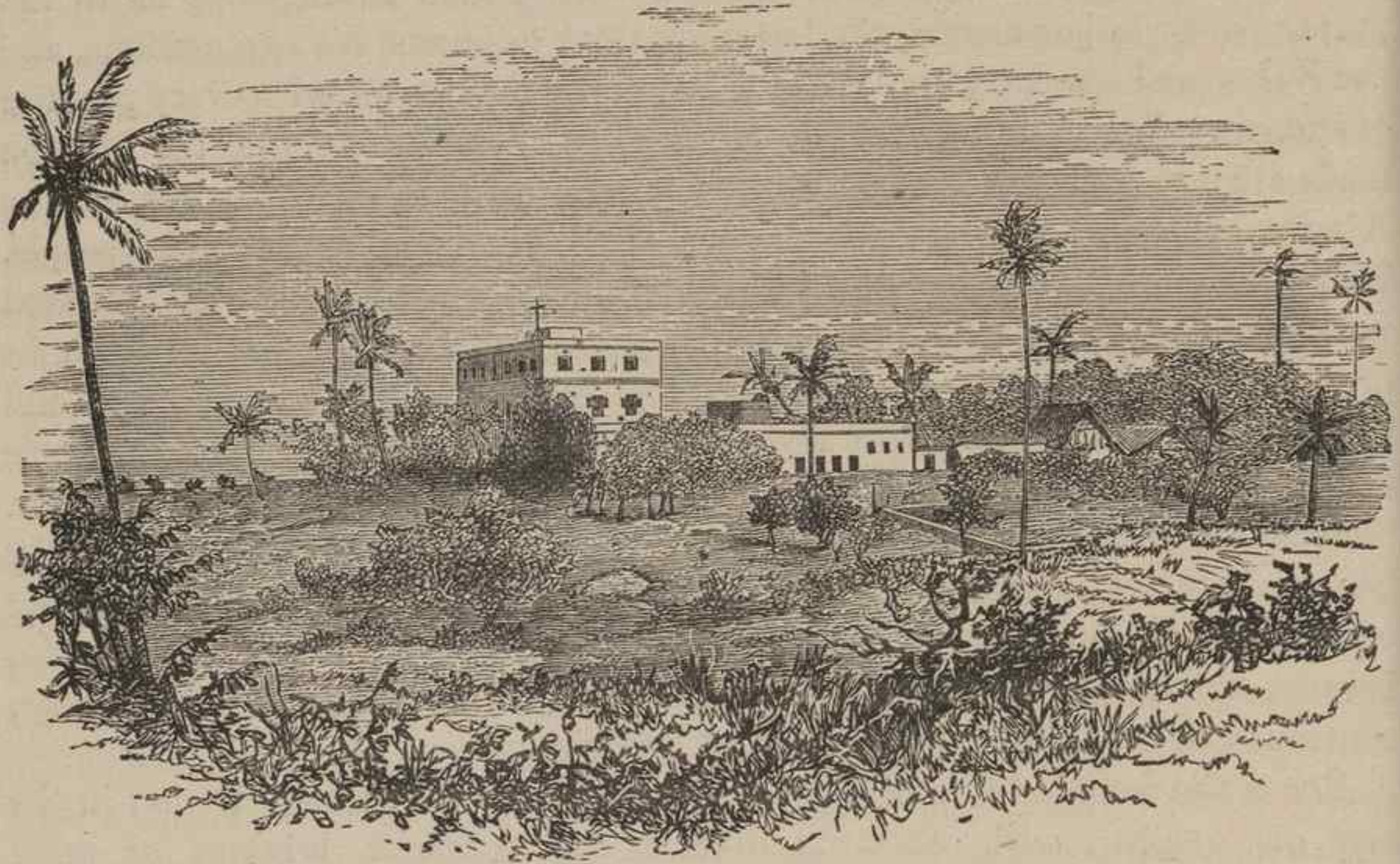
waters, a consultation was held as to the best locality for mission work to begin at. The Bishop and his followers were advised by Livingstone to ascend the Rovuma river, and march thence overland to some selected spot on Lake Nyassa. But, upon attempting the project, the river was discovered to be falling, 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 halfway, 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 headquarters or home at Kangani, 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.



UNIVERSITIES MISSION AT KANGANI, ZANZIBAR.

(From a photograph by Mr. Buchanan, of Natal.)

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 Bagayomo 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 of 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 European-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, beside 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 Pockets, 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 Joho, 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 rear-guard, 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. 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,



WIFE OF MANWA SERA.

(From a photograph.)

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 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 scattered 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 solar 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 *morale* 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.

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.

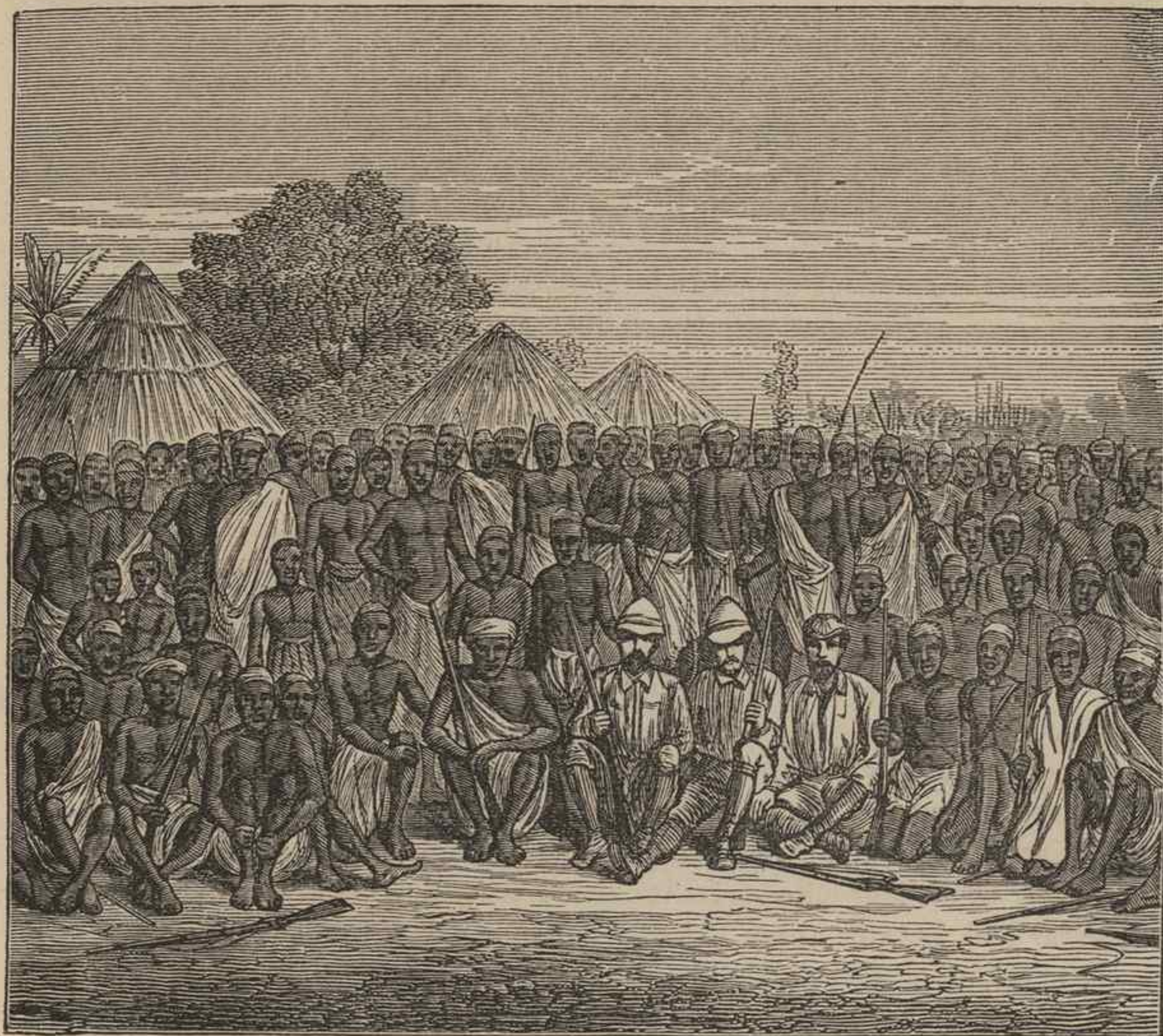
From the details furnished in this and the two preceding chapters, a tolerably correct idea may be gained by the intending traveller, trader, or missionary in these lands, of the proper method of organization, as well as the quality and nature of the men whom he will lead, the manner of preparation and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

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.'



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THE EXPEDITION AT ROSAKO.

*(From a photograph.)*

## 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.

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, and 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  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet deep. Granite boulders protruded above the surface and the boiling points 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 lianes 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 Kanika 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 pendants 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 notorious 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



VIEW FROM THE VILLAGE OF MAMDOYA.

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 recognised 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 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 of 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 of December, twenty-five days' march from Bagamoyo, we arrived at Mpwapwa.

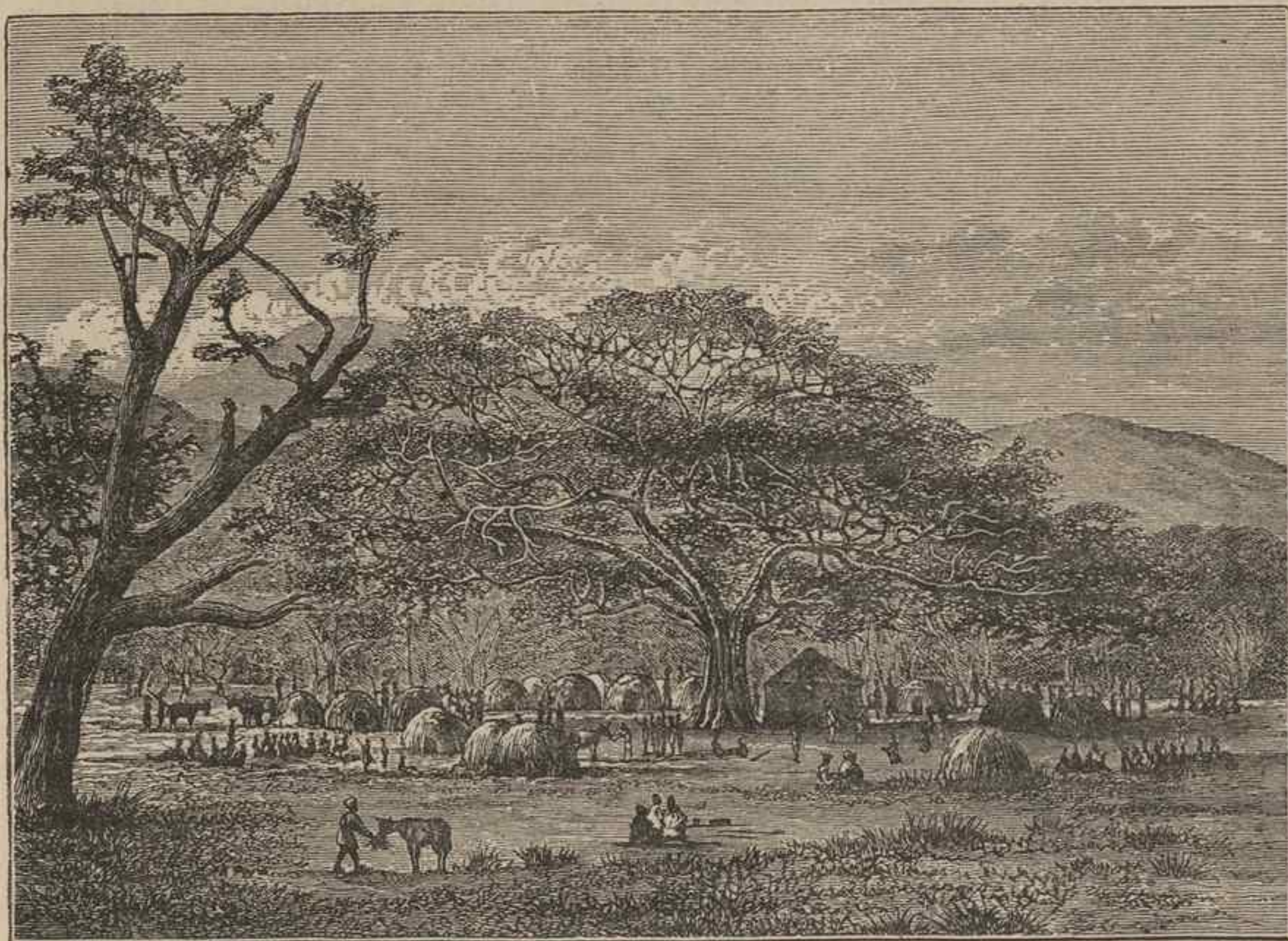
The region traversed from the eastern slopes of that broad range which we began to skirt soon after passing to the left bank of the Wami river, as far as Chunyu (a few miles west of Mpwapwa), comprises the extreme breadth of the tract distinguished in the work, 'How I found Livingstone,' as the Usagara 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 porphyritic brown 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, porphyry, 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 baobab. 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 Chunya 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.



OUR CAMP AT MPWAPWA. (*From a photograph.*)

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 Wahehé 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 of December, 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 march 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 descending 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 of 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 tracteries 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 of 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 Saina, 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 rain shower 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 harmonise 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 of 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 "floodgates 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 of 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 who were escaping 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 of 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 bush-field, 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 recognise 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 Pockets, 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 con



sisted 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 despatched, 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 knob-sticks. 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 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 notorious 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  $6\frac{1}{2}$  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 of 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 realised 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.**

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  $78^{\circ}$ ; for hours during the day it stood at  $66^{\circ}$ , while at night the mean was  $63^{\circ}$ . 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 Kas-hongwa, 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 armpits. Being extremely distant in their manner, we found it difficult to gain their confidence, though we were assiduous in our attempts to cultivate their goodwill.

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

On leaving Izanzeh, 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 goodwill 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 woodclad 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 of 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 cognisant 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 inquiry, 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 unmistakable. 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 red-handed 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

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

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 Wanyamwesi, 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 organised 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 of 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 Wanyanwezi 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 of 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 to 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 of 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 characterise 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 of 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.

A fair idea of the rugged rock-heaps which relieved a landscape that might otherwise have been monotonous may be obtained from the photograph of 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 baobab and bowery masses of milk-weed.

As we were marching from Wandui to Mondo, on the 20th of February, we were once again mistaken by the warlike natives for Mirambo, but the mistake went no further than war-cries, long, loud, 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 Uirwi, 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 of 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 goodwill 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



MNYAMWEZI PAGAZI.

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 friends; 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.

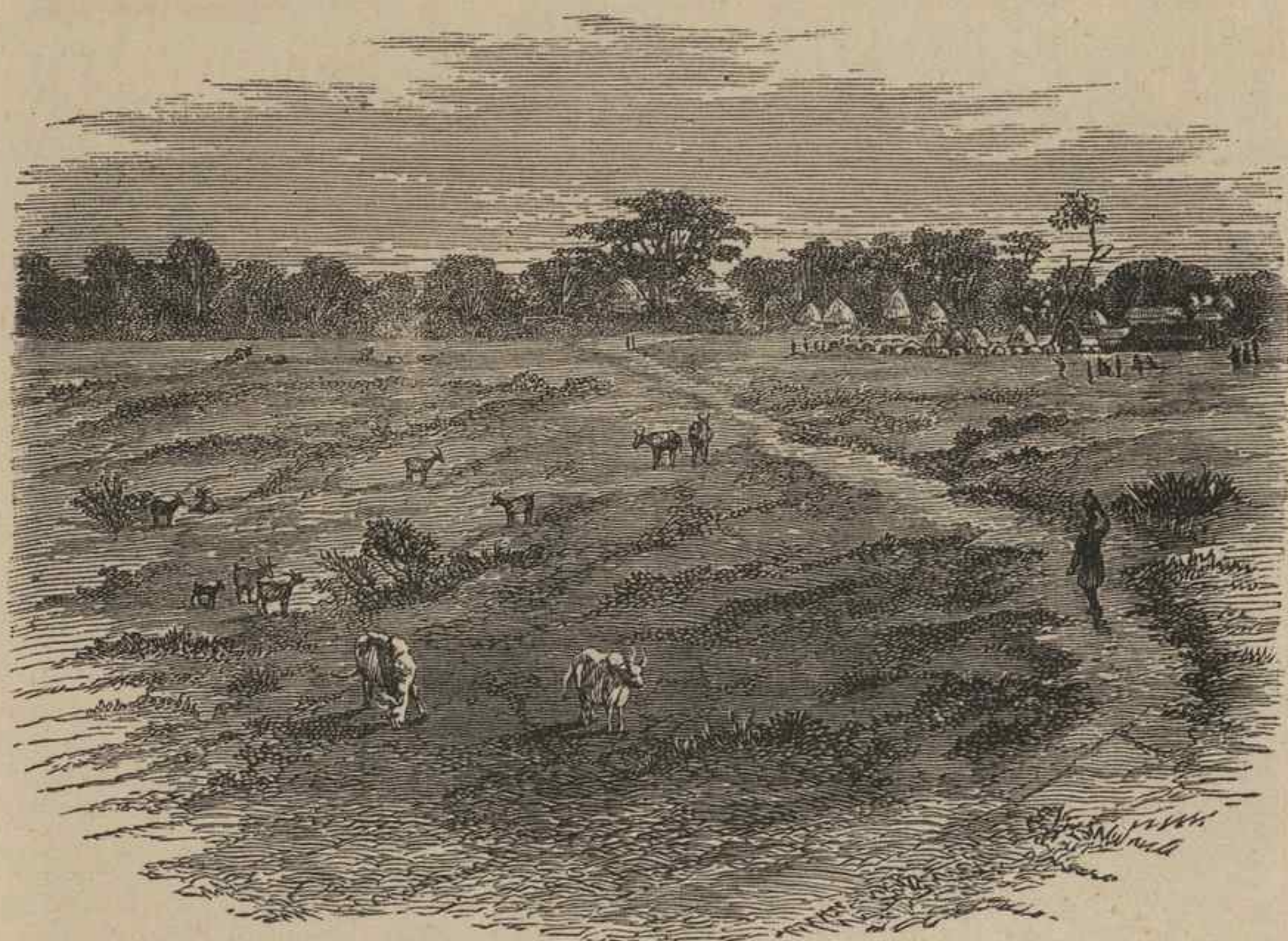
Kaduma's land is just below;  
He is rich in cattle, sheep, and goats.  
The Msungu is rich in cloth and beads;  
His hand is open, and his heart is free.

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-animating 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



VIEW OF KAGEHYI FROM THE EDGE OF THE LAKE.

(From a photograph.)

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



FRANK POCOCK. (*From a photograph by the Author at Kagehyi.*)

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.**

WE all woke up on the morning of the 28th of 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 realised. 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 4s. 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 highways 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 up 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 ostracised 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 these interests and events are freely discussed.

Prince Kaduma, truth compels me to state, is a true Central African "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 im-

portance 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 slyly 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 on 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!

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

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

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 wellbeing of the Expedition during my absence, and enlisting for them, by an adequate gift, the goodwill of Sungoro and Prince Kaduma, I set sail on the 8th of 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—Pryamid Point—The island of Ukerewé—In the haunts of crocodiles—Shizu Island—The hippopotami—Ururi—The headlands of Goshi—Bridge Island—Volcanoes—U-goweh—The inebriates of Ugamba—Treachery at Maheta—Primitive man—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.

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, sympathising 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 recognised 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 longest 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 of 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 coastline 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, mar-



gined 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 Ruggedzi 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 lianes, 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 Ruggedzi 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 Matembé 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, loomed 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 rode past Shizu Island, we beheld the table-topped mountain of Majita rising, massive and grand, to the eastward. On the 16th of 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

\* 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.

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.

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 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.

Externally, 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 amphibiae 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.

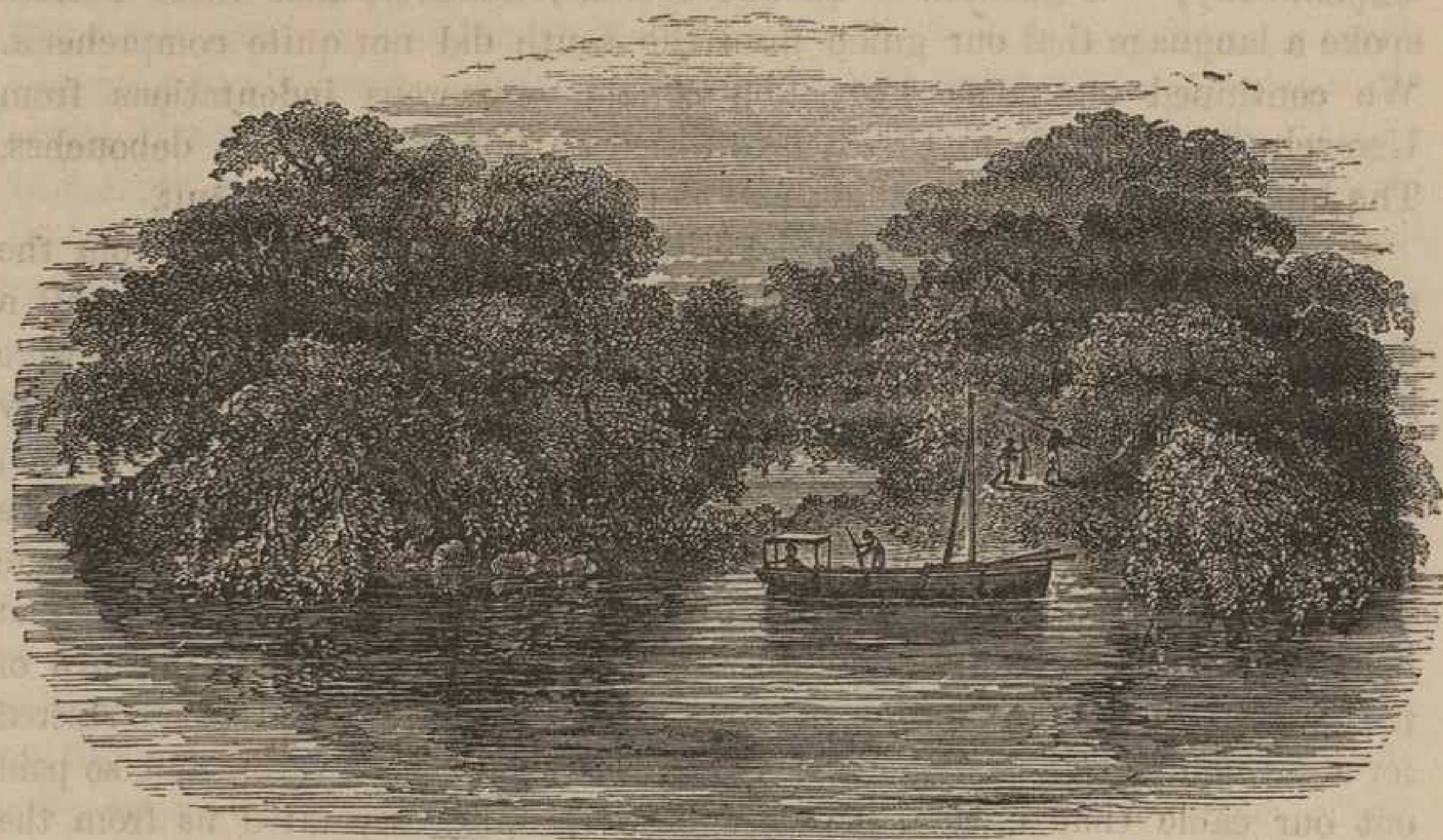
Suspecting, after leaving Irieni, and approaching Mori Bay, that a river of considerable importance emptied into it, we paid particular attention to every indentation on its uneven coast; but on arriving at a lofty though small island at the eastern extremity, and climbing to its summit 150 feet above 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, lianes, 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 good-naturedly, 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 Mohruru 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 call 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 of 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 pre-

sence 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.



BRIDGE ISLAND.

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 farther 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 of 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 Ruggedzi \* Channel) separating Chaga from the mainland. Between its southern point

\* Ruggedzi is the name of the narrow channel which separates Ukerewá from the mainland.

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 noon-day 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.

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. After 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 and pictures 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 liquified, 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 unen-

closed, 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 Bugeyeyæ 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 purpose; 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 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 freemen, 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 waterline 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 Usoga, near the falls, we encamped; and on the 29th of 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 Keréngé, 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

\* 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.

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 hillsides spreads 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 usual feeling to an attack of perfect digestion, and a free, unclogged, and undisturbed liver.

On the 2nd of 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 about 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 goat-skin, 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 vice-regal 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 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, having a painful suspicion that the vast country which recognised 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 forth 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 encamped, 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.

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 Chambarango, 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.

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, Teri's drumming being conspicuous from its sharper beat. The Foremost Man of Equatorial Africa rises and advances, 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.

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,

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

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 ochereous 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 a 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 shoulder it rested. General alarm prevailed for a short time, until that, seeing 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 freshwater 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 of 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 sound 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 similiar 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 recognised 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.

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 of 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 of April was several grades higher in his own estimation than the Magassa of the 1st of 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."

\* 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.

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 of 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, Usogo, Unyoro, and Karagwé—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 *viâ* 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—The sailors' island—Jumba's Cove—Uganga—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.

"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 of April.\*

We had scarcely gone three miles on our 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

\* 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.

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 this 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 from this river to the southward in a crescent form, 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 Uzungora, 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 Uzungora 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 recognised 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 remon-

strance 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 my 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, twigs 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 other 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 liane, 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 for 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 woke, 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-apples: 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 brushwood. 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 revived, 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!" 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 Mtesi, 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, "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 Usongora. 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 towards us, and began to drive some cows away that were grazing between us and the men on the hill. Safeni asked 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, ghastly 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 of 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 of 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 torments 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.

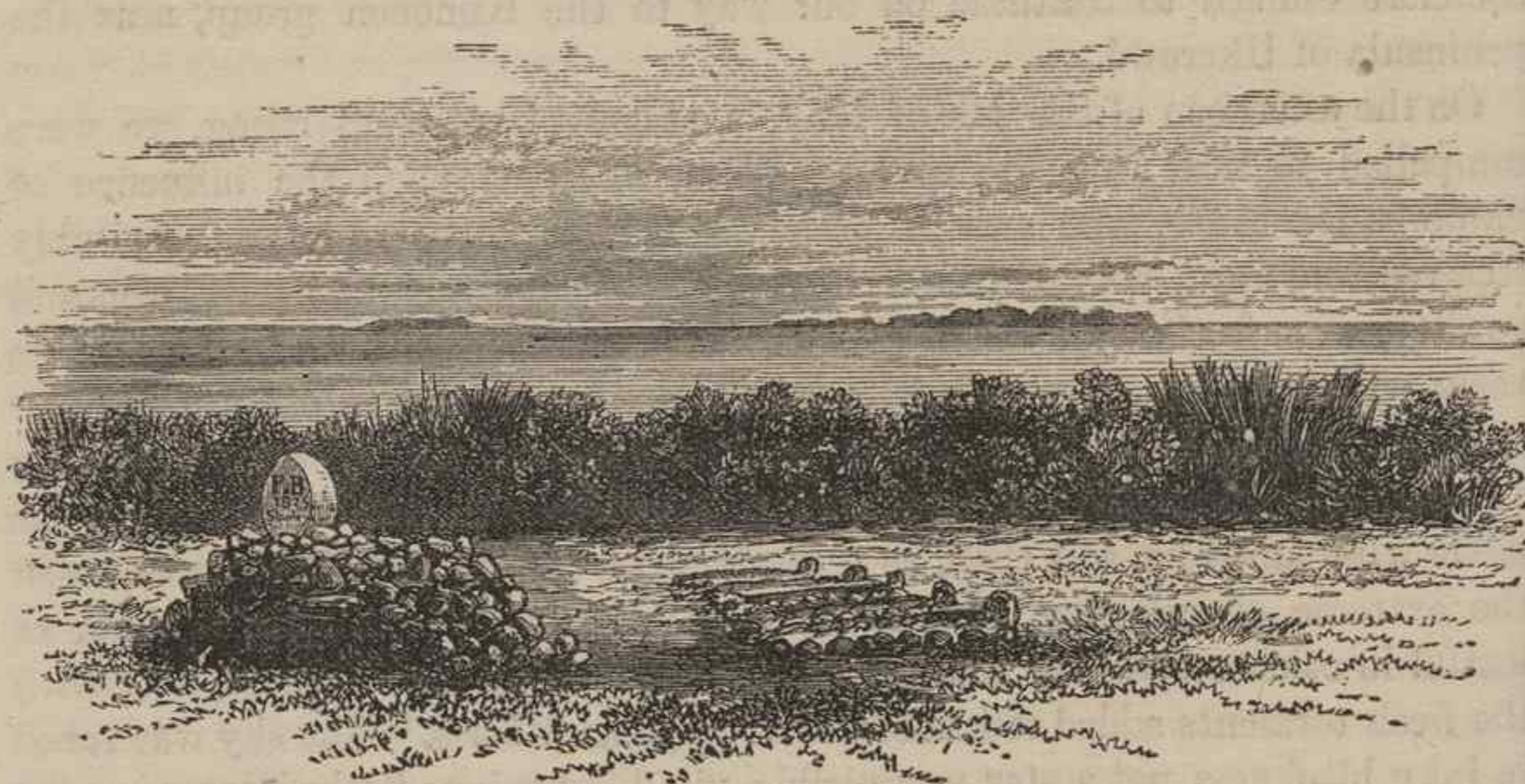
We began to think that the curse of the people of Bumbireh, "Go and die in the Nyanza," might be realized after all—though I had much faith in the staunch craft which Messenger of Teddington so conscientiously constructed.

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!



CAIRN ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF FREDERICK BARKER:  
MAJITA, AND URIRWI MOUNTAINS IN THE DISTANCE, ACROSS SPEKE GULF.

*(From a photograph by the Author.)*

## CHAPTER XI.

**Barker's illness and death—Other deaths—Traitors in the camp—Rest!—Sickness—Rwoma blocks our passage by land—Magassa fails us by water—A serious dilemma—Lukongeh comes to the rescue—History of Ukerewé—Educated amphibians—Leaving Kagehyi with half the Expedition—The foundering canoes—All saved—Ito conciliates us—Arrival at Refuge Island with half the Expedition—I return for the rest—A murderous outbreak in camp—Final departure from Kagehyi—All encamped on Refuge Island—We ally ourselves with Komeh—A dance of kings—Mahyiga Island (in the Bumbireh group)—Interviewed by Iroba canoes—Our friendship scorned—The king of Bumbireh a hostage—The massacre of the Kytawa chief and his crew—The punishment of the murderers—Its salutary effect upon their neighbours—We arrive in Uganda.**

WHEN the hysterical congratulations of the Expedition had somewhat slackened, Prince Kaduma and the friends of Saramba, the guide (who was now quite a hero), and Frank accompanied me to my hut—the dogs Jack and Bull following—to give me a brief narrative of the events that had transpired.

Fred Barker, according to Frank, had good health till the middle of April; after which he began to experience aguish fits. On the 22nd he had enjoyed a hippopotamus hunt on the shore between Kagehyi and Lutari, and on the morning of the 23rd had bathed in the lake and eaten a hearty early breakfast. At 9 A.M., however, he complained of feeling ill, and lay down. Almost immediately a cold fit seized him, and his blood seemed to stagnate in its veins, Frank and Barker's servants employed their utmost art to increase the warmth of his body. They administered brandy and hot tea, put heated stones to his feet, and piled blanket after blanket upon him, but the congealed blood would not run, and at 11 A.M. the poor young man was dead.

"At 3 P.M. we buried him," said Frank, "close to the Nyanza. Poor fellow! many and many a time he said during the last few days, 'I wish the master would come back. I should then feel as if there were some chance of life for me, but I shall die stagnating and rotting here if he does not come.' I think, Sir, he would have pulled through had you been here."

I missed young Barker very much. He had begun to endear himself to me by his bright intelligence and valuable services. When ill, my least wish was immediately gratified: he understood the least motion or sign. He was also a good writer, and he kept the accounts of the various stores, cloths, and beads. He was an admirable companion to Frank, and the two young men

were good company for me ; they had also won the hearts of the Wangwana by their gentle, amiable conduct. An oath or a profane word I seldom heard from either of them ; and when angry, their anger at the stupidity or insolence of the people was of the passive kind ; they never resorted to violence without appealing to me.

But Frank had other bad news to tell. Mabruki Speke, whom Burton called the bull-headed—the faithful servant of Burton and Speke, Speke and Grant, of myself on the first expedition, of Livingstone on his last journey, and one of the most trusted men of my present following from Zanzibar to Lake Victoria—was dead. Jabiri (one of the stout boat-bearers) was dead, and so was old Akida, besides three others. All had died of dysentery. Msenna the “bully of Zanzibar” had broken out once more, after nearly six months of good behaviour. I arrived at Kagehyi on the 5th of May from the exploration of the lake ; on the 6th he was to have led a body of sixty men to Unyanyembé, if the master did not return !

Kipingiri, chief of Lutari, and brother of Kaduma, chief of Kagehyi, had formed a conspiracy with Kurrereh, chief of Kyenzi, and the chief of Igusa, to unite their forces to attack and plunder the camp. But the Wangwana chiefs, Manwa Sera and Kachéché, had discovered the plot, and Frank and Fred Barker, after sounding Kaduma, had distributed ammunition, with every intention of employing their best abilities to resist the attack. Prince Kaduma's loyalty to his absent friend, and Frank and Fred's bold conduct, with the sudden death of the chief of Igusa, had caused Kipingiri to abandon the wicked conspiracy.

Frank informed me also that he had suffered one or two slight attacks of fever, but that he had “easily shaken them off.” The Wangwana were wonderfully recovered from the miserable attenuation which the scant fare of Ugogo and Urimi had wrought in their frames, and some were so robust and fat that I scarcely knew them. Upon examining the stock of goods left in the store-room, I was gratified to discover that Frank had been extremely economical. I found him in perfect accord with Prince Kaduma, good friends with Sungoro, and respected by the Wangwana ; and on inspecting his work, there was nothing in his conduct that did not deserve hearty approval and commendation.

Our return to Kagehyi was followed by Sabbath repose and rest, fairly earned and much needed. When I placed myself under the spring-balance scales, I found I weighed only 115 lbs., just 63 lbs. less than when leaving Zanzibar. Frank Pocock weighed 162 lbs. ! I owed this excessive reduction of flesh to scant fare and days of hunger, not to sickness.

Sweet were those first days of rest ! Frank was eager to hear all that had befallen us, in our 1000 miles' sail round the lake, and the Wangwana formed circles many deep, to hear the Iliad of our woes. What hearty sympathisers these poor, black, untutored men were ! Kaduma was all amazement,

and Sungoro never ceased to express his wonder as to how we managed to go round the lake in the "little boat." The Wasukuma extemporized songs in her honour, which they sang in the evenings; and the naked urchins made miniature boats out of the stem of the banana, with twigs as masts and leaves for sails. The influence of one example had, it seemed to me, already produced fruit here, and the efforts of the little ones proved to me that the natives needed but one or two more such examples to stimulate them to similar enterprises. Future explorers will find many ready to imitate bold Saramba's conduct as guides, and the Wasukuma may become in future as docile boatmen as they are capable porters and steady travellers on land.

Then came sickness. The African fever having found my frame weakened from privations attacked me vigorously one day after another. Three fevers reduced me 7 lbs. in weight. But I quininized myself thoroughly from dawn of day to set of sun, and on the fifth day stepped out, sallow, pale, weak, and trembling, it is true, with jaundiced eyes, palpitating heart, and ringing ears—but the fever had been conquered.

Where was Magassa with his canoes? Day after day we hoped and wished he would appear, but his canoes were never sighted on the horizon, and we finally abandoned all hope of seeing him, or of being able to reach Uganda by water. We prepared therefore to march overland by way of Mweré through King Rwoma's country. We made no secret of it. Kaduma was informed, and he communicated it to every one, and it soon came to Rwoma's ears.

But King Rwoma, being an ally of Mirambo, entertained a strong objection to Wangwana, and he had exaggerated ideas of the appearance of the white men who were at Kagehyi. Some silly child of nature had told him there was a white man at Kagehyi with "long red hair, and great red eyes"—it was probably Frank, though a libellous caricature of him certainly—and the report induced Rwoma to send an embassy to Kagehyi. He said, "Rwoma sends salaams to the white man. He does not want the white man's cloth, beads, or wire, and the white man must not pass through his country; Rwoma does not want to see him or any other white man with long red hair down to his shoulders, white face, and big red eyes; Rwoma is not afraid of him, but if the white man comes near his country, Rwoma and Mirambo will fight him." To this bold but frank challenge the Wasukuma added other reasons to prove that the overland route was impassable. The road between Muanza and Mweré was closed by factious tribes. Rwoma was an ally of Mirambo; Kijaju, his neighbour, was an ally of the predatory Watuta; the chief of Nchoza, hard by him, was at war with the Watuta; Antari, king of Ihangiro and Bumbireh, would naturally resent our approach; Mankorongo, successor of Swarora of Usui, could only be appeased with such tribute as would be absolutely ruinous. If I proceeded south to Unyanyembé the Wangwana could never be held together, and the Expedition would dissolve like snow.

By water, what was the outlook? Magassa and his fleet were not to be heard of. He had probably returned from Musira Island, afraid to risk his canoes in the great waste of waters between Musira Island and Alice Island, for Waganda canoes made of plank and sewn together with fibre of cane sometimes founder in bad weather, and the lake in the rainy season is dangerous to such. The Wasukuma possessed no canoes, and I but one boat capable of carrying fifteen men in rough weather. Yet my duty urged me to proceed to Uganda. Lake Albert must be visited, for I had given my word of honour that I would attempt it. Yet the land route was impassable, and to all appearance so also was the lake route!

While explaining my difficulties to Sungoro, he informed me, after responding to various other questions, that Lukongeh, king of Ukerewé, possessed numerous canoes, but he doubted if he would lend them to me. "However," said he, "he is an agreeable man, and a good friend if he takes a fancy to one." I thought of Lukongeh, but another attack of fever cut short my deliberations. My system was much injured by exposure and privations, and in my delirium I fancied myself pleading with the king, and throughout each day's sick vagaries, "Lukongeh, Lukongeh," nothing but Lukongeh, flitted through my brain.

On the 15th of May I was convalescent, and arranged that Prince Kaduma, Sungoro's carpenter, and Frank Pocock should proceed together to Lukongeh, bearing ten fine cloths, ten fundo of beads, and five fathom of brass wire, to open negotiations either for the sale or hire of canoes.

On the 28th, Frank and his party returned with fifty canoes and their crews, under the command of two chiefs and the "premier" of Ukerewé. I gripped Frank's hand with ardour, but was dismayed when I was told that these canoes were to convey the Expedition to Ukerewé! This was by no means a desirable thing, for its progress might be delayed for months by caprice, or by any future illwill arising from a too intimate acquaintance between the Wangwana and the natives. I refused, and told the chiefs they could accompany me back to Ukerewé, as I would see Lukongeh myself.

Accordingly, on the 29th, after providing myself with presents such as might win any African's goodwill—fine rugs, blankets, crimson cloth, and striped cloths of Kutch and Muscat, besides beads of a rare quality, and other things too numerous to mention, equal to about 800 dollars' worth—I started for Msossi, Lukongeh's capital on the north side of Ukerewé.

We halted a few hours at Wezi, and its curious granite rocks were photographed by me, and in the afternoon continued our journey, arriving at Kisorya at 4 P.M., where we camped. The next morning, about 9 A.M., we passed through Ruggedzi Channel, which connects Speke Gulf with Majita Bay. It was 6 feet wide in some places, and if left undisturbed there was every indication from the grasses and water-plants which grew in it that it would



soon be choked, but by vigorous punting with poles we succeeded in getting through. Some of the Wakerewé say that Majita mountain is separated from the mainland by a similar channel, at which I should not be surprised. We reached Msossi, and received a hut to house ourselves in, an ox for meat, bananas for vegetables, and milk for drink.

At 9 A.M. of the 31st we advanced upon the aulic council of Ukerewé, which, seated on some rising rocks on a plain, was quite picturesque, with the gay figure of Lukongeh in the centre, round which the lesser lights revolved. The king, a handsome, open-faced, light-coloured young man of twenty-six or twenty-eight years old, merely gazed his fill; and his chiefs Msiwa, Mosota, Mgeyeya, and Wakoreh, followed his example, as well as the lesser chiefs, men, boys, and women.

From his questions I perceived that Lukongeh would be quite as much influenced by conversations about Europe as Mtesa of Uganda, and I soon saw in him as eligible a convert to Christianity, though the future was too fraught with anxiety for me to attempt it. No business could be commenced on this day. We were to eat and rest, and the next, if the king felt in good health, we might begin the negotiations.

On the second day Lukongeh was fortunately in excellent health and spirits, and I felt so also, and with the greatest possible suavity I proposed that he should either sell or lend me thirty canoes. All his objections were met and overruled by the exhibition of my presents. But when he saw me thus publicly expose the gorgeous cloths in broad daylight, he trembled, and bade me cover them up quickly, saying that he would visit me in my hut at night, and that I might rest assured he would do his best for me. On the evening of the 4th of June, he stole into my hut at night, in company with his faithful premier, and four principal chiefs, and here I presented him with two fine rugs, one Scotch plaid, two red blankets, ornaments of copper, thirty fine cloths, fifty fundo of beads, and two coils of brass wire, besides various other things, such as dishes, plates, tin pots, &c. His chiefs received five cloths each and five fundo (a fundo consists of ten necklaces) of beads, and two fathoms each of brass wire. For these munificent presents, I should obtain my answer shortly; but in the meantime I must enjoy myself. "Feed and get fat," said Lukongeh, as he withdrew, happy with his wealth.

The Wakerewé, following the example of their king, treated us with consideration. We had to undergo a narrow inspection, and a keen analysis of physiognomy, that they might compare us with the Arab Sungoro; but we had long become accustomed to this, and therefore bore it with unconcern.

There are representatives of many tribes in Ukerewé—such as Wataturu, Wa-hya, Watambara, Wasumbwa, Waruri, Wakwya and Wazinja.

The elders, to whom are entrusted the traditions of the country, furnished me with a list of the following kings:—

- |               |                                 |
|---------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. Ruhinda I. | 9. Kahana II.                   |
| 2. Kasessa.   | 10. Gurta II.                   |
| 3. Kytawa.    | 11. Ruhinda II.                 |
| 4. Kahana I.  | 12. Kahana III.                 |
| 5. Gurta I.   | 13. Iwanda.                     |
| 6. Nagu.      | 14. Machunda.                   |
| 7. Mehigo I.  | 15. Lukongeh, the present king. |
| 8. Mehigo II. |                                 |

The founder of Ukerewé, Ruhinda I., is the king whose memory is most revered. He brought his people in canoes from Usongora and Ihangiro, which was known in old times by the name of U-wya. He it was who introduced the plantain and banana plants into Ukerewé. The aborigines, whom he conquered, were called Wa-kwya—another name for the inhabitants of Majita Mount. A small remnant of the tribe still live on the south coast of Ukerewé, opposite Kagehyi.

The royal sepulchre is at Kitari. The hill on which it is situated is seen in the photograph of the boat at the landing-place of Msossi, and an eminent chief of Ukerewé has the charge of it to protect it inviolate. The kings are all buried in a sitting posture.

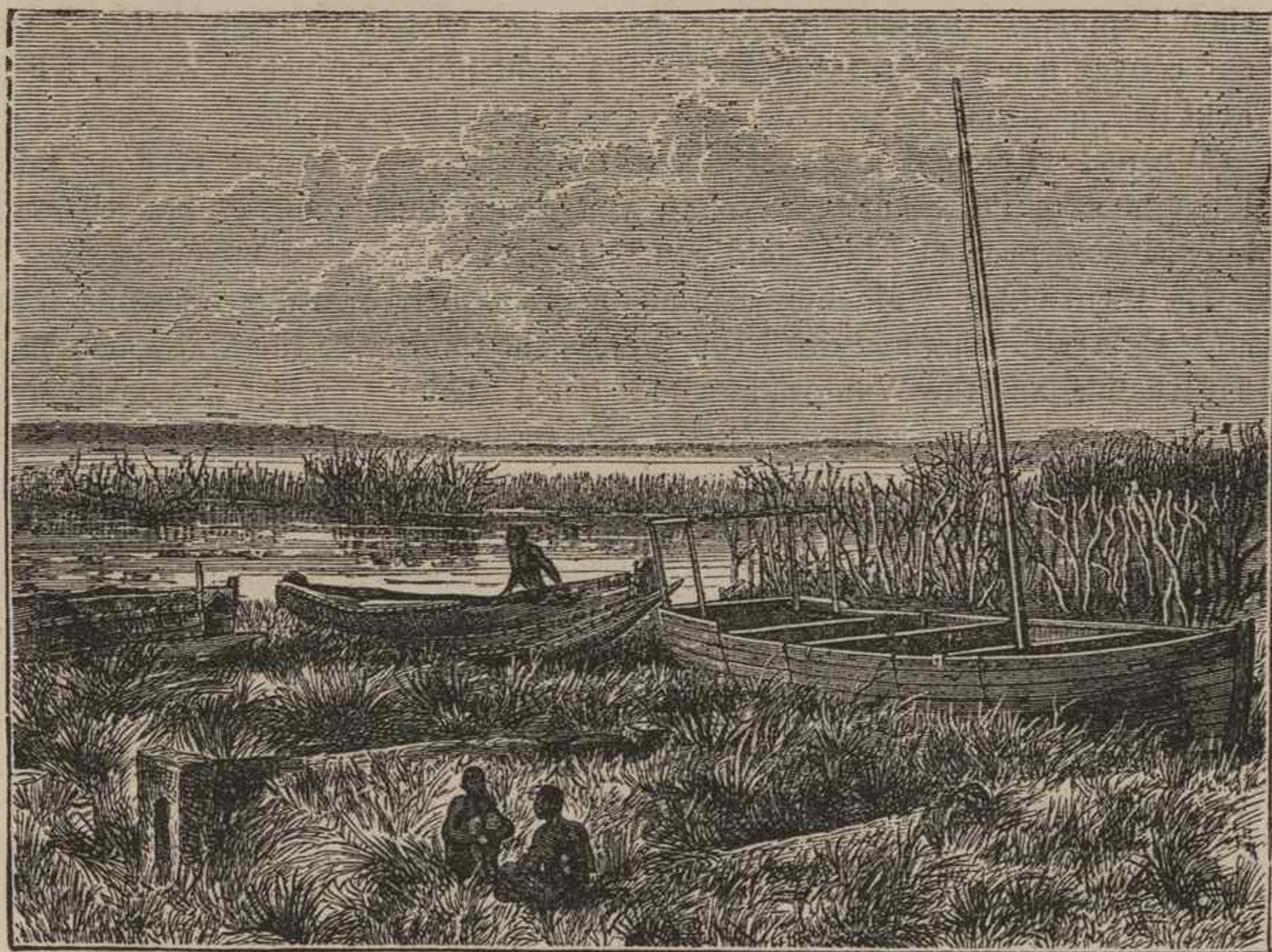
Lukongeh's dominions east of Ruggedzi Channel were acquired by the forcible dispossession of Wataturu shepherds, after a fierce battle, which lasted five days, during which many of the Wakerewé were slain by the poisoned arrows of the shepherds. Though they live harmoniously together now, there is as much difference between the Wakerewé and the Wataturu as exists between a Nubian and a Syrian Arab. The Wataturu are light-coloured, straight, thin-nosed and thin-lipped, while the Wakerewé are a mixture of the Ethiopic and negro type.

The king is supposed to be endowed with supernatural power, and Lukongeh seizes every opportunity to heighten this belief. He is believed to be enabled to create a drought at pleasure, and to cause the land to be drenched with rain. It is fortunate that, since his accession to power, rain has been regular and copious in its season. The king has not been slow to point out this immense advantage which Ukerewé has gained since he succeeded his father; he is therefore beloved and feared.

Aware of the value of a reputation as rain-maker, he was ambitious to add to it that of "great medicine man," and besought me earnestly to impart to him some of the grand secrets of Europe—such as how to transform men into lions and leopards, to cause the rains to fall or cease, the winds to blow, to give fruitfulness to women and virility to men. Demands of this character are commonly made by African chiefs. When I stated my inability to comply with his requests, he whispered to his chiefs:—

“He will not give me what I ask, because he is afraid he will not get the canoes; but you will see when my men return from Uganda, he will give me all I ask.”

The custom of greeting the king is a most curious one, differing from any I have observed elsewhere. His people, after advancing close to him, clap their hands and kneel to him. If the king is pleased, he reveals his pleasure by blowing and spitting into their hands, with which they affect to anoint their faces and eyes. They seem to believe that the king's saliva is a collyrium for the eyes.



AT THE LANDING-PLACE OF MSSOSSI:

VIEW OF KITARI HILL TO THE LEFT; MAJITA MOUNTAIN TO THE RIGHT.

(From a photograph by the Author.)

To each other the Wakerewé kneel, clap hands, and cry, “Waché! waché!” “Waché sug!” “Mohoro!” “Eg sura?” which, translated, signifies, “Morning! morning!” “Good-morning!” “A good day!” “Are you well?”

The stories current in this country about the witchcraft practised by the people of Ukara Island prove that those islanders have been at pains to spread abroad a good repute for themselves, that they are cunning, and, aware that superstition is a weakness of human nature, have sought to thrive upon it. Their power—according to the Wakerewé—over the amphibiae is

wonderful. One Khamis, son of Hamadi, the carpenter of Sungoro, having been a long time constructing a dhow, or sailing vessel, for his employer, shared most thoroughly in these delusions.

Khamis averred, with an oath, that there was a crocodile which lived in the house of the chief of Ukara, which fed from his hands, and was as docile and obedient to his master as a dog, and as intelligent as a man. Lukongeh had once a pretty woman in his harem, who was coveted by the Ukara chief, but the latter could devise no means to possess her for a long time until he thought of his crocodile. He instantly communicated his desire to the reptile, and bade him lie in wait in the rushes near Msossi until the woman should approach the lake to bathe, as was her custom daily, and then seize and convey her without injury across the eight-mile channel to Ukara. The next day, at noon, the woman was in the Ukara chief's house.

When I expressed a doubt about the veracity of the marvellous tale, Khamis said, indignantly, "What, you doubt me? Ask Lukongeh, and he will confirm what I have told you."

He then added, "Machunda, Lukongeh's father, owned a crocodile that stole an Arab's wife, and carried her across the country to the king's house!" To Khamis, and the Wangwana who listened to him, this last was conclusive evidence that the crocodiles of Ukara were most astonishing creatures.

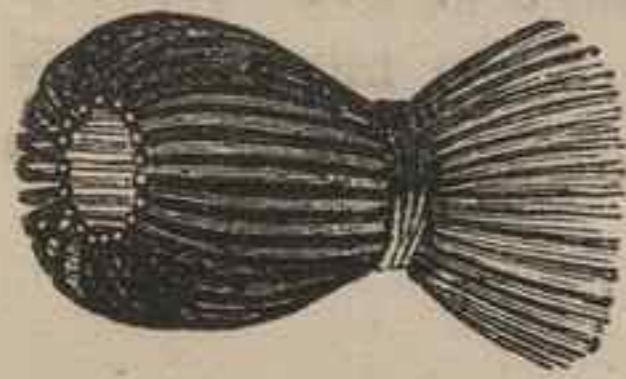
The Wakerewé also believe that, if a hawk seizes a fish belonging to the Wakara, it is sure to die in the very act!

Kaduma Kagehyi, according to Khamis, possessed a hippopotamus which came to him each morning, for a long period, to be milked!

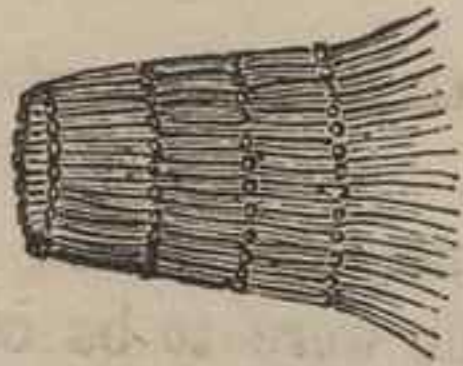
It requires twelve goats and three hoes to purchase a wife in Ukerewé from her parents. Sungoro, the Arab, was obliged to pay Lukongeh 350 lbs. of assorted beads and 300 yards of good cloth before he succeeded in obtaining one of his young sisters in marriage. If the lover is so poor that he has neither goats nor hoes, he supplies such articles as spears, or bows and arrows, but he cannot obtain a wife until he furnishes a sufficient dowry to please her parents. If the parents or older relatives are grasping, and impose hard conditions, the state of the lover is hard indeed, as frequently after marriage demands are made for cattle, sheep, goats, &c., a refusal of which renders the marriage void until children have been born, when all connection with her blood relatives ceases.

Thieves, adulterers, and murderers are put to death by decapitation. They may escape death, however, by becoming the slaves of the party they have wronged.

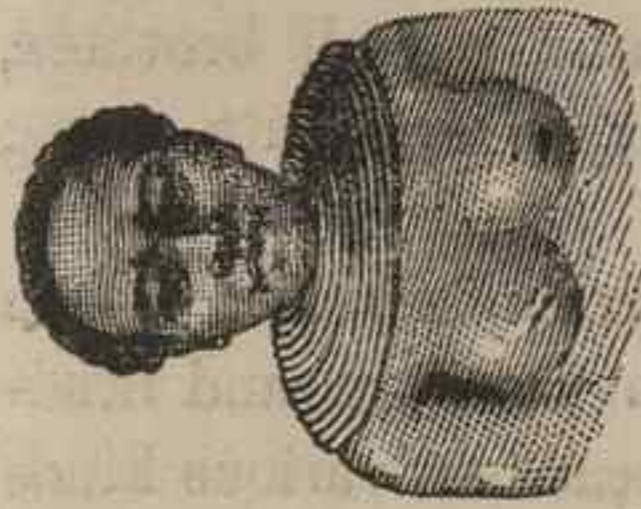
Coils of brass wire are much coveted by the Wakerewé, for the adornment of their wives, who wear it in such numerous circlets round their necks as to give them at a distance an appearance of wearing ruffs. Wristlets of copper and brass and iron, and anklets of the same metal, besides armlets of ivory, are the favourite decorations of the males.



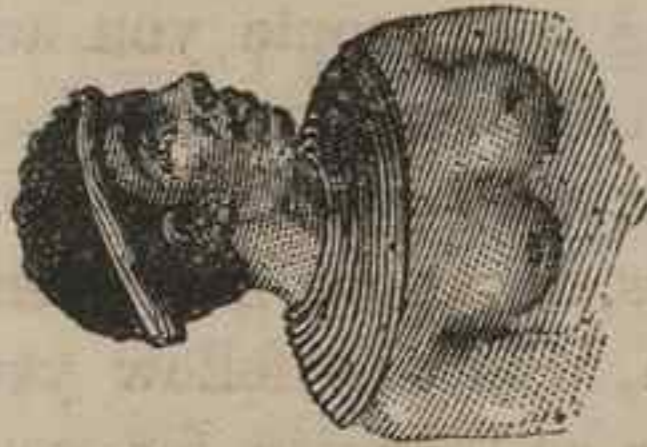
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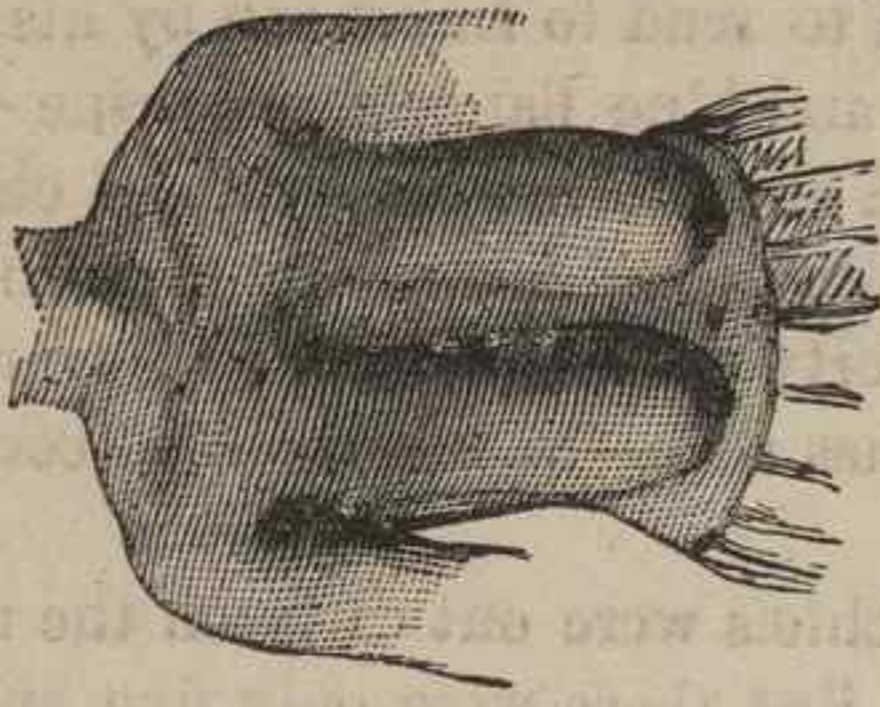
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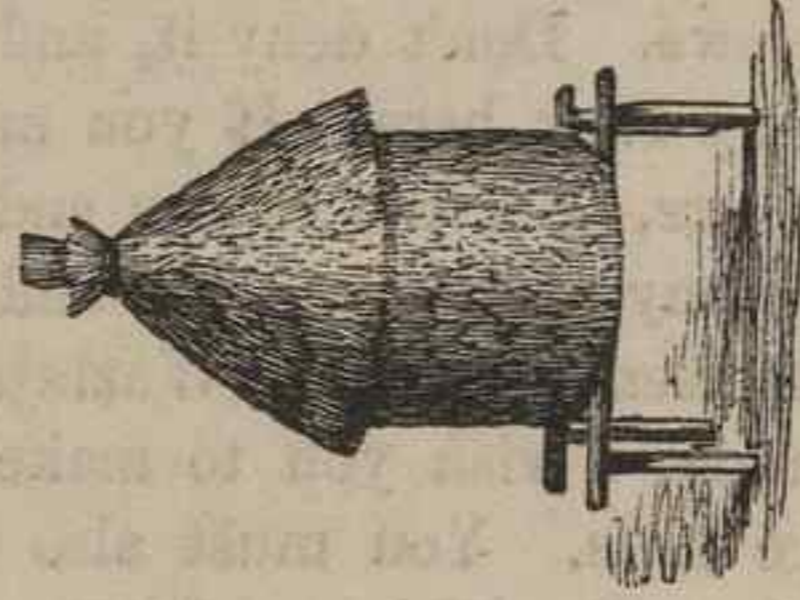
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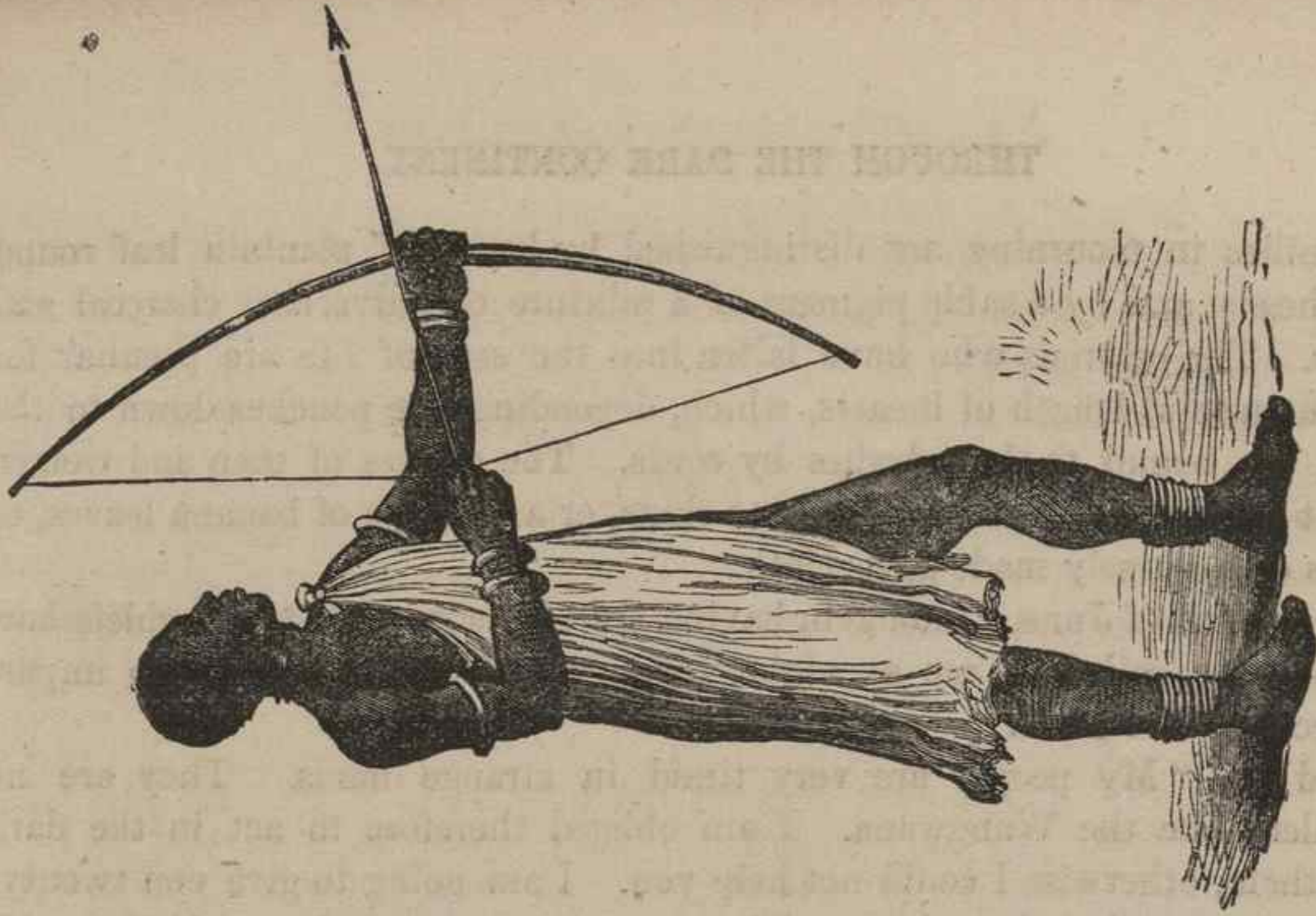
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- 1. Storage for grain, Ukerewé.
- 2. House, Ukerewé.
- 3. Stool, Ukerewé.
- 4. Canoe, Ukerewé.
- 5. Woman's breasts, Ukerewé.



6

- 6. A warrior of Ukerewé.
- 7. Women with colls of brasswork, Ukerewé.
- 8. Fish-nets, Ukerewé.

Families in mourning are distinguished by bands of plantain leaf round their heads, and by a sable pigment of a mixture of pulverized charcoal and butter. The matrons who have fallen into the sere of life are peculiar for their unnatural length of breasts, which, depending like pouches down to the navel, are bound to their bodies by cords. The dresses of men and women consist of half dressed ox-hides, goat-skins, or a cincture of banana leaves, or kirtles of a coarsely made grass cloth.

On the 6th of June, Lukongeh, having issued instructions to his chiefs how to assist me, called on me at night, accompanied by his premier, to impart his decision and plans.

Said he, "My people are very timid in strange lands. They are no travellers like the Wangwana. I am obliged therefore to act in the dark with them, otherwise I could not help you. I am going to give you twenty-three canoes and their paddles. They are not worth much, and if they give you trouble, you must not blame me. I am telling my people you are coming back to Ukerewé. Don't deny it, and don't talk about it, or they will be sure to run away back here. If you are clever, they will follow you to Usukuma. Once there, take the canoes and paddles, because I give them to you; and here are my young nephew and cousin, who will follow you to Uganda, and make friends with the Wazinja, as far as Ihangiro, for you. When you reach Uganda, I wish you to make Mtesa and myself brothers, and we will exchange gifts. You must also remember to send my young men back from Uganda. Good-bye. I have said all."

I was also enjoined to send to Lukongeh by his young nephew and cousin two suits of crimson and blue flannels, medicine for rheumatism and headache, one revolver and ammunition, one bale of cloth, beads of various kinds to the amount of 50 lbs., two fezes, one English rug, one Kiganda canoe, capable of carrying forty men, two tusks of ivory, Usoga goat-skins, otter furs, and iron and brass wire—all of which of course I promised most faithfully to send.

Lukongeh and his chiefs were out early on the morning of the 7th of June to bid me farewell. But there were only five small canoes ready! "How is this, Lukongeh?" I asked. "Never mind, go on; and remember what I have said to you, my brother. Lukongeh is true," he replied, with dignity.

"Wonderful man," I thought, "to have a respect for truth in this country. He is assuredly one of the first. However, we shall see."

We punted our boat through the narrow Ruggedzi Channel, and rowed to Kisorya. Lukongeh's premier, his nephew and cousin, who were to be our guides, were with us.

From the hills of Kisorya I obtained a capital photograph of the deep bay which leads from Speke Gulf to Ruggedzi Channel, and of the mountains of Urirwi, across the bay. From Kisorya we moved to Ugoma, where we

halted, a sore trial to our patience, until the 11th of June, on which day, with twenty-seven canoes of Ukerewé, we rowed to Wezi Island,\* situate nearly midway in Speke Gulf between Ukerewé and Kagehyi.

The next day, upon landing at Kagehyi, I whispered instructions to Frank and Manwa Sera to haul up the canoes to a distance of eighty yards on land, and with the aid of Lukongeh's premier and the king's relatives induced the Wakerewé canoe-men, 216 in number, to store their paddles in my hut.

The Wakerewé were then apprised of the strategy of their king, and told that there were four canoes left to them to return to Ukerewé, and that, as it would occupy four days to transport their entire party back, beads would be given for ten days' provisions. At this the Wakerewé were naturally very much surprised, and the uproar became tremendous. They seized the premier, but he audaciously shuffled the fault upon the young relatives, so releasing him they bound Lukongeh's relatives, and would undoubtedly have murdered them then and there but for the precautions I had taken. A nod to Frank and Manwa Sera, and fifty Wangwana had dashed up to the rescue and, charging on the excited mob with the muzzles of their guns, drove them clear out of the village of Kagehyi.

When the Wakerewé were outside, we held a palaver with them, at which it was explained that we should wait six days at Kagehyi, during which time they could communicate with Lukongeh, and if the king repented of his promise, the canoes should be sent back, or that, if they pleased, they could return and, by manning the canoes for us, would be sure of earning each man his reward, but that the relatives of Lukongeh, being in my camp and in my service, must not be molested, as I was bound to protect them.

This firm decision being fully explained to them, forty-five took the four canoes given and returned to Ukerewé, to communicate with Lukongeh. Six additional canoes, despatched by their friends the next day, assisted in the transport of the natives of Ukerewé back to their country; and on the third day our camp was emptied of almost all of them, but though we waited seven days at Kagehyi, no further communication came from Lukongeh, and therefore the premier and his five servants departed.

Meanwhile I had despatched messengers to all the districts around to summon the people to a grain market, whereat all grain brought to Kagehyi would be purchased, at the rate of eight measures (similar to pecks) at the rate of one doti or four yards of blue, white, or coloured cloth. By the 19th of June, 12,000 lbs. of grain, sesamum, millet, and Indian corn, and 500 lbs.

\* This island has since had attached to it a sad interest. At Wezi, Lieutenant Shergold Smith, and Mr. O'Neil, of the Church Missionary Society, together with Sungoro the Arab, and many of their followers, lately lost their lives while endeavouring to remove the Arab's women—among whom was Lukongeh's young sister—from Ukerewé, without the king's permission or consent.

of rice had been purchased and stowed in cloth sacks, each containing about 100 lbs.

As the canoes were so rotten, the crews of each were detailed under the supervision of Lukanjah, the nephew, and Mikondo, the cousin of Lukongeh, to repair them. This was done by re-sewing many of the planks with cane-fibre and caulking them with the bruised stalk of the banana.

At early dawn we began the embarkation of 150 men, women, and children, with 100 loads of cloth, beads, and wire, 88 sacks of grain, and 30 cases of ammunition; and as I could not delegate to others the care of the flotilla without feeling uncontrollable anxiety about it, the *Lady Alice*, loaded with most of the ammunition, led the way at 9 A.M. to Mabibi. These islets are three miles westward of Wezi, six miles from Ukerewé, and about nine miles from Kagehyi.

To my great satisfaction I perceived that the Wangwana would soon acquire the art of paddling, though many were exceedingly timid on the water. Until they gained confidence in their new duties, our plan was to avail ourselves of the calm periods, and not to risk so many lives and so much property in a tempestuous sea.

A strong breeze from the north-west lasted all the morning, but at noon it moderated, and two hours afterwards, taking advantage of the calm, we pushed off from Mabibi, and, rounding the south-west corner of the Ukerewé peninsula, pulled for the Kunneneh islets, which we reached without loss or accident. Again the north-west breeze blew strong, and, as it had power over a greater expanse of water, the waves did not subside until 2 P.M. It was tough labour rowing against the heavy swell, and the distance to the Miandereh Islands was long. By persevering, however, we made good progress, yet at sunset Miandereh islets were not in sight.

Intense darkness set in. We could not see one another, though we could hear the measured, rhythmic beat and splash of oar and paddle, but no voices. Now and then I flashed a waxlight over the dark waste as a beacon to the thoughtless and unwary. By this means, and by threats of punishment to those who strayed from the line, the canoes were kept together.

We had proceeded quietly for three hours in the darkness, when suddenly shrill cries were heard for "the boat." Hurrying to the spot, I managed to distinguish, to my astonishment, round dark objects floating on the water, which we found to be the heads of men who were swimming towards us from a foundered canoe. We took the frightened people on board, and picked up four bales of cloth, but a box of ammunition and 400 lbs. of grain had sunk.

We moved forward again, but had scarcely gone half a mile when again piercing cries from the deep gloom startled us. "The boat, oh, the boat!" was screamed in frenzied accents.

As we steered for the spot, I lit a wax taper and set fire to the leaves of a book I had been reading during the afternoon, to lighten up the scene. Heads



of struggling men and bales were found here likewise in the water, and a canoe turned bottom up with a large rent in its side; and while distributing these among the other canoes, we heard to our alarm that five guns had sunk, but fortunately no lives were lost or other property, except four sacks of grain.

My boat was now up to her gunwale with twenty-two men and thirty loads, and if a breeze rose, she would, unless we lightened her of property, inevitably sink.

Through the darkness I shouted out to the frightened men, that if any more canoes collapsed, the crews should at once empty out the grain and beads, but on no account abandon their boats, as they would float and sustain them until I could return to save them.

I had scarcely finished speaking before the alarming cries were raised again: "Master, the canoe is sinking! Quick, come here. Oh, master, we cannot swim!"

Again I hurried up to the cries, and distinguished two men paddling vigorously, while five were baling. I was thinking how I could possibly assist them, when other cries broke out: "The boat! Bring the boat here! Oh, hurry—the boat, the boat!" Then another broke out, "And we are sinking—the water is up to our knees. Come to us, master, or we die! Bring the boat, my master!"

It was evident that a panic was raging amongst the timid souls, that the people were rapidly becoming utterly unnerved. In reply to their frenzied cries, and as the only way to save us all, I shouted out sternly: "You who would save yourselves, follow me to the islets as fast as you can; and you who are crying out, cling to your canoes until we return."

We rowed hard. The moon rose also, and cheered us in half an hour with a sight of Miandereh, for which we steered. Her brightness had also the effect of rousing up the spirits of the Wangwana; but still the piteous cries were heard far behind: "Master! oh, master! bring your boat—the boat!"

"Hark to them, my boys—hark," I sang out to my crew, and they responded to my appeal by causing the *Lady Alice* to fly through the water, though the waves almost curled over her sides. "Pull, my men; break your oars; shoot her through the water; life and death hang on your efforts. Pull like heroes." She hissed through the waves, as ten men, bending with the wildest, most desperate effort, spurred her with their oars.

Miandereh islets rose larger and clearer into view. "Hurrah, my boys, here is our island! pull and defy the black water—your brothers are drowning!"

We reached Miandereh—shot the goods out, lightened her of the wrecked men, and flew back again, skimming over the dark surface.

There were two brothers who had been made coxswains of canoes, who came prominently into notice on this terrible night. Each had his special

crew, friends and people of the same tribe, and their names were Uledi and Shumari; the former about twenty-five years old, the latter eighteen.

As I was returning with my boat to the scene, two canoes passed me like arrows. "Who go there?" I demanded.

"Uledi and Shumari's canoes," replied somebody.

"Return instantly, after unloading, to save the people."

"It is what we intend to do, Inshallah!" answered a voice.

"Fine fellows those, I warrant them," I thought. Their very action and tone reveal their brave spirits."

Away we flew to the rescue, blowing the bugle to announce our approach. We passed three or four canoes, racing by us to the islets. Thank Heaven, the lake was calm, and the moon shone clear and strong, casting a golden light upon the waters.

"You are brave fellows; pull, my sons; think of those poor men in the lake in sinking canoes." Responding to my prayers, the crew almost cracked their hearts in the mighty efforts they made; their quick-swaying figures, the deep sighs which burst from their breasts, the careering boat, the excited helmsman, everything sympathized with me. I seized one of the oars myself to relieve a lad, and to assist the force which now dashed the boat over the water. She seemed instinct with life.

We now heard the cries for aid, "Oh, the boat! Master, bring the boat!" come once more pealing over the golden lake from the foundering canoes.

"Do you hear men? break the oars—lift the boat over the water. We will save them yet. It is to-night or never!"

With fresh force she bounded upward. Every fibre of our straining bodies and the full strength of our energies were roused, and in five minutes we ran alongside first one canoe, then a second and a third—until again the boat was down in the water to within an inch of her gunwale. But all the people—men, women, and children—were saved. The light material of which the canoes were constructed had sufficed to float the loads that were in them.

We rested until help should arrive, and presently Uledi's and Shumari's canoes were seen advancing side by side, with lines of pale foam flashing from each bow, as they were driven with the force of strong men towards us. With loud, glad cries they stopped their furious career alongside, and the first words they uttered were, "Are all safe?"

"Yes, all," we replied.

"El hamd-ul'-illah!" ("Thanks be to God!"), they answered fervently.

With the aid of these two canoes we were able to return to the islets with the thirty-two men, women, and children, and the entire property safe. Our loss during this fearful night was five canoes, five guns, one case of ammunition, and twelve hundred pounds of grain.

The next morning, leaving a third of the party and goods at Miandereh, we

departed for Singo, which we reached at 9 A.M. A few canoes were then hastened back to Miandereh for the remainder.

It will be remembered that, while the boat was returning from Uganda and passing by Ito, an island situated half a mile south-west of Singo, the natives of Ito drove us away by slinging stones at us. Such a force as we now numbered could not be received with such rudeness: at the same time they were secure from molestation by us. I despatched therefore Lukanjah and Mikondo, the Wakerewé guides, to the island of Ito, to explain to the natives who we were, and to remove all fears of reprisal. Lukanjah was extremely successful, and brought the chief of Ito, who, as some atonement for our previous treatment, had furnished himself with peace-offerings in the shape of a couple of fat kids, and several bunches of mellow plantains. The large island of Komeh also, on the next day, sent its king to rejoice with us over numerous jars of potent beer and many slaughtered goats. The king of Komeh sold us besides four good, almost new, canoes of sufficient capacity to render us secure from further anxiety.

The Wangwana, after their terrible experiences while crossing the entrance to Speke Gulf, were awakened to the necessity of narrowly inspecting and carefully repairing their canoes. At Kagehyi the repairs had been extremely superficial, but the men were now fully alive to the importance of good caulking and a thorough relacing of the planks together, while Frank, Lukanjah, and I superintended their work.

Seven hours' paddling on the 24th of June brought us to Refuge Island, and on its south side we proceeded to establish a small camp. The 25th was employed in constructing one large store hut for the grain, and another for the property of the Expedition; and the huts of the garrison were built with due regard to the strict watch of the camp.

After selecting forty-four men as garrison, and appointing Frank Pocock captain and Manwa Sera his lieutenant, with the two guides, Lukanjah and Mikondo, as interpreters in case of visitors, and leaving four canoes for the garrison to communicate, if they wished, with the natives of Itawagumba on the mainland, I began my return to Usukuma on the 26th with the boat, seventeen canoes, and 106 men.

Four days afterwards we reached Kagehyi, at 3 P.M. But as the voyage had been extremely rough, only fourteen canoes were mustered in the cove.

When five days had passed, and we received no tidings of the three canoes and their crews of thirteen men which were still absent, I despatched a canoe with two Wangwana and eight Wasukuma to Lukongeh, the king, requesting him to hunt up the laggards, who no doubt had either deserted or had been captured by the Wakerewé.

On this day also I purchased from Kipingiri, for 40 yards of cloth, a large canoe capable of carrying thirty men, which the Wangwana, on account of her

uncouth shape, called the "Hippopotamus." The wood of which she was made was sycamore, and she was so rotten at the stern that one thrust of my foot kicked a hole in her 9 inches in diameter. Though she was an ancient craft, and heavy with saturation, she might, I thought, be still made serviceable for the transport of the riding asses.

Whilst Uledi and Salaam Allah, the carpenters, and two or three chiefs, were assisting me to repair the venerable "Hippo" in a hollow close to the water's edge, a man came rushing down, crying, "Quick! quick! Master, the Wangwana are murdering one another! They are all dead men!"

Leaving one man to look after our tools, we ran up the hill, and witnessed a most horrible scene. About thirty men armed with guns were threatening one another in an excited manner; others brandished clubs or knobsticks; some held spears menacingly, while several flourished knives. A frenzy seemed to have possessed the hitherto well-behaved people. One man was already dead with a ghastly knife-wound in his heart, another lay prostrate with a fractured skull from a knobstick, and the author of this deed was even then striding with sweeping flourishes of a long club through the ranks of a turbulent crowd, delivering sounding blows on their heads and shoulders.

Snatching a stout stick, I rapped the ruffian so vigorously over his knuckles that he dropped his club and was secured by my assistants, and then, calling the chiefs to my aid, we disarmed the infuriates. This summary proceeding soon quelled the disturbance, and then, perceiving that pombé—beer—was at the bottom of the mischief, all who were sober were ordered to fall into line, by which we discovered that fifty-three were quite intoxicated.

Upon examination it was found that the murderer of Membé, one of the stoutest of our boat-bearers, was Fundi Rehani, and that he who had fractured the other man's skull was Rehani, the brother of Membé. Both were immediately secured for trial before Prince Kaduma, the Arab Sungoro, and the Wangwana chiefs. The jars of pombé were broken, and diligent search made in every place for beer.

This bloodshed upon the soil of Usukuma had to be paid for out of my cloth stores to mollify Prince Kaduma, and further payment was required for the privilege of burial.

The jury which I convened to adjudge the case sentenced the murderer to death; but, as I would not consent to this extreme measure, the sentence was changed to two hundred lashes and the chain, until his arrival at Zanzibar, when he might be surrendered to his prince. The drunken madman Rehani, though he had been inspired to the fury which led him to fracture a man's skull by the sight of his dead brother, was also condemned by the jury, for endangering the life of a perfectly innocent man, to fifty lashes. These sentences, faithfully executed with due ceremony in presence of all the Wangwana, affected them greatly, and I took advantage of this scene to call the attention of the bully Msenna, and others who had distinguished themselves in the pre-

vious day's ebullition of madness, to the punishment which must assuredly follow the commission of such dreadful acts.

On the 5th of July, to my great joy, the scouts sent to Lukongeh in search of the missing canoes returned with two of them, but of the third we received no news, until a year later—after our arrival at Ujiji—when we heard that they had deserted and had proceeded direct to Unyanyembé with their guns. The crews of the two canoes, now happily restored to us, informed me that they had been driven by the gale to seek shelter on the mainland of Ukerewé, where they were instantly seized and conveyed to Lukongeh, when, instead of being slain, as the natives expected the captives would be, they were kindly treated by the king, proving to the islanders that the white man had only acted by his orders.

On the 6th of July, after giving farewell presents to Prince Kaduma and his clever, genial princess, to the Arab Sungoro, Prince Kipingiri of Lutari, and Kurereh—though the two latter little deserved them—as well as to many others, I embarked all the people, animals, and effects of the Expedition, and by ten o'clock we were safely clear of Kipingiri's power and vicious intents, and, for the last time, of Kagehyi.

There was not one feeling of regret in my breast at leaving this place, where the Expedition had found a camp for over four months. Not that the village was in any way destitute of comforts, for these it afforded, nor that the natives were in any manner repugnant to me, for they were not; but the objects for which we came into the land could never be attained by unnecessary residence at any one spot. The time had simply arrived to begin our travels again, and I was glad of it, for the bold and bad Kipingiri was, I suspected, ever exercising an evil influence over Kaduma.

On the 11th of July we arrived safely and without accident at Refuge Island, where I found the garrison thriving admirably. Through the influence of young Lukanjah—the cousin of the king of Ukerewé—the natives of the mainland had been induced to exchange their churlish disposition for one of cordial welcome, and the process of blood-brotherhood had been formally gone through between Manwa Sera, on my part, and Kijaju, king of Komeh, and the king of Itawagumba on the other part.

Lukanjah, aware of the respect paid by his dusky brothers to power, had deftly exaggerated my influence and the numbers of my force, until a friendly alliance with one so powerful became a cherished project with Kijaju, and caused him to seek it by a tribute of three fat oxen, six goats, and fifty bunches of bananas, besides a store of delectable maramba, upon which I found that the garrison had been subsisting during my absence from Refuge Island.

I deputed Frank to repay with cloths, beads, and wire Kijaju's generosity, for the constant anxiety which I suffered during the passages between Refuge Island and Kagehyi, for the safety of my people and effects, had induced such a serious illness, that for five days I was unable to leave my hut on the island.

On the sixth day, however, I left my bed and strolled over the island on which, on that terrible day of our escape from Bumbireh, we had found a refuge and relief in our distress, and now an asylum for half of the Expedition for about a month. The younger portion of the garrison knew every nook and cranny of our island home, and had become quite attached to it. On the eastern side about fifteen fruit trees had been discovered by them, laden with delicious berries, the flavour of which seemed something of a mixture of custard apple and a ripe gooseberry. The stones of this small fruit were two in number, like small date-stones. The leaves of the tree resemble those of the peach; its fruit are smooth-surfaced, and hang in threes; its wood is tough and flexible. It is no doubt a species of the *Verbenaceæ*. The garrison had failed to consume half the quantity found, so that, when I arrived with a reinforcement of 150 men, there was a sufficient quantity left to cause them all to remember the sweet fruit of Refuge Island.

On this day, Kijaju, king of Komeh, visited me, to our mutual satisfaction. He furnished me with two guides to accompany me to Uganda, who were to be returned to Komeh along with Lukanjah and Mikondo. Their assistance was valuable only as the means of furnishing me with the names of localities between Refuge Island and Uzungora.

In the same manner that we had left Kagehyi, we departed from Refuge Island, viz. by embarking the garrison, and leaving those who had stayed at Kagehyi to rest upon Refuge Island until we should return for them.

The night was passed with a wild dance under the moonlight, at which three kings were present, who participated with all the light-hearted gaiety of children in the joyous sport.

Old Kijaju distinguished himself on the wild "fantastic toe" most extraordinarily. Itawagumba, jealous of his uncle's performance, exerted himself with mad vigour, and the stalwart chief of Bwina bounded upward as though performing on the flying trapeze. Young Lukanjah of Ukerewé, and his royal relative Mikondo, with all the suppleness of acrobats, made their début on this night with great spirit, and the hundred warriors from the mainland sang to the dance with such force of lungs as startled the colossal rocks of Refuge Island into echoing the wild harmony. The Wangwana, headed by Frank and the gallant Manwa Sera, enlarged the vast circle with 150 men and 20 women, and all voices chimed to the song which old Kijaju sang to celebrate the day on which the white chief made brotherhood with the king of Komeh.

Refreshments were not wanting to cheer the dancers. Great masses of beef were roasted over glorious fires, and many jars of beer and maramba, brought from Bwina and Komeh, invited the special attention of the thirsty.

As we left Refuge Island, on the morning of the 18th of July, the guides

furnished by Kijaju, king of Komeh, propitiated the genius of the lake with beads given to him for the occasion, and adjured it by saying:—

“Be kind to the white M’kama, O Nianja, I charge thee! Give him a safe and prosperous voyage across thy wide waters.”

From Kazaradzi Island, on which we rested for the night, we beheld a most glorious sunset. The western sky, halfway up to the zenith, was all aglow for about an hour with resplendent gold, which tinted mountain, hill, plain, and lake with the reflection of the lustrous hue.

Next day we sailed for Wawizua Island; and on the 20th, passing by the picturesque islands of Mysomeh and Rumondo—every canoe hoisting small lug-sails, made of the loin-cloths of the crew, in order to benefit by the strong south-easter—we steered for Nameterré Island, where we arrived without accident.

On the 21st of July we arrived at the southernmost of the dreaded Bumbireh group, Mahyiga Island, which I ascertained, after careful survey, was not inhabited.

At a little cove on the western side we discovered relics of a large camp, which, by the shape of the dome-like huts and bonneted doorways had, we were assured, been constructed by Waganda. Yet what force of Waganda could have penetrated thus far to the south?

As we were now in a dangerous neighbourhood, it behoved us to form a proper camp, as a small party would be compelled to remain upon this island until the remainder of the Expedition could be brought from Refuge Island. For this purpose, every hand was employed to clear the scrub and bush for a distance of 200 yards from the cove, and a road 12 feet wide was cut from the south side of Mahyiga Island to the north end.

About 5 P.M. while we were still at work, two large canoes approached cautiously from the direction of Iroba Island towards our cove. They took great pains to ascertain the number of our canoes, and we could see that they endeavoured to reckon up the number of men on the island before they spoke a word. Finally they hailed us, and Lukanjah, of Ukerewé, and Kijaju’s man were requested to reply to them.

Our conversation, which was of great interest to us, as we burned to know what to expect from Bumbireh, was as follows:—

“Is this the white chief who was at Bumbireh?”

“Yes.”

“Oh, he was not lost on the Nianja then?”

“No, he lives, and has returned.”

“Oh. The white chief must not be angry with Iroba. We did not trouble him, therefore he has no quarrel with us. The people of Bumbireh are bad. What has the white chief come for?”

“He is going to Uganda.”

"How can he go to Uganda? Does he not know that Bumbireh is in the way, and Ihangiro's eyes will be upon him? Will he fly?"

"No; he will proceed by water in his canoes. Tell Bumbireh the white chief is not afraid; his young men are many in number. If the men of Bumbireh wish to make friends, let Shekka send the oars he stole, and the white chief will be glad."

"Magassa," replied they, "who camped on that island you are on, received the oars from Shekka, and he took them away to Uganda, believing you were lost in the Nianja."

"The white chief was not lost; he is here. If it is true that the oars are gone to Uganda, let Shekka make friends with the white chief, and send him two or three men to go with him to Makongo, in Uzungora, or to Uganda, as Lukongeh of Ukerewé and Kijaju of Komeh have done, and there will be no more words between them."

"Shekka is very strong, and the men of Bumbireh are bold. Antari of Ihangiro, the great king, is stronger, and Shekka is his son. All this Nianja about here is his water, and they will not let you pass. What will the white chief do?"

"Tell Shekka and Antari, his father, that the white chief will remain here for many days. He will be glad to hear good words from them. When he is ready to go away, he will let them know. If the king of Iroba is the white chief's friend, let him send food here to sell."

After promising to perform all that we required, and to bring food the next day, the two canoes paddled away, two or three of their crews laughing ostentatiously.

On the morning of the 23rd, about 10 A.M., another canoe, containing fifteen men, approached us from Iroba, in a bold, defiant manner. We asked their crew if they brought food for sale. They replied, "No; but you will get food in plenty by-and-by." After taking a searching look at our camp, they turned away, giving expression to their contempt by a method which obtains all round the Uvuma, Uganda, Uzungora, and Ukerewé coasts, viz. by throwing up water behind them in the air with their paddles, which is as well understood as the British youth's gesture of placing a thumb to his nose.

Lukanjah smiled when he saw this, and when requested to give me his thoughts, he said significantly, "Those people mean something."

On the morning of the 24th, long before dawn, in order that the Iroba or Bumbireh people might not espy their departure, I despatched sixteen of the largest canoes under Manwa Sera, to return to Refuge Island for the remainder of the Expedition, after many injunctions to be cautious, and not to commit any folly.

Our camp was now in perfect condition, and presented as clean and orderly



an appearance as two days' labour could render it. Watch-huts were also erected upon the highest part of the island, and five men under a chief were detached for the duty of observation. The garrison left with me upon the island consisted of forty-five men and the four guides from my friends Lukongeh and the Kijaju.

On this day also canoes came from Iroba, to the crews of which, as they rested in the water, we exhibited beads and cloth, copper bracelets and bright brass wire. In return for our professions of friendliness and our proffers of gifts, they spurned the water towards us, and replied with mockery.

On the 25th, when the Iroba natives came, I adopted, after due forethought, a sterner tone, perceiving that amiability was liable to contempt and misconstruction. I told them that the king of Iroba must prove his friendship by sending food for sale by noon of the next day; and that as I was assured he was in communication with the king of Bumbireh, his neighbour, I should expect either the return of the oars or two or three men as sureties and pledges of peace. I knew the mainland was hostile, and since I was compelled to proceed to Uganda, I resolved to be assured, before venturing the lives of the women and children in rotten and crowded canoes, that I should be permitted to proceed in peace, and not be attacked midway between Bumbireh and the mainland.

The natives, cowed a little by the tone of voice, promised that there should be no delay in sending provisions, bananas, milk, honey, chickens, even oxen, for the white M'kama.

On the morning of the 26th, the men at the observation-post reported that they saw a great many canoes proceeding from the mainland towards the great island of Bumbireh. I ascended the road to the summit, and with my glass I counted eighteen canoes, heavily laden with men, and watched them till they had passed round Iroba's westernmost point towards Bumbireh. It was evident that mischief was brewing, but how or in what shape I could not tell. It was probable that they would attack the island by night, knowing we were not very strong in numbers at the time. It was a very possible feat, for the islanders, as we had experienced, were not dull-witted, and were resolute and brave. Meantime, what should I do in such a case?

I waited until 3 P.M. for the king of Iroba. He did not come. Instant action on my part was therefore imperative.

I manned my boat and four of the canoes with thirty-five men, leaving only Safeni with fourteen men in charge of the camp and island, and proceeded to Iroba to make a reconnaissance. As we came up, I observed a flutter of excitement on the shore. I steered straight for the beach opposite a village, and landed. Twenty-five of the men were deployed as skirmishers along the shore, to give due effect to what I purposed. Lukanjah of Ukerewé was told to request the king of Iroba and elders to approach, or we should begin fighting.

They came to us, about fifteen in number. "Tell him, Lukanjah," I said, "that Iroba has behaved badly by sending his young men to laugh at us. Since he has lied so many times to me, he himself and two of his chiefs must depart with me to my camp. He will not be hurt, but he must stay with me until Shekka of Bumbireh is in my hands, or peace is made as I suggested."

There was no violence used, and the king of Iroba and two chiefs quietly walked into the boat. When they were seated, the king was requested to give instructions to his young men how to capture Shekka of Bumbireh and two Bumbireh chiefs; and a solemn promise was given that on their appearance the king of Iroba and his friends would be released. The natives of Iroba, who were collected by this time on the beach, entered into the project with animation. They declared that next day Shekka should be in my hands.

On the morning of the 27th, a canoe from Iroba came with provisions for the king and chiefs, and to report their failure at Bumbireh. One of the young men, said to be the king's son, offered to remain in his father's place, while he himself should try to obtain possession of Shekka's person. This touching confidence so affected me that, after inducing the king of Iroba to go through the process of blood-brotherhood with one of the Wangwana, he was released.

At 5 P.M., faithful to his promise that he would perform what I wished, the king of Iroba brought the treacherous king of Bumbireh with two of his chiefs, whose appearance, after he had landed at Mahyiga and been recognized, was hailed with a loud shout by the Wangwana. He was about to be maltreated, and had I not been present at the time, there is no doubt that he would have been murdered by the enraged boat's crew. But they calmed down when they were told that his life and services were necessary to us, and that good treatment might secure his friendship and peace with Bumbireh.

My purpose in possessing myself of the person of the king of Bumbireh and his two chiefs may easily be divined. It must have been perceived that weakness and irresolution—or, in other words, over-gentleness and want of firmness—had proved harmful on several previous occasions. Thus, the hesitation to act immediately after the commission of murder by the Wanyaturu led them to imagine that it was fear which withheld us; the forbearance exhibited at Ngevi Island only brought upon us more annoyance; our mildness at Mombiti in Uvuma suggested the attack upon us by stoning; our long-suffering temper at the straits between Uvuma and Ugeyeya induced the Wavuma to proceed to piracy and violence; our patient bearing at Bumbireh led the natives to think that we might be murdered like lambs; our placability merited and received the contempt of the natives of Iroba; and a hundred times afterwards did I see that the savage only respects force, power, boldness, and decision; and that he is totally ignorant of the principles which govern the conduct of Christian man to man. Forbearance is to him cowardice:

mildness, patience, and an equable temper are, in his undeveloped and unreasoning mind, only evidences of effeminacy. But the murderous Wanyaturu, when we finally turned out of our camp, learned, when it was too late, that our womanly gentleness covered power; the audacious Wakamba at Ngevi Island were only brought to their senses when they heard the startling reports of the revolver; the intention of the daring Wavuma to murder was only checked by quick and energetic action; the treacherous rock-slingers of Mombiti only desisted when fired upon; the ferocious Wa-Bumbireh only respected us after our successful escape; the cunning king of Iroba only became really friendly when we quietly showed our power, and his rapidly growing insolence was only cowed by the exhibition of sternness.

But the exercise of power without magnanimity is simply brutality, and has only a transient effect. If, therefore, I could only show the king of Bumbireh and his people that the first white man they had seen was extremely gentle in his manner until aroused, but, though strong and powerful when angered, was magnanimous afterwards, I should, I felt, leave a lasting good effect upon their minds. Though Shekka's capture was necessary, in order to ensure the passage of the Expedition between Bumbireh and Ihangiro in peace and safety, his good treatment and after-release were none the less necessary also—provided that nothing serious occurred in the meantime to prevent the exhibition of clemency towards him.\*

Perceiving himself to be in the power of those whom he had outraged with a wanton ferocity, and whom he had compelled to risk the terrors of the stormy sea without the means of subsistence, or means to seek shelter from the gales and tempests which prevail during the rainy season, Shekka's behaviour became as abject as it had been ferocious when our positions were reversed. But he was informed in mild tones that we sought not his life, but our own safety; that he was captured to secure ourselves from violence by the possession of his person; that, while he was a prisoner with us, there would be no fear that Antari of Ihangiro and the people of Bumbireh would attack us by night, as they must know that we possessed the means of retaliation through him.

He was pleased to be communicative on this assurance, and informed us that Antari was collecting a vast force on Bumbireh, by day and night, for the purpose of attacking us on the island of Mahyiga. He imparted to us also the narrative of how Antari's father, in conjunction with Kytawa in the days of old, had successfully defied for a long period the full power of the great Suna of Uganda, and he was curious to know how a small body of men like ourselves could hope to escape from Antari †—or “the Lion”—of Ihangiro.

\* On page 32, vol. i., ‘Last Journals,’ Livingstone says:—“It may have been for the best that the English are thus known as people who can hit hard when unjustly attacked, as we on this occasion most certainly were.” Other instances could be cited from his books to prove Dr. Livingstone's views on such occasions.

† Antari, or “the lion,” is a favourite name with the Wahuma tribes.

Shekka was advised that, as we knew how to defend ourselves when attacked, he had better send word to Bumbireh and to Antari that we did not seek trouble, but were desirous of establishing peaceful relations between the Wangwana and the natives. Three of the ordinary natives of Bumbireh, who had been brought with Shekka and his two chiefs, were therefore permitted to depart with the king of Iroba and his friends.

At 9 A.M. the king of Iroba appeared again, this time with gifts of milk, honey, bananas, and a fat kid, which kindness we liberally reciprocated, not without much politic ostentation for the advantage of Shekka and the natives.

At noon he reappeared with three large canoes, containing twenty men each, from Ihangiro, under the command of Antari's chief elder. They were permitted to land, though they were numerically superior to the garrison on the island. But before I had given them permission to that effect, Frank was requested to hold thirty men under arms to prevent treachery and surprise.

Our greeting was friendly, though there was a certain proud reserve in their manner.

"What says the king Antari?" I asked through Lukanjah.

"Antari asks, 'Why have you come to his waters and camped on his island?'"

"We have come because we must pass through to Uganda, and have rested on Mahyiga to wait for our people. As I have not sufficient canoes to carry my people and property in one passage, I must leave some here, while I proceed to Uganda with the first half of the party. I wish to be assured by Antari that in my passage by Bumbireh we shall not be attacked, nor the party which must be left in my absence on this island be molested. What say you?"

"Antari says he is a great and strong king. All the mainland which you see from Rumondo to Kytawa's is his, so are all these islands and waters. He has never seen strangers before travelling by sea: they always went by land. He says, 'You must go back.'"

"We cannot go back, tell him," I replied. "This water belongs to every stranger, as much as the wind. The island may be his, but no one dwells on Mahyiga, and we will not injure the rocks."

"Antari says he will make peace only if you go back. He sends these three bunches of bananas to you, and this woman and child."

"We do not deal in slaves, and three bunches of bananas are of no use to us. We want permission to pass quietly and peacefully through to Uganda, and if Antari will send many bananas to us, we will buy them, as we have many mouths with us."

"Then Antari says he will make war on you, and kill you all."

"Ah, does he say those words?"

"Yes, Antari says those words."

I whispered to Frank to bring Shekka, who was immediately brought to their presence. When they saw him, they all rose to a man with threatening actions. We all rose also, in a prepared attitude, which convinced them that violence was useless. I said to the elders—

“Sit down, and carry my words to Antari. Open your ears wide, and understand. Antari is Mtesa’s slave; I am Mtesa’s friend. Antari’s people rob and try to murder Mtesa’s friend, but he escapes, and has now come back on his way to Mtesa. Again, Antari and his people are busy preparing war against Mtesa’s—Antari’s master’s—friend. He sends many canoes and hundreds of men to Bumbireh. He also sends three canoes to tell me that he is about to fight me, and perhaps—you know best—to rescue Shekka, who is my means for securing my safety. Tell Antari that the white man is not a woman, and that lying words will not be swallowed by him. He means to go to Uganda, whether Antari will let him or not. If Antari fights, tell him to remember how the white man escaped from Bumbireh. The white man wants peace, but he is not afraid of Antari. Now go, and carry every word to Antari, and to-morrow, by noon, I must have his answer, or I shall carry Shekka and his two chiefs to Uganda, and deliver them up to Mtesa.”

Without giving them time to consider further, we urged them towards their canoes, not violently, but firmly. When the principal elder had recovered his senses, which he did not until he felt himself safe in his canoe, it seemed to dawn on his mind that I was purposely avoiding violence, and he said—

“Let the white man rest in peace. You have Antari’s son, Shekka, in your hands. Antari will not fight you. I will speak to him truly, and when the sun is high I shall return with words of peace.”

“It is well. Tell Antari, his son shall not be hurt, and will be delivered over to his people as soon as we shall have passed Bumbireh safely.”

Those were days which required caution, for the first false or weak step would have ensured the destruction of the Expedition, the members of which I was bound by every principle of honour to protect and defend to the best of my ability. They had pledged themselves to me only upon the condition that I should secure their safety, and they looked to me to watch and guard their lives with paternal care. In my opinion, considering all the circumstances, I could not have better avoided trouble than—while the savages were actively preparing and offensively boasting—by acting as I did.

About 4 P.M. a small fleet of six beautiful canoes, painted a brown colour, were seen approaching us, having travelled mid-channel between Bumbireh and Ihangiro. We soon made them out to be Waganda, and when the chief, who was received with loud and warm greetings, had landed, he gave his name as Sabadu.

He soon informed us that he was on a double errand, one of which was to proceed to Kagehyi in Usukuma to convey the Arab Sungoro to Uganda, and the other was to hunt up news of myself. He said also that I had been

reported by the long lost Magassa, on his return to Uganda, to have been either murdered by the savages of Bumbireh or to have foundered in the lake. He had returned with the oars and drum to Mtesa, who was much shocked at the sight of them, for he believed that, as the oars were our "feet," we were murdered. But as nothing else was found, such as traces or parts of the boat, Mtesa was in doubt; he had therefore enjoined Sabadu to make strict inquiries at all points about me, and had despatched Magassa with a strong force by land to Uzongora and Ihangiro, and a Mtongoleh, called M'kwanga, with a fleet of eight canoes, to prosecute a more rigid search by water along all the coasts. Sabadu said also that, while he was at Kytawa's with M'kwanga, on the mainland, he had heard of our danger, and had hurried up to assist us, and that M'kwanga would appear on the morrow with eight canoes, manned by Waganda, and five canoes manned by Kytawa's people under two chiefs, who, by their influence with Antari, might negotiate a successful peace.

Sabadu, upon delivering his news, was, as may well be imagined, heartily welcomed, and was readily induced, upon my taking the responsibility, to remain with me, to assist in the transport of the Expedition to Uganda, for which his canoes, with those of M'kwanga and Kytawa, would prove amply sufficient. He was also informed in his turn of the state of affairs at Bumbireh and Ihangiro, at which he expressed great indignation; but both he and Bugomba—a youth of sixteen, the brother of the Katekiro, or Premier, of Uganda—were confident that, when they should proceed to Bumbireh to treat with the natives through the assistance of Kytawa's chiefs, they would be able to persuade them to abandon their hostile attitude. My experience of the people of Bumbireh, however, would not permit me to entertain this feeling of assurance.

About 11 A.M. M'kwanga's search expedition, consisting of eight large canoes, accompanied by five of a smaller size, under two chiefs of Kytawa, arrived at Mahyiga Island, containing about 250 Waganda and 50 Wazongora. Including the crews of Sabadu's canoes, the garrison of Mahyiga, and the natives of Komeh and Ukerewé, I had now a force of 470 men. There was no fear of the issue of an attack on the island now, but a fear of famine remained.

The king of Iroba was appealed to, and for an adequate remuneration he promised to supply the Waganda with bananas; while we possessed sufficient grain upon which the Wangwana might subsist for a few days longer. The king of Iroba again confirmed the information that Antari was collecting a large force of canoes, and about sunset a single canoe, powerfully manned, dashed up opposite our camp, and one man stood up with spear and shield, and delivered a stout defiance, after which the canoe as hastily departed for Bumbireh, without paying any attention to Kytawa's chiefs.

It was apparent that our departure for Uganda would be hotly contested, but

of the result there could be but one opinion. What kind of canoes Antari possessed I knew by the specimens which Kytawa, who was neighbour to him, sent to us at Mahyiga. Their number would be probably a hundred, which, with a crew of ten men in each, would amount to a thousand. Allowing six bowmen in each canoe, this would make the fighting force about 600 strong, against which I could offer 70 guns and about 350 effective spearmen of Uganda.

However, it was my duty to persist in avoiding the bloody conflict, as it would assuredly be by water, and employ all my efforts towards bringing Antari and the natives of Bumbireh to a sense of the inutility of hostile demonstrations. Messages of a peaceful nature accordingly passed between us. Antari's elders visited us once more, on the 2nd of August, this time with an assurance that we should not be molested, as a proof of which they said that Antari had given orders to the people of Bumbireh to sell us provisions upon the condition that we should deliver Shekka, Antari's son, and two other chiefs to Kytawa, the day we should arrive on the mainland.

This news was received with shouts of applause by all, and no one was more sincerely glad that the trouble was over than myself, though there was something in the manner of the delivery, in the sly exchange of looks between Antari's elders and the prisoners, that I did not like. It may have been that a slight suspicion still lurked in my mind, but I did not permit any sign of doubt to escape me, but treated the elders affably and courteously.

Sabadu—who was of a sanguine disposition—and young Bugomba were for testing the truth of this manifestation of friendship at once, but I restrained them for this day, as we possessed sufficient food for the time being. The Waganda also were eager to remind me that they were a people decidedly averse to scarcity, and they obtained my promise that next morning they should have cloths and beads wherewith to purchase food.

Accordingly the next day Sabadu was despatched with beads, cowries, and cloths to Kajurri, from the cove of which we had made our escape in April. They were absent about six hours, during which time I was very anxious, as the event would decide our future.

"What is the news, Sabadu?" I asked eagerly as he stepped on the shore near our camp with gloomy looks. "Anything wrong?"

"Ah," he sighed; "the people of Bumbireh are bad, wicked people. We went on shore at Kajurri, saw some twenty people there, and Kytawa's chief talked with them. They said we might go and cut as many bananas as we wanted, and they would talk afterwards about the price we should have to pay. The Waganda left their spears, and, taking only their *mundu*—bill-hooks—proceeded to cut the fruit while I remained in the canoe. Suddenly I heard a shout and a rustling in the banana grove, and the Waganda came running back and pushing the canoes into the water, plunged in, and got on board. Kytawa's chief had his left arm chopped clean off, and then they cut

him on the head, which killed him. Eight of the Waganda\* have been badly hurt. They will be carried on shore presently, and you shall see them. Bumbireh! ah, ah! Bumbireh is bad!" he said emphatically.

The wounded men were brought on shore with ghastly wounds from spears, and one or two from arrows, at the sight of which a grand rush was made upon the captives by two or three hundred excited Waganda and Wazongora, but with the aid of the Wangwana and Frank we saved them.

"Gently, gently, friends," we cried; "these men are not they who are guilty of this deed. Do not ill-use them; they are innocent."

M'kwanga, the chief of the search expedition of Waganda, was furious. He seized his shield and three spears, and called his men together, telling them to arm, as he would lead them through and through Bumbireh, and then would proceed to Antari and slay him in his house, would cut down every banana, burn down every hut, and scorch Ihangiro to a cinder, &c.

But M'kwanga was persuaded to be patient, and not foolishly throw more lives away. We should, I told him, consult together, and if I found, after consideration, that my duty was to avenge this deed, I should do it.

Said he: "If you do not assist me to punish this treachery, you need never expect to see Mtesa's face or Uganda again. The Waganda came to do you service; they came to seek you while Mtesa believed you were lost. The Waganda, with myself and Sabadu, promised to stand by you when we heard you were in danger. The Waganda left your camp with your consent to to and get food for you as well as for us. Kytawa's chief is dead, and here are eight wounded men. What will you do?"

"Only what I think is right, and after proper consideration. If I do not assist you, it will not prevent you from going to fight them to-morrow."

"But," said M'kwanga, "if I go to fight to-morrow by myself, I shall never return to Mahyiga."

He stalked away sullenly, and the Waganda became cold and distant towards us, as though we were to blame for the sad event. The Wazongora bewailed their chief aloud, and the strangely mournful tones of their lamentations produced a powerful impression on all who heard them.

Before many minutes had elapsed, I had manned my boat and five canoes, and was on my way to Iroba before the intelligence could be spread, simply with the view to ascertain how far the king of Iroba was involved in this affair. I found him to be perfectly innocent of all knowledge of anything that had occurred at Bumbireh since morning. Upon asking him if any natives of Ihangiro were there, he answered that one of Antari's youngest sons was there. We proceeded to the hut, and the young man was secured and conveyed into the boat, and the king of Iroba was instructed to convey the intelligence to Bumbireh to the chiefs of Antari's people, and to tell them

\* Six of these died subsequently to our arrival in Uganda, from the effects of these wounds.



that, if they intended to make peace, they must be quick, and send me word of it before noon of the next day, as I should not be able to restrain the Waganda or defer my departure another day.

The arrival of messengers from the post of observation on the summit of the island announcing that the canoes of the Expedition were seen coming from the south, distracted the attention of all for a period, and soon the summit was lined with the figures of the anxious Wangwana, some of whom had wives and children, besides relatives and friends in the little fleet that was bearing towards the island with miniature sails set.

By sunset they were answering their safe arrival close to us with cheer after cheer, and soon had landed amid hearty greetings.

But Manwa Sera, to cap the day's dismal and tragic record, had to report the loss of two men, who were drowned by the collapse of one of the rotten canoes, which added another cause for grief. The riding asses also were in a pitiable condition, for the poor things being obliged to be bound in the small canoes were terribly chafed even to the quick, and could scarcely stand. The rest of the force were in good condition, and no property had been lost or other accident occurred.

That evening, while the sorrowing Wazongora made the camp doleful with their loud mournful cries for the dead chief, Frank and all the Wangwana chiefs were summoned to my tent to discuss our future. I only wished to hear their views, to discover their sentiments, not to disclose my own. The unanimous opinion of the party was that we were bound to fight. All I could say on the other side availed nothing to shake the decision they had arrived at. Then they were dismissed with a promise that I should impart my resolution in the morning. I also enjoined on Frank to double the guard over the captives, lest they might be injured during the night.

Alone with myself, I began to discuss seriously the strict line of duty. If it were a military Expedition that I commanded, duty would have pointed out the obvious course to follow; but though the Expedition was governed for its own well-being after military principles, it was an expedition organized solely for the purposes of exploration, with a view to search out new avenues of commerce to the mutual advantage of civilization and such strange lands as we found suitable for commercial and missionary enterprise. But whatever its character, its members possessed the privilege of self-defence, and might justly adopt any measures, after due deliberation, for self-protection. The principles of right and justice every educated Christian professes to understand, and may be credited with a desire to observe, but in addition to these, it was desirable in a person in my position—knowing how frequently it is necessary to exercise them in barbarous lands—to remember charity and forbearance, in order to ensure the objects in view, and to create good impressions for the benefit of those who might succeed the pioneer.

Thirteen days had elapsed since our arrival at Mahyiga, and the thirteenth

day was signalized by this bloody attack upon people entrapped to their death maliciously, and evidently by a preconcerted arrangement between Antari's elders and the chiefs of Bumbireh. Sabadu said also that the last words he had heard as the Waganda paddled away from Bumbireh were, "Look out for mischief to-morrow," which no doubt meant that the war "shauri" was nearly terminated, and that all were by this time worked up into proper fighting spirit.

The Expedition was now ready to move towards Uganda, but the waterway had first to be opened; whatever plot was on hand must be frustrated, and treachery punished; otherwise impunity would inspire an audacity which might be dangerous to our safety.

Apart, therefore, from a duty owing to the wounded Waganda and the dead chief of Kytawa, as well as to our respect for and gratitude to Mtesa and Kytawa—apart from the justice which, according to all laws human and divine, savage and civilized, demands that blood shall atone for blood, especially when committed with malice prepense, and the memory of our narrow escape from their almost fatal wiles, and the days of agony we had suffered—there lay the vital, absolute, and imperative necessity of meeting the savages lest they should meet us. For they were by this time reinforced by about 2000 auxiliaries from the mainland; they were flushed with triumph at their success in the snare they had set for the unsuspecting Waganda, and the sight of their dead victim would only inspire them with a desire for more blood.

As I could not see any way to avoid the conflict, I resolved to meet them on their own island, and by one decisive stroke break this overweening savage spirit. I should, however, wait the result of my last message, for it might be that the capture of one of Antari's sons might induce them to embrace peaceful proposals.

Accordingly next morning a couple of ammunition boxes were opened, and twenty rounds distributed to each man who bore a rifle or musket; 230 spearmen and fifty musketeers were detailed for a fighting party, and eighteen canoes were prepared to convey them to Bumbireh.

I waited until noon, having gazed through a field-glass many times in the direction of Bumbireh, but nothing was observed approaching Mahyiga.

The force was therefore mustered, and I addressed it to this effect—

"My friends and Wangwana,—We must have the sea clear. Whatever mischief these people have meditated must be found out by us, and must be prevented. I am about to go and punish them for the treacherous murder of our friends. I shall not destroy them, therefore none of you are to land unless we find their canoes, which we must break up. We must fight till they or we give in, for it can only be decided in this manner. While in the fight you will do exactly as I tell you, for I shall be able to judge whether their fierce spirit is broken, or whether we shall have to fight on land."

As the distance between Bumbireh and Mahyiga was about eight miles,

we did not arrive until 2 P.M. before the former island. It was evident that the savages had expected us, for the heights of the hilly ridge were crowded with large masses, and every point was manned with watchmen.

Through my field-glass I observed messengers running fast to a thick plantain grove which crowned the southernmost hill, and commanded a view of all approach to a cove that penetrated to its base. It was clear that the main force of the natives was ready in the shadows of the grove. Calling the canoes together, I told the chiefs to follow my boat, and to steer exactly as I did. We made a feint of entering into this cove, but when near the point, perceiving that we were hidden by the lofty hill from the observation of those in the grove and of the look-outs, we swerved to the left, and, clinging to the land, pulled vigorously until we came to a cape, after rounding which we came in view of a fine and noble bay to our right.

By this manœuvre the enemy was revealed in all his strength. The savages were massed behind the plantains as I had suspected, and from their great numbers proved much too strong to be attacked under cover. All the eastern and northern sides of the bay were surrounded by lofty hills, which sloped steeply to within a few feet of the water's edge, and were covered with small shingly rocks and thin short grass. The low shelf of land that lay between the hill base and the water was margined with tall cane-grass.

We steered straight east towards the more exposed hill slopes. The savages, imagining we were about to effect a landing there, hurried from their coverts, between 2000 and 3000 in number. I examined the shores carefully, to see if I could discover the canoes which had conveyed this great number of warriors from the mainland. Meanwhile we pulled slowly, to afford them time to arrange themselves.

Arrived within 100 yards of the land, we anchored in line, the stone anchors being dropped from midships that the broadsides might front the shore. I told Lukanjah of Ukerewé to ask the men of Bumbireh if they would make peace, whether we should be friends, or whether we should fight.

"Nangu, nangu, nangu!" ("No, no, no!") they answered loudly, while they flourished spears and shields.

"Will they not do anything to save Shekka?"

"Nangu, nangu! Keep Shekka; he is nobody. We have another M'kama" (king).

"Will they do nothing to save Antari's son?"

"Nangu, nangu. Antari has many sons. We will do nothing but fight. If you had not come here, we should have come to you."

"You will be sorry for it afterwards."

"Huh," incredulously. "Come on; we are ready."

Further parley was useless; so each man having taken aim was directed to fire into a group of fifty or thereabouts. The result was several killed and wounded.

The savages, perceiving the disastrous effect of our fire on a compact body, scattered, and came bounding down to the water's edge, some of the boldest advancing until they were hip-deep in water; others, more cautious, sought the shelter of the cane-grass, whence they discharged many sheaves of arrows, all of which fell short of us.

We then moved to within 50 yards of the shore, to fire at close quarters, and each man was permitted to exercise himself as he best could. The savages gallantly held the water-line for an hour, and slung their stones with better effect than they shot their arrows. The spirit which animated them proved what they might have done had they succeeded in effecting a landing at Mahyiga by night, but here, however, the spear, with which they generally fight, was quite useless.

Perceiving that their spirit was abating, we drew the canoes together, and made a feint as though we were about to make a precipitate landing, which caused them to rush forward by hundreds with their spears on the launch. The canoes were then suddenly halted, and a volley was fired into the spear-men, which quite crushed their courage, causing them to retreat up the hill far away from the scene. Our work of chastisement was complete.

The Waganda spearmen (230 strong), who had been, up to this time, only interested spectators, now clamoured loudly to be permitted to land, and complete the work of vengeance. M'kwanga was fierce in his demands; the Wangwana seconded the Waganda, and in their hot ardour several of the canoes rushed on the shore, but as this extremity was not my object, I resisted them, and when, despite my refusal, they persisted in their attempts to land, I threatened to fire upon the first man, Mgwana or Mgwanda, who set foot upon the shore, and this threat restored order.

Lukanjah was again told to warn the natives of Bumbireh that, if they had not had enough of fighting, we should return next day, but that we would allow them a night to think over it.

It was dark when we arrived at our camp; but we did not omit, while passing Iroba, to comfort the friendly king with the assurance that he need not fear trouble, as he was not involved in the atrocious acts of Bumbireh.

Having thus shown sufficient boldness in meeting the enemy and demonstrated our ability for the encounter, it was now clear that the passage of the channel, with the women and children and property of the Expedition, might be performed without danger. Accordingly, on the 5th of August, at early dawn, we began the embarkation. The fourteen Kiganda canoes were large, with ample storage room, and all the goods, ammunition, and asses, and all the timid, men, women, children, and Wanyamwezi, were placed in these. Our eighteen canoes of Ukerewé and Komeh and five lent us by generous Kytawa proved sufficient to transport the remainder, consisting of the more active members of the party, who were directed, in the event of trouble, to range on either side.

At the tap of M'kwanga's drum, without which no party of Waganda march, and a cheery blast from Hamadi's bugle, the thirty-seven canoes and boat, containing 685 souls, departed from our island cove towards Bumbireh.

About 9 A.M. we were abreast of Bumbireh, and when, on coming to the bay, we saw hundreds of people lining the topmost ridges, I deemed it expedient to make a demonstration once more in order to discover the effect of the previous day's engagement. On arriving near the shore, a shot was fired, the effect of which was to cause about a hundred to scamper away hastily. Others, whom we distinguished as elders, after hailing us, came down towards us.

Lukanjah was requested to ask, "If we were to begin the fight again?"

"Nangu, nangu, M'kama." ("No, no, king.")

"The trouble is over then?"

"There are no more words between us."

"If we go away quietly, will you interfere with us any more?"

"Nangu, nangu."

"You will leave strangers alone in future?"

"Yes, yes."

"You will not murder people who come to buy food again?"

"Nangu, nangu."

I then told them that, having murdered one and wounded eight of Mtesa's people, it would be my duty to convey Shekka and his friends to him, but I should intercede for them, and they would probably be back in two moons. Advantage was also taken to point out the contrast between the conduct of Bumbireh and that of Ukerewé, Komeh, Itawagumba, Kytawa, and Kamiru, and to adorn the brief speech with a moral.

Turning away, we coasted along the much indented shores of the savage island, and several times had opportunities of distinguishing the altered demeanour of the natives and to observe that their fierce temper had abated.

King Kamiru received us with princely magnificence. The Wazongora who were with us extolled me as a father and begged his permission to accompany me to Uganda. Kamiru, a bluff, hearty old man, kindly consented, and furnished us with canoes to replace four of the most rotten of the vessels from Ukerewé, which required constant caulking and baling to prevent their foundering. The generous king supplied Frank and myself with such a quantity of milk and honey that several pots broke, and a section of the boat was a couple of inches deep with the luscious mixture, which the boat's crew licked up with broad grins of satisfaction.

A bay separates Ihangiro from King Kamiru's land. We were encamped on the north side, which belongs to Kamiru; had we ventured on the south side, we should have been in the enemy's country. Desirous of showing some kindness to Shekka and his friends, I made proposals to Kamiru to

accept them on behalf of Mtesa and to negotiate with Antari for their release, but the king peremptorily refused, saying that he would be unable to protect them, and that as they were Mtesa's subjects, they ought to be given up to him.

On the 8th of August we arrived once more on the little island of Musira, whither we had before been driven by the natives of Makongo, in King Kytawa's country. The elders of all the villages along his coast greeted us with acclamation. Makongo outdid the generosity of Kamiru, for it sent four oxen besides 200 bunches of bananas. Kytawa despatched quite a little army to bear his salaams and gifts of provisions and messages, thanking me for avenging the death of his chief, and making an offer of twenty canoes if I were short of vessels.

Inspired by the effect on the Wazongora which the punishment of the natives of Bumbireh had created, Sabadu hinted that it would be desirable to threaten Kyoza, the king of northern Uzongora, but he was speedily made to understand that white men only fought in self-defence.

As we proceeded by Kyoza's villages, Kagya, Weza, and Bugavu, the inhabitants lined the shores without arms and loudly greeted us; and when we stopped for our midday meal at a village near Weza, a messenger from Kyoza came and promised us ten oxen if we would wait for that day and accept his hospitalities. We returned a courteous reply, but refused, upon the ground that we were in a hurry to proceed to Uganda.

We halted at Mezinda, and on the 12th of August, passing by the mouth of the Alexandra Nile and Chawasimba Point, directed our course for Dumo, in Uganda, at which place we arrived in the afternoon without further incident of interest.

The next day was devoted to preparing a camp, arranging for supplies with the neighbouring Watongoleh of Mtesa during my absence, and writing letters to the *Daily Telegraph* and *New York Herald*, giving in brief an account of the events which are described in detail in this chapter, a copy of which was left with Frank to send to the coast by way of Karagwé and Unyanyembé.

A score of small matters employed my attention until midnight, of a similar nature to those arranged before setting out from Kagehyi on the exploration by circumnavigation of Lake Victoria in March. Before retiring, messengers arrived in camp from Magassa—the dilatory admiral of the canoe fleet despatched as my convoy in April—entreating me to wait a couple of days for him before setting out for the capital of Uganda. But as every hour was now precious, I was not able to defer my departure.

## CHAPTER XII.

We find Mtesa at war—"Jack's Mount"—Meeting with Mtesa—The Waganda army in camp and on the march—The imperial harem—In sight of the enemy—The Waganda fleet—Preliminary skirmishing—The causeway—The massacre of Mtesa's peace party—"What do you know of angels?"—Mtesa's education proceeds in the intervals of war—Translating the Bible—Jesus or Mohammed?—Mtesa's decision—The royal proselyte.

AT Dumo rumour and gossip were busy about a war and a mighty preparation which Mtesa, the Emperor of Uganda, was making for an expedition against the Wavuma. He had not been as yet actually engaged, it was said, though it was expected he would be shortly. In the hope, then, of finding him at his capital, I resolved to be speedy in reaching him, so that, without much delay, I might be able to return and prosecute my journey to Lake Albert.

The first day, favoured by a gale from the north-west, the *Lady Alice* left the fastest of the Waganda canoes far behind, but, obliged to halt for her company, put in for the night among the mosquito-haunted papyrus of Bwiru. The next day, after sailing across Sessé Channel, and passing the mouth of the Katonga, we rested at Jumba's Cove in Unjaku. From this cove runs a wide road constructed by Mtesa about two years before, when he undertook to invade Ankori and punish Mtambuko, the king of that shepherd state. Though untouched during two years, it is still sufficiently clear of grass to define its width and illustrate the energy of Mtesa when aroused.

On the 18th of August we sailed to Ntewi, where we learned two reliable facts. The king had already marched towards Usoga, and had an engagement with his enemies, the Wavuma. When I heard this news, I felt more than half inclined to turn back, for I knew by experience that African wars are tedious things, and I was not in the humour to be delayed long; but on reflection, and after much importunity from the Waganda, I adhered to the first intention, by which I thought that probably, though delayed, I might reach the Albert Nyanza by a short route, which would in a manner balance the delay occasioned by visiting Mtesa.

We also heard that the Wavuma were abroad on the lake in hundreds of canoes searching for prey, and, not wishing the *Lady Alice*, which had already done me such good service, to fall into their hands, we conveyed the boat into the centre of the village, where we stored her and her appurtenances—oars

sails, rudder, &c. I also heard that the oars, which Magassa had received from Bumbireh, were in the chief of Ntewi's house, and had the satisfaction of seeing them once more under the charge of the boat-keeper. We halted at Ntewi one day, by which I was enabled not only to house the boat properly and to receive the oars, but to meet the two soldiers left as guard of honour with Magassa and to receive salaams from Mtesa, and more guards to ensure my welcome and comfort *en route* to him.

Under the auspices of a considerable addition to our convoy, we left Ntewi, and, paddling vigorously during the afternoon of the 20th, arrived at Nankuma, in the bay of Buka. Here we left the canoes, and the next day prosecuted our journey overland to avoid the Wavuma, and camped at Ziba, at the base of "Jack's Mount."

This name is derived from a fatal accident to my faithful companion Jack, a bull-terrier of remarkable intelligence and affection which accompanied me from England. A wild cow given by the Mtongoleh for the subsistence of the king's stranger, being rather obstreperous in her behaviour, was assaulted by Jack, but the cow in her turn tossed the unfortunate dog and gored him to death. He died "regretted by all who knew his many good qualities." His companion, "Bull," the last of five English dogs, when he beheld his poor mate stretched out still and dead, also expressed, as clearly as canine nature would allow, his great sorrow at his lamentable fate. Grave and deliberate from years and long travel, he walked round the body two or three times, examining it carefully, and then advanced to me with his honest eyes wide open as if to ask, "What has caused this?" Receiving no answer, he went aside and sat down with his back to me, solemn and sad, as though he were ruminating despondingly on the evils which beset dog and man alike in this harsh and wicked world.

The next day, marching in an east by north direction from Jack's Mount we crossed the Zedziwa, a stream rising at the base of a hill situated but two miles from the north-western extremity of "Grant \* Bay," which I believe to be the "Luajerri," a stream Speke sketched on his map as issuing from the Victoria and forming a second outlet into the Nile.

Having explored by water all the coast washed by the Victoria Nyanza and having since travelled on foot the entire distance between Nakaranga Cape and Buku Bay, I can state positively that there is but one outlet from the lake, viz. the Ripon Falls. There are three rivers, one on the Usoga side of Napoleon Channel, called the Nagombwa, and two on the Uganda side—the Zedziwa, rising in Makindo near Grant Bay, and the Mwerango, rising west of Mtesa's capital—any of which, seen by travellers journeying at a little distance from the lake, might be supposed by them to be outlets of Lake Victoria. The Nagombwa empties into the Victoria Nile not far from

\* So called after Colonel James Augustus Grant, the amiable and chivalrous companion of Speke.



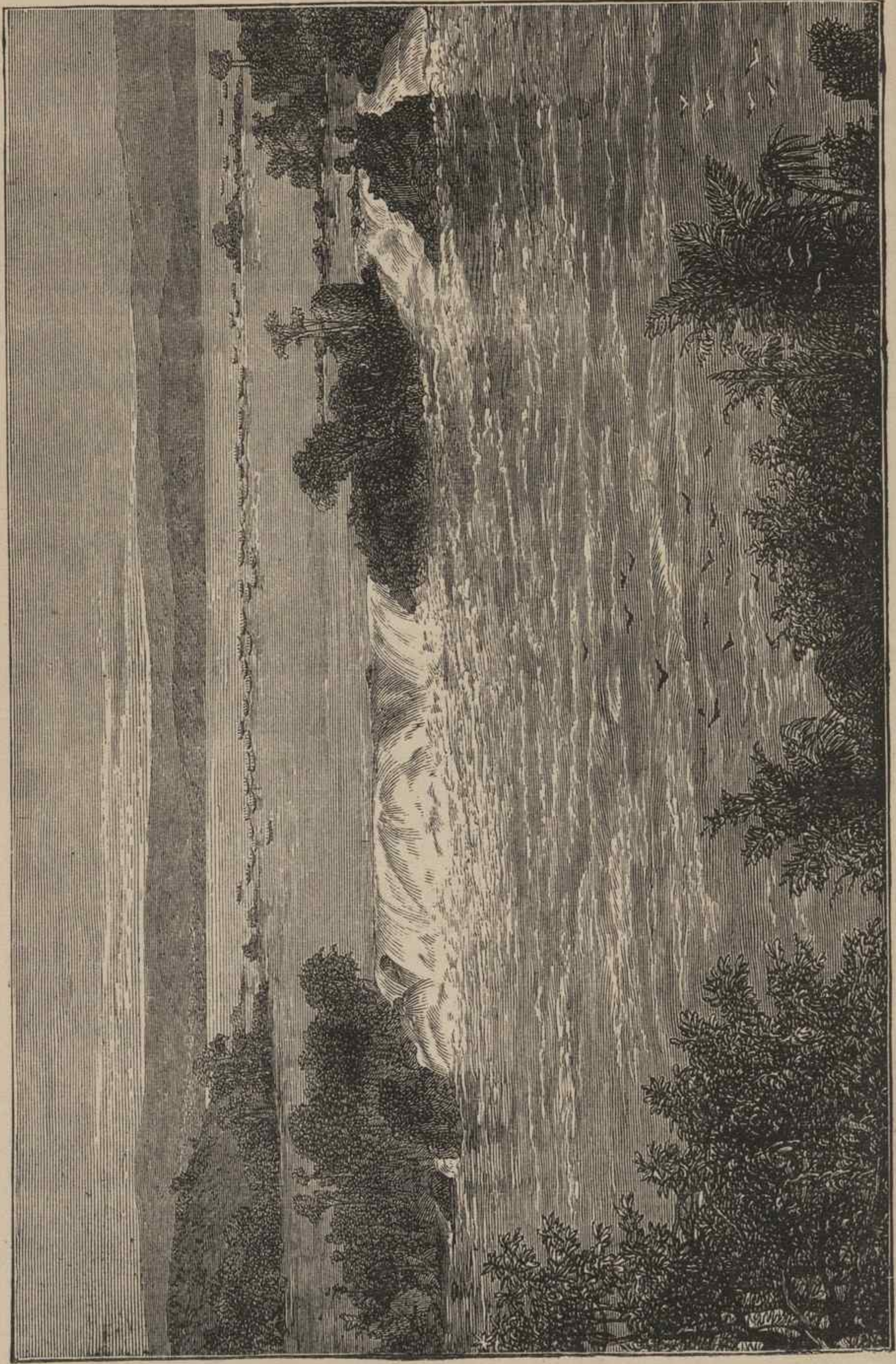
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VIEW OF RIPON FALLS FROM THE UGANDA SIDE.  
(From a Photograph by the Author.)

Urondogani; the Zedziwa empties into the Victoria Nile near Urondogani, and the Mwerango flows into the Mianja, the Mianja flows into the Kafu, and the Kafu into the Victoria Nile, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Rionga's Island.

At Makindo I received the Emperor's salaams for the fifth time since arriving in Uganda, and his walking-stick,\* as a token that it really was Mtesa who sent the repeated messages of welcome. By sea and by land his messengers of welcome had met me, and each stage was supplied with an "augmented greeting" with many manifestations of his regard. I was well convinced, from the repeated expeditions sent by land and water to hunt up news of me when Magassa reported me as dead, that the friendship conceived for me by Mtesa was something more than in name.

Arriving next day at Ugungu, opposite Jinja, or the Ripon Falls, two more messengers came up breathless from the imperial camp—which I could see covering many miles of ground—with yet an additional welcome, and pointed out on the opposite side Mtesa and his chiefs, most picturesque in their white dresses and red caps, with a large concourse of attendants, waiting to see my party cross the channel. Five large canoes were in readiness at the ferry, and also soldiers of the royal guard to escort us through the vast crowds on the other side of the channel.

Far different was the scene on this day around the Falls to that which Speke had gazed upon in 1863, and to that which I had seen five months before when I entered this channel after a skirmish with the Wavuma. For now the channel swarmed with large canoes, and the shores of Ugungu and Jinja were covered with thousands of men, women, and children; while then all was silent and lonely, and the monotonous noise of falling waters was the only sound that was heard.

Crossing the channel amid the noise and bustle of many thousands, we soon found ourselves in the midst of the vast army that Mtesa had collected from all parts of his empire. Natives of Karagwé, lean, lank-bodied, and straight-nosed, with their deficiencies of calf made up for by a preposterous fulness of ankle, caused by hundreds of coils of fine iron wire, gathered round us with as much curiosity as the ferocious Wakedi, who intruded their bodies, naked as when they were born, among the clean-robed Waganda, reckless of the laughter and jeering which their nudity provoked. The vain Wasoga also seemed to forget, while they gazed on us, that they were as much objects of curiosity to the rustic yet unabashed natives of Sessé, who stood by them, as we were to them; for, indeed, look where I might, the undisguised vanity of the Wasoga made them extremely conspicuous. Though amidst such a large army of sable warriors, a solah topee, European complexion, and boots wonderfully created of some kind of leather, might well be deemed curiosities; yet lambskins of all colours, stuffed with grass, and standing

\* This custom of sending walking-sticks also obtains in Dahomey.

erect on men's heads, and long white-haired goat-skin for robes and loin coverings, were not a whit less curious to the canoe-building natives of Sessé, who until now had never, it seemed, witnessed such things. But, taking advantage of the quiet complacency with which we permitted these warriors to gaze on us, they began to press on us more closely than was convenient, until they were scattered by the mighty sticks of the guards, who felled them to right and left without remorse, and Wasoga, Wanyambu, Wakedi, Wazongora, and Waganda were compelled to be more careful of their bones than curious to see us.

A short time afterwards, near the imperial quarters, I met the great chiefs of Uganda with whom I had struck up an acquaintance on my first visit, among whom I recognised tall and handsome Chambarango, the king's steward Kauta, Sambuzi, and lastly the Katekiro—the Premier—brilliant in his scarlet robe, white dress, and fez, attended by a retinue almost regal. They all expressed their satisfaction at seeing me alive and safe, and were all anxious to hear how we had escaped from Bumbireh.

The next day at the usual levee hour of Mtesa—8 A.M.—the drums announced the levee as begun, and half an hour later the pages came to conduct me to the presence of Mtesa. The imperial quarters covered an area of about 200 yards square, and though but temporarily put up, few Europeans could have constructed such commodious houses and neat courts with such means, as the Waganda had prepared for their sovereign.

The gates of the outer court were thronged with representatives of many countries, anxious to get a glimpse of the great monarch in his state; but the guards were merciless, and with gunstock and baton rudely thrust or beat back the intrusive nameless, and were as flint-hearted in their office as London policemen are on a similar occasion. For me the pages sufficed. Their presence cleared a broad road to the gate, which was drawn widely open to allow our procession to go by. One court was passed, and when the gate of the levee court was drawn back, a most picturesque scene was disclosed. In the centre rose a conical hut, at the broad doorway of which sat a silent figure; on either side were standard-bearers and the hereditary guards, while, forming a broad crescent in the front rank, were the chiefs and important captains of the Empire seated on mats. In the background the bodyguards of Mtesa stood at "shoulder arms" in double ranks; in one corner were arranged the drummers and musicians, while scattered here and there in the open space before the monarch stood groups of claimants and courtiers.

As I advanced, Mtesa rose, and came to the edge of the leopard-rug, on which his feet rested while seated, and there was even greater warmth in this greeting than on the former occasion at Usavara. After a short pause, Sabadu, the chief who had conducted me from Bumbireh, was called forward to relate the incidents of our meeting, our fight with Bumbireh, and other events of the journey, which he did with a most wonderful minuteness of

detail. He then in my name presented the captives of Bumbireh to the king, with an intercession that he would not slay them, but keep them in durance until their ransom was paid by Antari. Mtesa was then informed of the purpose of my coming, which was to obtain the guides he had promised me on my first visit, to show me the road to Muta Nzigé; and I begged he would furnish them without much delay, as I had already lost considerable time from his canoes having failed me.

Mtesa replied that he was now engaged in a war with the rebellious people of Uvuma, who insolently refused to pay their tribute, harassed the coast of Chagwé, and abducted his people, "selling them afterwards for a few bunches of bananas," and that it was not customary in Uganda to permit strangers to proceed on their journeys while the *Kabaka* was engaged in war, but that the war would soon be over, when, if I would wait, he would send a chief with an army to conduct me to the Nyanza (Muta Nzigé) by the shortest road.

"Besides," said he, "a small force cannot reach that lake. Kabba Rega of Unyoro is at present at war with the whites of Kaniessa (Gondokoro), and the people of Ankori do not admit strangers into their territory for trade or otherwise, and all the roads to the lake run through their countries."

After this intelligence I saw that I had either to renounce the project of exploring the Albert, and proceed at once to the Tanganika—which, after coming so far out of the way, would perhaps have been regarded in Europe as madness—or to wait patiently until the war was over, and then make up by forced marches for lost time. But being again assured that the war would not last long, I resolved to stay and witness it as a novelty, and to take advantage of the time to acquire information about the country and its people.

On the 27th of August, Mtesa struck his camp, and began the march to Nakaranga, a point of land lying within 700 yards of the island of Ingira, which had been chosen by the Wavuma as their depot and stronghold. He had collected an army numbering 150,000 warriors, as it was expected that he would have to fight the rebellious Wasoga as well as the Wavuma. Besides this great army must be reckoned nearly 50,000 women, and about as many children and slaves of both sexes, so that at a rough guess, after looking at all the camps and various tributary nations which at Mtesa's command had contributed their quotas, I estimated the number of souls in Mtesa's camp to be about 250,000!

This large total may seem startling, but not more so to those acquainted with the customs and population of Uganda and the nature and extent of Mtesa's authority, than the five millions and a quarter said to have started with Xerxes in his invasion of Greece. I myself, though I saw the vast area which the several camps occupied, did not believe it possible, until one day I asked Mtesa, for the sake of satisfying my curiosity, to permit me to make a

muster-roll of his chiefs. Always affable and willing to please white men, for whom he entertains profound respect, he called together all his principal chiefs and officers (who in Uganda are distinguished by the titles of Wakungu and Watongoleh), and commanded them to bring the respective numbers of their sub-chiefs. The following is the muster-roll of the generals and colonels made at the time:—

Names of Generals.	Number of Sub-chiefs or Colonels.
1. Pokino, the Katekero, Chief of Uddu, and Premier of Uganda .. .. .	6
2. Chambarango, Chief of Usiro .. .. .	6
3. Kaeema .. .. .	6
4. Kitunzi, Chief of the Katonga valley .. .. .	2
5. Sekebobo, Chief of Chagwé .. .. .	24
6. Mkwenda .. .. .	19
7. Kasuju, guardian of the imperial family .. .. .	5
8. Kagu .. .. .	5
9. Kangau .. .. .	18
10. Kimbugwé .. .. .	24
11. Katambalé .. .. .	2
12. Nana Masurie, Mtesa's mother .. .. .	10
13. Sabaganzi, Mtesa's uncle .. .. .	4
	<hr/>
	131
Emperor's personal bodyguard .. .. .	23
	<hr/>
Total .. .. .	154

These sub-chiefs command followers numbering from 50 to 3000, and Mtesa's bodyguard, though claiming twenty-three Watongoleh, must not be estimated at a less number than 3000 in the aggregate. Now, roughly calculating the native Waganda force at 125,000, we have to add the quotas furnished by Karagwé, Uzongora, Ukedi, Usoga, Sessé, and the islands of the lake, Irwaji, Lulamba, Kiwa, Uziri, Kibibi, &c., also all the Arabs and Wangwana guests who came with their guns to assist Mtesa, and 25,000 seems to me to be a reasonable estimate of the force drawn from these sources.

The advance-guard had departed too early for me to see them, but, curious to see the main body of this great army pass, I stationed myself at an early hour at the extreme limit of the camp.

First with his legion came Mkwenda, who guards the frontier between the Katonga valley and Willimiesi against the Wanyoro. He is a stout, burly young man, brave as a lion, having much experience of wars, and cunning and adroit in their conduct, accomplished with the spear, and possessing, besides, other excellent fighting qualities. I noticed that the Waganda chiefs, though Muslimized, clung to their war-paints and national charms, for each warrior

as he passed by on the trot, was most villainously bedaubed with ochre and pipe-clay. The force under the command of Mkwenda might be roughly numbered at 30,000 warriors and camp-followers, and though the path yesterday was a mere goat-track, the rush of this legion on the half-trot soon crushed out a broad avenue.

The old general Kangau, who defends the country between Willimiesi and the Victoria Nile, came next with his following, their banners flying, drums beating and pipes playing, he and his warriors stripped for action, their bodies and faces daubed with white, black, and ochreous war-paint.

Next came a rush of about 2000 chosen warriors, all tall men, expert with spear and shield, lithe of body and nimble of foot, shouting as they trotted past their war-cry of "Kavya, kavya" (the two last syllables of Mtesa's title when young—*Mukavya*, "king"), and rattling their spears. Behind them at a quick march came the musket-armed bodyguard of the Emperor, about two hundred in front, a hundred on either side of the road, enclosing Mtesa and his *Katekiro*, and two hundred bringing up the rear, with their drums beating, pipes playing, and standards flying, and forming quite an imposing and warlike procession.

Mtesa marched on foot, bare-headed, and clad in a dress of blue check cloth, with a black belt of English make round his waist, and—like the Roman emperors, who, when returning in triumph, painted their faces a deep vermilion—his face dyed a bright red. The *Katekiro* preceded him, and wore a dark grey cashmere coat, which M. de Bellefonds had given him. I think this arrangement was made to deceive any assassin who might be lurking in the bushes. If this was the case, the precaution seemed wholly unnecessary, as the march was so quick that nothing but a gun would have been effective and the Wavuma and Wasoga have no such weapons.

After Mtesa's bodyguard had passed by, chief after chief, legion after legion, followed, each distinguished to the native ear by its different and peculiar drum-beat. They came on at an extraordinary pace, more like warriors hurrying up into action than on the march, and it is their custom, I am told, to move always at a trot when on an enterprise of a warlike nature.\*

About two hours after the main body began its march, Kasuju, the guardian,

\* The war-cries of the Waganda begin by shouting the full title of their respective chiefs, and end with the last syllables, thus:—

"Mukavya, kavya, kavya!"

"Chamburango, ango, ango!"

"Mkwenda, kwenda, kwenda!"

"Sekibobo, bobo, bobo!"

"Kitunzi, tunzi, tunzi!"

This perhaps explains why Speke spelt *thanks* "N'yanzig," for Waganda return thanks by first saying, "Twiyanzi-yanzi-yanzi," and this, when repeated rapidly, sounds like "N'yanzig."

of the young princes and Mtesa's women, preceded by a thousand spears and followed by a similar number, trotted by. The women numbered about 5000, but not more than 500 can be styled the Emperor's concubines; the others were for the duties of the household.

If beautiful women of sable complexion are to be found in Africa, it must, I thought, be in the household of such a powerful despot as Mtesa, who has the pick of the flower of so many lands. Accordingly I looked sharply amongst the concubines, that I might become acquainted with the style of pure African beauty. Nor was I quite disappointed, though I had imagined that his wives would have all been of superior personal charms. But Mtesa apparently differs widely from Europeans in his tastes. There were not more than twenty out of all the five hundred worthy of a glance of admiration from a white man with any eye for style and beauty, and certainly not more than three deserving of many glances. These three, the most comely among the twenty beauties of Mtesa's court, were of the Wahuma race, no doubt from Ankori. They had the complexion of quadroons, were straight-nosed and thin-lipped, with large lustrous eyes. In the other graces of a beautiful form they excelled, and Hafiz might have said with poetic rapture that they were "straight as palm-trees and beautiful as moons." The only drawback was their hair—the short crisp hair of the negro race—but in all other points they might be exhibited as the perfection of beauty which Central Africa can produce. Mtesa, however, does not believe them to be superior, or even equal, to his well-fleshed, unctuous-bodied, flat-nosed wives: indeed, when I pointed them out to him one day at a private audience, he even regarded them with a sneer. Speke, if I remember rightly, declares that fatness in womankind is synonymous with beauty in Uganda. This may once have been the case, but it is certainly not so now, for in few women regarded with favour by Mtesa or his chiefs have I seen any gross corpulence of body. Naturally, where there is abundance of good digestible food, and the climate is agreeable, humanity of the respectable class will generally be found to be well-clothed in flesh, be it in Uganda or in England, but it is somewhat unreasonable to state that the respectable class therefore considers superfluous rotundity to be an element of beauty.

After the royal harem followed Mtesa's uncle, ancient and well-featured Sabaganzi, whom, as regards the multitude of women that followed him, I looked upon for a long time as a very Solomon among the Waganda, until one day I learned that large possessions of womankind mean wealth in Uganda, for all of them have a market value, and are saleable for wares of any kind, be they cloth, cows, beads, or guns. Still I cannot quite acquit the old gentleman of the imputation of gallantry, for one night, at Nakaranga, he slew with his own hand a lover who had come to serenade one of his numerous Dulcineas. Besides the character I have credited him with, I must dub him as a jealous, vindictive, choleric old pagan, despite his fine features and smooth tongue.



Wearied with gazing on the vast multitude, which rolled by steadily in wave after wave, a living tide of warriors, and having gained sufficient insight into their numbers and method of travel, I left my post of observation and struck into the line of march behind Sabaganzi's rear-guard, where, to say the least, I was much annoyed by the rush of hurrying warriors, all of whom thought it necessary to push on to the front in spite of all obstacles. The guards given to me by Mtesa to conduct me on the road did their utmost to check the furious, persistent impetuosity of the on-coming warriors, and used their stout staffs with angry violence. The blows, however, were quite harmless, as they were warded off by ample shields of wood and cane.

Perceiving it useless to contend against such a weight of numbers and such well-established custom, I submitted to the annoyance patiently, as the march to Nakaranga would not occupy more than two or three days.

At Mpani, where we camped that night, we learned that the Wavuma, soon after our departure from Jinja, or the "Stones," had paid a visit to it, and set the abandoned imperial quarters and the camp on fire, besides spearing some five or six unfortunates before the chief appointed to guard the camp was aware of their presence. At sunset we saw the canoes of the Wavuma some two or three hundred in number, returning in triumph to their island.

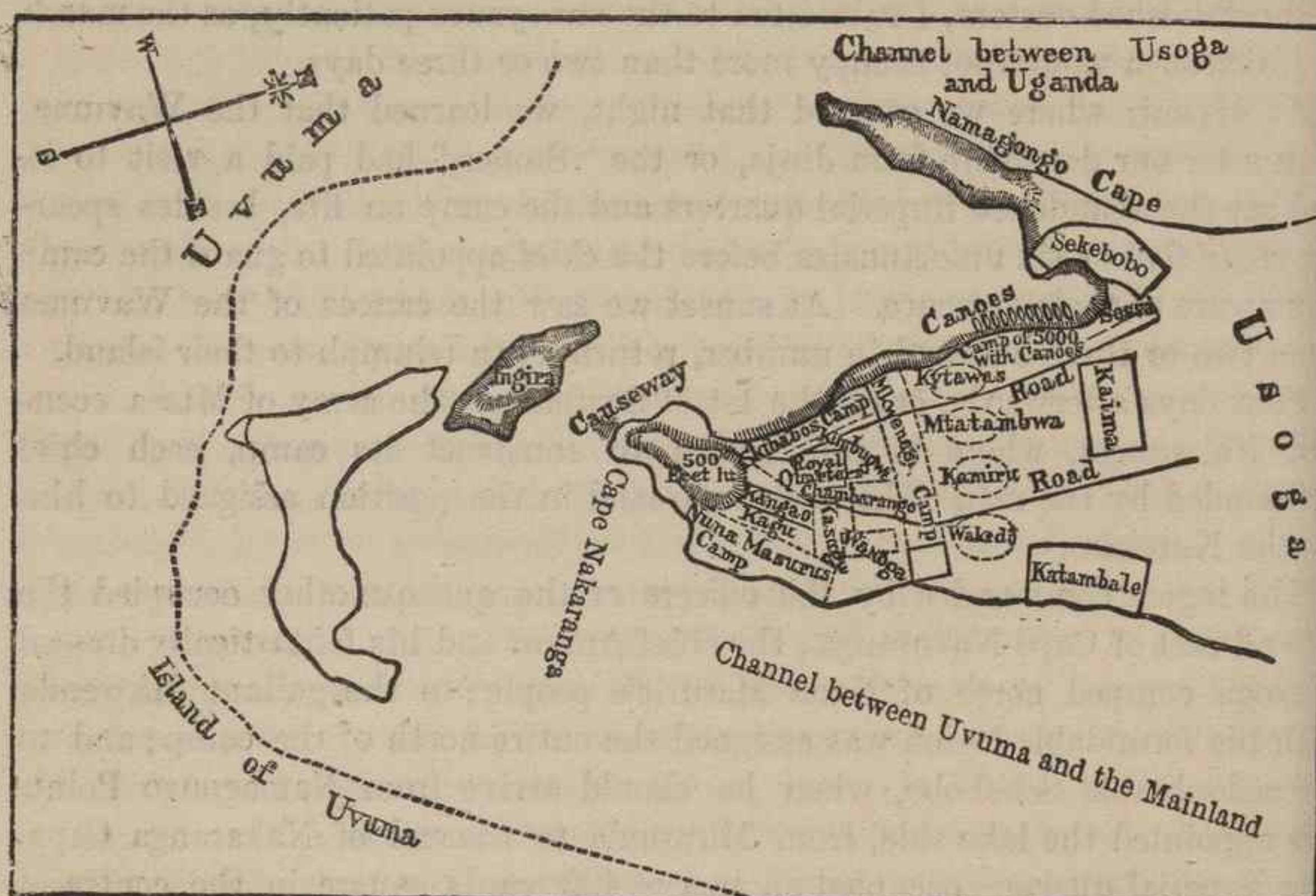
Four days afterwards, or on the 1st of September, the army of Mtesa occupied Nakaranga, where it commenced to construct its camp, each chief surrounded by the men of his own command in the position assigned to him by the Katekiro.

The legion commanded by the officers of the queen-mother occupied the ground east of Cape Nakaranga; the chief Ankori and his fantastically dressed Wasoga camped north of Nana Masurie's people; to the gallant Mkwenda with his formidable legion was assigned the entire north of the camp; and to the redoubtable Sekebobo, when he should arrive from Namagongo Point, was appointed the lake side, from Mkwenda to the end of Nakaranga Cape. The imperial quarters occupied an area of 400 yards square in the centre of the vast camp, and was jealously guarded by the bodyguard, the legions of the Katekiro, Chambarango, and Kimbugwé, by Kasuju with the guard of the imperial family, and the bluff, outspoken Kitunzi, chief of the Katonga valley.

The following rough sketch may assist the reader to understand better the locality which at this period was of such importance to Uganda. By sunset the army was comfortably housed in some 30,000 dome-like huts, above which here and there rose a few of a conical shape and taller than the rest, showing the temporary residences of the various chiefs.

Amid all the hurry and bustle the white stranger "Stamlee" (as all the Waganda now called me) was not forgotten. Commodious quarters were erected and allotted to him and his boat's crew, by express orders from Mtesa near the great Broadway which the Katekiro constructed, leading from the imperial quarters to the point of Cape Nakaranga.

Anxious to see what chances Mtesa possessed of victory over his rebellious subjects, I proceeded along the road over the mountain to a position which commanded a clear view of Ingira Island, whither the rebels had betaken themselves, their families, and a few herds of cattle. Considered as being in possession of some twenty thousand savages, whose only weapons of war were the spear and the sling, Ingira Island presented no very formidable obstacle to a power such as the Emperor of Uganda had amassed on this cape, only 700 yards from it. In length it was barely a mile, and only half a mile in width from the base of the mountain which confronted the cape to the water's edge on the Uvuma side. The mountain rose on all sides with rather a steep slope, but was easy of ascent to the nimble-footed and deep-chested natives.



The Wavuma, however, were not without allies to assist them in averting the punishment that Mtesa threatened them with, and the common danger, as well as a common hate of the dread monarch, had drawn together, for one strong effort to win their freedom, the inhabitants of Ugeyeya and Utamba Islands, as well as Kitenteh—famous in the annals of Uganda for its long but unfortunate struggle with the Emperor Suna, the father of Mtesa.

The people of the entire coast of Usoga from Nakaranga to Uganda had voluntarily enlisted in the cause of Uvuma, and had despatched over 150 large canoes fully manned to the war. The confederates, in arranging their plan of action, had chosen Ingira Island as the rendezvous of the united fleets of canoes. Mtesa's plan was to capture this island, and to cross over from Ingira to the next, and then to Uvuma, when, of course, only immediate and

complete submission would save them ; and I rejoiced that I was present, for I was in hopes that at such a period my influence might be sufficient to avert the horrors that generally attend victory in Africa. Though I had no reason to love the Wavuma, and for the time was a warm ally of Mtesa, I was resolved that no massacre of the submissive should take place while I was present.

The redoubtable Sekebobo, commanding twenty-four Watongoleh, or colonels, and a force of about 50,000, occupied Namagongo, and the fleet of Mtesa was under his charge, waiting orders to cross the bay with them.

The Uganda war fleet numbered 325 large and small canoes, out of which only 230 might be said to be really effective for war. One-half of these were manned by Wasessé, natives of the large island of Sessé; the other half by the courageous natives of the Irwaji and Lulamba Islands, by picked men collected from the coast between Usavara and Buka Bay under the command of Chikwata, the Vice-Admiral, by crews of Unjaku under Vice-Admiral Jumba, and by the naval brigade of Gabunga, the Admiral of the Fleet.

Gabunga, though entitled to be called Grand Admiral of the Fleet, because under his charge were placed all the canoes of Uganda, numbering perhaps 500 altogether, must not be supposed to exercise supreme command in action. His duty was simply to convey the orders of the fighting general to his captains and lieutenants, for the sailors, as in England in former times—except in desperate extremity—seldom fight.

The fighting men of each canoe owe obedience only to their General-in-chief; the sailors or paddlers obey Gabunga, the Grand Admiral of the Fleet, who, again, is controlled by the General-in-chief.

Many readers, unless detained to consider the naval force of Mtesa, might be contented with the mere figures giving the numerical strength of his war-vessels. But let us for the sake of curiosity calculate the number of men required to man these 230 effective war-canoes.

The largest canoe seen by me in this fleet measured 72 feet in length, 7 feet 3 inches in breadth, and was 4 feet deep within, from keel to gunwale. The thwarts were 32 in number, to seat 64 paddlers besides the pilot. There were probably over 100 canoes between 50 and 70 feet in length, and about 50 between 30 and 50 feet long; the remaining 80 fighting-boats were of all sizes, from 18 to 30 feet long. The rest of the fleet consisted of small boats fit only to carry from three to six men.

The largest class—100 in number—would require on an average fifty men each to man them, which would be equal in the aggregate to 5000. The second class would require on an average forty men each, or 2000 to man the fifty canoes. The third class would average twenty men each, and being eighty in number, would require 1600 men to man them, the sum total standing therefore at 8600.

A very respectable figure for a naval force, most men would think. But

in a battle on the lake, or for such an occasion as the present, when the resources of the empire were mustered for an important war, they would be further required to carry a strong force to assault Ingira Island. The canoes for the assault would therefore be crammed with fighting men, the largest class carrying from 60 to 100 men exclusive of their crews; so that the actual fact is that Mtesa can float a force of from 16,000 to 20,000 on Lake Victoria for purposes of war.

Of the spirit with which the Wavuma intended to fight the Waganda, we had proof enough on the second day of our arrival. They dashed up close to the shore, and back again into the lake, three or four times, before the Waganda remembered that they had means at hand in the shape of muskets to purge them of this bravado. As the shots were fired at the canoes, most of the Wavuma bent their heads low and paddled their canoes with one hand, but a few of the boldest stood up exhibiting for our benefit their dexterity in the use of the spear, and to show how well they could maintain their footing on the thwarts of their narrow canoes. Their bravado was not without its effect on many of the Waganda, for I heard several remark that the Wavuma would be hard to conquer.

On the third morning Sekebobo, having been instructed during the night, began to cross the bay of Nakaranga with the imperial fleet. Mtesa had sent a messenger to inform me that the chief was about to start, and I hastened up to the beach to witness the sight. I found that almost all the Waganda were animated with the same curiosity, for the beach was lined for three or four miles with dense masses of people, almost all clad in the national brown, bark-cloth robes.

The Wavuma meanwhile kept their eyes on Sekebobo, and from the summit of their mountain island discerned, almost as well as if they had been told by Mtesa, what was about to be done; and to frustrate this, if possible, or at least to gather booty, they hastily manned 100 canoes or thereabouts, and darted out like so many crocodiles towards Namagongo. Before Sekebobo could arrange the fleet in order, the Wavuma were in the middle of the bay to dispute his passage, and calmly awaiting his coming into deep water.

A hundred canoes against 325 was rather an unequal contest, and so the Wavuma thought, for as the fleet of Mtesa approached in a compact, tolerably well-arranged mass, the Wavuma opened their line to right and left, and permitted their foe to pass them. The Waganda, encouraged by this sign, began to cheer, but scarcely had the first sounds of self-gratulation escaped them when the Wavuma paddles were seen to strike the water into foam, and, lo! into the midst of the mass from either flank the gallant islanders dashed, sending dismay and consternation into the whole Uganda army.

What work those desperate Wavuma might have done, I know not, but Mtesa at the sight leaped up high, and shouted his war-cry, "Kavya, kavya!" and the army, men, women, and children, screamed "Kavya,

kavya!" and the approaching fleet, hearing the cry, echoed it fiercely, and turned itself on the enemy with spirit. But the Wavuma, having made fourteen good prizes, did not wish, so unequally matched, to meet the Waganda in a pitched fight, and accordingly hastened away—contented for the time—into deeper water, whither, strangely enough, the Waganda fleet did not dare to follow them.

This short but spirited scene caused me to reflect deeply, and to ask myself why, if the Wavuma were so courageous, I was permitted to escape from their hands; and why one boat and a double-barreled elephant-rifle were sufficient to release us, in our voyage of discovery, from thirteen well-manned Wavuma canoes. Some answers to this question were derived subsequently from observation of events.

A pause of two or three days without incident followed the arrival of Sekebobo's legion and Mtesa's fleet. Then Mtesa sent for me, and was pleased to impart some of his ideas on the probable issue of the war to me, in something like the following words:—

"Stamlee, I want your advice. All white men are very clever, and appear to know everything. I want to know from you what you think I may expect from this war. Shall I have victory or not? It is my opinion we must be clever, and make headwork take that island."

Smiling at his naïve, candid manner, I replied that it would require a prophet to be able to foretell the issue of the war, and that I was far from being a prophet; that headwork, were it the best in the world, could not take Ingira Island unassisted by valour.

He then said, "I know that the Waganda will not fight well on the water; they are not accustomed to it. They are always victorious on land, but when they go in canoes, they are afraid of being upset; and most of the warriors come from the interior, and do not know how to swim. The Wavuma and Wasoga are very expert in the water, and swim like fish. If we could devise some means to take the Waganda over to the island without risking them in the canoes, I should be sure of victory."

I replied, "You have men, women, and children here in this camp as numerous as grass. Command every soul able to walk to take up a stone and cast into the water, and you will make a great difference in its depth; but if each person carries fifty stones a day, I will warrant you that in a few days you will walk on dry land to Ingira."

Mtesa at this slapped his thighs in approval, and forthwith commanded the Katekiro to muster two legions and set them to work, and very soon the face of the rocky mountain was covered with about 40,000 warriors, or about a sixth of the multitude at the cape, toiling at the unusual work of making a rocky causeway to connect Nakaranga with Ingira Island. After they had been at work three hours, I proceeded to view the progress they were making, and saw that they were expending their energies in making a causeway about

100 feet wide. I told the Katekiro that it would take a year to finish such a work, but if he would limit the width to 10 feet, and form the people into rows, he would have the satisfaction of setting foot on Ingira Island without danger. But though the Premier and first lord of Uganda lost none of his politeness, and never forgot that Mtesa, his master, was pleased to call me his friend, I was not slow in perceiving that he would not accept friendly advice from a stranger and a foreigner. It was not by words, or even a hint or unfriendly gesture, that the fact was betrayed, but simply by inattention to my advice. The most courtly European could not have excelled the Uganda Premier. He offered in the same friendly manner a gourdful of the honey-sweet wine of the plantain, talked sociably upon various matters, invited verbal sketches of European life, and smiled in an aristocratically insolent manner. Nevertheless, under this urbane mask, I detected a proud spirit, unbending as steel. With such an unruffled, composed, smiling patrician of Uganda, what could I do but groan inwardly that good, brave, excellent Mtesa should be served by such men? At the same time, I could not help smiling at the diplomatic insouciance of this man, who indeed represented in only a too perfect degree the character of the Waganda chiefs.

For two days the work was carried on in the way I had described, namely, with rocks, and then Mtesa thought that filling the passage with trees would be a speedier method, and the Katekiro was so instructed. For three days the Waganda were at work felling trees, and a whole forest was levelled and carried to Nakaranga Point, where they were lashed to one another with bark-rope, and sunk.

On the morning of the fifth day Mtesa came down to the point to view the causeway, and was glad to see that we were nearer by 130 yards to Ingira Island. While viewing the island, he asked me what I thought of sending a peace party over to ascertain the feeling of the Wavuma. I replied that it would be a good and wise thing in Europe, but not in Central Africa, as I feared the Wavuma would massacre the entire party. Mtesa, however, advised by the chiefs or one of the Wangwana, persisted in the idea, and a favourite page, named Webba, was about to be sent in a large canoe with fifty men to open negotiations for peace with the Wavuma, when I entreated that he would listen to me, and send a small, rotten canoe instead. He listened to me so far as to send a canoe manned with only fifteen men. As they were paddling on, unthinking and undreading danger, I cried out to Mtesa, who was about twenty yards from me, "Say farewell to Webba, for you will see little Webba no more."

The Katekiro and two or three of his chiefs smiled as if this was most absurd. I felt precisely at this moment as I felt the first time I saw a bull-fight: a cold shiver of horror crept over me. I was helpless and unable to avert the tragedy which instinct warned me would be enacted.

The entire Uganda army was concentrated on the slope of Nakaranga

mountain, and the eyes of the vast multitude were fastened upon this scene; and no doubt they thought as I did, that it was a moment of thrilling interest. The men of the Uganda canoe fleet were in their camps, and the canoes were all beached near them.

The peace party held on its way until near Ingira, when one of them opened a conversation with the Wavuma, the result of which was an invitation to take their canoe in-shore. As they paddled the canoe gently in among the rushes that lined the island, I observed that all the Wavuma gathered together near the place where the Waganda were expected to land, and that several Wavuma canoes pushed out in order that the Waganda might have no chance of escape.

We waited only a few seconds for what was about to happen. The canoe of the peace party had scarcely touched their island before we heard the shrieks of the unfortunates pealing across the water, and then the triumphant shouts of the Wavuma; and soon we saw men rushing to the point of their island nearest the causeway, and with jeers and scoffing they showed the bloody heads of the unfortunates to Mtesa, and tossed them into the lake. Mtesa rose gloomy and disconcerted, and returned to his quarters much depressed in spirits, but he gave instructions to his Katekiro to continue the work on the causeway.

The Katekiro, placidly obedient, instructed two chiefs, the two chiefs instructed their Watongoleh, the Watongoleh instructed their men, and the result of these several instructions was, that about 100 men out of 150,000 were seen lounging idly on the causeway, and that was all, for the novelty of the idea had now worn off.

Nothing more was heard of the bridge, for Mtesa had conceived a new idea, which was, to be instructed in the sciences of Europe. I was to be a scientific encyclopædia to him. Not wishing to deny him, I tried, during the afternoon of the massacre, to expound the secrets of nature and the works of Providence, the wonders of the heavens, the air, and the earth. We gossiped about the nature of rocks and metals, and their many appliances, which the cunning of the Europeans had invented to manufacture the innumerable variety of things for which they are renowned. The dread despot sat with wide-dilated eyes and an all-devouring attention, and, in deference to his own excitable feelings, his chiefs affected to be as interested as himself, though I have no doubt several ancients, such as Kangau and Sabaganzi, thought the whole affair decidedly tedious, and the white man a "bore." The more polite and courtly Katekiro, Chambarango, and Kauta vied with each other in expressing open-mouthed and large-eyed interest in this encyclopædic talk. I drifted from mechanics to divinity, for my purpose in this respect was not changed. During my extemporised lectures, I happened to mention angels. On hearing the word, Mtesa screamed with joy, and to my great astonishment the patricians of Uganda chorused, "Ah-ah-ah!" as if they had heard an

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exceedingly good thing. Having appeared so learned all the afternoon, I dared not condescend to inquire what all this wild joy meant, but prudently waited until the exciting cries and slapping of thighs were ended.

The boisterous period over, Mtesa said, "Stamlee, I have always told my chiefs that the white men know everything, and are skilful in all things. A great many Arabs, some Turks, and four white men have visited me, and I have examined and heard them all talk, and for wisdom and goodness the white men excel all the others. Why do the Arabs and Turks come to Uganda? Is it not for ivory and slaves? Why do the white men come? They come to see this lake, our rivers and mountains. The Arabs bring cloth, beads, and wire, to buy ivory and slaves; they also bring powder and guns; but who made all these things the Arabs bring here for trade? The Arabs themselves say the white men made them, and I have seen nothing yet of all they have brought that the white men did not make. Therefore, I say, give me the white men, because if you want knowledge, you must talk with them to get it. Now, Stamlee, tell me and my chiefs what you know of the angels."

Verily the question was a difficult one, and my answer would not have satisfied Europeans. Remembering, however, St. Paul's confession that he was all things to all men, I attempted to give as vivid a description of what angels are generally believed to be like, and as Michael Angelo and Gustave Doré have laboured to illustrate them, and with the aid of Ezekiel's and Milton's descriptions I believe I succeeded in satisfying and astonishing the king and his court; and in order to show him that I had authority for what I said, I sent to my camp for the Bible, and translated to him what Ezekiel and St. John said of angels.

This little incident, trivial as it may appear, had very interesting results. Encyclopædic talk was forgotten in the grander and more sublime themes which Scripture and divinity contributed. The Emperor cast covetous eyes on the Bible and my Church of England Prayer Book, and perceiving his wish, I introduced to him a boy named Dallington, a pupil of the Universities Mission at Zanzibar, who could translate the Bible into Kiswahili for him, and otherwise communicate to him what I wished to say.

Henceforth, during the intervals of leisure that the war gave us, we were to be seen—the king, court, Dallington, and I—engaged in the translation of an abstract of the Holy Scriptures. There were readers enough of these translations, but Mtesa himself was an assiduous and earnest student.

Having abundance of writing-paper with me, I made a large book for him, into which the translations were fairly copied by a writer called Idi. When completed, Mtesa possessed an abridged Protestant Bible in Kiswahili, embracing all the principal events from the Creation to the Crucifixion of Christ. St. Luke's Gospel was translated entire, as giving a more complete history of the Saviour's life.

When the abridged Bible was completed, Mtesa called all his chiefs together.



as well as the officers of his guard, and when all were assembled, he began to state that when he succeeded his father he was a Mshensi (a heathen), and delighted in shedding blood because he knew no better, and was only following the customs of his fathers; but that when an Arab trader, who was also a Mwalim (priest), taught him the creed of Islam, he had renounced the example of his fathers, and executions became less frequent, and no man could say, since that day, that he had seen Mtesa drunk with pombé. But there were a great many things he could not understand, such as, why circumcision was necessary to gain Paradise, and how it was possible that men having died could enjoy earth's pleasures in heaven, and how men could walk along a bridge of the breadth of a hair, for such were some of the things the sons of Islam taught. He could not comprehend all these things, as his sense condemned them, and there was no one in Uganda able to enlighten him better. But as it was in his heart to be good, he hoped God would overlook his follies and forgive him, and send men who knew what was right to Uganda. "Meanwhile," said he with a smile, "I refused to be circumcised, though the Arabs say it is the first thing that should be done to become a true son of Islam. Now, God be thanked, a white man, 'Stamlee,' has come to Uganda with a book older than the Koran of Mohammed, and Stamlee says that Mohammed was a liar, and much of his book taken from this; and this boy and Idi have read to me all that Stamlee has read to them from this book, and I find that it is a great deal better than the book of Mohammed, besides, it is the first and oldest book. The prophet Moses wrote some of it a long, long time before Mohammed was even heard of, and the book was finished long before Mohammed was born. As Kintu, our first king, was a long time before me, so Moses was before Mohammed. Now I want you, my chiefs and soldiers, to tell me what we shall do. Shall we believe in Isa (Jesus) and Musa (Moses) or in Mohammed?"

Chambarango replied, "Let us take that which is the best."

The Katekiro said, "We know not which is the best. The Arabs say their book is the best, and the white men say their book is the best—how then can we know which speaks the truth?"

Kauta, the imperial steward, said, "When Mtesa became a son of Islam, he taught me, and I became one; if my master says he taught me wrong, having got more knowledge, he can now teach me right. I am waiting to hear his words."

Mtesa smiled and said, "Kauta speaks well. If I taught him how to become a Muslim, I did it because I believed it to be good. Chambarango says, 'Let us take that which is best.' True, I want that which is the best, and I want the true book; but Katekiro asks, 'How are we to know which is true?' and I will answer him. Listen to me: The Arabs and the white men behave exactly as they are taught by their books, do they not? The Arabs come here for ivory and slaves, and we have seen that they do not

always speak the truth, and that they buy men of their own colour, and treat them badly, putting them in chains and beating them. The white men, when offered slaves, refuse them, saying, 'Shall we make our brothers slaves? No; we are all sons of God.' I have not heard a white man tell a lie yet. Speke came here, behaved well, and went his way home with his brother Grant. They bought no slaves, and the time they were in Uganda they were very good. Stamlee came here, and he would take no slaves. Abdul Aziz Bey (M. Linant Bellefonds) has been here, and is gone, and he took no slaves. What Arab would have refused slaves like these white men? Though we deal in slaves, it is no reason why it should not be bad; and when I think that the Arabs and the white men do as they are taught, I say that the white men are greatly superior to the Arabs, and I think therefore that their book must be a better book than Mohammed's, and of all that Stamlee has read from his book I see nothing too hard for me to believe. The book begins from the very beginning of this world, tells us how it was made, and in how many days; gives us the words of God Himself, and of Moses, and the prophet Solomon, and Jesus, the son of Mary. I have listened to it all well pleased, and now I ask you, shall we accept this book or Mohammed's book as our guide?"

To which question, no doubt seeing the evident bent of Mtesa's own mind they all replied, "We will take the white man's book"; and at hearing their answer a manifest glow of pleasure lighted up the Emperor's face.

In this manner Mtesa renounced Islamism, and professed himself a convert to the Christian Faith, and he now announced his determination to adhere to his new religion, to build a church, and to do all in his power to promote the propagation of Christian sentiments among his people, and to conform to the best of his ability to the holy precepts contained in the Bible.

I, on the other hand, proud of my convert, with whom I had diligently laboured during three months, promised that, since Dallington wished it, I would release him from my service, that he might assist to confirm him in his new faith, that he might read the Bible for him, and perform the service of a Bible reader until the good people of Europe should send a priest to baptize him and teach him the duties of the Christian religion.

"Stamlee," said Mtesa to me, as we parted, nearly two months after the massacre of the peace party, "say to the white people, when you write to them, that I am like a man sitting in darkness, or born blind, and that all I ask is that I may be taught how to see, and I shall continue a Christian while I live."

## CHAPTER XIII.

The war-drum beaten—The wizards play their part—In full war-paint—Bullets against spears—The Wavuma balked—Mtesa's fury—Victory or the stake!—Hard fighting—The captive chief: a struggle between the pagan and the Christian—A floating mystery—"Return, O spirit! the war is ended!"—The camp on fire: a race for life.

ON the 14th of September the Emperor of Uganda decided to give battle to the Wavuma, who were daily becoming bolder and more boastful. In the morning, in accordance with Mtesa's orders, forty Waganda canoes sallied out from the beach in front of our camps to Nakaranga Point, where they formed in line of battle before the causeway, with the sterns of their canoes fronting Ingira, and their bows towards Nakaranga Point.

Mtesa was followed by about three-fourths of his army when he proceeded to the point to view the battle, and with him went the great war-drums, to the number of fifty or thereabouts, and fifes about a hundred, and a great number of men shaking gourds filled with pebbles, and the court criers and mad charmers against evil were not wanting to create din and noise, and celebrate victory.

A hut of ample size had been erected on the mountain slope overlooking the strait, into which Mtesa and his favourite women retired. When the Emperor was seated, the "prophets of Baal," or the priests and priestesses of the Muzimu, or witchcraft, came up, more than a hundred in number, and offered the charms to Mtesa one after another in a most tedious, ceremonious way, and to all of them Mtesa condescended to point his imperial forefinger.

The chief priest was a most fantastically dressed madman. It is customary before commencing a battle to carry all the potent medicines or charms of Uganda (thus propitiating the dreadful Muzimu or evil spirits) to the monarch, that he may touch or point his forefinger at them. They consist of dead lizards, bits of wood, hide, nails of dead people, claws of animals, and beaks of birds, a hideous miscellany, with mysterious compounds of herbs and leaves carefully enclosed in vessels ornamented with varicoloured beads.

During the battle these wizards and witches chant their incantations, and exhibit their medicines on high before the foe, while the gourd-and-pebble bearers sound a hideous alarum, enough to cause the nerves of any man except an African to relax at once.

Mtesa and his army were in full war-paint, and the principal men wore splendid leopard skins over their backs, but the Wasoga bore the palm for splendour of dress and ornate equipments.

Ankori the chief and his officers were wonderfully gay. Snow-white ostrich plumes decorated their heads, and lion and leopard skins covered their backs, while their loins were girded with snow-white, long-haired monkey and goat skins; even the staves of their lances were ornamented with feathers and rings of white monkey skin.

There was ample time afforded to observe all these things, and to be exceedingly amused and interested in what promised to be an animating scene, before all attention was drawn to and engaged by the battle. The spectators were seated, safe from harm or danger, on the slope of Nakaranga mountain, from the water's edge to the mountain summit, tier above tier, and rank above rank, in thousands upon thousands.

The canoes, having formed line, slowly moved sternwise towards Ingira. The Wavuma were not inactive spectators of this manoeuvre, but as yet their warriors had not embarked. They were busy mustering, while those appointed to garrison the island, with the women and children, several thousands in number, sate down on the slopes of the opposite mountain of Ingira Island. The rushes and weeds lining the water's edge were too tall and thick to enable us to estimate exactly the number of the enemy's war-canoes, but the brown-coloured prows, long and curving, of a great many were seen thrust out from among the vivid green banana plantations, or arranged on the rising beach of the island beyond its reedy margin.

Having advanced with the utmost regularity of line, near enough to the island to make their "Brown Bess" muskets effective, the Waganda began to open fire in a steady, deliberate manner, and succeeded after a while in annoying the foe and arousing him to action. At a given signal from their chiefs, forth from the reeds and rushes shot the prows of the Wavuma canoes; and then, giving utterance to most shrill war-cries, the rowers impelled them from all quarters, to the number of 194, with an extraordinary velocity upon the Waganda line, which now began to retire slowly towards the causeway.

On the causeway at its farthest extremity were assembled a force of a hundred musketeers and four small boat howitzers under the command of the Katekiro and Mtesa's factotum Tori.

The furious advance of the Wavuma soon caused the Waganda to hurry their movements, and on approaching the causeway they parted their line, rushing on either side of it, giving the Katekiro and Tori ample opportunity to wreak their will on the pursuers. But owing to the want of skill of the cannoniers, and the nervousness of the musketeers, very little damage was inflicted on the Wavuma, but the noise and whirring of lead and iron sufficed to check them, and caused them to withdraw with much of the baffled aspect of hungry crocodiles cheated of their prey. This was all the

battle—but, short as it was, it had sufficed to prove to me that Mtesa would be unable to take Ingira Island, garrisoned and defended as it was by such a determined foe. After a while Mtesa withdrew from the scene, the army returned to its quarters, and the canoes of the Waganda, closely hugging the Nakaranga shore, went back to their rendezvous, leaving the Wavuma masters of the situation.

During the afternoon of this day Mtesa held a grand levee, and when all were assembled, he addressed them publicly to the effect that in a few days another battle would be fought, but as he had heard very important news, he intended to wait a while to ascertain if it was true.

Work progressed but languidly at the causeway. It was very tedious waiting, but my time was principally occupied in teaching Mtesa and his principal chiefs, and in gleaning such information as might enable me to understand the complicated politics of the empire.

Suddenly on the 18th of September, at early dawn, orders were communicated to the chiefs to prepare for battle. The first intelligence of it that I received was from the huge war-drums which summoned both sailors and warriors to action.

But first a burzah, or council, was held. Though eager to learn the news, I dared not appear too much interested in the war. Sabadu, who would be present on guard, would be sure to relate to me all the details of whatever transpired.

At night, though I interpolate it here for the benefit of the narrative, gossipy Sabadu, whose retentive brain I knew I could trust, conveyed to me a faithful report of the proceedings; and I cannot do better than give it to the reader in Sabadu's language.

"Ah! master, you have missed a sight. I never saw Mtesa as he was to-day. Oh, it was awful! His eyes were as large as my fists. They jumped from their sockets, and they were glowing as fire. Didn't the chiefs tremble! They were as children, whimpering and crying for forgiveness. He said to them, 'Wherein have I been unkind to you, that you will not fight for me, for my slaves who were sent to Usoga have returned saying there was not a man but either had joined me or had already joined the Wavuma? Who gave you those clothes that you wear? Who gave you those guns that you have? Was it not I? Did Suna my father give his chiefs such fine things as I give? No; yet they fought for him, and the boldest of them would not have dared to advise him to fly, as you have done me. Am I not *Kabaka*? Is this not Uganda, as well as my capital? Have I not my army here? And you, Katekiro, were you not a peasant before I dressed you and set you up as a chief of Uddu? And you, Chambarango, who made you a chief? And you, Mkwenda, and you, Sekebobo, and you, Kimbugwé, Kitunzi, Kacema, Kangau, Kagu, speak, was it not Mtesa who made you chiefs? Were you princes, that you came to be made chiefs, or peasants whom it was my pleasure to make chiefs? Ah, ha! I shall see to-day who will not fight; I will see to-day who dares to run away from the

Wavuma. By the grave of my father, I will burn the man over a slow fire who runs away or turns his back, and the peasant who distinguishes himself to-day shall eat his land. Look out for yourselves, chiefs. I will sit down to-day and watch for the coward, and the coward I will burn. I swear it.' Instantly the Katekiro fell on his face to the earth, and cried, 'Kabaka' (emperor), 'send me to-day to fight, watch my flag, and if I turn my back to the Wavuma, then take and burn me or cut me to little pieces.' The example of the Katekiro was followed by the other chiefs, and they all swore to be desperately brave."

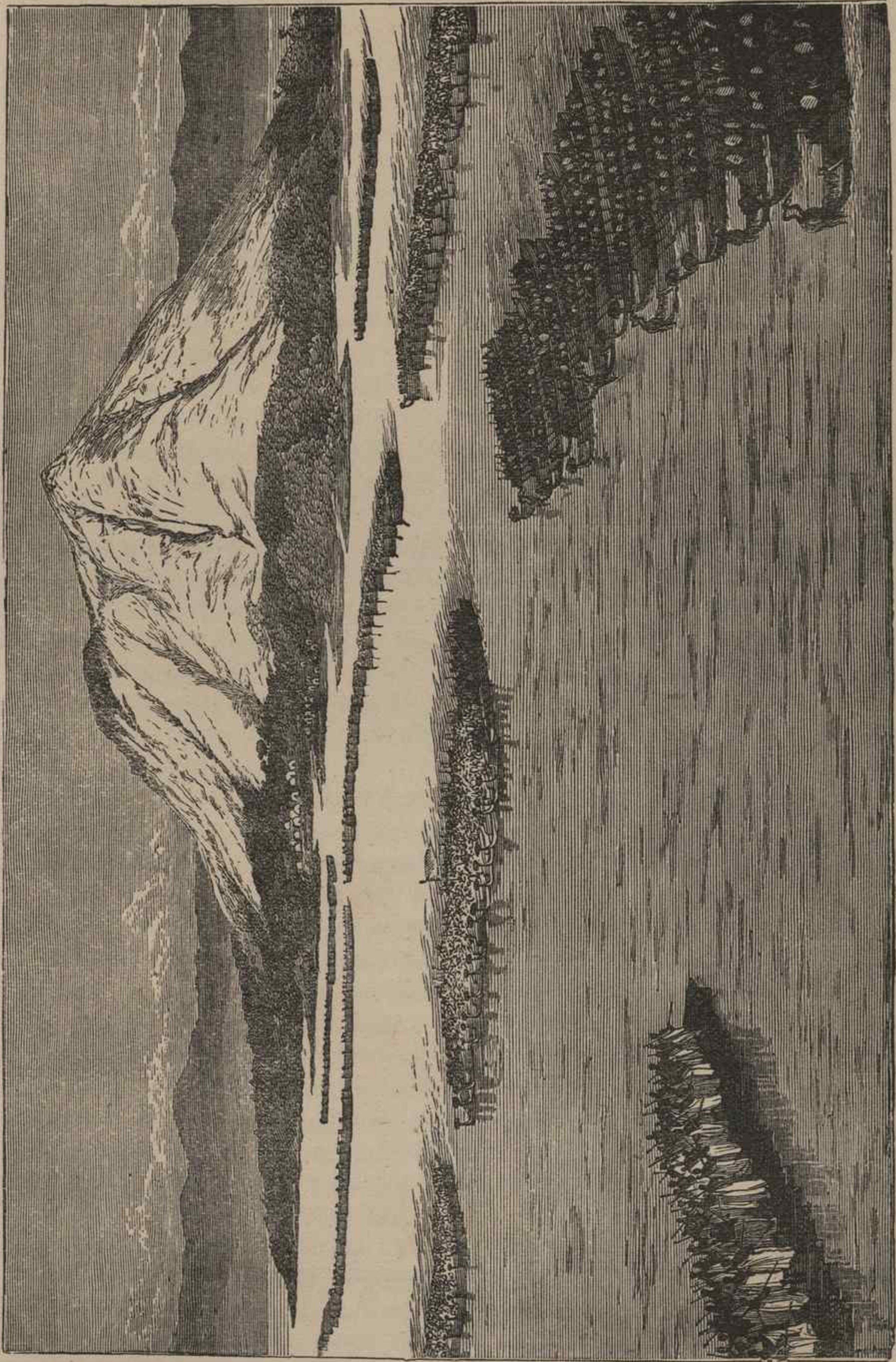
About 8.30 A.M., while I was at the point of Nakaranga, the sound of drums approached me, and I knew that the council was ended, and that the battle would soon begin. Mtesa appeared anything but a Christian, judging from his looks. Fires of fury shot from his eyes; and pages, women, chiefs, and all seemed awe-stricken. I was then ignorant of what had taken place, but when I observed the absence of Chambarango, and several of the great Wakungu, or generals, I felt assured that Mtesa had lately been in the midst of a scene.

Presently other drums sounded from the water-side, and soon the beautiful canoes of Uganda appeared in view. The entire war-fleet of 230 vessels rode gracefully on the calm grey waters of the channel.

The line of battle, I observed, was formed by Chambarango, in command of the right flank, with fifty canoes; Sambuzi, Mukavya, Chikwata, and Saruti, all sub-chiefs, were ranged with 100 canoes under the command of Kauta, the imperial steward, to form the centre; the left flank was in charge of the gallant Mkwenda, who had eighty canoes. Tori commanded a force of musketeers, and with his four howitzers was stationed on the causeway, which was by this time 200 yards from the shore.

In the above manner the fleet of vessels, containing some 16,000 men, moved to the attack upon Ingira. The centre, defended by the flanks, which were to menace the rear of the Wavuma should they approach near the causeway, resolutely advanced to within thirty yards of Ingira, and poured in a most murderous fire among the slingers of the island, who, imagining that the Waganda meant to carry the island by storm, boldly stood exposed, resolved to fight. But they were unable to maintain that courageous behaviour long. Mkwenda then moved up from the left, and attacked with his musketeers the Wavuma on the right, riddling their canoes, and making matters specially hot for them in that quarter.

The Wavuma, seeing matters approaching a crisis, and not wishing to die tamely, manned their canoes, and 196 dashed impetuously, as at first, from the rushes of Ingira with loud shrill yells, and the Waganda lines moved backward to the centre of the channel, where they bravely and coolly maintained their position. As the centre of the Uganda line parted in front of the causeway and disclosed the hotly advancing enemy, Tori aimed the howitzers and fired at a group of about twenty canoes, completely shattering



ONE OF THE GREAT NAVAL BATTLES BETWEEN THE WAGANDA AND THE WAVUMA, IN THE CHANNEL BETWEEN  
INGIRA ISLAND AND CAPE NAKARANGA.

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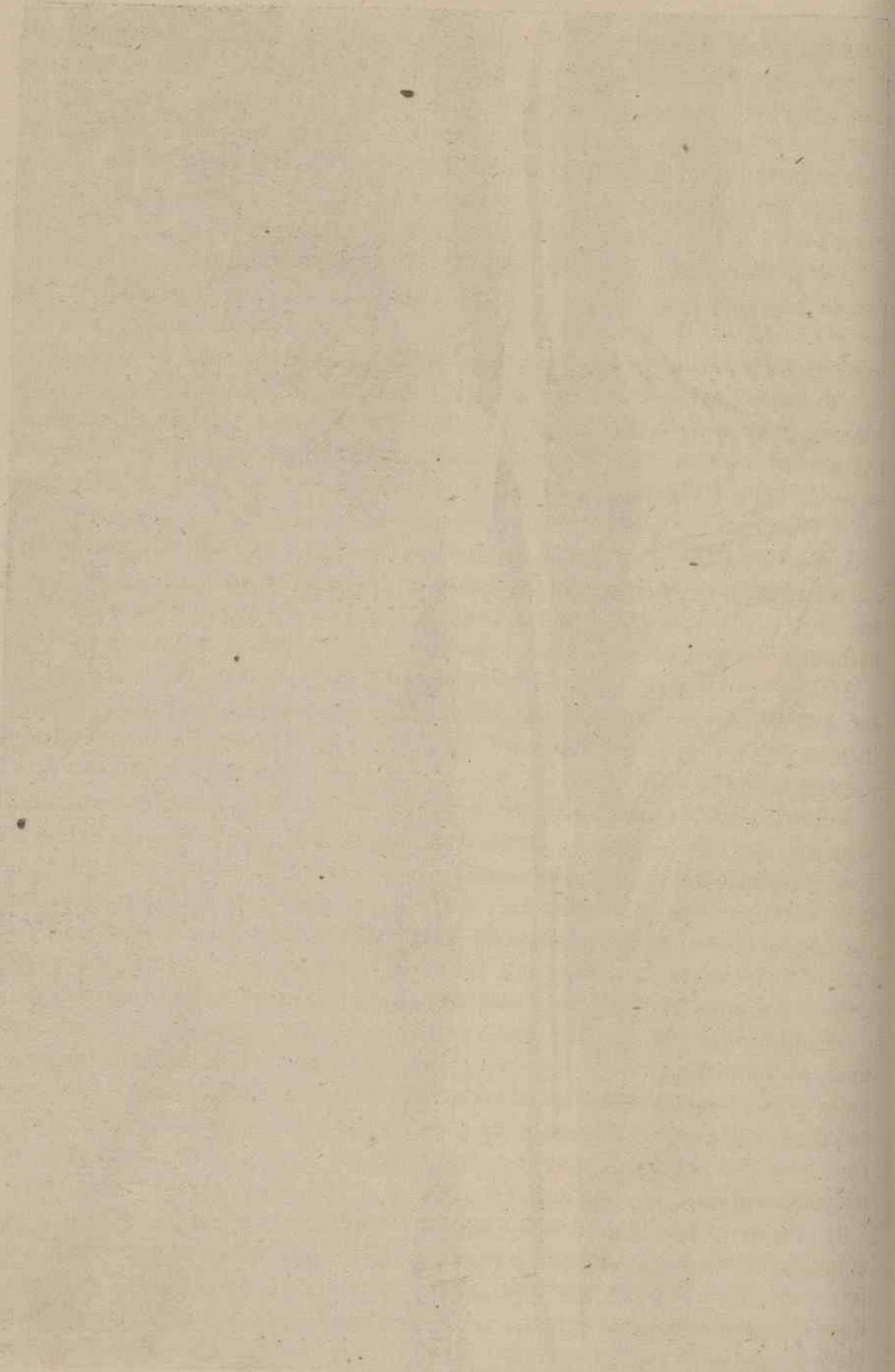
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more than half of them, and reloading one quickly, he discharged several bolts of iron three inches long among them with terrible effect. Before this cool bearing of the Waganda, the Wavuma retired to their island again, and we saw numbers of canoes discharging their dead and wounded, and the Waganda were summoned to Nakaranga shore to receive the congratulations of the Emperor and the applause of the vast multitude. Mtesa went down to the water's edge to express his satisfaction at their behaviour.

"Go at them again," said he, "and show them what fighting is." And the line of battle was again formed, and again the Wavuma darted from the cover of the reeds and water-cane with the swiftness of hungry sharks; beating the water into foam with their paddles, and rending the air with their piercing yells. It was one of the most exciting and animating scenes I ever beheld; but, owing to the terror of the stake with which their dread monarch had threatened them, the Waganda distinguished themselves for coolness and method, and the Wavuma, as on a former occasion, for intrepidity and desperate courage.

A third time the Waganda were urged to the battle, and a third time the unconquerable and desperate enemy dashed on them, to be smitten and wounded sore in a battle where they had not the least chance of returning blow for blow without danger of being swept by the cannon and muskets on the causeway.

A third battle was fought a few days after between 178 Wavuma canoes and 122 Waganda; but had the Waganda possessed the spirit and dash of their enemies, they might have decided the war on this day, for the Wavuma were greatly dispirited.

A fourth battle was fought the next day by 214 Waganda canoes and 203 Wavuma canoes, after the usual delay and premonitory provocation. The Wavuma obtained the victory most signally, chasing the Waganda within 40 yards of Nakaranga Cape, and being only driven from their prey by the musketeers and the howitzers on the causeway, which inflicted great execution on them at such close quarters. The Waganda did not attempt a second trial this day, for they were disorganized and dispirited after the signal defeat they had experienced.

The fleet of the Waganda returned to their rendezvous with the jeers and scoffs of the intrepid Wavuma ringing in their ears. On enquiring into the cause of the disaster, I learned that Mtesa's gunpowder was almost exhausted, and that he had scarcely a round left for each musket. This fact alarmed him, and compelled him to request me to lend him my powder in the camp at Dumo, which was refused in such a decided tone that he never repeated the request.

It was now the 5th of October, and I had left my camp on the 12th of August. It was necessary that I should participate in some manner in the war and end it. Yet I scarcely knew how I should act effectively to produce results beneficial to all parties. For though my own interests and the welfare of the Expedition were involved and in a manner staked on the success of the Waganda, and though a passive partisan of Mtesa, yet the brave

Wavuma, by their magnificent daring and superb courage, had challenged my fullest sympathies. My energies and thoughts were bent, therefore, upon discovering a solution of the problem how to injure none, yet satisfy all.

It was clear that the Wavuma would not surrender without a frightful waste of life; it was equally evident that Mtesa would not relax his hold upon them without some compensation or satisfaction, nor assist me in my projects of exploration unless I aided him in some manner.

At length I devised a plan which I thought would succeed; but before I was enabled to perfect my scheme an incident occurred which called for my immediate intervention.

Mtesa, by means of his scouts, had succeeded in capturing one of the principal chiefs of the Wavuma, and his Wakungu and principal strangers had been invited to be present to witness the execution of this chief at the stake.

When I arrived at the scene, a large quantity of faggots had already been collected to burn him. By this mode of punishment, Mtesa thought he would be able to strike terror into the souls of the Wavuma.

Mtesa was in high glee when I entered the council: he was unable to hide the triumph he felt at the terrible vengeance he was about to take for the massacre of Webba, his favourite page, and the peace party.

"Now, Stamlee," he said, "when the chief is at the stake,"—he was an old man of sixty or thereabouts—"you shall see how a chief of Uvuma dies. He is about to be burnt. The Wavuma will tremble when they hear of the manner of his death."

"Ah, Mtesa," I said, "have you forgotten the words of the good book which I have read to you so often? 'If thy brother offend thee, thou shalt forgive him many times.' 'Love thy enemies.' 'Do good to them that hate you.' 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.'"

"But this man is a native of Uvuma, and the Wavuma are at war with me. Have you forgotten Webba?"

"No, I remember poor little Webba. I saw him die, and I was very sorry."

"Shall this man not die, Stamlee? Shall I not have blood for him, Stamlee?"

"No."

"But I shall, Stamlee. I will burn this man to ashes. I will burn every soul I catch. I will have blood! blood! the blood of all in Uvuma."

"No, Mtesa! no more blood. It is time the war was ended."

"What!" said Mtesa, bursting into one of those paroxysms of fury which Sabadu had so graphically described. "I will slay every soul in Uvuma, will cut down every plantain, and burn every man, woman, and child on that island. By the grave of my father Suna, I will."

"No, Mtesa, you must stop this wild pagan way of thinking. It is only a pagan who always dreams of blood and talks of shedding blood as you do. It is only the pagan boy Mtesa who speaks now. It is not the man Mtesa whom I

saw, and whom I made a friend. It is not 'Mtesa the Good,' whom you said your people loved. It is not Mtesa the Christian, it is the savage. Bah! I have had enough of you, I know you now."

"Stamlee! Stamlee! Wait a short time, and you will see. What are you waiting for?" he said, suddenly turning round to the executioners, who were watching his looks.

Instantly the poor old man was bound; but, suddenly rising, I said to Mtesa, "Listen to one word. The white man speaks but once. Listen to me for the last time. You remember the tale of Kintu which you told me the other day. He left the land of Uganda because it stank with blood. As Kintu left Uganda in the old, old days, I shall leave it, never to return. To-day Kintu is looking down upon you from the spirit-land, and as he rebuked Ma'anda for murdering his faithful servant, so is he rebuking you to-day through me. Yes, kill that poor old man, and I shall leave you to-day, unless you kill me too, and from Zanzibar to Cairo I shall tell every Arab I meet what a murderous beast you are, and through all the white man's land I shall tell with a loud voice what wicked act I saw Mtesa do, and how the other day he wanted to run away because he heard a silly old woman say the Wasoga were marching upon him. How grand old Kamanya must have wept in the spirit-land when he heard of Mtesa about to run away. How the lion-hearted Suna must have groaned when he saw Mtesa shiver in terror because an old woman had had a bad dream. Good-bye, Mtesa. You may kill the Mvuma chief, but I am going, and shall not see it."

Mtesa's face had been a picture wherein the passions of brutish fury and thirsty murder were portrayed most faithfully; but at the mention of Suna and Kamanya in the spirit-land looking down upon him, the tears began to well in his eyes, and finally, while they rolled in large drops down his face, he sobbed loudly like a child, while the chiefs and executioners, maintaining a deathly silence, looked very uncomfortable. Tori the cannonier and Kauta the steward, however, sprang up, and, unrolling their head-dresses, officiously wiped Mtesa's face, while the poor wayward man murmured audibly as I walked away from the scene:—

"Did not Stamlee talk about the spirit-land, and say that Suna was angry with me? Oh, he speaks too true, too true! O father, forgive me, forgive me." After which, I was told he suddenly broke away from the council.

An hour afterwards I was summoned by a page to his presence, and Mtesa said:—

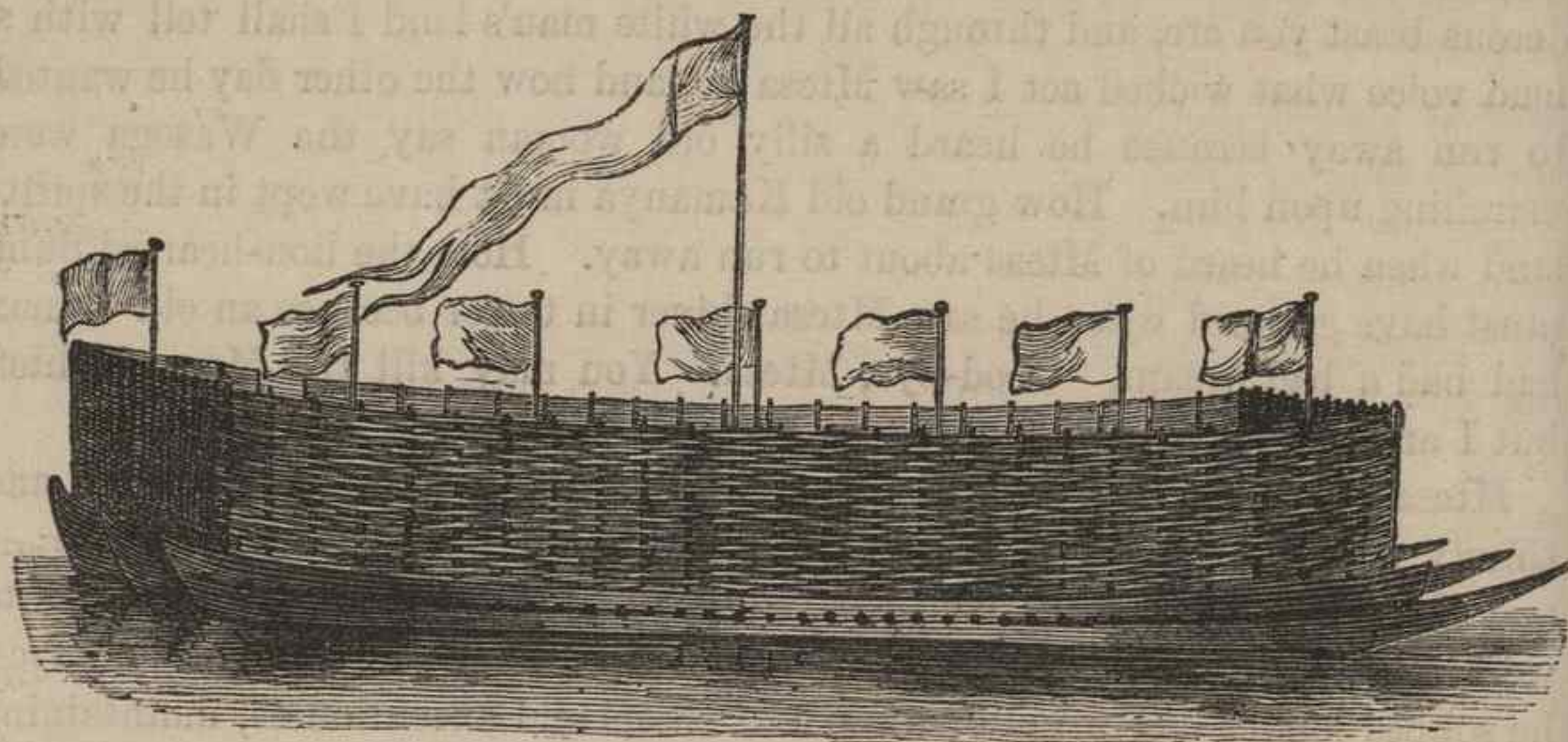
"Stamlee will not say Mtesa is bad now, for he has forgiven the Mvuma chief, and will not hurt him. Will Stamlee say that Mtesa is good now? And does he think Suna is glad now?"

"Mtesa is very good," and I clasped his hand warmly. "Be patient, all shall come out right, and Kintu and Suna must be glad when they see that Mtesa is kind to his guests. I have something to tell you. I have thought over your trouble here, and I want to finish this war for your good without

any more trouble. I will build a structure which shall terrify the Wavuma, and make them glad of a peace, but you must give me plenty of men to help me, and in three days I shall be ready. Meantime shout out to the Wavuma from the causeway that you have something which will be so terrible that it will finish the war at once."

"Take everybody, do anything you like; I will give you Sekebobo and all his men."

The next morning Sekebobo brought about 2000 men before my quarters, and requested to know my will. I told him to despatch 1000 men to cut long poles 1 inch thick, 300 to cut poles 3 inches thick and 7 feet long, 100 to cut straight long trees 4 inches thick, and 100 to disembark all these, and make bark rope. Himself and 500 men I wished to assist me at the beach. The chief communicated my instructions and urged them to be speedy, as it was the Emperor's command, and himself accompanied me to the canoe fleet.



THE FLOATING FORTLET MOVING TOWARDS INGIRA.

I selected three of the strongest-built canoes, each 70 feet long and  $6\frac{1}{2}$  feet wide, and, after preparing a space of ground near the water's edge, had them drawn up parallel with one another, and 4 feet apart from each other. With these three canoes I began to construct a floating platform, laying the tall trees across the canoes, and lashing them firmly to the thwarts, and as fast as the 7-foot poles came, I had them lashed in an upright position to the thwarts of the outer canoes, and as fast as the inch poles arrived, I had them twisted in among these uprights, so that, when completed, it resembled an oblong stockade, 70 feet long by 27 feet wide, which the spears of the enemy could not penetrate.

On the afternoon of the second day, the floating fort was finished, and Mtesa and his chiefs came down to the beach to see it launched and navigated for a trial trip. The chiefs, when they saw it, began to say it would sink, and communicated their fears to Mtesa, who half believed them. But the

Emperor's women said to him: "Leave Stamlee alone; he would not make such a thing if he did not know that it would float."

On receiving orders to launch it, I selected sixty paddlers and 150 musketeers of the bodyguard to stand by to embark as soon as it should be afloat, and appointed Tori and one of my own best men to superintend its navigation, and told them to close the gate of the fort as soon as they pushed off from the land. About 1000 men were then set to work to launch it, and soon it was floating in the water, and when the crew and garrison, 214 souls, were in it, it was evident to all that it rode the waves of the lake easily and safely—

"The invention all admired, and each how he  
To be the inventor missed, so easy it seemed  
Once found, which yet unfound most would have thought  
Impossible"—

and a burst of applause from the army rewarded the inventor.

Several long blue Kaniki and white and red cloths were hoisted above this curious structure, which, when closed up all round, appeared to move of its own accord in a very mysterious manner, and to conceal within its silent and impenetrable walls some dread thing, well calculated to strike terror into the mind of the ignorant savage.

At eight o'clock on the morning of the 13th of October the army was assembled at Nakaranga with unusual display, and it was proclaimed across the strait from the extremity of the causeway that a terrible thing was approaching which would blow them into atoms if they did not make peace at once and acknowledge the power of Mtesa; and I believe that they declared that all the Muzimus and the charms of Uganda were within, for I heard something said about Muzimu and Uganda. The old Mvuma chief was also placed in prominent view, and induced to urge them to accept the terms which Mtesa offered, viz. pardon to all, provided they went through the form of submission. After this announcement, which was made with all gravity, the awful mysterious structure appeared, while the drums beat a tremendous sound, and the multitude of horns blew a deafening blast.

It was a moment of anxiety to me, for manifold reasons. The fort, perfectly defensible in itself against the most furious assaults by men armed with spears, steadily approached the point, then steered direct for the island of Ingira, until it was within fifty yards.

"Speak," said a stentorian voice amid a deathly silence within. "What will you do? Will you make peace and submit to Mtesa, or shall we blow up the island? Be quick and answer."

There was a moment's consultation among the awe-stricken Wavuma. Immediate decision was imperative. The structure was vast, totally unlike anything that was ever visible on the waters of their sea. There was no person visible, yet a voice spoke clear and loud. Was it a spirit, the Wazimu of all Uganda, more propitious to their enemy's prayers than those of the Wavuma? It

might contain some devilish, awful, thing, something similar to the evil spirits which in their hours of melancholy and gloom their imagination invoked. There was an audacity and confidence in its movements that was perfectly appalling.

"Speak," repeated the stern voice; "we cannot wait longer."

Immediately, to our relief, a man, evidently a chief, answered, "Enough; let Mtesa be satisfied. We will collect the tribute to-day, and will come to Mtesa. Return, O spirit, the war is ended!" At which the mysterious structure solemnly began its return back to the cove where it had been constructed, and the quarter of a million of savage human beings, spectators of the extraordinary scene, gave a shout that seemed to split the very sky, and Ingira's bold height repeated the shock of sound back to Nakaranga.

Three hours afterwards a canoe came from Ingira Island, bearing fifty men, some of whom were chiefs. They brought with them several tusks of ivory, and two young girls, daughters of the two principal chiefs of Uvuma. These were the tribute. The ivory was delivered over to the charge of the steward, and the young girls were admitted to the harem of Mtesa, into the mystery of which no man dare penetrate and live. The old Mvuma chief was surrendered to his tribe, and thus the long war terminated on the evening of the 13th of October, 1875.

Glad shouts from both sides announced all parties equally pleased. The same afternoon the canoe fleet of Uganda, which had by this time been reduced to 275 in number, was escorted as far as Jinja by twenty Wavuma canoes, and after it had departed and rounded Namagongo Point, releasing their late foe from all fear of treachery, the Wavuma canoes presented us with a peaceful exhibition of their dexterity, and gave us an opportunity of viewing them more distinctly than we had previously been able to do through the smoke of gunpowder.

We set out next morning, the 15th of October, at three o'clock. We were wakened by the tremendous "Jojuusu," the great king of war-drums. Instantly we began to pack up, but I was scarcely dressed before my people rushed up to me, crying that the immense camp was fired in a hundred different places. I rushed out of my hut, and was astounded to see that the flames devoured the grass huts so fast that, unless we instantly departed, we should be burnt along with them. Hastily snatching my pistols, I bade the Wangwana shoulder the goods and follow me as they valued their lives.

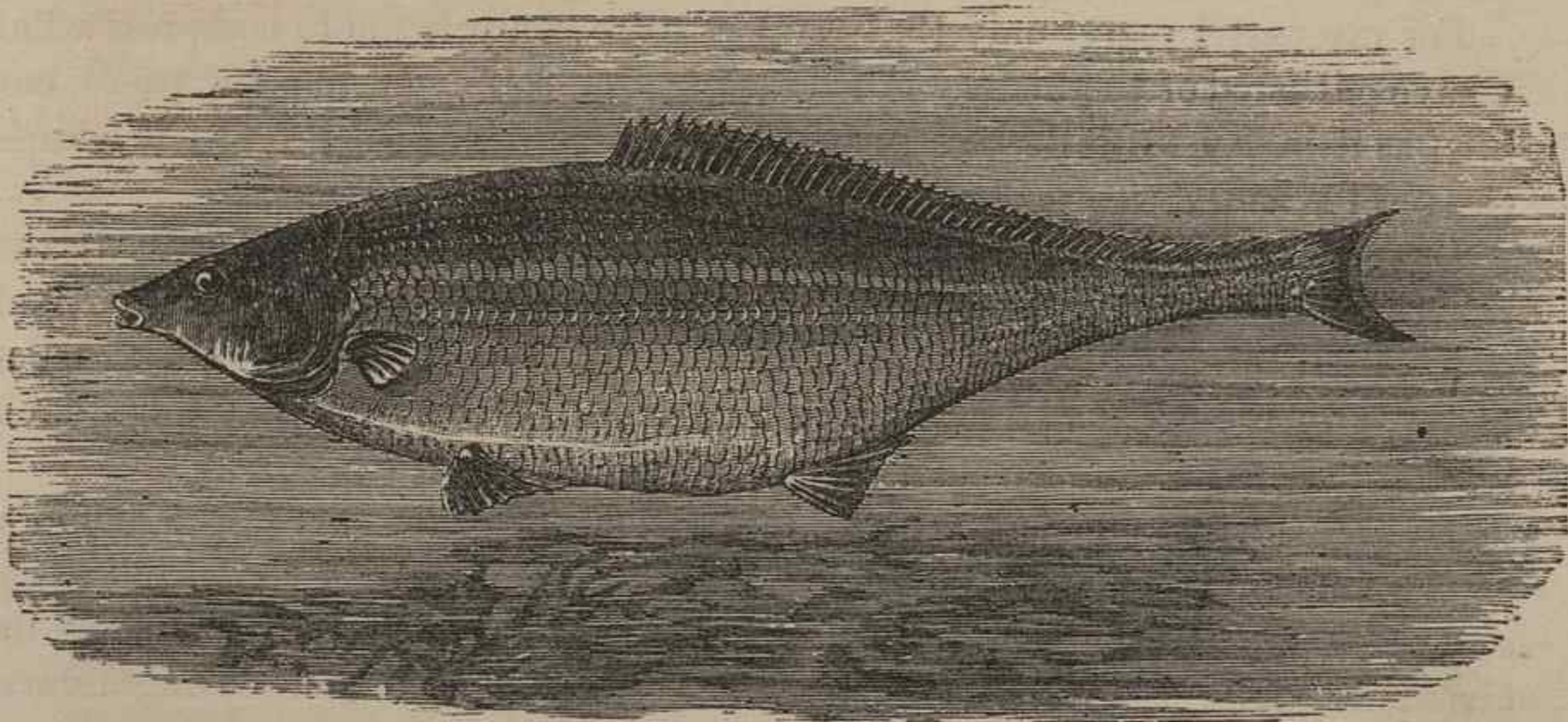
The great road from Mtesa's quarters to Nakaranga Point, though 100 feet wide, was rendered impassable by furious, overlapping waves of fire. There was only one way left, which was up the slope of Nakaranga mountain, and through the camp of the Wasoga. We were not alone in the attempt to escape by this way, for about 60,000 human beings had sought the same path, and were wedged into an almost solid mass, so great was the danger and the anxiety to be away from the cruel sea of fire below.

It was a grand scene, but a truly terrible one; and I thought, as I looked down on it, that the Waganda were now avenging the dead Wavuma with

their own hands, for out of a quarter of a million human beings there must have been an immense number of sick unable to move. Besides these, what numbers of witless women and little ones having lost presence of mind must have perished; and how many must have been trampled down by the rush of such a vast number to escape the conflagration! The wide-leaping, far-reaching tongues of flame voraciously eating the dry, tindery material of the huts, and blown by a strong breeze from the lake, almost took my breath away, and several times I felt as if my very vitals were being scorched; but with heads bent low we charged on blindly, knowing no guide save the instinct of self-preservation.

As soon as an opportunity permitted, I looked after the laggards of my party, and by dint of severity kept them together, but three or four were more than half inclined to give in before we breathed cooler air, and could congratulate ourselves upon our safety.

Indignant at such a murderous course, for I mentally taxed Mtesa with this criminal folly, I marched my party far from the route of the Waganda army, and though repeatedly urged by Mtesa to attach myself to his party, I declined to do so until he should explain to me why he had commanded the camp to be fired without giving warning to his people or to myself, his guest. His messenger at once acquitted him of such gross recklessness, and declared that he had arrested several persons suspected of having fired the camp, and that he himself had suffered the loss of goods and women in the flames. thereupon, glad that he was not the author of the catastrophe, sent my salaams, and a promise to rejoin him at Ugungu, on the Uganda side of the Ripon Falls, which I did on the 18th of October.



FISH FOUND IN LAKE VICTORIA.

Sama-Moa, in the Nyassa tongue; round, open-mouthed, scaled, and pig-headed-looking creature, 20 inches long.

## CHAPTER XIV.

The Legend of the Blameless Priest—The heroes of Uganda—Chwa—Kimera, the giant—Nakivingi—Kibaga, the flying warrior—Ma'anda—Wakinguru, the champion—Kamanya, the conqueror of the Wakedi—Suna, the cruel—His massacre of the Wasoga—Namujurilwa, the Achilles of Uganda—Setuba and his lions—Kasindula the hero, peasant, and premier—Mtesa the mild-eyed.

HAVING arrived safely in Uganda, through most extraordinary and novel scenes, I may be permitted to leave the direct narrative of our travels and our life in Uganda in order to inform the reader on certain points of the history of Mtesa's country, beginning with Kintu, Priest, Patriarch, and first King of Uganda.

Whatever of the incredible or marvellous may be discovered by the learned critic in this chapter must not be debited against the author, but against Sabadu and the elders who are responsible for the tale of Kintu, the wars of Kamanya, Suna, and Mtesa, and the feats of Namujurilwa, Setuba, and Kasindula the heroes, while Mtesa himself furnished me with the names of the kings his forefathers, with many other facts contained in this chapter.

For my part I regret only that want of space compels me to compress what I have gathered of the history of this interesting country into a few pages, but brief as it is, I venture to believe that it will not be without interest to a large class of readers.

Uganda, then, was first peopled by immigrants from the north, about the thirteenth or fourteenth century. But the date at which I thus fix the arrival of the patriarch Kintu may be wrong; he may have arrived at a much earlier period, and the names of a large number of his successors may have sunk into oblivion.

Tradition, as well as it has been able, has faithfully preserved the memory of the acts of the first of these immigrants, though it has contemptuously omitted the acts of his successors, and, as usual, has contrived to endow its favourites, here as elsewhere, with marvellous power and extraordinary attributes.

Kintu, the first immigrant and the founder of Uganda, came from the north, and perhaps derived his descent from some African Arab or ancient Ethiopic family. He was a mild, humane, and blameless man, and from his character was probably a priest of some old and long forgotten order. He



brought with him one wife, one cow, one goat, one sheep, one banana-root, and a sweet potato; and, journeying in search of a suitable land to dwell in, established himself finally on the western bank of the Mwerango river, at Magonga,\* near the present frontier of Unyoro. He found the country uninhabited, for not a single soul then dwelt in all the land lying between the lakes Victoria and Albert and Muta Nzigé. Usoga was a wilderness, Ukedi a desolate plain, and the fertile valleys of Unyoro were unpeopled.

The priest Kintu was alone in his kingdom. But these countries were not destined to remain desolate long, for his wife was remarkably prolific. She brought forth four children at a birth each year, and each male issued into the world with an incipient beard and the powers of lusty prime youth; and the female children at two years of age bore children, who at an equally early age conceived and bore sons and daughters, until the land began to be fully peopled, the forests to be cut down, the land to be cultivated, and planted with bananas and corn.

The single cow, goat, sheep, and chicken increased after their kind by some extraordinary manner, until they grew so numerous that each of the offspring of Kintu soon possessed large herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep and goats, and numerous chickens. The banana-root also, once planted in the soil of Uganda by the holy hands of Kintu, sprang up almost instantly into a stalk of vast girth, from the top of which hung pendent such a cluster of fruit as is not seen in Uganda nowadays, and the root spread itself over a large area, from which hundreds of bananas shot upward with great stalks and all the leafy luxuriance of a large plantation. The potato-plant also vied with the banana, for so great was its vitality that it appeared to crawl over the ground so fast was its growth.

When his offspring had grown so numerous that they crowded Magonga, Kintu cut portions of the original banana-root and potato-plant and gave to each family a portion, and having taught them how "to sow the glebe and plant the generous vine," bade them seek each a home, and establish themselves in the land round about him. Those who received the banana established their home south of Magonga, while those who received the sweet potato-plant migrated to the north of Magonga, and dwelt in the valleys of Unyoro. Hence it is that to this day the people of Uganda, south, and all about Magonga, prefer the banana for food, while the people of Wanyoro have such a predilection for sweet potatoes.

Being a priest, Kintu entertained a special aversion to the shedding of blood, whether of man, animal, bird, or insect, but he did not instruct his offspring to abstain from shedding the blood of beasts. If any animal was to be slain for food, it was ordained that it should be taken far from the

\* Some of the Waganda believe, however, that Kintu, or Ham, as Mtesa now believes him to be, was buried at Magonga; but I prefer to adhere to the legend as it was related to me.

neighbourhood of his house, and if a man was to be executed for murder, the executioner dare not slay his victim near Kintu or his house or his garden, neither might the man of blood at any time approach the patriarch's person. If the culprit on his way to execution could contrive to make his way to Kintu's presence and touch his feet or his garments, or were the patriarch even to cast his eyes on him, his life was safe.

When the good patriarch became old, his children forgot to follow his pious example, for from the banana they had discovered the art of making wine and strong drinks, with which they debauched themselves, and, being daily intoxicated, committed indecencies, became violent in language, reckless and hardened in impiety, and, worse than all, so rebellious as to threaten to depose and kill him. Kintu bore this conduct in his unloving children with meekness and sorrow for a long time, but warned them that their impiety and violence would be punished some day; but they heeded him not, for the wine had maddened them.

After a time, finding his admonitions of no avail, he said to his wife, "See my sons whom I brought into this world have become wicked and hard of heart, and they threaten to drive their father away or kill him, for they say I am become old and useless. I am like a hateful stranger amongst my own children. They shed the blood of their brothers daily, and there is nothing but killing and bloodshed now, until I am sick of blood. It is time for us to get away and depart elsewhere. Come, let us go." And in the night Kintu and his wife departed, taking with them their original cow, goat, sheep, chicken, a banana-root, and a sweet potato-plant.

In the morning it became known that their father Kintu was not in his house, nor to be found anywhere, that he had left the country with all the things which he had brought thither when he first arrived. Then all were filled with sorrow, and great lamentation was made throughout the land.

After three days, during which search was instituted far and wide for the lost patriarch, Chwa, the eldest son, took his spear and shield in his hand and said, "I am the first-born, and it is my right to sit in the place of my father. Now you, my brothers, be good and beware of my spear"; and Chwa being strong, his brothers feared him, and paid homage to him as their king.

Chwa did not abandon the search for his father, though he had attained the regal power. He seems to have cherished a hope that in some distant country his father would be discovered, whither he might be able to proceed to him and ask his forgiveness.

A rumour sometimes reached Chwa that his father had been seen, but none of his several messengers succeeded in seeing him, and he at last died without the hope being gratified.

Chwa was succeeded by his son Kamiera, a name to this day retained by the members of the imperial family. Like his father Chwa, Kamiera searched for the patriarch Kintu until his own death, without success.

Kamiera was succeeded by his gigantic son Kimera, who distinguished himself as a hunter. He first introduced dogs for the chase, and was so fond of them that he always led one by the cord wherever he went. It was from this king that his successors inherited their partiality for the canine race, and in the memory of many yet living Suna is remembered for his extraordinary attachment to dogs, for the special subsistence of which he surrendered whole districts. Mtesa was also seen by Speke showing great fondness for a dog, but the present monarch has long ago abandoned this traditional predilection, and he now prohibits their presence in his court.

Kimera was of such size, strength, and weight that his feet made marks in rocks, and the impress of one of his feet is shown to this day by the antiquarians of Uganda in a rock situated not far from the capital, Ulagalla. It is said that this mark was made by one of his feet slipping while he was in the act of launching his spear at an elephant. Kimera also explored countries remote and near, searching all the forests, the wilderness, the plains, the fastnesses of the mountains, the summits of hills and the caves, and travelled along all the river-banks in vain quest for the lost Kintu.

The fact seemed to be impressed on the minds of all that Kintu was only lost, not dead, that he was immortal, and Kimera, even more than his predecessors, was indefatigable in his efforts to verify this belief. He led in person large expeditions, and offered great rewards to peasants, promising to make him who discovered Kintu next to the king in power—the Katekiro of Uganda. But he likewise failed in the search, and finally died.

Almass (which name, if Arabic, rendered into English, means "Diamond") succeeded Kimera the hunter. This king's name is a favourite one among the Arabs, which I take to be further evidence that the founder of the Uganda monarchy had Asiatic blood in his veins. Of Almass, tradition says nothing save that, like his father, he hoped to find Kintu. On his death he was succeeded by his son Tembo.

After Tembo came Kigara, Wanpamba, Kaeema, and Nakivingi, the last being remembered for his heroic valour and many conquests.

Nakivingi fought and subjected the Wanyoro, who, from their predilection for sweet potatoes, may have deemed themselves long ago a separate people from the Waganda, a theory by no means supported by the authority of venerable tradition.

After Nakivingi we have a long list of kings, about whom tradition, fable, and history are all alike silent. Morondo succeeded Nakivingi—the Charlemagne of Uganda—and after him followed Sekamanya, Jemba, Suna I., Kimbugwé, Katerega, Ntewi, and Juko. This last, it is said, had a headstrong, violent, and disobedient son, named Kyemba, whom he was obliged to pacify with the island of Uvuma, whence afterwards he appeared in Uganda, deposed his father Juko, and, slaying him, reigned in his stead.

One of the heroes of Nakivingi was a warrior named Kibaga, who possessed

the power of flying. When the king warred with the Wanyoro, he sent Kibaga into the air to ascertain the whereabouts of the foe, who, when discovered by this extraordinary being, were attacked on land in their hiding-places by Nakivingi, and from above by the active and faithful Kibaga, who showered great rocks on them and by these means slew a vast number.

It happened that among the captives of Unyoro Kibaga saw a beautiful woman, who was solicited by the king in marriage. As Nakivingi was greatly indebted to Kibaga for his unique services, he gave her to Kibaga as wife, with a warning, however, not to impart the knowledge of his power to her, lest she should betray him. For a long time after marriage his wife knew nothing of his power, but suspecting something strange in him from his repeated sudden absences and reappearances at his home, she set herself to watch him, and one morning as he left his hut she was surprised to see him suddenly mount into the air with a burden of rocks slung on his back. On seeing this she remembered the Wanyoro complaining that more of their people were killed by some means from above than by the spears of Nakivingi, and Delilah-like, loving her race and her people more than she loved her husband, she hastened to her people's camp, and communicated, to the surprise of the Wanyoro, what she had that day learned.

To avenge themselves on Kibaga, the Wanyoro set archers in ambush on the summits of each lofty hill, with instructions to confine themselves to watching the air and listening for the brushing of his wings, and to shoot their arrows in the direction of the sound, whether anything was seen or not. By this means on a certain day, as Nakivingi marched to the battle, Kibaga was wounded to the death by an arrow, and upon the road large drops of blood were seen falling, and on coming to a tall tree the king detected a dead body entangled in its branches. When the tree was cut down, Nakivingi saw to his infinite sorrow that it was the body of his faithful flying warrior Kibaga.

Succeeding Kyemba came Tibandéké, Mdwra, Kaguru, Kikuruwé, and Ma'anda. It was the fortune of this last king to discover news of the lost Kintu, after a most remarkable and romantic manner.

Though history and fable are silent respecting the acts of many of Ma'anda's predecessors, we may well believe that each king made efforts to discover the missing Kintu, as the belief that he was still alive obtained as firm credence in the reign of Ma'anda as in the days of Chwa and Kimera. With Ma'anda this belief was very strong, and spurred by the hope that some day it would be his happy fortune to be successful, he was ardent in the chase, penetrating great forests, and traversing extensive plains and valleys, ostensibly to hunt game, but really to hunt up news of Kintu.

It happened one day, after returning to his capital from one of these expeditions, that a peasant living not far off was compelled from lack of fuel for his family to enter a forest to cut wood. Having over-exerted himself, and being very much fatigued, and his home being far, he resolved to sleep in

the forest, near his wood pile. For the sake of security and uninterrupted sleep he constructed a rude hut, and fenced it round with the branches of the prostrate trees, and when it was completed he laid himself down and slept.

And a sound sleep it was, we may imagine, induced by hard labour and fatigue, though not a dreamless one. For in his sleep, it is said, he dreamed a strange dream, wherein he thought he heard a voice, which said, "Go to a place in this forest, where the trees are very thick, round an open space near a stream running by, and you will there see something which will give you great wealth, and make you a great chief." Three times the dream was repeated. These words caused the heart of the sleeping peasant to bound for joy; so much so that it woke him, and then he began to regret that the good which was promised him was but a dream and a mockery. But reflecting that he knew the place described, for he had often been there, and that it was not very far off, he thought he might as well obey the voice in the dream, if only for the sake of satisfying his curiosity. He had dreamed the same dream thrice, and each time the voice had been emphatic and precise, and he thought that there might be something of truth conveyed in it.

After a few hours' hurried travel, he approached the place described, and his movements towards the spot became now very cautious, lest some event might occur quite the reverse of his hopes, as dreams sometimes go by contraries. He heard the murmur and gurgle of the stream, and the soughing of the branches of the forest overhead in such a solitary place filled his heart with awe. He began to feel frightened, though he knew not at what, and was more than half inclined to turn back. Yet this eerie feeling and alarm might be causeless; he therefore advanced into the open space, and suddenly he saw there a sight that almost petrified him.

Ranged in two rows, on either side of a venerable man, who reclined on a kind of throne, were many warriors seated on mats. They held spears and shields in their hands, and the complexion of these men was so light as to resemble that of white men. The central figure on the throne was that of an old man, whose long beard was white with age, and his complexion was similar to the warriors seated on the mats. All were clothed in spotless white robes.

For a time no man spoke, though all eyes were turned on the astonished and awed peasant, and regarded him with a stern and awful gaze. Finally, the silence was broken by the voice of the old man, which sounded to the peasant like that which he had heard in the dream, and it said, "Peasant, tell me what country this is."

The peasant answered, trembling, and perspiring through excessive fear, "Eh, don't you know? This is Uganda."

"And who was the first king?" demanded the old man. "Come, tell me his name?"

"Kintu," answered the peasant.

"True," said the old man. "Now, tell me the name of the present king."

"Ma'anda," replied the peasant.

"Well then, depart instantly, and haste to Ma'anda the king, and bid him come to Kintu, who shall be here to meet him, for Ma'anda has long searched for Kintu, and Kintu has somewhat to tell Ma'anda. Bid him come hither accompanied only by his mother and thyself, and mark me, not even his dog must follow him. Haste and tell King Ma'anda all thou hast seen and heard, and if thou art faithful, thy reward shall be great."

The peasant needed to hear no more, but turned and fled away with the speed of an antelope, and early at dawn next day arrived at the capital, and proceeded direct to the Katekiro, to whom he said, "I have news to tell King Ma'anda, and no man else must hear it. Take me to the king without delay."

The man's manner, though he was mean in appearance, was peremptory, and the Katekiro dared not refuse his request, but rose and conducted him to the king.

It happened, strangely enough, that at the same moment Ma'anda was relating to his mother, whom he had sent for, the story of a strange dream he had dreamed during the night. He had scarcely finished its relation when the Katekiro was announced, who said to him, "King, here is a strange man, a peasant, I believe, who states that he has important news to tell thee, and thee alone," which when the king heard, and had seen the peasant, he said to his mother, "Lo! now, this is the very man I saw in my dream, who told me such wonderful news."

Then turning eagerly to the peasant, he said to him, "Speak, man, what is it thou hast to say to me?"

"O king," he replied, "I may not speak except to thee and thy mother, for so have I been commanded."

Then Ma'anda impatiently commanded the Katekiro to retire and, that they might not be disturbed, to set a guard at the outer gate, so that on no account either man, woman, or child might enter the inner court.

When they were quite alone, the peasant began to unfold to Ma'anda his story from the beginning to the end, just as it is told here, concluding with the old man's words: "Bid the king come with his mother and thyself, and, mark me, not even his dog must follow him."

On hearing this news, Ma'anda said, "Come, let us go, only us three, for so the old man said," and taking his spear and shield, the king strode out of the inner court through a private gate followed by his mother and the peasant without communicating to a soul else whither he was going.

Despite this secrecy, however, it soon became publicly known that King Ma'anda and his mother had left the palace, accompanied by a peasant, and that they had taken the direction of the forest, towards which they had been seen travelling with rapid steps by one who communicated the information to the Katekiro.

This news plunged the principal chief of the kingdom into a state of perplexity. He was for a moment at a loss what to do, for had his master desired any other company he would undoubtedly have made it known; but, on the other hand, this conduct was inexplicable, and the king might have been lured by some cunning plausible tale to proceed in this manner, whereby he might be destroyed without detection.

As the thought of treachery to the king flashed through his mind, he instantly resolved to follow him and watch after his safety, and should the peasant mean harm to him, he would be at hand, though unsuspected, to assist his master. He therefore seized his spear and shield, and sped away after the king in stealthy pursuit. Soon he discovered the king, the king's mother, and the peasant, and, slackening his steps, sought only to keep them in view, and to elude the quick, searching glances which he saw the king frequently dart behind him. They travelled in this manner all that day and half of the next day, when the peasant informed the king that they were approaching the appointed place.

The king, to assure himself that they had not been followed by any one, looked keenly around once more, and having satisfied himself that they were alone, he commanded the peasant to move on and point out the meeting-place. Gliding under the shadows of the dense grove surrounding the open space, they soon emerged from them, and were in front of the extraordinary assembly, who appeared to have preserved the same posture and attitude since the departure of the peasant on his errand to the king.

As the three advanced near the extremity of the rows of seated warriors, the old man on the throne asked the king, who was in advance, and gazing on the scene with the greatest astonishment, "Who art thou?"

"I am Ma'anda," he replied.

"Art thou the king?"

"I am."

"And who is that woman with thee?" the old man demanded.

"My mother," the king answered.

"It is well," said he; "but how is it you did not observe what I commanded? Why came ye not alone?"

"We have done exactly as we were told," said the king. "There are only my mother and this peasant with me, for no one knew of my departure."

"But I have seen another man behind thee," persisted the old man. "Tell me who he is?"

"Rest assured," said Ma'anda, "there is no man save this peasant with me, for yesterday and to-day I looked several times behind me to make sure that I was not followed."

"Who was the first king of Uganda?" suddenly asked the old man.

"Kintu," answered Ma'anda.

"Thou sayest truly," said the old man slowly and deliberately; "and

Kintu was good. He injured no man, beast, bird, or insect, and no living thing had cause to complain of him. He never even struck a man with a stick, or caused him pain in any manner, for he loved his children like a kind father should; but his sons grew exceedingly wicked, headstrong, disobedient, and utterly unmanageable. They loved to shed blood. They first slaughtered beasts, and became so accustomed to blood that at last they slew their brothers and sisters. They became so madly in love with blood that they wished to shed that of their good father Kintu. Then Kintu saw that Uganda was no more a land for him, that it was unfit for him to live in, and, oh! when he looked on the face of the land at first, it was so fair and pure that it delighted his eyes, but when it became red and filthy with the blood of innocent men and women and children, it became hateful to Kintu, and he departed from the horrid, cruel land. From Chwa down to Ma'anda each king has sought to find Kintu, though in vain. Thou, Ma'anda, shalt see Kintu face to face, and thou shalt hear him speak; but first I have somewhat to tell thee from him. Listen, and mark well his words—but tell me who was that man that followed thee hither?" he suddenly asked.

Ma'anda, well pleased that he of all his predecessors was selected to see and converse with Kintu, had become all attention, and every fibre and nerve quivered to hear the prelude to the introduction; but when interrogated by the old man again upon a subject already satisfactorily answered, he asked impatiently, "Why dost thou ask again when I have already told thee that no man followed me here, because no man could have known whither I went?"

"But I," said the old man calmly, "saw a man follow thee step by step. Why didst thou let him come, when I expressly told thee thou must come only with thy mother and this peasant?"

The king's mother and the peasant declared that Ma'anda had spoken truly, and that no man followed them.

"I saw him behind that tree listening. Behold! there he stands," said the old man, suddenly pointing to the Katekiro, who, perceiving that he was discovered, now came forward.

The three turned their eyes on hearing the words of the old man, and at the sight of the Katekiro, Ma'anda grew desperately enraged, and with passionate fury he seized his spear, launched it, and pierced his faithful servant through the heart, who with a short, sharp shriek, fell dead at his feet.

But, lo! when King Ma'anda and his companions turned to discover what effect this scene had upon the old man and the seated warriors, they found that they had vanished, and that not even the slightest trace of them was left; at which the three stared at one another in the wildest astonishment. Then the king, recovering from his surprise, fell upon the ground and wept aloud, calling upon the name of Kintu; and the king's mother and the peasant added their cries to his, and wept as if their hearts would break. But no blood-



hating Kintu answered to them, only the tall deep woods echoed their cries, "Kintu, Kintu-u, Kintu-u-u-u," as if in mockery of their sorrow.

All night they kept watch, breaking out now and then into moaning and wailings for the last loss of the great father of Uganda. But Kintu, after this scene, never more appeared in Uganda, and to this day he has not been seen or heard of by any man.

After Ma'anda's death succeeded Msangi, Namugara, and Chabagu. In the time of this latter king flourished Wakinguru, a hero, whose name history, cherished within the memories of admiring men, has preserved for his unparalleled deeds. When Chabagu invaded Usoga, it appears that the Wasoga were very numerous, and, having as yet never been reduced to submission by the Waganda, very bold and fearless. The people of Usoga mocked the victorious Waganda until Chabagu was roused to declare war upon them; and to show them the prowess of the people whom they had so insolently defied, Chabagu permitted Wakinguru to cross over to Jinja alone, that he might exhibit the warlike qualities of his nation in his own person.

Wakinguru, we are led to believe, was a man of herculean frame, and we may well suppose him gifted with more than common courage. He marched to the height of Jinja with a large bundle of spears on his back, and his shield was so ample and thick that it required two ordinary men to lift it.

Arriving at a place where he could command a clear view of the Wasoga camp, he shouted out a bold challenge to any man, or to all at once, to approach him, that he might show them what manner of men were those who had been so frequently insulted by them. Several of the Wasoga, responding to the challenge, rushed up to try his mettle, but Wakinguru's spears were so formidable, and his strength so great, that long before any of the foe came within distance permitting an ordinary man to launch his spear, they were all dead men. The hero then plucked his spears from the corpses, and prepared to meet the next party, who came up in hot haste to avenge the deaths of their friends. Again the redoubtable man launched his fatal spears, and again the Wasoga had to lament the deaths of their champions.

Enraged by this, the Wasoga at length advanced in a body, and formed a large circle round him; but Wakinguru only laughed at this manoeuvre, and continued remorselessly slaying, launching his whirring lengthy shafts with the most deadly effect; and then, picking up the spears of his enemies, with which the ground near him was plentifully strewn, he returned their own weapons to them, launching them with the swiftness and certainty of arrows. His strength sustained him in this unequal contest from sunrise to sunset, when it was discovered that Wakinguru had slain 600 men with his own hand! At night he crossed Jinja (or the Falls) to Ugungu unharmed, where he refreshed himself with the bananas and milk and water of Uganda, and where he received the warmest congratulations from King Chabagu and his army.

Next morning Wakinguru renewed the battle, and it continued throughout the whole of the second day, during which time the hero slew a similar number; and on the third day also he fought with the same success, until at last the Wasoga confessed that they were unable to meet him.

Then King Chabagu crossed the water above Jinja (Napoleon Channel), and completed the conquest of Usoga.

After Chabagu succeeded Junju, Waseje, and Kamanya. This last king, grandfather of the present monarch, is remembered for his victories over the Wakedi, a most ferocious and warlike people occupying country north of Usoga. The Wakedi, it is said, wore armour, and employed in their wars an immense number of great dogs, as large as young lions. Besides, the country of the Wakedi was surrounded by broad rivers or small lakes,\* and these several advantages had made the Wakedi rather feared by the Waganda. But vexed by the repeated forays made by them into the very heart of his country, and the impunity with which they carried them, Kamanya determined to prosecute a war against them until one side or the other should be declared beyond doubt the stronger. For this purpose he assembled his chiefs, and, having stated the advantages of situation which Ukedi enjoyed against attack, commanded them to advise him as to the means and ways of conducting the campaign.

Stimulated by large rewards, the chiefs proposed various tactics for retaliating upon the enemy; but it was the plan of the grandfather of Sabadu the historian that was deemed the best. This person advised Kamanya to command 100 canoes to proceed by water to Jinja, where they might be taken to pieces and conveyed overland through Usoga to the Nagombwa river,† whence, after reconstruction, they could proceed to attack the Wakedi in the rear, while the king himself could proceed with his army to Urongani, along the western bank of the Victoria Nile, and menace Ukedi from that side. This wise council was loudly applauded and at once adopted, the charge of the canoes being given to Sabadu's grandfather himself.

The Wakedi, as might be imagined, attacked in such an unlooked-for direction, were greatly surprised and discouraged. They fled for refuge to their fenced villages, leaving their cattle in the hands of the Waganda, who drove them across the Nagombwa to Usoga. The vengeance of the Waganda not being yet complete, they proceeded to attack the Wakedi in their fenced villages, using red-hot arrows wrapped in bark cloth, by which the straw huts were set on fire, and the inhabitants driven out to meet the spears of the Waganda.

Perceiving that the presence of Kamanya on the opposite bank of the Nile was only a ruse, the Wakedi concentrated their forces to drive the Waganda who had come by way of the Nagombwa out of the country. When the two

\* I have been struck at the frequent geographical hints thrown out by Sabadu.

† Another geographical hint, which has been verified by investigation. I have no doubt the Nagombwa will turn out to be the Asua.

nations met, a desperate battle ensued, rather to the disadvantage of the Waganda, for the enemy wore iron armour, which their spears could not penetrate.

After consultation, it was decided by the Waganda that at the next battle they would not waste their time in launching their spears, but would rush on the foe with naked hands and capture and bind them.

Having received large reinforcements, the Waganda resumed the battle, but instead of throwing their spears they simply defended their bodies with their shields, and rushing on their encumbered adversaries, seized and bound them with cords. Perceiving that affairs were becoming desperate for them, the Wakedi mustered all their war-hounds, which, while the Waganda were engaged with their masters, rushed upon them from all sides, with their large mouths wide open, barking tremendously, and bit and tore them in such a manner that the Waganda became stricken with panic, and fled to their canoes. The hounds, with their fury unappeased, rushed after the canoes into the water, where an immense number of them were easily slaughtered by the Waganda, whose senses, it appears, were by this time collected. Fearing that they would lose all their faithful war-hounds, the Wakedi recalled their dogs, paid tribute, and acknowledged the superiority and supremacy of the Waganda, and to this day the Wakedi have been true to their allegiance.

As we arrive nearer our own times, the history of Uganda becomes, of course, more precise and trustworthy. Thus, when we come to Suna II., the son of Kamanya, and predecessor and father of Mtesa, we are told that he was about sixteen years of age when he succeeded to his father, and about forty when he died, and that he reigned, therefore, twenty-four years. As Mtesa ascended the throne in his nineteenth year, and as he has already reigned fifteen years (up to 1875), Suna must have been born in 1820, begun to reign in 1836, and died in 1860.

Suna, so his intimate friends still alive told me, was short of stature and of very compact build, most despotic and cruel, but brave and warlike.

He had a peculiar habit, it is said, of sitting with his head bent low, seldom looking up. His attitude seemed to be that of one intently tracing designs on the ground, though in reality he was keenly alive to all that was transpiring around him. He frequently beheaded his people by hundreds. It is reported that one day he executed 800 people of Uganda for a single crime committed. Other punishments which he inflicted were dreadful, such as gouging out eyes, and slitting ears, noses, and lips. It is said that he so seldom lifted his eyes from the ground that whenever he did look up at a person, the executioners, called "Lords of the Cord," understood it as a sign of condemnation.

Any messenger arriving with news was compelled to crawl on his knees, and in this position to whisper it into the king's ears. Whenever he passed along a path, the announcement, "Suna is coming," sufficed to send the people flying in a panic from the neighbourhood.

To strangers from other countries he was most liberal and hospitable, and many Arab traders have had cause to bless the good fortune that conducted them to Uganda in the days of Suna.

This Emperor, or *Kabaka*, as the rulers of Uganda, after their vast conquests, were styled, was also exceedingly fond of dogs. For the sustenance of one of his pets he caused an entire district to be cultivated and planted with the sweet potatoe, which was its favourite diet; and when it died, he caused each chief to contribute bark-cloths for its burial.

He also kept a lion and a leopard, and another animal which, from its description, I take to have been either a species of wolf or lynx; the two former became quite tame; but the latter was so incorrigibly fierce that he finally ordered it to be destroyed.

From such a disposition as that of Suna, it was natural that he should engage in frequent wars, and from his determined and resolute character we cannot be surprised to hear that they were most bloody and terrible. He conquered Ankori, overran Unyoro and Usoga, and was the first to conquer the united nations of Uzongora. The lion-hearted Wavuma owned him as their liege lord; even distant Ruanda heard of his name, tried him in battle, and became convinced of his greatness. The details of the two last wars in which Suna was engaged I have collected, and present them here, as told by Sabadu, from which the reader may perceive for himself the character of this monarch and the general nature of wars in Central Africa.

Suna heard that Usoga had rebelled and refused to pay tribute to him, whereupon, after rendering homage and dues to the Muzimu, or spirits,\* he levied a vast army and marched to Jinja, or the rocks overlooking the Ripon Falls, where he rested four days. The Wasoga, upon Suna's advance, fled to Kitenteh Island (situate in the channel between Uvuma and Usoga, about seven miles from Nakaranga Cape). On this island the Wasoga placed their women and children, and large herds of cattle, and it was evident from the measures they adopted that they intended to make a desperate and prolonged resistance.

After marching through Usoga, he camped on the mainland, about half a mile from Kitenteh Island. The Wavuma, responding to his command to muster their canoes for the war, supplied him with over 100, manned by natives of Uziri, Wema, and Kibibi; Lulamba, Irwaji, and Sessé Islands supplied him with 200; while from the Uganda coast he obtained 200 more; so that, in all, Suna had 500 canoes for the war.

Usoga, an extensive country of itself, did its best to meet the monarch of Uganda with a large and powerful fleet, and, assisted by its islands, Namungi and Neygano, as also by Usuguru, Chaga, Muiwanda, and Ugana, was able to match Suna's fleet, canoe for canoe.

\* I have observed that Sabadu's narrative contains many interesting ethnological facts. Perhaps the reader needs to be informed that I stenographed Sabadu's story as he related it to me before my camp fire at Nakaranga

But the spirit which animated the warriors of the two nations differed greatly. On the one side was the determination to win freedom; on the other a monarch resolved to retain in subjection, but lacking people to meet the Wasoga on the water, and only able to compel his warriors to fight at all on that element by the most horrible threats and the inspiration of terror.

Having assembled his fleet, Suna ordered the assault; but the Wasoga met the Waganda in the channel, and after a desperate battle drove the Waganda in precipitate retreat to the mainland. For the period of a month repeated efforts were made to effect a landing on the island, but the Wasoga, with great spirit and bravery, repelled the Waganda with severe loss. The Wasoga also, adding insult to injury, were accustomed to approach the mainland and taunt the king with bitter words, telling him to seek the graves of Kaguru and Kamanya, and bury himself there for very shame.\* At length, enraged by these taunts, Suna called his chiefs to him, and in assembly assailed them with bitter reproaches, and asking them if he was not the Emperor, and if Emperor, why the Wasoga were permitted to taunt him, and stung to frenzy by the memory of the insults lately received, commanded his chiefs to man their canoes on the morrow and assault the island, threatening them, if they failed, with roasting, decapitation, and utter destruction.

The chiefs prostrated themselves one after another, and swore to set their feet on Kitenteh Island the next day. The morrow came, and each chief was in his canoe with his most chosen warriors. The battle ensued, but only four chiefs were true to their promise—the Katekiro, Namujurilwa (Majwara's father †), and two others of equal bravery and eminence. The Katekiro on landing killed two with his spear at one thrust, so great was the throng of Wasoga who rushed against him. Namujurilwa's spear was plunged through three at a time, but unable to draw his weapon out, he was attacked by a Msoga, who with his javelin pinned both his arms, and he was only saved by a rush of his own men, who bore him away to his canoe. The two other chiefs slew two men each, and were obliged to retire, being unsupported by their people. Many other chiefs distinguished themselves, and many died fighting in the attempt to land on the island.

The Wasoga had formed themselves into four ranks on this day. The first comprised the slingers, and the second the spearmen, the third, on higher ground, slingers again, and the fourth a reserve of spearmen, for the final and supreme struggle.

For three successive days the chiefs of Uganda led in person the Waganda to the assault, until finally the queen's father requested Suna not to sacrifice all his chiefs while the peasants were standing idle spectators. Suna yielded to his request, and perceiving that bravery was of no avail against the desperate Wasoga, he adopted the plan of surrounding the island day and night with his

\* In almost exactly the same manner the Wavuma daily taunted Mtesa.

† Majwara is the little boy who alone watched the last hours of Dr. Livingstone.

canoes, and starving the rebels into submission. What food the unfortunate Wasoga were able to obtain was inadequate for their wants, and cost them much trouble and many lives, both on shore, in distant parts of the coast, and in the channel, for Suna had constructed large camps along the coast of Usoga, and his canoes kept strict watch and ward over Kitenteh Island.

For two months the Wasoga endured this state of things, but at the end of that period, being reduced to the verge of absolute starvation, four of their chiefs approached the camp of Suna with offers of submission. Suna refused to see them, but gave them thirty head of cattle to convey to the island, with a request to the chiefs to eat, and think well first of what they offered, promising that, if on the fourth day they were still of the same mind, he would be willing to talk with them.

At the end of the fourth day twenty chiefs came over from Kitenteh Island, stating that they were willing to submit to Suna, to pay tribute, and to render service. He received them graciously, and ordered them to commence the next day, with the assistance of his own canoes, the transportation of the Wasoga to his camp, in order that they might all render their submission to him.

For three days, it is said, the Waganda and Wasoga canoes were engaged in this service, and as fast as the Wasoga arrived they were conducted to a large stockade erected expressly for them during the night of the surrender. On the fourth day, his late enemies being all in his camp, surrounded by his own people, he called their chiefs and told them he would be gratified if they and their warriors would perform their war-dance before him next day. Unsuspecting evil, they willingly promised.

Suna after their departure to the stockade instructed the Waganda chiefs to bring all their people, early next morning, each man supplied with a cord, and to form them in two ranks four deep, and when he gave the signal, to fall upon the Wasoga and bind them. On the morning of the fifth day the Waganda were all drawn up as instructed, and the Wasoga, seeing nothing in this but Suna's desire of showing his power and pomp, and without the least idea what this war-dance portended to them, marched within the fatal lines, armed only with sticks, as had been agreed—upon the cunning plea that the Waganda might take offence at seeing them play with edged weapons before Suna. They were the more completely thrown off their guard by the kindness shown to them by the Emperor and by the liberal supplies of cattle and bananas supplied to them since their surrender.

We can imagine how the unhappy Wasoga advanced smiling into Suna's presence on this great day, and how, wishing to please the fearful despot, they danced to the best of their power. But on a sudden, while they were exerting their voices (30,000 is the number given) into a grand swelling chorus at the triumphal finale of the fictitious war which they had been representing, Suna gave the signal, and 100,000 Waganda warriors fell upon them, and despite

their fearful, desperate struggles—when all too late the treachery of Suna, became apparent—bound them hand and foot.

Out of this immense number of prisoners, sixty of the principal chiefs were selected and placed before Suna, who said to them:—"For three months you have kept me and my people waiting for your submission; you rebelled against my authority, and attempted to throw off your allegiance; you have slain more than half of my principal chiefs, and you have vexed me with taunts, telling me to go and seek the graves of Kaguru and Kamanya, and to hide myself there for shame. You have mocked me—me! who am called Suna—Suna, the Emperor (*Kabaka*). I go to my grave by-and-by, but by the grave of my father Kamanya you shall die to-day, and you may tell your fathers that Suna the Emperor sent you to them."

Then turning to the Waganda, he fiercely shouted, "Cut them to little pieces, and pile their remains on the plain without the camp." As Suna commanded, so was it done, and the Waganda were employed on this monstrous work for five days, for they obeyed his command literally, and, beginning at the legs and arms, hacked their victims to pieces without taking the trouble to despatch them first.

Usoga, upon hearing of this terrible deed, sent all its principal men and chiefs to implore pardon and proffer submission and allegiance, which Suna was pleased to accept. This event closed the war, and Suna returned to his palace in Uganda with a train of 5000 female captives and 8000 children.

Soon after his return to Uganda the Wasoga rebelled a second time under the leadership of Rura, chief of Nakaranga, upon hearing which Suna smiled grimly and said, "Rura has taken much time to make up his mind; since he has waited so long let him wait a little longer, and I will show him who his master is."

Meantime Namujurilwa, chief of Uddu, after returning to visit his home, heard that his neighbour the king of Ankori or Usagara was preparing to invade his country with a mighty force. Ever prompt for mischief and war, Namujurilwa did not wait to meet the Wasagara on his own soil, but beat his war-drum, and, mustering his followers, marched through Bwera and penetrated into the very heart of Ankori, and there surprised his enemies, assembled under five princes, in their own camp.

Namujurilwa fell upon them with a ferocity and vigour that the numerical superiority of his enemies could not equal. For five hours the battle lasted without intermission or advantage to either side, when Namujurilwa was accidentally met by one of the princes of Ankori.

"Not dead yet, Namujurilwa?" cried the prince. "Wait a little for me," saying which he took a bow from one of his servants and shot an arrow which hit the border of the tough double bull-hide shield which the chief of Uddu generally carried.

"Namujurilwa did not wait for a second arrow, but bounded forward,

crying out, "No, not dead yet, prince" (*Mlangira*), "and shall not die until I have killed you," and forthwith launched his dirk-pointed spear, which pinned both the shield and body of the unfortunate youth.

Another prince coming up and observing his brother fall, shot an arrow, and pierced the leopard-skin of the Uddu chief, who returned the compliment with one of his long spears, which penetrated his body and protruded far through his back. The death of these two princes decided the battle, for the Wasagara became panic-stricken and fled, leaving a vast spoil of cattle and effects in the conqueror's hands.

Upon returning to Uddu from the war, the victorious chief sent 300 women, 600 children of both sexes, and 1000 head of cattle to the Emperor Suna, as his share of the spoil, who on viewing the magnificent gift said to his chiefs in assembly, "Truly, Namujurilwa is brave, there is none like him in Uganda."

Setuba, a great chief, holding under Suna an extensive tract of country\* bordering upon Unyoro, whispered to his neighbour, "H'm, you hear how Suna praises Namujurilwa; let us go to Unyoro and show Suna that he has other chiefs as brave as Namujurilwa.

Requesting and obtaining leave of the Emperor to visit his own country, Setuba soon left the capital, and after arriving at his chief village, beat his war-drum and summoned his people to war.

Taking with him 300 head of cattle, he crossed the frontier of Unyoro, where he slew his cattle and made his followers eat beef to make themselves strong. Having devoured the meat, his people informed Setuba that they were now as strong as lions and all prepared for war.

Setuba smiled and said to them, "I have given you 300 head of my own cattle; go and bring me 3000 head, and I shall consider that you have paid me for what you have eaten."

The warriors responded to Setuba's words with a shout, and at once set out to collect spoil from the Wanyoro, while Setuba and a chosen band remained in camp. The Waganda, however, were promptly met by the Wanyoro in considerable numbers, and after a few hours were defeated and pursued as far as Setuba's camp.

The chief received the fugitives sternly and said, "Where are those lions whom I lately fed with my cattle? Are you about to return to Uganda with empty hands? Yes, go on, and as you fly proclaim that Setuba, your chief, is dead." Saying which Setuba seized his spears and shield, and followed by his chosen band bounded out of his camp to meet the advancing Wanyoro.

Fired with indignation and shame, Setuba soon met the Wanyoro, and

\* Each Mkungu is invested with a barony or county upon attaining this high rank, and with absolute authority over the people and their effects, upon condition of rendering service to his sovereign whenever required. The least dereliction of duty would entail a forfeiture of lands, and often of life.



began flinging his spears with splendid effect. With his first spear he killed three, with the second he slew two more. The fugitives, seeing the vigour and courage of their chief, halted, and began to ask of one another, "Who dares go and tell Suna that Setuba is dead? Let us fight and die with Setuba."

The word "Setuba, tuba, tuba!" became a war-cry, echoed fiercely far and near, turning the fugitives on their pursuers, who in a short time became the pursued. For two days the Waganda rioted in the blood of the now terror-stricken Wanyoro, who were finally compelled to fly to the summit of the mountains for refuge, leaving their families and cattle in the valleys to be swept away by the fierce Waganda.

On returning to Uganda, Setuba sent 2000 women, 4000 children, and 2000 head of cattle, besides goats and sheep without number, to the Emperor as his share, and Setuba heard Suna declare proudly that he knew of no monarch who could show heroes to equal Setuba and Namujurilwa, and that his heart was big with pride.

There stood that day, when the Emperor publicly mentioned with praise the names of Setuba and Namujurilwa, a young man listening to him, who from that moment resolved to eclipse both chiefs. His name was Kasindula, a sub-chief or Mtongoleh of the great Sekebobo's country of Chagwe, who had neither pride of birth nor riches to boast of. He was a mere worthy young fellow, who had distinguished himself in a few engagements under Sekebobo, for which the old chief had promoted him from a peasant (*kopi*) to be a sub-chief (*mtongoleh*).

A few days after the great levee of Suna, Kasindula proceeded to Sekebobo, and requested him to ask permission of the Emperor that he should be allowed to rebuild his majesty's camp at Jinja, as many of the huts were in a most ruinous state, and many of Suna's women were compelled to sleep in the open air.

Sekebobo introduced Kasindula to the Emperor, and preferred his request to him, who graciously acceded to it, adding that it was not every day that men came to ask leave to do him a service: they generally asked him for some gift or other.

Kasindula was profuse in his thanks, and then departed with 2000 men from Sekebobo to assist him in the work of reconstructing the imperial camp at Jinja, and the kind old chief also gave him several large canoes, to transport the working force across Napoleon Channel.

The young chief lost no time after his arrival at Jinja, but industriously set to work, and in a few days had entirely rebuilt the houses, and surrounded them with their respective courts, and had cleared the whole camp from much accumulated rubbish, until the camp would have pleased even fastidious Suna himself.

He then caused the war-drum to be sounded, and, responding to its ominous

call, all who were capable of lifting the spear, dwelling in the neighbourhood of Jinja, gathered round Kasindula, who said:—

“Warriors of Uganda and children of Suna, listen to me. You know how, after Suna slew the rebellious Wasoga before Kitenteh Island, that the chiefs of Usoga all came and swore allegiance to him; and how when Suna had returned to Uganda the Wasoga chief Rura headed another rebellion, and challenged Suna to return to Usoga to fight him. When Suna heard the challenge of the boastful Rura, he only smiled, and said, ‘Let him wait a little.’ Suna is too great to fight with Rura, for Kasindula, a Mtongoleh of Sekebobo, is sufficient for him. To-night we march to Nakaranga, and to-morrow morning before sunrise Rura shall sleep with his brothers who died before Kitenteh. Warriors, prepare yourselves!”

Though Nakaranga was fully thirty miles from Jinja, Kasindula had reached about midnight the principal village of the chief, and after surrounding it with his people, fired the huts at daybreak, thus expelling the sleeping Wasoga from them, to fall by the spears of the ambushed Waganda. Having made clean work of all Rura’s district, Kasindula gathered the spoil, and long before noon was far on his return to Jinja.

The Usoga confederacy hearing of this raid and of the death of Rura and his sons, hurried to Nakaranga to avenge the slaughter, but they found only black desolation and emptiness in Rura’s district, while the raiders had escaped in safety to Jinja, whither they dared not follow them, and accordingly returned, each chief to his own district.

After a few days’ rest Kasindula made another raid in a totally different direction with similar results, and again the Wasoga hurried up, only to find the houses all consumed, the warriors all dead, and the women and children and cattle all deported away.

“What manner of man is this,” asked the astonished Wasoga of one another, “who comes in the night, like a hyena, and vanishes with the daylight, with his maw gorged with blood?” Consoling themselves, however, with a vow to be revenged on him at a fitting opportunity, they returned again to their own districts.

But hard upon their heels followed the wary and resolute Kasindula; and again he destroyed an entire district, with all its males, and carried the women and children into captivity. This news was too disheartening to the Wasoga, for now they began to dread that they would be utterly destroyed in detail, whereupon, perceiving that their principal chiefs were all dead, they sent an embassy to Suna, with a tribute of the most comely women and a large quantity of maramba, asking his forgiveness.

Kasindula, meanwhile, finding his hands full of spoil, collected all together, and drove his captives and cattle, by forced marches, to Suna, who, warned of his approach, prepared to receive him in state and in a full assembly of the chiefs.

Having arranged the women and children by thousands before him, and parked the cattle in full view of the Emperor, Kasindula, clad in a humble and dingy bark cloth, prostrated himself before him and said:—

“Great Kabaka, I went to Jinja, and built your camp, and housed your women as you commanded me; and hearing how Namujurilwa and Setuba had avenged you on the Wasagara and Wanyoro, I thought myself strong enough to answer the challenge sent by Rura and his friends to you.

“My dear lord, Namujurilwa and Setuba are great chiefs, and stand in your presence daily, but I am only a Mtongoleh under Sekebobo. I have neither farm nor house, wife nor child, and my only wealth consists of my spear and my shield, and my only cloth is this rotten *mbugu*. Namujurilwa and Setuba brought slaves and cattle by hundreds, but the *kopi* Kasindula brings his thousands to Suna. Behold where they stand! Kasindula gives them all to Suna.” And putting his hands together, he cried aloud, “Twiyanzi, yanzi, yanzi, yanzi!” with all the fervour of one having received a bountiful gift.

The Emperor, upon inquiring the number of the spoil, was told that it amounted to 7000 slaves, 2000 cows and oxen, 3000 goats, and 500 sheep; upon which he said, “Kasindula has spoken truly; he has brought more than either Namujurilwa or Setuba. In return, I make him now a chief of the first rank, with land, cattle, and slaves of his own.” And Kasindula was immediately invested with white cloths, and with all the honours, privileges, and greatness of a *Mkungu* of Uganda.

After this turbulent epoch there were some months of tranquillity, when one day there came a challenge from Kytawa, the mighty king of Uzongora, who had made an alliance with the kings Kyoza, Kamiru, and Rugomero, and with Antari, king of Ihangiro, against Suna.

The Emperor sent the messenger of Kytawa back to him with a bullet and a hoe, saying, “Give these to Kytawa; tell him to choose whether he will take the bullet and have war, or whether he will keep the hoe and cultivate his fields in peace; and bring his answer to me.”

Kytawa imagined himself and his allies strong enough to meet Suna in war, and kept the bullet. When the messenger returned with this answer, Suna commanded his Katekiro to make up 300 man-loads of hoes and old iron and to send them to Kytawa, and to say to him, “Suna sends these hoes and iron to you, for may be that you are short of spears, arrow-heads, and hatchets. Make war weapons for your people in abundance during three months, and prepare for war, for in the fourth month you shall see me and my people in your country, and I shall eat it up clean, and there shall nothing be left alive in it.”

This was the last war in which Suna was engaged. After three days' desperate fighting the Wazongora and their allies were defeated, and Kytawa and the confederate kings were compelled to fly for refuge to the island of Kishakka, where they were besieged, until all the kings implored forgiveness, and swore to become tributary to him.

Falling ill from small-pox, the Emperor accepted their oaths, and, raising the siege, departed for Uganda. When he perceived that he was about to die, he called his chiefs together and commanded them to make Kajumba, his eldest son, his successor.

This Kajumba, the Prince Imperial, however, was no favourite with the Waganda, for he appears to have been a violent, headstrong youth of gigantic size and strength. These qualities recommended him strongly to Suna, who thought that with such a successor Uganda would retain its prestige and supremacy, and apprehended nothing of danger to his own people in a person of such violent passions; and, indeed, it is to be doubted whether, after exercising with the utmost licence his own undisputed authority, he even thought them worthy of consideration.

Kajumba was Suna's favourite, and the war-loving father on his death-bed pointed out with pride to his chiefs the heroic qualities of the prince, reminded them how when a mere boy he had slain a buffalo with a club and an elephant with a single spear, and assured them with his latest breath that Kajumba would become more renowned than either lion-like Kimera or renowned Nakivingi.

After his father's death Prince Kajumba seized his weighty spear and ample shield and proclaimed himself his father's successor and choice, and announced his determination to uphold his dignity to the death. The chiefs, however, fearing Kajumba's violence, laid hands on him, and bound him hand and foot, and selected the mild-spoken, large-eyed boy Mtesa, and made him Emperor of Uganda by acclamation.

Suna was then buried with all the usual pomp attending such ceremonies in Uganda; and the young Emperor, having paid all honour to his father's remains, and feeling himself firmly established in power, began to reveal the true spirit which had been masked by the fair speech and large eyes.

He soon found reasons for slaying all his brothers, and, having disposed of them, turned upon the chiefs, who had elected him Emperor of Uganda, and put them to death, saying that he would have no subject about him to remind him that he owed his sovereignty to him.

According to his father's custom, he butchered all who gave him offence, and that lion in war, Namujurilwa, as also the Katekiro, he caused to be beheaded. Frequently, when in a passion, he would take his spear in hand and rush to his harem, and spear his women until his thirst for blood was slaked.

It is probable that Mtesa was of this temper when Speke saw him, and that he continued in it until he was converted by the Arab Muley bin Salim into a fervid Muslim. After this, however, he became more humane, abstained from the strong native beer which used to fire his blood, and renounced the blood-shedding custom of his fathers.

Mtesa's reign, like that of his predecessor, has been distinguished by victories over many nations, such as the Wanyankcri, Wanyoro, Wasui, Wazongora,

and Wasoga, and his Katekiro has carried his victorious flag to Ruanda and to Usongora on the Muta Nzigé. He has likewise sent embassies to the Khedive's pasha of Gondokoro, to Sultans Majid and Barghash of Zanzibar, and, having entertained most hospitably Captains Speke and Grant, Colonel Long of the Egyptian army, myself, and M. Linant de Bellefonds, is now desirous of becoming more intimate with Europe, to introduce specie into his country, and to employ European artisans to teach his people.

For the interesting facts of the preceding pages, the world is indebted to the gossip Sabadu, for until his revelations, as herein recorded, Uganda and a large portion of Equatorial Africa were (to use the words of ancient Pistol) like a closed oyster, but which now, with his aid, we have partly opened, thus obtaining glimpses, however unsatisfactory, into the origin, custom, and history of the country. An epic poem might be written upon the legend of the search for the lost patriarch, or a prose romance, for there is material enough for a great work in the tale Sabadu told me.

If we begin to speculate as to who this Kintu, the blameless priest, really was, and whether the legend does not bear some dim and vague resemblance to the histories of Adam or Noah, handed down from generation to generation through remote times among an unlettered people, we may easily become lost in a maze of wild theories and conjectures. There is, however, just as much ground for building such suppositions, and to plausibly demonstrate them to be actualities and facts, as there is for many other fables now generally accepted as verities.

It is impossible, while reading the tale of Kintu, the Blameless Priest, not to be reminded at one time of Adam, at another of Noah—for both Adam and Noah found the earth void and uninhabited, as Kintu is said to have found Uganda and the neighbouring lands. In the gigantic Kimera, "the mighty hunter," we remember Nimrod, and in the wicked children of the patriarch can suspect a faint resemblance to the shameless Ham. The prolific wife, and no less prolific cow, goat, sheep, and the wonderful banana-plant, have their counterparts in the traditions of every people under the sun. And do we not ourselves believe

"That all began  
In Eden's shade, and one created man"?

The ingenious mind can also find the prototype of the miraculously flying Kibaga in the angel that destroyed the first-born of Egypt, or that other who smote the host of Assyria; and Nakivingi, or Chabagu and his mighty warrior Wakinguru, might stand for David and his champions, and the final disappearance of Kintu may be taken to represent the end of the age of miracles. But speculation on these points will only lead one into wild and vain theories: and it is enough for the purposes of this book to accept the tale of Kintu as a simple tradition of Central Africa.

There is great reason to believe, however, that Kintu, if not a myth, is a

far more ancient personage than Mtesa's list of kings would lead us to suppose. At any rate, from other sources I have collected the names of three kings of Uganda omitted by him. These are Semi-kokiro, Karago, and Kinguvu.

That the reader may be able to estimate the duration of the Uganda monarchy, I append in a tabular form the list of the kings, including the names of the three kings not mentioned by Mtesa:—

1. Kintu.	13. Morondo.	25. Kaguru.
2. Chwa.	14. Sekamanya.	26. Kikuruwé.
3. Kamiera.	15. Kinguvu.	27. Ma'anda.
4. Kimera.	16. Jemba.	28. Msangi.
5. Almass.	17. Suna I.	29. Namugara.
6. Tembo.	18. Kimbugwé.	30. Chabagu.
7. Kigara.	19. Katerega.	31. Junju.
8. Wanpamba.	20. Ntewi.	32. Wasejé.
9. Kaeema.	21. Juko.	33. Kamanya.
10. Semi-kokiro.	22. Kyemba.	34. Suna II.
11. Karago.	23. Tiwandeké.	35. Mtesa.
12. Nakivingi.	24. Mdowra.	

The above forms a very respectable list of kings for a country in Central Africa, and proves Uganda to be a monarchy of no mean antiquity, if the number of names may be taken as any indication. Many names may also have been forgotten—to be resuscitated perhaps by some future traveller with the patience and time at command to rescue them from oblivion.

## CHAPTER XV.

Life and manners in Uganda—The Peasant—The Chief—The Emperor—The Land.

To behold the full perfection of African manhood and beauty, one must visit the regions of Equatorial Africa, where one can view the people under the cool shade of plantains, and amid the luxuriant plenty which those lands produce. The European traveller, after noting the great length and wondrous greenness of the banana fronds, the vastness of their stalks and the bulk and number of the fruit, the fatness of the soil and its inexhaustible fertility, the perpetual spring-like verdure of the vegetation, and the dazzling sunshine, comes to notice that the inhabitants are in fit accord with these scenes, and as perfect of their kind as the bursting-ripe mellow bananas hanging above their heads.

Their very features seem to proclaim, "We live in a land of butter and wine and fulness, milk and honey, fat meads and valleys." The vigour of the soil, which knows no Sabbath, appears to be infused into their veins. Their beaming lustrous eyes—restless and quick glancing—seem to have caught rays of the sun. Their bronze-coloured bodies, velvety smooth and unctuous with butter, their swelling sinews, the tuberoso muscles of the flanks and arms, reveal the hot lusty life which animates them.

Let me try to sketch one of these robust people, a Kopi or peasant of Uganda, at home.

THE *KOPI* OR PEASANT.

Were it not for one thing, it might be said that the peasant of Uganda realizes the ideal happiness all men aspire after and would be glad to enjoy. To see him in the imagination, you must discard from your mind the inebriated, maudlin, filthy negro surrounded by fat wives and a family of abominous brats. He may be indolent if you please, but not so indolent as to be unmindful of his own interests. For his gardens are thriving, his plants are budding, and his fields are covered with grain. His house has just been built and needs no repairs, and the fenced courts round it are all in good condition.

Roll the curtain up and regard him and his surroundings!

He steps forth from his hut, a dark-brown-coloured man in the prime and vigour of manhood, a cleanly, decent creature, dressed after the custom of his country in a clay-coloured robe of bark cloth, knotted at the shoulder and

depending to his feet—apparently a contented, nay, an extremely happy man, for a streak of sunshine having caught his face, we have a better view of it and are assured it reflects a felicitous contentment.

He saunters—while arranging his robe with due respect to decency—to his usual seat near the gate of the outer court, above which a mighty banana towers, shading it with its far-reaching fronds.

In the foreground, stretched before him, is his garden, which he views with placid satisfaction. It is laid out in several plats, with curving paths between. In it grow large sweet potatoes, yams, green peas, kidney beans, some crawling over the ground, others clinging to supporters, field beans, vetches and tomatoes. The garden is bordered by castor-oil, manioc, coffee, and tobacco plants. On either side are small patches of millets, sesamum, and sugar-cane. Behind the house and courts, and enfolding them, are the more extensive banana and plantain plantations and grain crops, which furnish his principal food, and from one of which he manufactures his wine and from the other his potent pombé. Interspersed among the bananas are the umbrageous fig-trees, from the bark of which he manufactures his cloth. Beyond the plantations is an extensive tract left for grazing, for the common use of his own and his neighbours' cattle and goats.

It is apparent that this man loves privacy and retirement, for he has surrounded his own dwelling and the huts of his family—the cones of which are just visible above—with courts enclosed by tall fences of tough cane. While we leave the owner contemplating his garden, let us step within and judge for ourselves of his mode of life.

Within the outer court we come to a small square hut, sacred to the genius of the family, the household Muzimu. This genius, by the dues paid to him, seems to be no very exacting or avaricious spirit, for the simplest things, such as snail-shells, moulded balls of clay, certain compounds of herbs, small bits of juniper wood, and a hartebeest horn pointed with iron and stuck into the earth, suffice to propitiate him.

Proceeding from the outer court, we enter the inner one by a side entrance, and the tall, conical hut, neatly constructed, with its broad eaves overshadowing the curving doorway, which has a torus consisting of faggots of cane running up and round it, stands revealed.

It is of ample circumference, and cosy. On first entering we find it is rather dark, but as the eye becomes accustomed to the darkness, we begin to distinguish objects. That which first arrests observation is the multitude of poles with which the interior is crammed for the support of the roof, until it resembles a gloomy den in the middle of a dense forest. These poles, however, serve to guide the owner to his cane bunk, but their number would confuse a nocturnal marauder or intruding stranger. The rows of poles form, in fact, avenues by which the inmates can guide themselves to any particular spot or object.



The hut, we observe also, is divided into two apartments, front and rear, by a wall of straight canes, parted in the centre, through which the peasant can survey—himself being unseen—any person entering.

In the rear apartment are bunks arranged round the walls for the use of himself and family. Over the doorway of the hut within may be observed a few charms, into whose care and power the peasant commits the guardianship of his house and effects.

A scarcity of furniture is observable, and the utensils are few in number and of poor quality. Under the former title may be classed a couple of carved stools and a tray for native backgammon; under the latter, some half-dozen earthenware pots and a few wicker and grass basins. Some bark cloth, a few spears, a shield, a drum, a bill-hook or two, a couple of hoes, some knobsticks and pipe stems, and a trough for the manufacture of banana wine, complete the inventory of the household effects.

Behind the peasant's own dwelling are two huts of humbler pretensions, also surrounded by courts, where we may behold the females of the family at work. Some are busy kneading the bananas to extract their juice, which, when fermented, is called *maramba*—delicious in flavour when well made; others are sorting herbs for broth-food, medicines, or some cunning charm; others, again, are laying out tobacco-leaves to dry, whilst the most elderly are engaged in smoking from long-stemmed pipes, retailing between the leisure-drawn draughts of smoke the experiences of their lives.

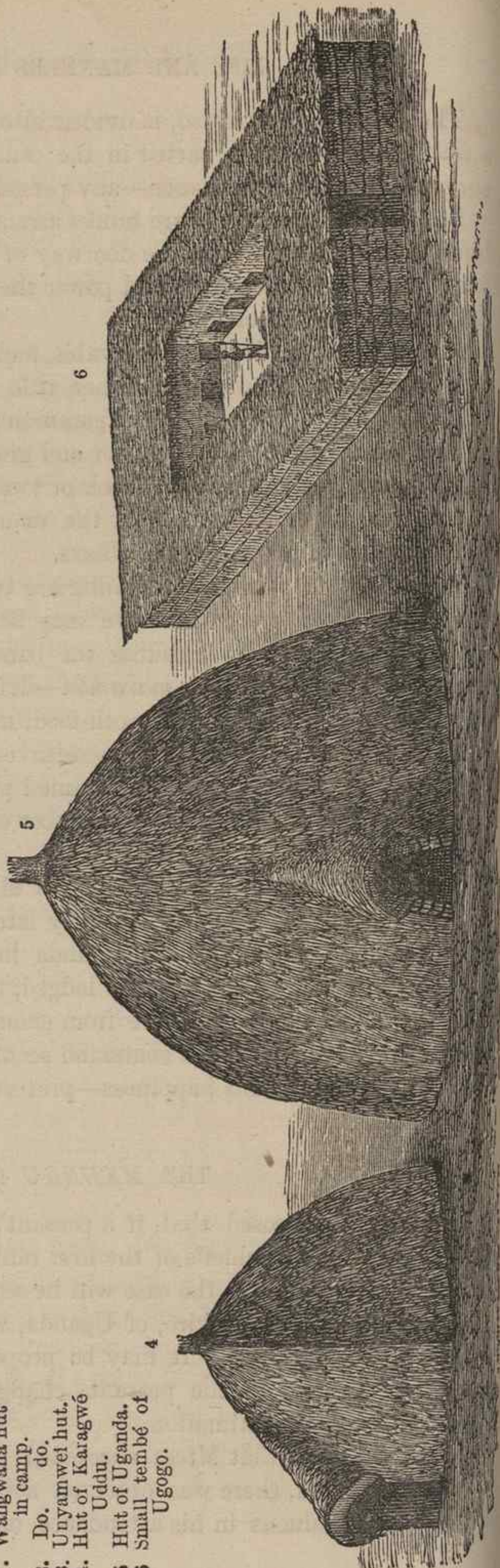
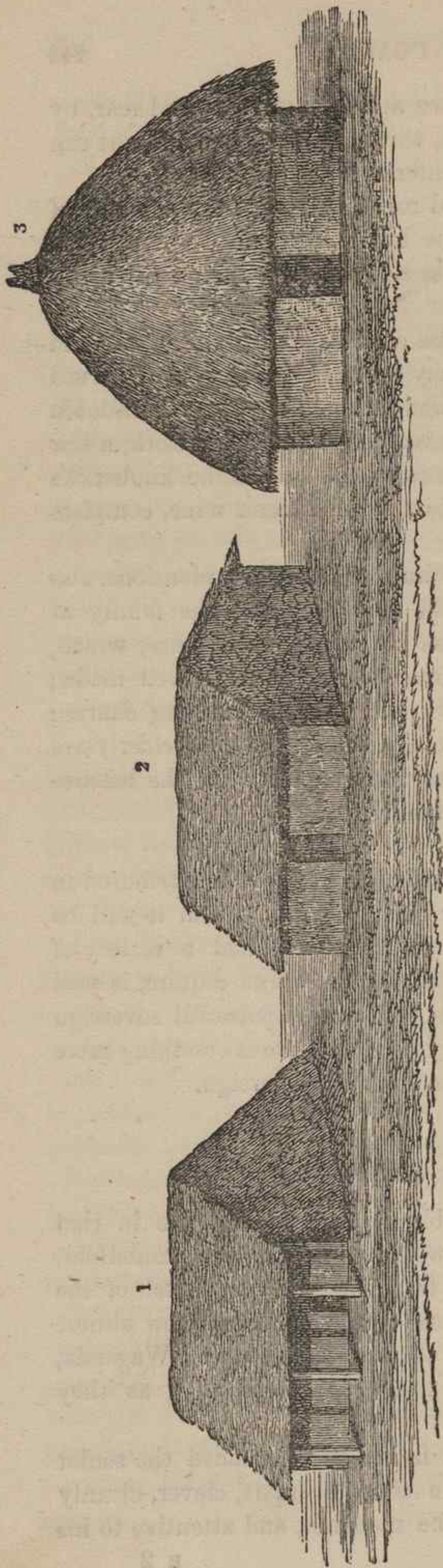
Such is the kopi at home.

If the picture is not a faithful one of all his class, it may be attributed to his own indolence, or to some calamity lately befallen him. From it will be seen that the average native of Uganda has an abundance and a variety of good food, that he is comfortably lodged, as far as his wants require, is well and often married, and is secure from enemies so far as a powerful sovereign and warlike multitudes can command security. Still, there is one thing more that is necessary for his happiness—protection from his sovereign.

#### THE MKUNGU OR CHIEF.

It might be supposed that, if a peasant's lot appears so enviable in that land, a Mkungu's or chief's of the first rank would be happier a thousandfold. That such is not always the case will be seen from the following sketch of the present Premier, or Katekiro, of Uganda, whose name originally, now almost forgotten, was Magassa. It may be proper to state here that all Waganda, from the Emperor to the peasant, change their names according as they advance in popular estimation.

About the time that Mtesa succeeded his father and beheaded the senior chiefs of Uganda, there was observed at the court a smart, clever, cleanly looking lad, assiduous in his attendance on the monarch, and attentive to his



1. Wangwana hut  
in camp.
2. Do. do.
3. Unyamwei hut.
4. Hut of Karagwé  
Uddu.
5. Hut of Uganda.
6. Small tembé of  
Ugogo.

smallest wisnes. He was the son of a Mtongoleh or sub-chief, and his name was Magassa. To his other desirable qualities might be added a fine set of white teeth, bright eyes, and general good looks. Mtesa became enamoured of him, and made him guardian over the imperial lavatory, an office of great trust in Uganda.

As Mtesa grew to man's estate, Magassa the boy also became a young man, for he was about the same age as his master, and, retaining and improving those qualities which first attracted the monarch's eyes, was promoted in time to be a Mtongoleh of the body-guard, and a double-barrelled gun was put into his hands, with the power of gunpowder, and a few bullets and percussion caps, which caused the heart of young Magassa to bound with joy. Perhaps he was even prouder in the possession of a gun than he was of his rank, for frequently the Mtongoleh of the body-guard has only the empty name to boast of.

However, being Mtongoleh (or colonel), he was liable to be despatched at a moment's notice to distant parts of the Empire on special service, and the day came finally when Magassa was chosen.

Imagine a young British subaltern despatched by the Queen's command, specially chosen by the Queen for special service. How the young heart palpitates, and the nerves tingle with delight! He spurns the ground, and his head aspires to the stars! If a young British officer feels so joyful at a constitutional sovereign's choice, what must the elect of a despotic autocrat like the Emperor of Uganda feel?

No sooner has he left the imperial presence with the proud command ringing in his ears than his head seems to swell, and almost burst from delirious vertigo. His back, hitherto bent through long servile dread, has suddenly become rigid and straight as the staff of his spear, and an unusual sternness of face has somehow replaced the bland smiles which hitherto decked it. For is he not "Kabaka" while on the Emperor's errand? Do not his soldiers respond to him when summoned with awful alacrity, saying, "Kabaka" (Emperor), behold us"?

Woe to the party from whom offence came if young Magassa was sent with his warriors to them! And woe to the warrior who committed any breach of discipline when under Magassa's command, or even to him who crossed his humour when on the march on special service! Magassa's spear was sharp and swift, and his hands were at all times quick to gather spoil, and soon it was observed that the poor Magassa was getting rich in slaves, waxing great in name, and becoming exceedingly influential at court.

Promotions rewarded his adroitness and quick execution of commands, lands of his own and bounties of slaves and cattle were bestowed upon him, until Magassa became a Mkungu, or chief, of the second order.

Such a spirit as Magassa possessed, however, could not long remain satisfied with this, while many above him could not boast of a tithe of his deftness and ability, and were blind to observe and forestall the humours of the despotic

monarch ; and a day came when a Mkungu of the first order, named Pokino, offended Mtesa.

Casting his eyes about for a fit man to succeed him, Mtesa's eyes lighted on the sparkling, bright face of Magassa, and his decision was at once made.

"Here, Magassa," cried the Emperor, and the accomplished courtier fell at his feet to the ground to hear his command. "Haste, Magassa, take men and eat up Pokino's land and name, for old Pokino has forgotten me."

"Twiyanzi, yanzi!" he cried and moaned, "Twiyanzi, yanzi, yanzi!" each time more emphatic, and rubbing his cheeks in the dust ; and then, springing to his feet, he seized his spear, and, holding it aloft, as if in the act of launching it, he proclaimed aloud, "By the Emperor's orders, I go to eat up Pokino. I will eat him clean out of land and name, and Magassa shall become Pokino. Emperor behold me!" and again he fell to the ground, screaming his thankful Twiyanzis, and loyally abasing himself in the dust.

After the levee was over, Magassa, eager to change his name for Pokino's, beat his war-drum, unfolded his banner, and mustered his followers, and, like the fell leopard, pounced upon purblind Pokino, whom he quickly deprived of life, land, and name, and in place of their former owner became their master. But with even old Pokino's vast estates and large possessions the young Pokino was apparently discontented. Shortly afterwards the Emperor commanded him to "eat up" Namujurilwa, the Achilles of Uganda, and it is to young Pokino's thirst for power and riches that Majwara, an infant son of that great chief, became a slave to Njara of Unyanyembé, from whom I purchased his freedom in 1871. I afterwards sent him to Livingstone, to whom young Majwara ministered faithful service until that great traveller's death.

With the fall of Namujurilwa, young Pokino became Lord of all Uddu, from the Katonga valley to the Alexandra Nile, a district embracing over 3000 square miles, with twenty sub-chiefs recognizing him as their master, possessing two great capitals, Namujurilwa's at Masaka, and Pokino's, hundreds of women-slaves, and thousands of youthful slaves of both sexes, with cattle also by the thousand, and chief of a population numbering over 100,000. What a change this—from the keeper of the lavatory to the Lord of Uddu!

Pokino's life at his capital of Uddu, Masaka, is almost regal. He has "eaten up" the lands of two great chiefs, old Pokino and the lion-like Namujurilwa, and now out of the eater cometh forth meat, and out of the strong cometh forth sweetness. His sub-regal court is crowded with applicants and claimants for bounties, and slaves requiring to be fed, and good offices are given with a liberal hand, and cattle are slaughtered by hundreds, until Pokino's open hand and large heart is published throughout Uganda. By this politic liberality he secures the affection of the natives of Uddu, the friendship of the great chiefs at the court, and the approbation of the Emperor.

Is Pokino satisfied? Not yet, for there remains one more office which Mtesa can give; but he must wait awhile for this.

The Emperor hears there is a country called Usongora, west of Gambaragara\* somewhere, rich in vast herds of cattle, and he commands Pokino to go and gather some of them. Immediately the great war-drum of Masaka sounds the call to war, and the natives from the banks of the Alexandra Nile, the slopes of Koki plateau, and all the lake shore from the Alexandra to the Katonga respond to it by thousands, for it is a call to them to gather spoil, and when did a peasant of Uganda linger at such a summons?

When Pokino begins his journey, he discovers he has a vast army at his command, for other chiefs also are represented here by columns. Kitunzi of the Katonga valley has sent Sambuzi, and Mkwenda, Kangau, and Kimbugwé have also sent sub-chiefs with hundreds of warriors. Before Pokino's great army the people of Gambaragara retire up the slopes of their lofty snow mountain, and, pursuing them as far as prudence will permit, Pokino's eyes view from afar the rolling grassy plateau of Usongora, and an immense lake stretching beyond, which he is told is Muta Nzigé.

Descending from the slopes of the snow mountain, he marches with incredible speed to Usongora, sweeps in with long sure arms large herds of cattle, despite the frantically brave natives, collects thousands of straight-nosed, thin-lipped, and comely women and children, and drives them towards Uganda.

Several difficulties present themselves in the way. The plain of Usongora is covered with salt and alkali, which, intemperately eaten, causes many deaths; and in the valleys spout up mud-springs, and from the summits of conical hills strange fire and smoke issue, and now and then the very earth utters a rumbling sound, and appears to shake.

The Wanyoro, also, by thousands, combine with the natives of Gambaragara to dispute his return. They lay ambuscades for him, and obstinately harass him night and day. But Pokino's spirit is up in arms. He defies the supernatural noises of that Land of Wonders, Usongora, and by skill and sagacity avoids the meshes laid to entrap him, and, when opportunity affords, snares his ambushed enemies and annihilates them, and finally appears in Uganda at the imperial capital with a spoil of cattle and slaves fit to gladden even the imperial heart.

The Emperor appoints a day to receive him and his warriors, and, that meed may be given only to the brave, has caused to be brewed immense potfuls of potent pombé, which shall serve as a test to point out the brave and the coward.

The day arrives. The Emperor is seated in unusual state, with his harem behind him, his chiefs on either hand in order of rank, his musketeers on guard, and his drummers and musicians close by, while aloft wave the crimson-and-white-barred standards adopted by the empire. Before the Emperor are arranged the pots of test-beer.

\* This part of Pokino's history was related to me by Pokino himself, Kitunzi, Sambuzi, and his page.

Pokino advances, prostrates himself in the dust, and begins to relate his adventures and his doings in Usongora, while the heroes of the great raid are enmassed in view and within hearing of his words.

After the conclusion of the story, the Emperor says briefly, "Drink, if thou darest."

Pokino rises, advances to the test-pots, receives the ladle, and dips it into the pombé; then taking it up, he holds it aloft, and, turning to the warriors who followed him, cries aloud, "Tekeh?" ("Am I worthy or not?")

"Tekeh!" ("Thou art worthy!") responds the multitude with a shout.

Again he asks "Tekeh?" and again "Tekeh!" is shouted with renewed acclamation, and, being found worthy, he drinks, utters his grateful Twiyanzi to the Emperor, and retires to permit others to advance and drink the test-beer. Those found worthy are rewarded, those unworthy are doomed to death by popular condemnation.

Soon after this, Myanja, the Katekiro, was found guilty of the overweening pride of appropriating to himself the most beautiful of the female slaves without regarding his master's right to select his allotment first, and the result of this was that Myanja was disgraced and shortly beheaded.

The Premier's place being now vacant, Pokino was appointed to fill it; and thus was the once humble Magassa elevated to be next in power to the Emperor, with the utmost of his ambition fulfilled.

He is now daily seated on the carpet at the right hand of his sovereign, controls all things, commands all men, and, when leaving the presence of his master, he is escorted by all the chiefs to his own quarters, waylaid by multitudes on the road with profound greeting, has the pick of all females captured in war, the choicest of all cattle, and his shares of all cloths, beads, wine, and other gifts brought to Mtesa; for the Katekiro, alias Pokino, alias Magassa, is now Premier, First Lord, and Secretary of State! But what next?

One day, while on a visit to my quarters, I permitted him to examine my store of medicines. On explaining the various uses of laudanum, he remarked, to my surprise, with a sigh, "Ah! that is the medicine I wish to have. Can you not spare some for me?"

Poor Magassa! poor Pokino! poor Katekiro! He is already watching, while yet young, in the prime and vigour of manhood, for he knoweth not the hour when the Lord of the Cord may beckon to him.

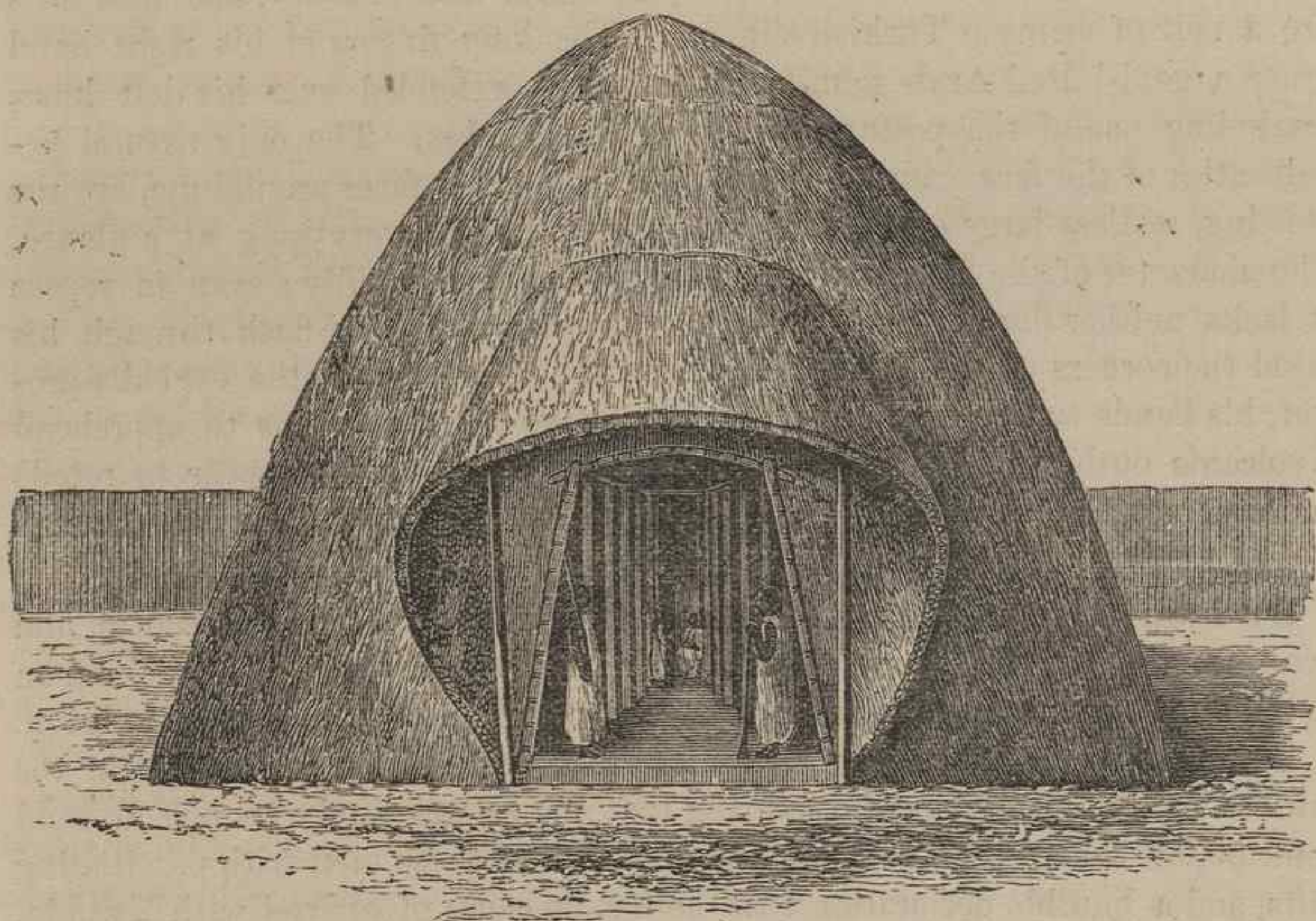
It is left for some future traveller to tell us of his interview with Kasuju, the chief executioner.

#### THE KABAKA OR EMPEROR.

The curtain rolls up, and discloses a hill covered with tall conical huts, whose tops peep out above the foliage of plantains and bananas, and lofty fences of cane. Up the hill's gradually ascending slopes run broad smooth avenues, flanked by cane palisades, behind which clusters of huts show grey

under a blazing sun, amid the verdure of the leafy groves around them. The avenues are thronged by natives, clad in picturesque costumes. White clothes gleam in the sunshine, in strong contrast to red and brown. The people are wending their way to the imperial quarters on the summit of the hill. While no ingress is permitted, they crowd around the gates in social gossip, exchanging morning greetings.

Suddenly the murmur of voices ceases, and the long rumbling roll of a kettle-drum is heard, announcing that the monarch is seated on the burzah. The gates are at once drawn aside, and a multitude of chiefs, soldiers, peasants, strangers rush up tumultuously, through eight or ten courts, towards the



AUDIENCE HALL OF THE PALACE.

audience-hall, and in their noisy haste we may see the first symptoms of that fawning servility characteristic of those who serve despots.

The next scene we have is a section of a straw house, with a gable-roof—about 25 feet high, 60 feet long, and 18 feet in breadth.

At the farther end, by the light afforded by the wide entrance, we perceive the figure of a man clad in an embroidered scarlet jacket and white skirt seated on a chair, guarded on either side by a couple of spearmen and two men bearing muskets. The chiefs and principal men now hastening through the gates bow profoundly before him; some, after the Muslim's custom, kiss the palms and back of his right hand; others, adhering to the original customs of the country, prostrate themselves to the ground, and, throwing their hands

towards him, exclaim, while kneeling, "Twiyanzi, yanzi!" after which they severally betake themselves to their respective seats in order of rank. Two long rows of seated men are thus formed along the caned walls of the hall of audience, facing towards the centre, which is left vacant for the advent of strangers and claimants, and the transaction of business, justice, &c.

Being privileged, we also enter, and take a seat on the right-hand side, near the Katekiro, whence we can scrutinize the monarch at our leisure.

The features, smooth, polished, and without a wrinkle, are of a young man, who might be of any age between twenty-five and thirty-five. His head is clean-shaven and covered with a fez, his feet are bare and rest on a leopard-skin, on the edge of which rests a polished white tusk of ivory, and near this are a pair of crimson Turkish slippers. The long fingers of his right hand grasp a gold-hilted Arab scimitar; the left is extended over his left knee, reminding one of the posture of Rameses at Thebes. The only natural peculiarities of the face, causing it to differ from other faces around me, are the glowing, restless large eyes, which seem to take in everything at a glance. The character of the face, however, is seen to change rapidly; even in repose it lacks neither dignity nor power, but as cross thoughts flash through his mind the corners of the lips are drawn in, the eyes expand, the eyeballs project, his hands twitch nervously, and the native courtier begins to apprehend a volcanic outburst of rage. If pleased, however, the eyes appear to recede and contract, the lips relax their vigour, and soon a hearty laugh rings through the hall.

But hush! here advance some ten or twelve people along the centre, and prostrate themselves before the Emperor, and begin through a spokesman to tell him of something to which, strangely enough, he does not seem to listen.

By means of an interpreter we are informed that it is an embassy from the lawless bandit Mirambo, who, hearing that Mtesa was likely enough to send some 50,000 sharp spears to hunt him up, has sent these men with propitiating gifts, and a humble declaration that he has no cause of quarrel with Uganda. The gifts are unrolled to view and counted. So many cloths, so much wire, some half-dozen dinner plates of European make, an ample brass coffee tray, an Arab dagger silver-hilted, and a scarlet coat.

Mtesa has been meanwhile carelessly talking to his chiefs while the embassy addressed him, but suddenly he turns on the embassy his large glowing eyes, and speaks quickly and with decision:—

"Tell Mirambo from me that I do not want his gifts, but I must have the head of his man who slew my chief Singiri a year ago, as he was returning from Zanzibar to Uganda, or I will hunt him up with more Waganda than there are trees in his country. Go!"

Another party now comes up. A chief is dead, and they wish to know who shall succeed him, and they have brought his sons along with them, that the Emperor may make his choice.



Mtesa smiles and asks his chiefs to name the successor. One names Bugomba, another Taniziwa, another Kaseje, another Sempa. The chiefs fail to agree, and Mtesa asks playfully, "Which shall be chief?" whereupon the majority name Taniziwa as elected, after which we have to hear the "Twiyanzis" of the favoured one, and his ardent vows of allegiance to the Emperor.

Just at this moment appears a long procession of females, old and young, at the sight of whom the Emperor rises to his feet, and his example is followed by all. Curious to know who they are, we ask, and are told that they are descendants of Kamanya and Suna, wards and members of the imperial family. These ladies, it appears, know when to time their visits, and contrive to enter the levee late, as European ladies, to attract attention, are supposed to enter church late.

As these ladies advance to the carpet, Mtesa greets each with a kind word, and after they are seated proceeds to them, seats himself in their laps, and embraces one after another. In return for these imperial courtesies, they afterwards present him with live fowls, which he is compelled to receive with his own hands, and pass over to a chief to hold, that he may not appear to despise any of them. Surely if such a despotic monarch can condescend to be so affable and kind to females, there must be some good in him.

But the Emperor on this morning has caught a cold, and the watchful chiefs have been observing the little uneasiness, and forthwith half-a-dozen rush forward prone on their knees, and offer their head-cloths, into which the imperial nose may relieve itself.

The Emperor playfully draws back in his chair, and says, "Oh, I don't want all these."

"Well, take mine," says one.

"No, take mine, Kabaka; mine is white, and of fine soft cloth;" and Mtesa, prevailed upon by the whiteness and softness of the texture, takes it, and relieves his afflicted nose, and then hands the cloth back to its owner, who rubs it together hard, as though he wished to punish well the cause of the affliction.

Suddenly from some place in the hall is heard a hawking sound, as from some one likewise afflicted with a cold in the throat, and the eyes of the Emperor are quickly fixed on the person; but the chiefs cry out indignantly, "Out, out with you, quick!" and, peremptorily and sternly, half-a-dozen "lords of the cord" seize upon the unfortunate and eject him in no gentle manner.

After this interruption the tones of the native harp are heard, and the Emperor calls to the minstrel and bids him play on his instrument, which the accomplished musician is nothing loth to do. But while we listen to the monotonous music, all are startled at the loud report of a gun!

A dozen ejaculations are uttered, and as many chiefs rush out to enquire

the cause; but they have been forestalled by the adroit and eager lords of the cord, who have thrown their nooses round the man's neck and, half strangling him, drag him into the Presence, whose imperial nerves have been somewhat disturbed by the sudden discharge of gunpowder. The lords of the cord, kneeling, say that the man let his gun fall while on guard, and their eyes seem to ask, "What shall we do to him?" "Give him fifty blows with a stick," cries the angry Emperor, and the unfortunate fellow is hauled away to receive such a punishment as will lame him for a month.

There is now heard a lowing of cattle, of fat beeves and milch-cows, in the court before the audience-hall, and a man advances, and after prostration and "Twiyanzis" says he has brought a present from Mankorongo, king of Usui.

"H'm. See to them, Katekiro, and give one to my steward Ka-uta to dress up, and let each chief have an ox to-day, and give ten to my body-guard." At this liberality all the chiefs rush forward, abase themselves in the dust, and cry aloud their fervid "Twiyanzis."

The chiefs resume their seats after this exhibition of their gratitude, and a messenger arrives from the banks of the Victoria Nile, and relates, to the monarch's surprise, that Namionju, a petty prince near Unyoro, has cast off his allegiance to him, and opened negotiations with Kabba Rega, king of Unyoro.

On hearing the messenger's news, the Emperor exclaims, his eyes expanding widely, and projecting, "What! are all my people dead at Nakaranga? Have I no chief, no people left, that Namionju treats me so?"

The answer is heard in the voices of the chiefs, who spring to their feet simultaneously and rush out before the entrance of the audience-hall, seize their spears or walking-sticks, and call aloud on the Emperor to behold and number his chiefs, and with wild impressive gestures toss their spears and arms on high until a stranger would fancy that a revolution had suddenly begun. The Emperor, however, calmly answers, "It is well," upon which the chiefs leave their spears without and regain their seats.

Then casting his eyes about him, he selects a fiery-looking young chief—Maoor-ugungu by name—who instantly darts forward from his seat, and prostrating himself exclaims, "*Kabaka*, I am here."

"Go, Maoor-ugungu, take five Watongoleh and their men, and eat up Namionju and his country."

Maoor-ugungu, prompt as tinder upon receiving such an order, utters many "Twiyanzis," then springs to his feet, and, seizing a couple of spears and a shield, throws himself into a heroic attitude with all the ardour of a true son of Mars, and cries aloud:—

"Emperor, behold me! The Emperor commands, and Namionju shall die, and I will gather the spoil. I will eat the land up clean. Twiyanzi-yanzi-yanzi-yanzi!" and so on *ad infinitum*.

The Emperor rises. Tori the drummer beats the long roll on his drum, and all the chiefs, courtiers, pages, claimants, messengers and strangers, start to their feet. The Emperor—without a word more—retires by a side door into the inner apartments, and the morning burzah is ended.

Those curious to know further of the Emperor's life must pass through a multitude of sharp-eyed, jealously watchful guards, pages, and executioners, thronging the court of the audience-hall, into the private courts, many of which they will find apparently of no use whatever except to ensure privacy, and to confuse a stranger.

In one they may see Mtesa drilling his Amazons and playing at soldiers with his pets. They are all comely and brown, with fine virginal bosoms. But what strikes us most is the effect of discipline. Those timid and watchful eyes which they cast upon the monarch to discover his least wish prove that, though they may be devoted to him, it is evident that they have witnessed other scenes than those of love.

In another court, perhaps, they may find Mtesa just sitting down to eat a slight noon meal, consisting of ripe bananas and curded milk; or they may find him laughing and chatting with his favourite wives and female children, who all sit around him, seeming to govern their faces according to the despot's humour; or perhaps he may happen to be found with a favourite page examining the contents of the treasure-house, where the gifts of various travellers, European, Turkish, and Arabic, are stored; or he may be engaged with Tori, his factotum, planning some novelty, in the shape of a waggon, carriage, ship, or boat, or whatever the new fancy may be which has taken possession of his mind.

#### THE LAND.

Having learned somewhat through these sketches of the character of the peasant, the chief, and the monarch, it now remains for us to take a view of the land in order to understand its extent, nature, and general aspect.

The form of the Empire governed by Mtesa may be best described as a crescent. Its length is about 300 geographical miles, and its breadth about 60, covering—with the islands of Sessé, Lulamba, Bufwe, Sadzi, Lulamha, Damba, Lukomeh, Iramba, Irwaji, Kiwa, Wema, Kibibi, Uziri, Wanzi, Uruma, Utamba, Mwama, Ugeyeya, Usamu, and Namungi—an area of 30,000 square miles. If we reckon in also Unyoro, Ukedi, and Ankeri, which recognize Mtesa's power, and pay tribute to him, though somewhat irregularly, we must add a further area of 40,000 square miles, making the total extent of his empire about 70,000 square miles.

Some estimate of the population ought also to be offered. But it is to be understood that it is only a rough estimate, made by a traveller who has had to compile his figures by merely taking into consideration the number of the

army assembled at Nakaranga, and enumerating districts and villages along the line of his travels.

Countries and Districts.	Population.
Uganda proper (from Ripon Falls) to Katonga river .. ..	750,000
Uddu .. .. .	100,000
Bwera .. .. .	30,000
Koki .. .. .	70,000
Usoga .. .. .	500,000
Ukedi .. .. .	150,000
Unyoro .. .. .	500,000
Usagara or Ankori .. .. .	200,000
Karagwé .. .. .	150,000
Usui .. .. .	80,000
Uzongora, including Ihangiro and Bumbireh .. .. .	200,000
Sessé Island .. .. .	20,000
Uyuma .. .. .	15,000
All other islands .. .. .	10,000
	2,775,000

This number gives about thirty-eight persons to the square mile throughout the empire of Uganda.

The productions of the land are of great variety, and, if brought within reach of Europeans, would find a ready market—ivory, coffee, gums, resins, myrrh, lion, leopard, otter, and goat\* skins, ox-hides, snow-white monkey-skins, and bark cloth, besides fine cattle, sheep, and goats. Among the chief vegetable productions are the papaw, banana, plantain, yams, sweet potatoes, peas, several kinds of beans, melons, cucumbers, vegetable marrow, manioc, and tomatoes. Of grains, there are to be found in the neighbourhood of the capital wheat, rice, maize, sesamum, millets, and vetches.

The soil of the lake coast region from the extremity of Usoga to the Alexandra Nile is of inexhaustible fertility. The forests are tall and dense, and the teak and cottonwood, tamarind, and some of the gum-trees grow to an extraordinary height, while many of the lower uninhabited parts near the lake are remarkable for the density, luxuriance, and variety of their vegetation.

The higher land, for the most part devoid of trees and covered with grass, appears better adapted for pasture, though the plantain and fig trees flourish on the summit of the hills with the same vigour as near the lake.

Westward of the smooth, rolling, pastoral country which characterizes the interior of Usoga and Uganda, we observe that the land has lost its surface of pasture grass, and its gently undulating character, and heaves itself upwards into many-headed hills of rugged, abrupt forms, and as we penetrate farther, these hills become mountains of a stupendous type, with summits which, except on a fine clear day, the naked eye cannot define. Deep, deep valleys,

\* The white goats of Usoga are like the famous Angora goats with fine silky hair from 4 to 8 inches in length.

from whose depths we hear the roar of resounding cataracts and falls, sunder these lofty mountains. Upon their lengthy slopes great masses of glistening white rock are seen half imbedded in débris, where they have remained since they were severed from the parent mountain which raises its head so proudly into the sky above.

Beyond this scene again we come to where the land appears to have concentrated itself, and fused all lesser mountains and hills into one grand enormous mass, the height and size of which dwarfs all hitherto seen, and which, disdainingly vulgar observation, shrouds its head with snow and grey clouds.

Indeed, so gradual is the transition and change in the aspect of the land from Lake Victoria to Beatrice Gulf that one may draw this one-hundred-miles-wide belt into five divisions of equal breadth, and class them according to the limits given above. Let us imagine a railway constructed to run from one lake to the other—what scenes unrivalled for soft beauty, luxuriance, fertility, and sublimity would be traversed!

Starting from the sea-like expanse of the Victoria Lake, the traveller would be ushered into the depths of a tall forest, whose meeting tops create eternal night, into leafy abysses, where the gigantic sycamore, towering mvulé, and branchy gum strive with one another for room, under whose shade wrestle with equal ardour for mastery the less ambitious trees, bushes, plants, lianes, creepers, and palms. Out of this he would emerge into broad day, with its dazzling sunshine, and view an open rolling country, smooth rounded hills, truncated cones, and bits of square-browed plateaus, intersected by broad grassy meads and valleys thickly dotted with ant-hills overgrown with brushwood. Few trees are visible, and these, most likely, the candelabra or the tamarisk, with a sprinkling of acacia. As some obstructing cone would be passed, he would obtain glimpses of wide prospects of hill, valley, mead, and plain, easy swells and hollows, grassy basins, and grassy eminences, the whole suffused with fervid vapour.

These scenes passed, he would find himself surrounded by savage hills, where he would view the primitive rock in huge, bare, round-backed masses of a greyish-blue colour, imparted to them by moss and lichens, or large fragments flung together as in some Cyclopean cairn, sundered and riven by warring elements. At their base lie, thickly strewn, the débris of quartz-veined gneiss and granite and iron-coloured rock, half choking the passage of some petty stream, which vents its petulance, as it struggles through it to gain the clear, disencumbered valley, and the placid river, guarded by banks of slender cane and papyrus.

And then the traveller would observe that the valleys are gradually deepening, and the hills increasing in height, until suddenly he would be ushered into the presence of that king of mountains, Mount Gordon-Bennett, which towers sheer up to the azure with a white veil about his crown,

surrounded by clusters of savage heights and ridges, and before whose indisputable sublimity his soul seems to shrink. Escaping from the vicinity of this mountain monarch, he would be swept over a brown parched plateau for a short hour, and then, all suddenly, come to a pause at the edge of an awful precipice some 1500 feet in depth. At the bottom of this, slumbering serenely, and reflecting the plateau walls on its placid surface, lies the blue Muta Nzigé.

#### GENERAL REMARKS.

I have still to add some details of interest. Mtesa, in the preceding introduction to the reader, playing the part of Emperor at a public burzah, has still only a vague and indistinct personality, and so, to complete the portrait, I venture to append the following remarks.

On first acquaintance, as I have already said, he strikes the traveller as a most fascinating and a peculiarly amiable man, and should the traveller ever think of saving this pagan continent from the purgatory of heathendom, the Emperor must occur to him as of all men in Africa the most promising to begin with. For his intelligence and natural faculties are of a very high order, his professions of love to white men great, and his hospitality apparently boundless. Had he been educated in Europe, there can be little doubt but that he would have become a worthy member of society; but nursed in the lap of paganism, and graduate only in superstition and ignorance, he is to-day no more than an extraordinary African.

Flattering as it may be to me to have had the honour of converting the pagan Emperor of Uganda to Christianity, I cannot hide from myself the fact that the conversion is only nominal, and that, to continue the good work in earnest, a patient, assiduous, and zealous missionary is required. A few months' talk about Christ and His blessed work on earth, though sufficiently attractive to Mtesa, is not enough to eradicate the evils which thirty-five years of brutal, sensuous indulgence have stamped on the mind: this only the unflagging zeal, the untiring devotion to duty, and the paternal watchfulness of a sincerely pious pastor can effect. And it is because I am conscious of the insufficiency of my work, and his strong evil propensities, that I have not hesitated to describe the real character of my "convert." The grand redeeming feature of Mtesa, though founded only on self-interest, is his admiration for white men.

When the traveller first enters Uganda, his path seems to be strewn with flowers, greetings with welcome gifts follow one another rapidly, pages and courtiers kneel before him, and the least wish is immediately gratified, for to make a request of the Emperor is to honour him with the power of giving. So long as the stranger is a novelty, and his capacities or worth have not yet been sounded, his life in Uganda seems to be a sunshiny holiday.

Meanwhile, however, the pages, pursuivants, messengers, and courtiers

have been measuring him by rules and methods of their own. His faculties have been calculated, his abilities keenly observed and noted, and his general utility and value become accurately gauged, and all the time he has been entertained royally, and courted and favoured beyond all his expectations.

But now approaches the time for him to make return, to fulfil the promise tacitly conveyed by his ready and friendly acceptance of gifts and favours. He is surprised by being asked if he can make gunpowder, manufacture a gun, cast a cannon, build a ship, or construct a stone or a brick house. If a priest ordained, and his garb and meek, quiet behaviour prove it, his work is ready cut for him: he has only to teach and preach. But if a soldier, why should he not know how to make guns, cannon, ships, brick houses, &c.? If he informs the Emperor that he is ignorant of these things, why then he must pay in other coin. He has guns with him, he must "give"; he has watches, "give"; he has various trifles of value, such as a gold pencil-case, or a ring, "give"; he wears good clothes, "give"; he has beads, cloth, wire, "Give, give, give"; and so "give" to his utter beggary and poverty. If he does not give with the liberality of a "Speki" or a "Stamlee," who will henceforth be quoted to his confusion and shame, there will be found other ways to rid him of his superfluities. His men will be found unfaithful, and will desert, attracted by the rewards of Mtesa and glowing descriptions of his liberality, and one day, when he is about to congratulate himself that he is more fortunate than others, he will find himself suddenly bereft of half or three-fourths of his entire stock of goods. If the traveller states that he is acquainted with a few arts, he is expected to prove his words to the loss of his time and patience, and the waste of many precious months; even then what little he has been able to do with such lazy knaves as the Waganda will prove insufficient, and he also, by craft, will be relieved of a few guns and bales.

From these exactions only the resident missionary would be exempt, because he will be able to make ample amends for all deficiencies by staying to teach and preach, and he in time would, in reality, be the Emperor. To him Mtesa would bend with all the docility of a submissive child, and look up with reverence and affection. The peculiar wayward, petulant, inconsistent nature would become moulded anew, or be re-born to be presented henceforth to European travellers in an amiable, nay loveable, aspect. Mtesa is the most interesting man in Africa, and one well worthy of our largest sympathies; and I repeat that through him only can Central Africa be Christianized and civilized.

It will be observed that I have styled Mtesa "Emperor" of Uganda, and not king, like my predecessors Speke and Grant. But my readers may remember that it has been mentioned in the brief sketch of the Premier given above that all the Waganda, from the Emperor to the peasant, change their titles and names according as they are estimated in the popular consideration.

Before Suna's death Mtesa was a Mlangira (prince); when he succeeded

his father, being yet young, he received the title of Mukavya or Mkavya (king) of Uganda, but after he had distinguished himself in the conquest of other kings, and won the imperial right, this title was changed for Kabaka or Kawaka (Emperor). For the Empire of Uganda, as already described, embraces several countries besides Uganda proper.

I was not aware of these several distinctions or grades until I had been a long time resident at the court. The title of Mkama, again, such as that of Mkama Rumanika of Karagwé, Mkama Mankorongo of Usui, is synonymous with viceroy or sub-king, though literally translated it means "lord." Polite courtiers prone on the ground, abasing themselves in the dust before Mtesa, will often address him as "Mkama ange" (My own lord").

The children of Mtesa are all styled Ulangira (princes). Below this title there seems to be no other designation of hereditary condition save Kopi (peasant). Wakungu and Watongoleh alike are peasants born, and therefore still peasants, though they may rank as chiefs and sub-chiefs, or governors and lieutenant-governors, or generals and colonels. Thus Mtesa at Nakaranga, when he was pleased to promise to reward him who first landed at Ingira Island with the place of Katekiro, asked the assembled chiefs, "For what is Pokino really? Is he not a peasant?"

The moral character of the people is far below that of the Emperor. Indeed, if it were not for him, no stranger would dare to enter Uganda. They have no respect for human life or human rights. Among themselves they recognize only might, and Mtesa might even be pardoned for exercising greater severity than he does, for this fierce people requires to be governed with the almost unexampled severity of might and power which Suna so cruelly employed. They are crafty, fraudulent, deceiving, lying, thievish knaves, taken as a whole, and seem to be born with an uncontrollable love of gaining wealth by robbery, violence, and murder, in which they resemble—except that they have the lawless instinct to a greater degree than most—nearly all African tribes. Owing, however, to their terror of punishment, the stranger is permitted to wander in almost certain safety throughout Uganda, and is hospitably treated as the "Emperor's guest" (Mgeni). One has only to hear the word "Nganya" (spoil) given by a person in authority to be surprised at the greed there and then exhibited.

The adage has long been accepted for true, "Like father like son," and equally true would be the saying "Like king like people." The conduct of the chiefs proves that in Uganda at least it is true, for, like the Emperor, they adopt a despotic style, and require to be served by their inferiors with abject servility and promptitude. Like him, also, the chiefs are fond of pomp and display, and, as far as their rank and means permit, they exhibit this vanity to the utmost.

Thus, the monarch has always about two score of drummers, a score of fifers, half a score of native guitar-players, several mountebanks, clowns,



dwarfs, and albinos, a multitude of errand-boys, pages, messengers, courtiers, claimants, besides a large number of bodyguards and two standard-bearers, either following or preceding him wherever he goes, to declare his state and quality. The chiefs, therefore, have also their followers, standard-bearers, and pages, and so on down to the peasant or cowherd, who makes an infantile slave trot after him to carry his shield and spears.

In person the Waganda are tall and slender. I have seen hundreds of them above 6 feet 2 inches in height, while I saw one who measured 6 feet 6 inches. Of course the native Waganda must be distinguished from strangers and slaves and their descendants imported from conquered lands, and generally they differ from these by their more pleasing looks and more agreeable features. This last, however, may be attributed to a general love of cleanliness, neatness, and modesty, which pervades all, from the highest to the lowest. A naked or immodest person is a downright abomination to a follower of Mtesa's court, and even the poorest peasants frown and sneer at absolute nudity.

It has been mentioned above that the Waganda surpass other African tribes in craft and fraud, but this may, at the same time, be taken as an indication of their superior intelligence. This is borne out by many other proofs. Their cloths are of finer make; their habitations are better and neater; their spears are the most perfect, I should say, in Africa, and they exhibit extraordinary skill and knowledge of that deadly weapon; their shields are such as would attract admiration in any land, while the canoes surpass all canoes in the savage world.

The Waganda frequently have recourse to drawing on the ground to illustrate imperfect oral description, and I have often been surprised by the cleverness and truthfulness of these rough illustrations. When giving reasons firstly, secondly, and thirdly, they have a curious way of taking a stick and breaking it into small pieces. One piece of a stick delivered with emphasis, and gravely received by the listener in his palm, concludes the first reason, another stick announces the conclusion of the second reason, until they come to the "thirdly," when they raise both hands with the palms turned from them, as if to say, "There, I've given you my reasons, and you must perforce understand it all now!"

Nearly all the principal attendants at the court can write the Arabic letters. The Emperor and many of the chiefs both read and write that character with facility, and frequently employ it to send messages to one another, or to strangers at a distance. The materials which they use for this are very thin smooth slabs of cotton-wood. Mtesa possesses several score of these, on which are written his "books of wisdom," as he styles the results of his interviews with European travellers. Some day a curious traveller may think it worth while to give us translations of these proceedings and interviews.

The power of sight of these natives is extraordinary. Frequently a six-guinea field-glass was excelled by them. Their sense of hearing is also very acute.

It is really wonderful into how many uses the ingenious savage of these regions can convert a simple plant. Regard the banana-plant, for instance. At first view, in the eyes of the untaught civilized man, it seems to be of no other use than to bear fruit after its kind, for the stalk of it cannot be employed as fuel, and its fronds soon fade and wither and rend, and unless the savage pointed out its various uses, I fear the civilized man would consider it as of slight value. It is, however, of exceeding utility to the native of Uganda.

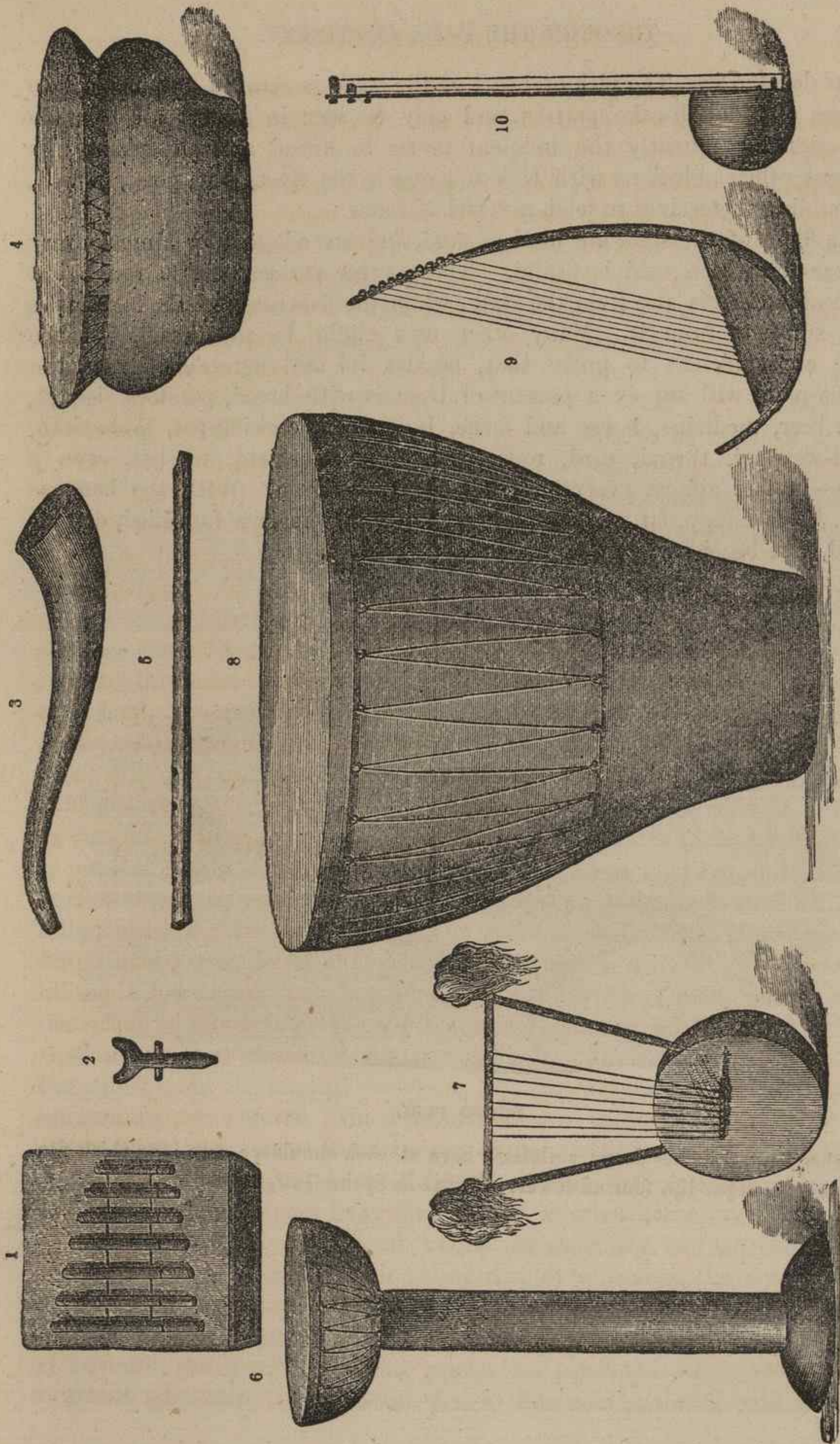
1. Its fruit, green or ripe, forms his principal food. When green, the Waganda peels his bananas, folds them carefully up in the form of a parcel, enclosed in green banana-leaves, and, putting a small quantity of water in his pot, cooks them with the steam alone. This mode of cooking green bananas renders them floury in appearance, and, in taste, most sweet and palatable. When ripe, they form an admirable dessert, and, taken in the morning before coffee, serve with some constitutions as an agreeable laxative.

Of the banana proper, there are several varieties, each distinguished by a special name, just as the European gardener distinguishes his several varieties of potatoes. Some are 3 inches in length, with deep green coats, and seem fat with matter. Others, 6 inches in length, and of a lighter green colour, are considered the best; others are short, plumpy fruit, great favourites also. There is another species, known by a dark point, rather bitter to the taste and unfit for food, but specially reserved for the manufacture of wine, for which it alone is adapted.

2. The fruit of this latter species furnishes the natives with the maramba, a honey-sweet, cider-flavoured wine, and, when mixed with a little millet, sweet beer also. When fermented and perfect, the latter is a potent liquid, and a quart suffices to disturb the equilibrium of many men; but there are old toppers, like Prince Kaduma, who would toss off a gallon and be apparently only slightly elated after it. A small draught of maramba taken at dawn I found beneficial to the system.

3. The banana-fronds serve as thatch for houses, fences for enclosures, and as bedding. They are also used to protect milk, water, and flour vessels from dust and impurities, are employed as table-cloths, on which food is spread, and, like newspapers or brown paper, are used as wrappers for gifts of eatables, such as ripe bananas, butter, meat, eggs, fish, &c., while they serve daily and universally as pudding-cloths in the Kiganda households. The cool, thick shade afforded by a banana plantation is well known.

4. The stems are sometimes used for fences and defensive enclosures; they are also frequently employed as rollers, to move heavy logs, or for the transportation of canoes overland from point to point, when the strategies

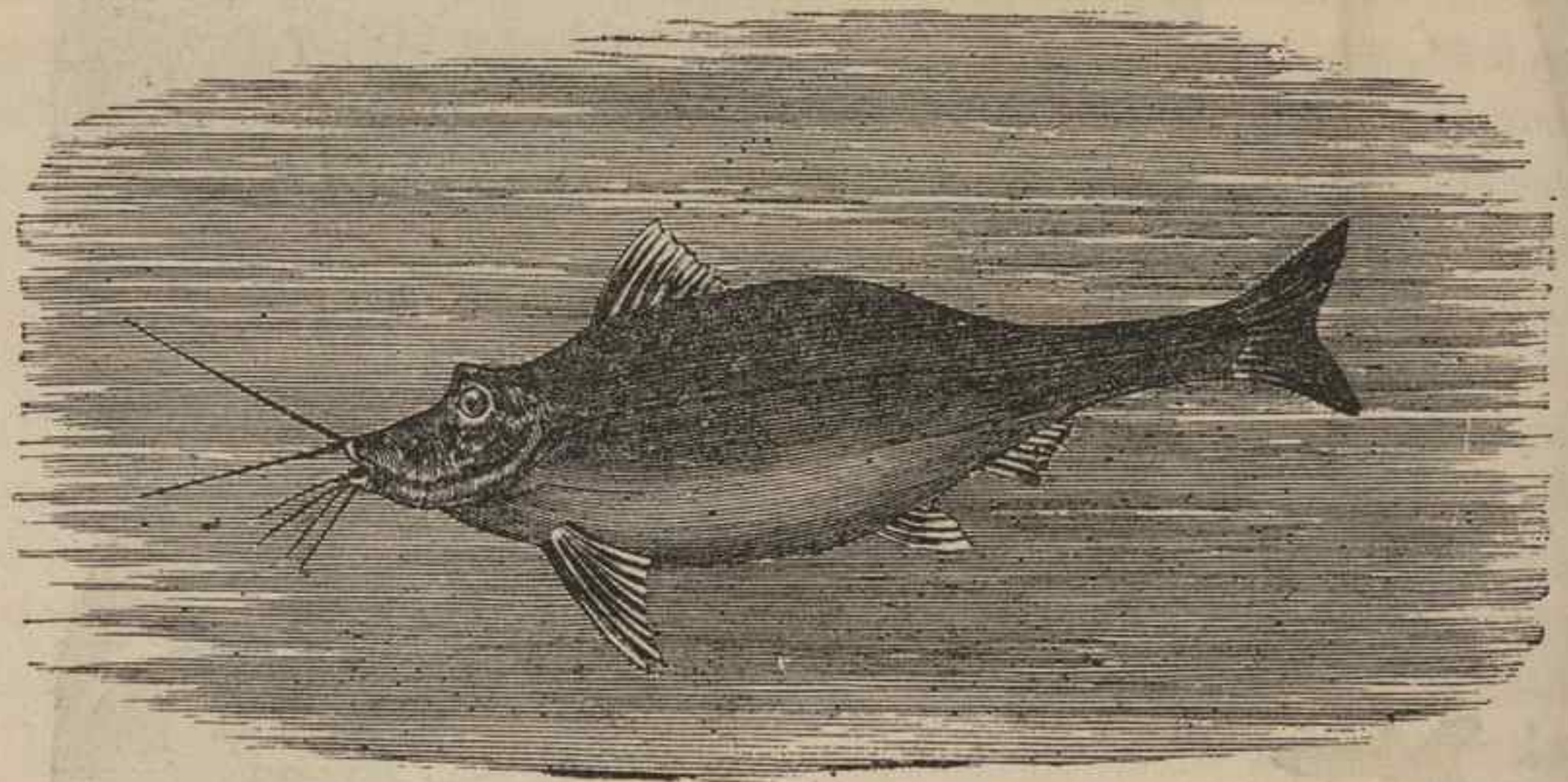


MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

1. Kinanla. 2. Whistle of Ubujwe. 3. Caravan horn of guide. 4. Drum of Uzimba. 5. Flute of kopi or peasant. 6. Drum of Uganda. 7. Guitar of Usoga. 8. Great war-drum of Uganda. 9. One-stringed banjo of Unyamwezi. 10. Guitar of Uganda.

of war demand it. The pith or heart of the stalk is scraped and made into sponges of a dough-cake pattern, and may be seen in almost all Kiganda lavatories. Frequently the indolent prefer to knead a fresh sponge-cake and make their ablutions with this to going to the river, lake, pond, or well, or troubling themselves to fetch a vessel of water.

The fibres of the stalk are used as cord, and are adapted for almost every purpose for which cord is useful. The poorest peasants make rough but serviceable shields also from the stalk, while the fishermen of the lake make large sun-hats from it. Many other uses might be mentioned, but the above are sufficient to prove that, besides its cool agreeable shade, the banana-plant will supply a peasant of Uganda with bread, potatoes, dessert, wine, beer, medicine, house and fence, bed, cloth, cooking-pot, table-cloth, parcel-wrapper, thread, cord, rope, sponge, bath, shield, sun-hat, even a canoe—in fact almost everything but meat and iron. With the banana-plant, he is happy, fat, and thriving; without it, he is a famished, discontented, woe-begone wretch, hourly expecting death.



NGOGO FISH.

10 inches long, 3 inches deep; scaleless; horn at each shoulder; two long thick filaments on upper lip, four on lower. Found in Speke Gulf, Lake Victoria.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## TO MUTA NZIGÉ AND BACK TO UGANDA.

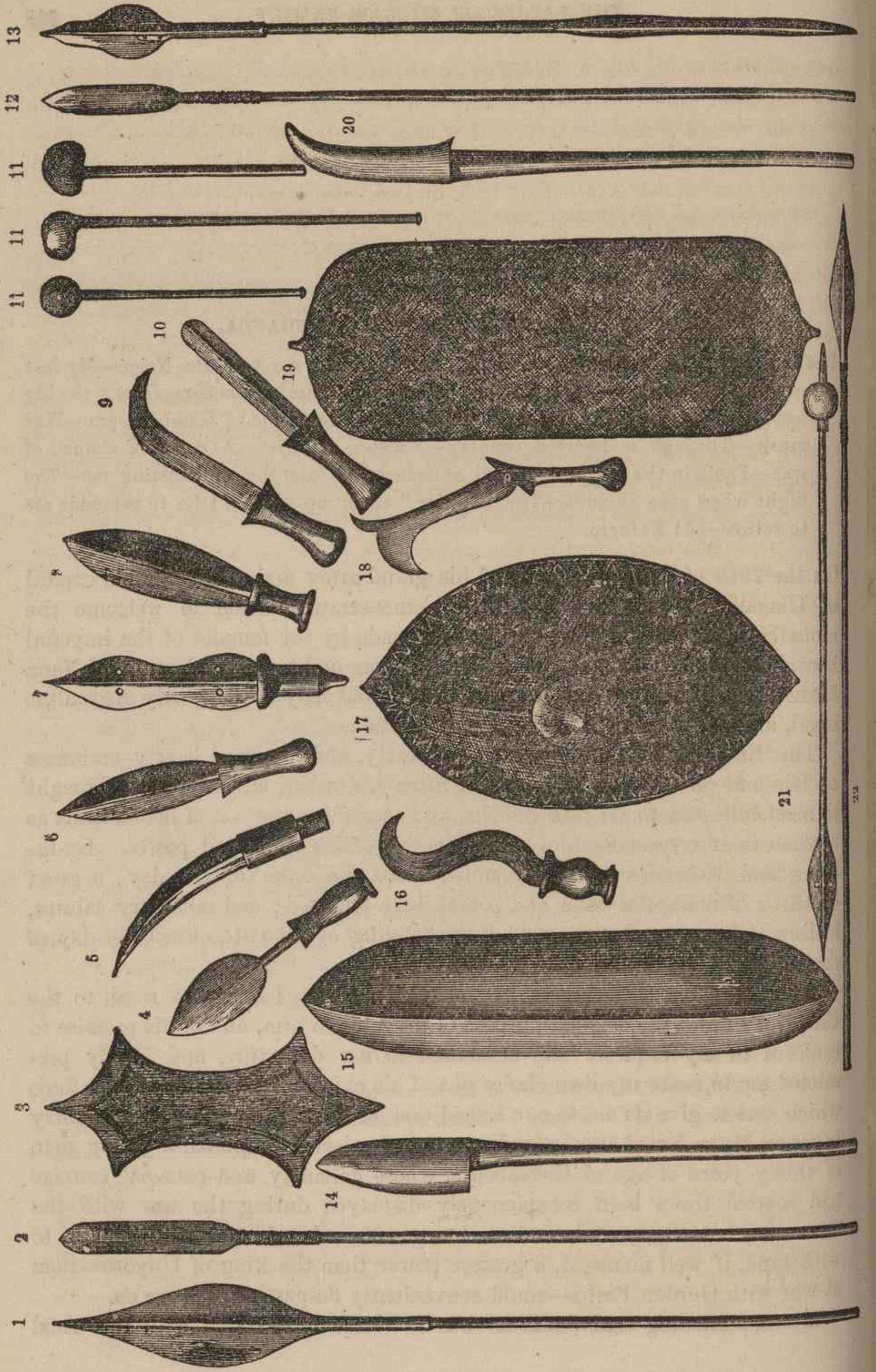
The ladies of Mtesa's family—Sambuži ordered to take me to Muta Nzigé—My last evening with Mtesa—*En route* for Muta Nzigé—Sambuži suffers from "the big head"—We come to an understanding—The white people of Gambaragara—War music—Through a deserted country—Sinister auguries—A cowards' council of war—Panic in the camp—Sambuži announces his intention of deserting me—The flight when none pursued—The "Spoiler" eaten up—Mtesa tries to persuade me to return—At Kafurro.

ON the 29th of October Mtesa and his grand army arrived at the old capital of Ulagalla. There was but little demonstration made to welcome the monarch from the war, except what was made by the females of the imperial household, who were mustered in strong force under the leadership of Nana Mazuri, the Emperor's mother, a venerable old lady of decidedly masculine mind, and of a revengeful and fierce disposition.

The Emperor honours his mother greatly, and bestowed hearty embraces on her and on the ancient relicts of Suna his father, who were also brought to meet him and to do him honour, and to receive the son of heroic Suna as became their respect for him and their awe of his rank and power. Lu-lu-luing and welcomes and fond smiles were the order of the day; a great drinking of maramba wine and potent beer followed; and musketry salutes, killing of beeves and goats, and interchanging of presents, closed the day of the return to the capital.

After allowing a few days to transpire for rest, I began to recall to the Emperor's mind the original purpose of my visit to him, and of his promise to conform to my request. He consented to my departure, and kindly permitted me to make my own choice out of his chiefs for the leader of the force which was to give its aid to our Expedition for the exploration of the country between Muta Nzigé and Lake Victoria. I selected Sambuži, a young man of thirty years of age or thereabouts, whose gallantry and personal courage had several times been conspicuously displayed during the war with the Wavuma, and whose rank and station guaranteed a force strong enough to withstand, if well managed, a greater power than the king of Unyoro—then at war with Gordon Pasha—could conveniently despatch to oppose us.

Mtesa, admitting that Sambuži was a wise choice, stated with the usual



exaggeration of an African or an Oriental that he should have 5000 warriors, and all the chiefs at the levee concurred with him. On my request to him that he would repeat, clearly and within hearing of all, his commands to Sambuzi, Mtesa called the chief to him, who, while prostrate on the ground, received the following command in a loud and clear voice:—

“Sambuzi, my guest Stamlee is going to Muta Nzigé. He has asked that you should lead the Waganda to the lake, and I have consented. Now listen to my words. Nearly all the white men who have accepted my people as escort complain that the Waganda gave great trouble to them. Let me not hear this of you. I shall send messengers to Kabba Rega to inform him of your object, and command him to abstain from molesting you. Now go, muster all your men, and I shall send four sub-chiefs with 1000 men each under Watongoleh to assist you. Do whatever Stamlee advises or suggests should be done, and by no means return to Uganda until you have absolutely performed my commands. If you do return without Stamlee's letter authorizing you to abandon the project, you will dare my anger. I have said.”

“Thanks, thanks, thanks, oh, thanks, my lord!” Sambuzi replied, rubbing his face in the dust. Then standing up, he seized his spears, and, levelling them, cried out: “I go at the Emperor's command to take Stamlee to the Muta Nzigé. I shall take Stamlee through the heart of Unyoro to the lake. We shall build a strong boma, and stay there until Stamlee has finished his work. Who shall withstand me? My drum shall be sounded for the muster to-day, and I shall gather all the young men of the Katonga valley under my flag! When Sambuzi's flag is seen, the Wanyora will fly and leave my road white and free, for it is *Kabaka* who sends him, and Sambuzi comes in the name of *Kabaka*! Thanks, thanks, oh, many thanks, my lord, my own dear lord!”

The eve of my departure was spent in conversation with the Emperor, who seemed really sorry that the time had arrived for a positive and final leave-taking. The chief subject of conversation was the Christian church, which had just begun to be erected, where the rites of the Church were to be performed by Dallington after the style and manner shown to him by the Universities Mission at Zanzibar, until one more worthy to take his place should arrive.

We went together over the grounds of the Christian faith, and Mtesa repeated to me at my request as much as he knew of the advantages to be gained by the adoption of the Christian religion, and of its superiority to that of Islam, in which he had first been taught. By his remarks he proved that he had a

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DESCRIPTION OF THE ILLUSTRATION ON OPPOSITE PAGE.—1. East Manyema spear. 2. Urundi, Karagwé, and Uhha spear. 3. Unyoro shield. 4. Uregga knife. 5. Rua knife. 6. Uvuma and Usoga knife. 7. Manyema knife. 8. Uregga knife. 9. Uganda knife. 10. Ukerewé knife. 11. Clubs and walking stick. 12. Ordinary spear of Unyamwezi. 13. Uregga spear. 14. Uganda macheté. 15. Manyema shield. 16. Uhyeya billhook. 17. Uganda shield. 18. Unyamwezi billhook. 19. Usongora and Bumbireh shield. 20. Usongora and Bumbireh macheté. 21. Manyema spear. 22. Uganda spear.

very retentive memory, and was tolerably well posted in his articles of belief. At night I left him with an earnest adjuration to hold fast to the new faith, and to have recourse to prayer to God to give him strength to withstand all temptations that should tend to violate the commandments written in the Bible.

Early next morning my convert sent me many presents as tokens of his esteem, such as four shields, sixteen spears, twelve knives, ten billhooks, six walking-sticks, twelve finely prepared skins and furs of wild animals, 20 lbs. of myrrh, four white monkey-skins, ten beeves, sixteen goats, bananas and beer and wine, and an escort of one hundred warriors to proceed by the lake to Dumo.

For our mutual friend Lukongeh, king of Ukerewé, he sent at my request five long tusks of ivory, one comely virgin of fifteen as a wife suitable for a king, being of the beautiful race of Gambaragara, also 20 lbs. of fine iron wire, six white monkey-skins, and one large new canoe, capable of carrying fifty men.

For my friend the king of Komeh Island and the lake shore of Uzinja he sent the same, and distributed beeves among the ambassadors from the king, whom I had brought to receive these presents.

From myself I sent to my kind friend Lukongeh one bale of assorted cloth, two coils of brass wire, 60 lbs. of fine beads, and two suits of blue and red flannel, besides a plush velvet rug.

Happy that I had so prospered despite the vexatious delay which was unavoidable, and that I had been able to do even more than I had promised to the kings of Ukerewé and Komeh, I set out from Ntewi with twenty large canoes full of Waganda warriors, five canoes for my own special escort, two to escort the embassy of Ukerewé home, two to escort the embassy of Komeh home, and eleven to open trade by the lake route, with Unyanyembé viâ Kagehyi—also a suggestion of mine.

On the same day that I set out from Ntewi, Sambuzi led a thousand men from Ulagalla overland to our rendezvous on the Katonga river, where he was to be joined by the Expedition from Dumo, and the four sub-chiefs Sekajugu, Mkoma, Kurji, and Ngezi.

Our party proceeding by the lake were hospitably entertained at Nakavija by the grand admiral of Mtesa, Gabunga, and by Jumba, vice-admiral at Unjaku, with beeves, milk, wine, beer, bananas, tomatoes, and sweet potatoes.

At Ujaju our india-rubber pontoon was condemned, and a new and light canoe was substituted for it, and named the *Livingstone*, to take to Muta Nzigé to assist the *Lady Alice* in the exploration of that lake.

After four days' coasting we arrived at Dumo, and greeted the Expedition after an absence of three months and five days. Frank Pocock had enjoyed splendid health, and the soldiers showed by their robust forms that they had lived on the best in Uddu, and that the Emperor's commands respecting them had not been neglected. All this time they had been sustained free of cost to me, and I could not find it in my heart to return the Waganda escort



back to the Emperor without some token of my gratitude, and accordingly I made up a present of four bales of cloth, and 140 lbs. of choice beads, besides various other presents.

A few days sufficed to reform the Expedition, repack all loads, and to prepare the boat, which had now seen nearly nine months of rough service on Lake Victoria, for transport overland to Muta Nzigé.

The *Livingstone* canoe was also taken to pieces, and made into portable loads for the journey. This canoe was 23 feet long, 34 inches wide, and 2 feet deep, and was formed of four long planks and one keel-piece sewn together with cane fibre, which, with the thwarts and bow-piece, formed light portable loads for seven men.

On the seventh day after my return to Dumo we began the march towards the general rendezvous of the exploring army on the Katonga river. We journeyed through Uddu in a north-north-westerly direction, until, striking the Kyogia river, we followed the course of that tributary of the Katonga river as far as Kikoma, when we crossed the stream and entered the country of Bwera, which lies parallel to Uddu, and extends from Koki westward of Uddu as far as the Katonga river.

At Kikoma we were compelled to come to a halt until Sambuzi was informed of our arrival, and guides could be obtained from him to lead us to the rendezvous.

Meanwhile I took advantage of the halt to hunt game and to obtain meat-provision for the expedition. During the five days of our halt here I was so fortunate as to shoot fifty-seven hartebeest, two zebra, and one water-buck. The abundance of game in this wild debatable district, and the impunity they enjoy from man—in consequence of the numerous lions and leopards, and also the neighbourhood of raiders from the hostile country of Ankori—was the principal cause of my great success. The first day I set out I bagged five fine animals within a few minutes, which astonished not only the Waganda body-guards of Mtesa, but also myself.

We heard of lions as being abundant in the neighbourhood of Kikoma, but though I roved far into the wilderness west of Kikoma, I never saw the slightest trace of either lions or leopards.

The arrival of guides from "General" Sambuzi broke up our halt, and caused us to resume our march, and the second day brought us to the Katonga river, or rather lagoon, for I could detect no running water. The bed of the Katonga is about half a mile wide, choked with spear grass and papyrus, with stagnant water 3, 4, and even 7 feet deep in some places.

The crossing of the Katonga consumed an entire day, and was effected by means of the *Lady Alice*, which had to be forced through the dense reeds. At Ruwewa, on the north bank of the Katonga, Sambuzi's delay caused us another halt of five days, which was a sore tax on my patience, and but little in accordance with either my hopes or Mtesa's instructions. However, we

were so far entered into the enterprise, and were now so remote from any other possible means of advance, that we had to console ourselves with the reflection that "what cannot be mended must be borne," though mentally I cruelly condemned our dilatory general. The landscape between Dumo and the Katonga river presents smooth, rounded, hilly ridges separated by broad, grassy valleys dotted with ant-hills and scantily clothed with brushwood. It is a fine pastoral country, eminently suited for grazing, but in the absence of a sufficient population it is a famous haunt for noble game, so unsuspecting as to be easily accessible to a tolerable shot. In the uninhabited portions of the country few trees are seen, save the rugged euphorbiæ.

The eye here commands many views of extensive prospects of rolling country, of grassy hills and grassy valleys, following one another in regular series.

As we all enjoyed unusual good health during our journey through this country, one could not help fancying that it was to the far-receding prospects opening on every side that we owed much of our healthfulness. It was certain that the blood flowed quicker, that the eye kindled with brighter light, and that we breathed more freely when we stood on one of those high, commanding grassy ridges and somewhat fondly compared the land to others we had seen elsewhere, where fever and ague were not so prevalent.

To describe Uddu and Bwera in detail would be a tedious task, for there is much sameness of outline in hill and valley, swell and hollow, ridge and basin, but viewed as a whole from the summit of any eminence, there is something really noble and grand in the survey.

I observed that the parts inhabited by the Waganda are, as a rule, the ridges and tabular summits of the hills, and that the hollows and basins are left for grazing purposes to the roving Wahuma shepherds.

On the sixth day after our arrival at Ruwewa, in the district of Kahwanganu, we marched to Laugurwe, where we met—as courtiers had pre-informed us—General Sambuzi with a thousand men. We camped half a mile off from the general, occupying an entire village, from the plantations of which we were at liberty to help ourselves to our hearts' content. Sambuzi's force occupied the villages north of us.

In the afternoon I called to pay my respects to the general, for common sense informed me that the best way of attaining the objects in view was to pay the utmost possible attention to the failings of this African general, and to observe all ceremony and politeness towards him.

During the war with Uvuma, while I was a constant and honoured attendant at the morning levee of the Emperor, Sambuzi had occupied with his force the ground in rear of our detachment, and this chief had then courted my friendship most assiduously. This, in fact, was one of the reasons why I had made choice of him, and preferred his name to Mtesa. But when I now saw him, I found his behaviour to be an overacted imitation of the Emperor, without the monarch's courtliness and kindness of manner.

As I entered the court, which had been constructed with a view to enhance his dignity, if space can be said to increase dignity, I observed that the general stood up from amongst his subordinates and stiffly maintained that position until I grasped him by the hand, when he managed to utter a faint greeting in response to mine.

I was not altogether unprepared for this result of his promotion; still it chilled me, angered me a little, I must confess, and induced me to ask him if anything was wrong. "No," he said, "nothing was wrong."

"Then why are you so stiff with your friend?" I asked. "Do you not like the idea of going to Muta Nzigé? If you regret your appointment, I can apply for another man."

"My liking or not liking the journey will not alter the command of *Kabaka*," he replied. "I have received my commands to take you to Muta Nzigé, and I will take you there. I am not a child, I am a man, and my name is known pretty well in Unyoro, for the Wanyoro and Wasongora have felt the sharpness of my spear, and it is not likely that they can turn me back before I bring you to the lake. I stand in the place of *Kabaka* now, for I represent him here, and the army is under my command. Sambuzi, your friend at Uvuma, is changed now to Sambuzi the general. You understand me?"

"Perfectly," I answered. "I have a few words to say in reply, and you will then understand me as well as I understand you. I wish to go to Muta Nzigé lake. So long as you take me there and do exactly as the Emperor has commanded you, you shall have as much honour and respect from me as though you were the Emperor himself, and besides that you shall have so rich a reward that the Katekiro of Uganda himself will envy you. With your mode of marching and camping I have nothing to do so long as we are in Uganda, but when we enter Unyoro, I would advise you as a friend, since we are about to enter the country against the will of the people, that you keep the army together, that one camp be made and good positions occupied, and that when any trouble threatens us, you do not act without the advice of others, able and willing to give advice. That is all."

"It is well," he said, "we understand one another now. We will march by slow degrees as far as the frontier, that the other chiefs may have time to come up, and you shall then judge for yourself whether the Waganda know how to march."

Considered as we would consider of things European, Sambuzi could not be blamed for assuming dignity, and I therefore excused what otherwise might be called gross behaviour on his part. Sambuzi's force would be quite twenty times stronger in numbers than mine, and he was my only means of pushing through Unyoro. Prudence counselled me therefore not to let false pride be an obstacle to the accomplishment and success of the enterprise, and I determined to listen to its counsel.

Our journey to Kawanga, on the frontier of Uganda, was along the north bank of the Katonga, through an open rolling country, cut up frequently by watercourses which feed the Katonga. These watercourses, though called rivers, show no running stream, but only river-like marshes or broad "rush drains," choked with spear-grass and papyrus of the same nature as the Katonga. North or south of the Katonga, at the distance of ten miles or so, the land rises rapidly, and here numerous streams of clear, sweet water take their origin, but in their descent to the Katonga valley they become united and absorbed by great breadths of river-like marshes, the oozy contents of which are drained by the broad lagoon-like Katonga.\* It maintains this character until near the base of a low hill which separates the feeders of Muta Nzigé from those of Lake Victoria. The crest of this hill is not more than 250 feet above the bed of the Katonga, and it is not more than two miles from its eastern to its western base, yet along the eastern base curves the bed of the Katonga from the north-west, and along the western rushes the Rusango from the foot of Mount Lawson southward towards the Muta Nzigé.

Except in the vicinity of the Katonga there is scarcely one square mile of level ground to be seen. Our eyes dwelt everywhere on grassy hollows, slopes, and ridges, and the prospect each day was bounded by lines of blue hills, which, as we progressed westward, assumed mountainous altitudes.

At Kawanga, when Sambuzi's force had been all collected, our army consisted of fighting-men as follows:—

The <i>Daily Telegraph</i> and <i>New York Herald</i> expedition .. ..	180
Sambuzi, general .. .. .	1000
Mkoma, colonel   .. .. .	250
Ngezi, colonel .. .. .	250
Sekajugu, colonel .. .. .	450
Mrowla, captain .. .. .	100
Kurji, captain .. .. .	40
	<hr/>
	2270
Mtesa's bodyguards under Sabadu (sergeant) .. .. .	20
	<hr/>
Total .. .. .	2290

Following this little army there were about 500 women and children, giving a grand total of nearly 2800 souls.

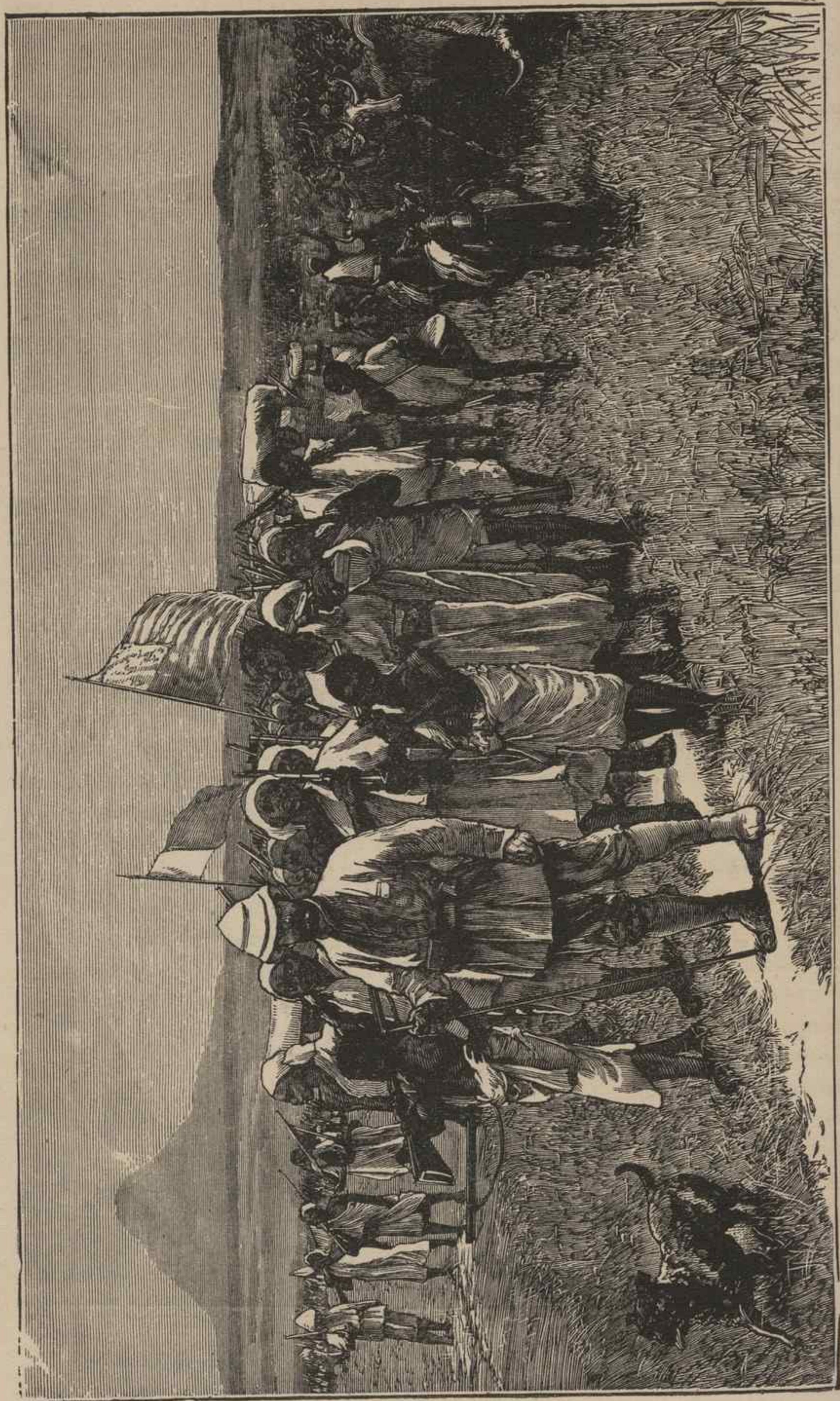
With Colonel Sekajugu were four men of Gambaragara, who were of a remarkably light complexion, approaching to that of dark-faced Europeans, who differed altogether in habits and manners from the Waganda. They possessed their own milch-cows, and their diet appeared to consist entirely of

\* At the confluence of the Wakassi with the Katonga, boiling-point showed an altitude of 4111 feet above the sea, only 18 feet higher than Ripon Falls!

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MARCHING THROUGH UNYORO: MOUNT GORDON-BENNETT IN THE DISTANCE.

milk. The features of these people, besides their complexion, were so regular and remarkable that my curiosity was aroused to the highest pitch concerning them. I had seen stray representatives of these people at the court of Mtesa, but I had not the opportunity then that I had now to enquire definitely about them. I here set down, as I was told, what I gathered respecting them, both from their own lips and those of Colonel Sekajugu, who was the best informed of the Waganda.

These light-complexioned, regular-featured people are natives of Gambaragara—a country situated between Usongoro and Unyora. Gambaragara embraces all the immediate districts neighbouring the base of the lofty Mount Gordon-Bennett, upon the summit of which snow is often seen. We caught a view, as we travelled through Unyora, of this lofty mountain, which lay north-westerly from Western Benga, in Unyora; but the distance was too great for me to describe it exactly. It appeared to be an enormous and blunted cone about 14,000 or 15,000 feet high.

According to Sekajugu, the mountain springs up in a series of terraces from a level plain; numerous waterfalls plunge down its steep slopes, and two days are usually occupied in the ascent to the highest summit. The king, Ny-ika, with his principal chiefs and their families, live during war-time on the highest part of the mountain, which appears to be, from report, something like an extinct crater. They described it to me as a hollow surrounded by high walls of rock, which contains a small round lake, from the centre of which rises a lofty columnar rock. It is very cold there, and snow frequently falls. The slopes, base, and summit are thickly populated, but though powerful in numbers, the courage and skill of the people in war are much derided by the Waganda, who speak of them as preferring to take refuge in caves, and on the summits of almost inaccessible rocks, to venturing into the open for a fair fight.

Though probably inferior in courage to the Waganda, they must have distinguished themselves in war at one time, otherwise I cannot account for the brave and warlike people of Usongora being the subjects of Ny-ika, king of Gambaragara.

This king possesses several villages in different parts of the mountain, and appears to move from one to another, as his numerous herds of cattle become stinted in their pasture. Milk being the principal diet of these people, it may be supposed that cattle are abundant in Gambaragara and Usongora. The Katekero of Uganda in his great raid on this region is said to have collected "50,000" head of cattle. General Sambuzi accompanied him during that famous time, and has often amused my leisure hours with lively descriptions of his adventures.

The people are a peculiarly formed race. At one time they are said to have been all white, and to have emigrated from Northern Unyora, but at the present time the black and light-complexioned are about equal in numbers.

The blacks are the result of successive wars during ancient times and inter-marriages between the captors and captives, the result being a singularly long-limbed and slender-bodied people. The royal family and the chiefs' families continue to preserve their exclusiveness, and hence it is that the original colour of the founders of the state has been preserved. The women are said to be singularly beautiful; I have seen several of them, and though I would not call them beautiful, as we understand the term in Europe and America, they are superior to any women I have seen in Africa, and have nothing in common with negroes except the hair. They are said also to be entrusted with the keeping of the charms of Kabba Rega, and to be endowed by hereditary right with the privilege of priests of the Muzimu of Unyoro.

To my disappointment I heard of nothing that would lead me to suppose they were superior to their less favoured neighbours in manners or customs or their ways and means of life.

On New Year's Day, 1876, the exploring army, nearly 2800 strong, filed out from under the plantain shades of Kawanga, each detachment under the flag of its respective leader, and each known by the particular style of music adopted by the great chief to whom it owed martial service. Thus Sambuzi's own force could be distinguished at a great distance by a peculiar strain, which, as the Waganda explained, announced, "Mta-usa, Mta-usa is coming!" or, "The Spoiler, the Spoiler is coming!" Lukoma's bands of music in the same way rang out, "Mkoma, Lukoma is near!" "Look out for Lukoma!" Sekajugu's name, on the other hand, appeared after the style of ding-dong-bell, or drawn out into "Se-ka-ju-gu, Sekajugu!"

On emerging from under the shelter of our plantain-embowered camp, we were drawn up in a long line along the narrow road. Sekajugu was appointed to take the advance, Lukoma the rear, Sambuzi and the Anglo-American Expedition the centre, while the smaller detachments, under Colonel Ngezi, Mrowla, and Kurji, took positions on the right and left, to keep the main column undisturbed by ambuscades. There was no time lost in these arrangements, and at sunrise the great drum of Sambuzi gave the signal for the march. At noon we occupied a deserted camp, known as the Salt Bunder, on the Nabutari river, which separated Unyoro from Uganda. The heights on the opposite side were observed to be manned by many Wanyoro.

With the eastern bank of the Nabutari, or Nabwari, river terminated the soft pastoral scenes among which our route had lain ever since leaving Dumo, on Lake Victoria, for from the western bank began a more rugged country, which, as we proceeded westward, daily assumed a more mountainous character. The country resolved itself into mountain masses of great altitude—bare and serrated hilly ridges, isolated craggy hills, separated by a rolling country, whose surface often presented great sheets of ironstone rock, mixed with fragments of granite. Each day's march presented two or three mountains of



unusual height, which, dwarfing all others, became of great service to us in taking bearings and laying down a correct route.

On the 2nd of January we crossed the Nabutari, or Nabwari, river, and entered hostile Unyoro, and, undisturbed, made a march of ten miles, occupying at the end of it several villages in Southern Ruoko, Unyoro. Had we not been informed of the change, we should have recognized at once the fact that we had entered into a new country, by the difference in the construction of the huts, and in the vegetables which formed the principal subsistence of the natives. While in Uganda bananas formed our principal food—and very good, wholesome, and digestible they proved—throughout Unyoro our diet consisted of sweet potatoes and salt, varied with such other vegetables as foraging could obtain.

It was an amusing scene to see the haste with which the several detachments rushed about to dig up their rations. It appeared at first glance as if we had brought the exploring army to recultivate Unyoro, so thickly strewn and so busy were the diggers over the village fields. The digging was continued until sunset, and such quantities of potatoes came to camp that I fancied something like a desire to plunder the Wanyoro animated our people.

In the meantime our advance was unchecked, and our occupation of Southern Ruoko unmolested; Sambuzi and Sekajugu drew from this sinister auguries. "The Wanyoro," said they, "must be mustering elsewhere to oppose us; for usually, when we make a raid on this country, the natives hail us from the hill-tops, to learn the motive of our coming; but now the country is all silent and deserted; not one native can be seen." They therefore determined to send out spies in all directions, to ascertain the feeling of the natives respecting our strange invasion of their country; and in order to give time to obtain correct information, a halt was ordered for the next day.

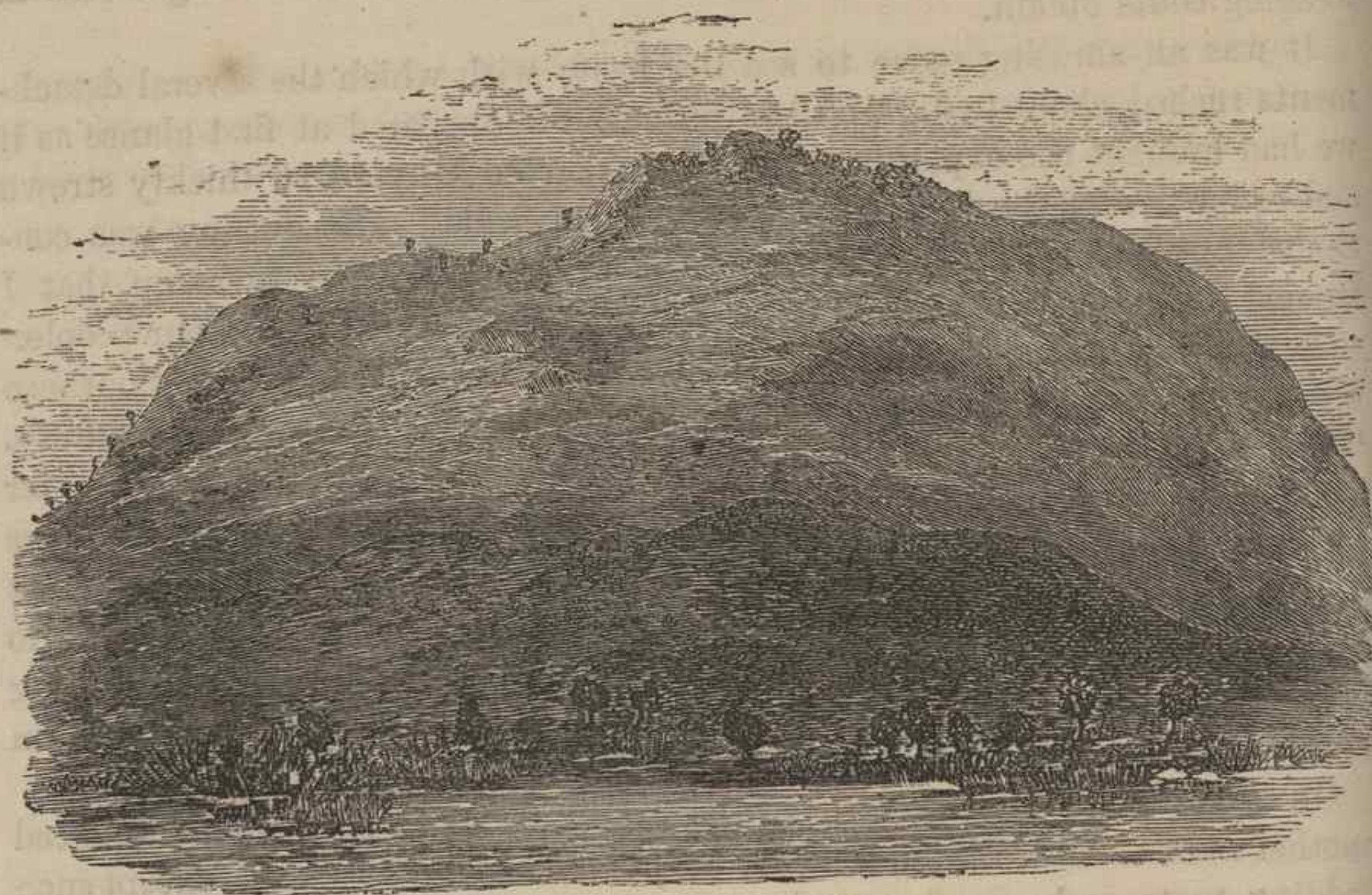
On the 5th January the various musical bands and war-drums announced another march. The Waganda being unencumbered with baggage, except such bedding, mats, and superfluous robes as their women carried, marched quickly, and tasked the heavily loaded Expedition greatly; but my people did not fail me; they had long ago been thoroughly drilled for such occasions as the present, and they kept step and pace with the lightly equipped Waganda. The men who carried the boat-sections and canoe raced like horses, and arrived soon after the advanced-guard at camp. Traversing the district of South Ruoko, we plunged into an uninhabited tract of mountain country, and, after a march of eleven miles, camped at Kazinga, in Eastern Benga.

The next day we crossed the Katonga, for our course was now westerly, and occupied Western Benga, from the summit of a tall hill in which we obtained a faint view of an enormous blue mass afar off, which we were told was the Great Mountain, in the country of Gambaragara. I named it Gordon-Bennett, in honour of my American chief.

Our foragers here obtained for the first time a sight and hearing of some

natives, who shouted out that we might proceed without fear, though they doubted our ability to return, unless we took wings like birds and flew aloft. Some hiding-places of the natives were also discovered by accident amongst the tall grass beyond the fields. A little way from the village we found many deep pits, with small circular mouths, which proved, on examination, to lead by several passages from the mouth of the pit to more roomy excavations, like so many apartments. These underground dwellings are numerous in Southern Unyoro.

After a march of sixteen miles through a wild country, we camped, on the 8th of January, on the east bank of the Mpanga river. This stream takes its rise near the base of Mount Gordon-Bennett, and, flowing a few miles to the east



MOUNT EDWIN ARNOLD.

of the lofty hump of Mount Edwin Arnold, is met by the Rusango river, flowing north-west from Mount Lawson, in the district of Kibanga, in Ankori; the two streams then, united, rush with impetuous force a little north of west, and, after several falls, plunge into Beatrice Gulf. Mount Edwin Arnold, of an altitude of some 9000 feet above the sea, stood west of our camp, on the Mpanga, at the distance of six miles.

We had now left Unyoro proper and entered Ankori, or Usagara. An old dilapidated wooden enclosure denoted that this extreme corner of Ankori was sometimes visited by Wasagara herdsmen for the sake of pasture.

The average altitude of our several camps since leaving the Victoria Lake did not exceed 4600 feet; but as we drew west, the nights were bitterly cold.

On the night of the 7th the thermometer fell to 53° Fahr., and on the night of the 8th to 55° Fahr., this cold temperature being, no doubt, caused by night winds from Gordon-Bennett mountain. Fogs, rivalling the famed November fogs in London, prevailed as a rule every morning, rendering the earlier part of each day damp, disagreeable, and cheerless. It was so thick that a man's form could not be seen at the distance of fifty yards, and horns and drums alone guided us on our march. During the afternoons the atmosphere slightly cleared, and the sun, struggling in the western skies from behind deep banks of sullen clouds, endeavoured to announce to us that the day was far spent.

On the 9th of January, 1876, the drums sounded for the march two hours before sunrise, for we had a long journey before us, and Uzimba, the country of chief Ruigi, was to be entered on this day.

Until daylight we journeyed along, or not far from, the Rusango, its many falls, rapids, and cascades telling of the rapid rush and furious plunge of the river towards Muta Nzigé. Dawn found us in a singularly wild and beautifully picturesque country, the Switzerland of Africa.

Peaks, cones, mountain humps, and dome-like hills shot up in every direction, while ice-cold streams rolled between riven and dismantled rocks or escaped beneath natural bridges of rock, with furious roar. These gritty sandstone obstructions to the Rusango's waters presented most distorted and eccentric forms, appearing often like masses of scoriæ. The traces of some agency, which long ago had convulsed this region, were visible in what appeared to be the wreck of mountains. The strata were perpendicular, seams of white quartz travelled along the lay of the strata in some places, and in others it appeared to have been encased in round moulds, which the impetuous waters, with their ceaseless wear and tear, had worn through, sweeping away the quartz, and leaving large hollows, cavities, and fissures in the sandstone. A small tributary of the Rusango from the south ran over a bed of polished basalt, which likewise contained large veins of quartz.

Soon after noon the main column arrived at the centre of a dip in the Uzimba ridge, 5600 feet above the sea, whence, far below us, we viewed the fields, gardens, and villages of the populous country of King Ruigi. But the sudden advance of the vanguard amongst the surprised natives, with banners flying and drums beating, had depopulated for the time the fair, smiling country, and left a clear, open road for the main body. Had the natives known of our approach, they might have reaped a rich harvest of revenge amongst the laggards in the rear, for the long march of nineteen miles had irremediably dissolved the hitherto compact Expedition into small knots of dispirited and tired stragglers. One fellow, named Andrew, of the British Mission at Zanzibar, had thrown his load down, and plunged into the bushes to sleep his weariness off, and a rescue party of twenty men had to be sent back five miles from camp to hunt up news of him, and they, fortunately, saved him, though menaced by a band of natives. Some sick Waganda fell

victims in the evening to the wrath of a roving party of the natives, who had been disturbed in mind by our presence.

Our descent into the fields of Uzimba was so unexpected that the inhabitants were utterly ignorant of our character and country. As they ran away, they asked the advance guard why the king of Ankori had sent his people to their country, and warned them that the next day they would come to fight. At night, however, the great war-drum of General Sambuzi revealed far and wide the character of the force, and announced that the Waganda were amongst them.

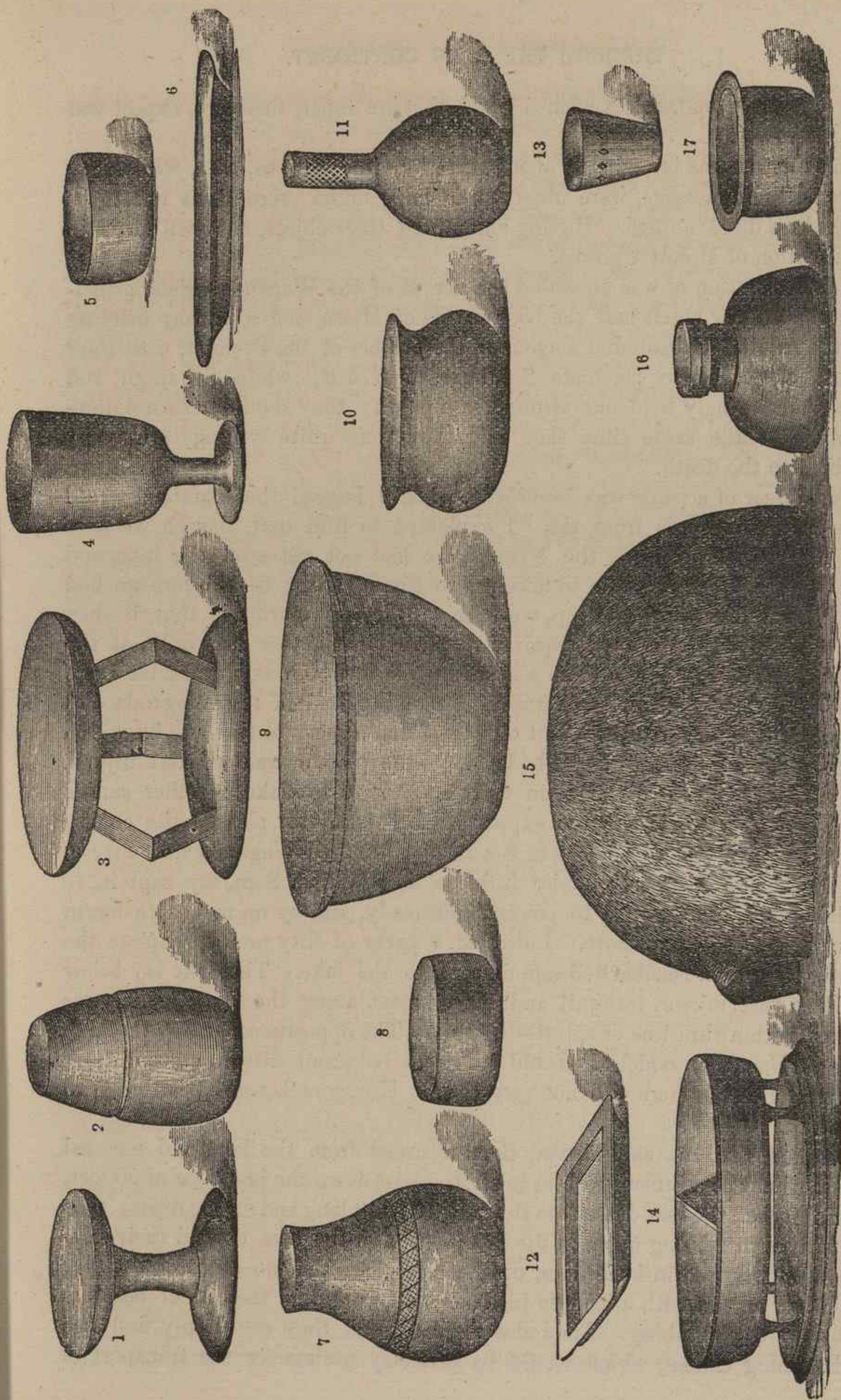
A council of all the chiefs and leaders of our Expedition was held next day, at which it was resolved to send out that night 200 men to capture a few prisoners, through whom we could communicate our intentions to Ruigi of Uzimba, and Kasheshé, king of Unyampaka, which country bordered the lake west of Uzimba. As the lake was only four miles distant, it became necessary to know how we were regarded by the natives, and whether we might expect peaceful possession of a camp for a month or so.

Some ten prisoners were captured, and, after receiving gifts of cloth and beads, were released, to convey the news to their respective chiefs that the Waganda had brought a white man, who wished to see the lake, and who asked permission to reside in peace in the country a few days; that the white man intended to pay for all food consumed by the strangers; that he would occupy no village, and injure no property, but would build his camp separate from the villages, into which the natives, having food to sell, were requested to bring it, and to receive payment in cloth, beads, brass, or copper, assured that, so long as they offered no cause, and kept the peace, they should receive no annoyance. An answer, we said, was expected within two days.

On the 11th of January we left the villages of Uzimba, and marched to within a mile of the edge of the plateau,\* at the base of which, about 1500 feet below, lay the lake. True to our promise, we occupied no village, but built our camp on the broad summit of a low ridge, whence we commanded a clear, open view of our neighbourhood. The Expedition occupied the lake end of the ridge, while the Waganda occupied the centre and eastern end. On the southern and northern sides the hill sloped down to open grassy hollows. No trees or other obstructions impeded our command of the approaches. The Waganda camps were surrounded by huts, the doors of which turned outwards, whence night and day the inmates could observe, without being observed.

The next day an answer was brought that the inhabitants were not accustomed to strangers, and did not like our coming into their country; that Uzimba and Unyampaka belonged to Unyoro; that as the king of Unyoro was fighting with white men, how could the white man come behind him and expect peace? that our words were good, but our purposes, they were

\* Our camp by boiling-point was at an altitude of 4724 feet above the sea.



HOUSE AND WOODEN UTENSILS OF UZIMBA AND ANKORI.

1. Wooden stool. 2. Wooden milking vessel. 3. Wooden stool. 4. Wooden goblet. 5. Wooden porridge dish. 6. Wooden porridge plate. 7. Wooden milking vessel of Ankori. 8. Wooden bowl. 9. Earthenware cooking pot. 10. Earthenware cooking pot. 11. Earthenware water vessel. 12. Wooden dish. 13. Wooden cup. 14. Wooden family banana and sweet potato dish. 15. House in Uzimba. 16. Wooden water vessel of Uzimba. 17. Wooden bowl of Uzimba.

assured, were none the less wicked; and that we must, therefore, expect war on the morrow.

This answer was brought by about three hundred natives, who, while they delivered their message, were observed to have taken precautions not to be caught at a disadvantage. Having announced their object, they withdrew in the direction of Mount Uzimba.

This declaration of war unsettled the nerves of the Waganda chiefs, principally the inferior chiefs and the bodyguards of Mtesa, and a stormy meeting was the result. Sabadu and Bugomba, the brother of the Premier, used their utmost eloquence to persuade Sambuzi to return; while Sekajugu and Lukoma cunningly held out strong reasons why they should return immediately. At the same time they said they were quite willing to stay by Sambuzi to the death.

The danger of a panic was imminent, when I begged that Sambuzi would listen to a few words from me. I explained to him that, though we were only a bullet's flight from the Nyanza, we had not yet seen the lake, and that Mtesa had ordered him to take me to the Nyanza; that, before we had even looked for a strong camp, we were talking of returning; that, if they were all resolved to return, I required them to give me two days only, at the end of which I would give them a letter to Mtesa, which would absolve them from all blame; that, in the meantime, five hundred of the Waganda and fifty of my people should be sent out to select a path to the lake by which the boat, canoe, and loads could be let down the plateau wall without injury, and to endeavour to discover, on their arrival at the lake, whether canoes were procurable, to embark the expedition. This advice pleased the chiefs; and, as no time was to be lost, at 8 A.M. five hundred Waganda and fifty of our Expedition were sent, under Lukoma and Manwa Sera, my captain, to the lake, with instructions to proceed cautiously, and by no means to alarm the natives of the lake shore. I also led a party of fifty men to explore the plateau edge for a feasible and safe descent to the lake. The lake lay below us like a vast mirror, tranquil and blue, except along the shore, which was marked with a thin line of spluttering surf. The opposite coast was the high ridge of Usongora, which I should judge to be about fifteen miles distant, though the atmosphere was not very clear. Usongora bounds Beatrice Gulf westward.

At noon Lukoma and Manwa Sera returned from the lake and reported that it would be a difficult job to lower the boat down the precipice of 50 feet, which marked the first descent to the lake, without long and strong ropes; that the natives in passing up from the salt market on the lake hoisted their salt-bags, well wrapped in bull-hides, up the precipice; that no man could either descend or ascend with a load on his back, as he required the use of both his hands for the climbing. They also reported that they could only find five small fishing canoes, which would be perfectly useless for the transport of

men or goods on the lake. Great stores of salt had been seen, which had come from Usongora, and abundance of Indian corn, millet, sweet potatoes, bananas, and sugarcane had also been seen on the lake shore.

This unwelcome news infused a fever in the minds of the Waganda to be gone on the instant. Large numbers of natives, posted on the summit of every hill around us, added to the fear which took possession of the minds of the Waganda, and rumours were spread about by malicious men of an enormous force advancing from the south for the next day's fight. This urged the Waganda to pack up large stores of sweet potatoes for their return journey through the wilderness of Ankori. The members of the Expedition even caught the panic, and prepared in silence to follow the Waganda, as common-sense informed them, that, if a force of over 2000 fighting men did not consider itself strong enough to maintain its position, our Expedition consisting of 180 men could by no means do so. They were observed openly preparing for flight, before any commands had been issued to that effect, or even the alternative had been discussed. Others wandered off to mix with gadding crowds of Waganda, well disposed in mind to participate in their fears.

The Wangwana captains of the Expedition, extremely depressed in spirit, came to me in the afternoon, and requested to know what I had determined upon. I informed them that I hoped to be able to bribe Sambuzi with one-fourth of the entire property of the Expedition to stay by us two days, during which time I hoped to be able to lower the boat and canoe down the cliffs, and launch them on the Nyanza, by which I could free sixty soldiers from encumbrances, to act as guard for the land party. The boat and canoe would follow the coast line, to act as auxiliaries to the land party, in case of attack, or to transport them across rivers, until we should arrive in the neighbourhood of some uninhabited island, to which place of safety the Expedition might be conveyed, until exploration should discover more peaceable lands or other means of prosecuting our journey. The captains approved this method of meeting the danger which threatened us.

At 5 P.M. a messenger from Sambuzi called me to a council, at which all of his chief men were present, to discuss what advantages we possessed for offence and defence, for meeting the danger or for flight. Sabadu the captain of the detachment of Mtesa's bodyguard with us, was called upon to speak, which he did with all the cowardly malice of a Thersites. Every hint that could damp a virtuous resolution to obey Mtesa's commands was thrown out with all the effect that his position as chief of the bodyguard and his supposed influence with the Emperor lent his opinions, and he confidently assumed the power to charm away the anger of his dread master, and turn it upon the head of Kabba Rega, the king of Unyoro. Bugomba, the brother of the Premier of Uganda, though only a lad of sixteen, having far more influence in this council, and far more ability than would possibly be believed

by Europeans, seconded Sabadu in an assumed humble voice, and what Sabadu had neglected to urge, youthful Bugomba, the Emperor's page, adroitly threw in, and thus clenched the argument for absolute and immediate flight.

The council heard him with great approval, and many were of the opinion that it would be best to fly at once, without waiting for night or for morning. Lukoma and Sekajugu, the colonels under Sambuzi, gravely besought Sambuzi to think well of the numbers that would certainly oppose us in the battle next day; to remember that we were far from assistance, if overcome; that all the advantages of war were on the side of the enemy. The enemy would fight on his own soil, and mindful that he was fighting for his own home. If repulsed the first day, the enemy would come again in greater numbers than ever, and each day, as the bruit of war should spread and time gained, the whole strength of Unyoro, a country as large as Uganda, would be drawn to dislodge and massacre us. However, Sambuzi was their general and chief, and if he thought it best to stand by "Stamlee," they would stand by their chief to the death.

Sambuzi then asked me to speak. Wrath almost choked my speech, for I felt bitterly angry that I should be asked to speak when they were all so resolved to act contrary to the object and purpose of the journey that even fear of the Emperor was not sufficient to induce them to stay, and that a chief like Sambuzi, of such experience and acknowledged bravery, should stoop to listen to boys like Bugomba and such men as Sabadu. However, I summoned up my patience, and said: "I do not see much use in my saying anything, because I know you will act against all advice I can give; but, that you may not blame me for not giving the advice, and pointing out the danger you run into in returning, I will speak. You, Sambuzi, at Laugurwe, told me you were not a child, but a man. If you are a man, how comes it that you allow a boy like Bugomba, whose fears have run away with his wits, to speak in a council of tried warriors such as I see here? Do you think that Bugomba can save your head when the Emperor hears of your cowardly flight? No; that boy's love, which he professes to have for you, will fly when he sees the frown on Mtesa's face. Will the Katekiro stand by you because you love his brother Bugomba? No; the Premier will scourge Bugomba, and be the first to slay you. If you are a man and a chief, why is it that you listen to this slave Sabadu, who no more dares approach the footstool of Mtesa than he would dare meet the Wanyoro to-morrow in battle? Is Sabadu the chief and general of the Waganda, or is it Sambuzi, the chief who fought so well at Uvuma? If your chiefs, Lukoma and Sekajugu, advise you to run away, you do wrong to listen to them, for it is not they whom Mtesa will punish, but you. I therefore, as your friend, advise you to stay here two days, while I fix the boat and canoe. At the end of two days I will write a letter to Mtesa, which will absolve you from all blame; and if you so far concede to me two days, I will give one-fourth of my moneys—



may, I will give one-half of all beads, wire, and cloth I have to you, with which you may reward yourself and your friends. Be not afraid of the Wanyoro; to-night we can build a palisade so strong that, were Kabba Rega himself here, he could do nothing against us. There is no great danger in staying a couple of days, but in returning to Uganda without my letter you go to certain death. I have spoken."

After a little pause, during which he interchanged some remarks with his people, Sambuzi said: "Stamlee, you are my friend, the Emperor's friend, and a son of Uganda, and I want to do my duty towards you as well as I am able to; but you must hear the truth. We cannot do what you want us to do. We cannot wait here two days, nor one day. We shall fight to-morrow, that is certain; and if you think I speak from fear, you shall see me handle the spear. These people know me from past times, and they are well aware that my spear is sharp and fatal. We shall fight to-morrow at sunrise, and we must cut our way through the Wanyoro to Uganda. We cannot fight and continue in camp; for once the war is begun, it is war which will last as long as we are alive—for these people take no slaves as the Waganda do. Then the only chance for our lives that I see is to pack up to-night, and to-morrow morning at sunrise to march and fight our way through them. Now tell me as your friend what you will do. Will you stop here, or go with us, and try another road? For I must tell you, if you do not know it and see it for yourself, that you will never put your boat and the canoe on the Nyanza at this place. How can you get your boat down the cliffs while you are fighting, and thousands pressing round you? Even if you reach the water's edge, how can you work on her two days, and fight?"

To his questions I replied:—"I knew what your decision would be from what the Waganda have done on former occasions. When Magassa was sent with me to Usukuma by the lake, he ran away and left me to fight Bumbireh alone. When the Waganda were sent with Abdul Assiz Bey (M. Linant de Bellefonds) to Gondokoro, they followed him as far as Unyoro, and when they saw the Wanyoro coming, they deserted him, and stole nearly all his boxes, and Abdul Assiz Bey had to fight his way to Gondokoro alone. We white men will soon learn that there is no man so cowardly as a native of Uganda. For your advice I thank you; to-night I will give you my answer."

As soon as I left the council, Sambuzi caused the great war-drum to be sounded for the morrow's march and expected battle. It also announced to the anxious members of the Expedition that the Waganda had resolved to return. On arriving at camp, I saw looks of dismay on each face. I called Pocock and the captains of the Expedition, and proceeded to unfold our position and Sambuzi's intention to return, described to them what dangers environed us, and what hopes were left, and then asked them to give their own opinion of the matter freely.

After a long hesitation and silence the gallant and ever faithful Kachéché spoke, and said:—"Master, I do not know what my brothers here think of the matter, but I see plainly that we have been brought to the edge of a deep pit, and that the Waganda will push us into it if we do not follow them. For my part, I have nothing further to say, except that I will do exactly as you command. Live or die, all is one to me. If you say, let us go on, and leave the Waganda to return without us, I say so also; if you say, return, I also say, return. That is my opinion. But I would like to ask you, if we determine to go on by ourselves, have we any chance at all of being able to start from this camp, because I see we are surrounded by natives bent on war? If all these Waganda with our help are not able to make our position good, how can such a small party as we are hope to do so? This is what is in my heart, and what I believe is the cause of the panic in the Expedition. And I will tell you one thing: when Sambuzi beats the drum to-morrow to march, more than half of this Expedition will follow him, and you cannot prevent it."

"Well," I replied, "this is my decision. I was sent to explore this lake. When I started from Usukuma, I doubted if I could do it unaided by Waganda, because there are no people on this lake friendly to strangers; it was for this reason I requested Mtesa to lend me so large a body of men. As no friendly port could be found where you might rest while I navigated the lake in my boat, I thought of taking possession of a port for a month or two and holding it. The force I relied on now fails me, and the people are hostile; it therefore only remains for me to return with Sambuzi, and to try the lake by another road. If no other road can be found, we must even be content with what we have done."

The Wangwana outside heard the decision with joy, and shouted, "Please God, we shall find another road, and the next time we go on work of this kind we shall do it without Waganda."

Sambuzi was made acquainted with our resolution, and requested to send twenty men to assist our wearied men to carry the goods back to Uganda. At dawn we mustered our forces, and with more form and in better order than we had entered Unyampaka, prepared to quit our camp on the cliffs of Muta Nzigé. A thousand spearmen with shields formed the advanced guard, and a thousand spearmen and thirty picked Wangwana with shields composed the rear-guard. The goods and Expedition occupied the centre. The drums and fifes and musical bands announced the signal for the march.

The natives, whom we expected would have attacked us, contented themselves with following us at a respectful distance until we were clear of Uzimba, when, perceiving that our form of march was too compact for attack, they permitted us to depart in peace.

Our return route was to the southward of that by which we had entered

the lake-land of Uzimba. It penetrated Ankori, and our camp that day was made at 4 P.M. on the banks of the Rusango river.

On the morning of the 15th, after crossing a low ridge, two miles in width, we crossed the Katonga coming from the north-west, and entered Unyoro once more. Our Expedition was the rear-guard this day, and when within a few miles of Kazinga, in Benga, a furious attack was made on our rear from an ambuscade, which was in a short time repulsed without loss to us.

On the 27th we were encamped at Kisossi, in Uganda, a little east of where Sambuzi had joined us with his force. At this camp we parted; Sambuzi, or Mta-usa, the Spoiler, to his own land close by, I to what fortune, or misfortune, had still reserved in store for me and mine. The "Spoiler" made his cognomen good, for on the road from the lake he despoiled me of 180 lbs. of variously assorted beads, by failing to return three loads of beads given him for carriage to Uganda, thus adding another reason to my dissatisfaction with him.

I halted at Kisossi three days to give the Expedition a little of that rest they so well deserved. During this time I despatched Kachéché and two others with a letter to Mtesa, wherein I did not fail to report to him of the failure of Sambuzi to perform what he had promised me, of his theft of three bags of beads, and of the strange conduct of Sabadu and Bugomba.

The effect of my letter on Mtesa and his court, Kachéché informed me a few days later, when he overtook us at Charugawa, was one of shame, surprise, and rage. Kachéché was called to the Burzah, and told to repeat in a loud voice all that had happened between Sambuzi and myself since we had met at Laugurwe, while Mtesa and his chiefs listened intently, the recital broken by violent exclamations and ominous ejaculations from the Emperor.

When Kachéché had ended, Mtesa said, "Do you see now how I am shamed by my people? This is the third time I have been made to break my word to white men. But, by the grave of Suna" (a strong oath in Uganda), "my father, I will teach Sambuzi, and all of you, that you cannot mock Kabaka! Stamlee went to this lake for my good as well as for his own, but you see how I am thwarted by a base slave like Sambuzi, who undertakes to be more than I myself before my guest. When was it I dared to be so uncivil to my guest as this fellow has been to Stamlee? You, Saruti," he said suddenly to the chief of his bodyguard, "take warriors, and eat up Sambuzi's country clean, and bring him chained to me."

Saruti prostrated himself, and swore he would eat the "Spoiler's" land clean, and become the "Spoiler" himself, and that Sambuzi should be brought to him chained like a slave. Yet let it be noted here that Saruti and Sambuzi were as loving at the Nakaranga Cape camp as two sworn brothers.

"And you, Katekiro," said Mtesa, turning his glowing eyes on him, "how is it that your brother Bugomba—a mere little boy—plays the great man on duty? Tell me whence he obtained this 'big head' of his?"

"My lord" ("Mkama ange"), "Bugomba is a child, and deserves a rod for this conduct, and I myself will see that he suffers for it."

"Very well, send for Bugomba, and that long-tongued Sabadu, and bring them to me at once, and I will see that they never use their tongues against a guest of mine again."

"Now, Kachéché," said Mtesa, "what is Stamlee going to do now? Do you suppose that, if I give him 100,000 men, under Sekebobo and Mkwenda, that he will be induced to try the lake Muta Nzigé again?"

"He may, Kabaka, but I do not think he will believe the Waganda again, for this is twice they have deceived him. Magassa ran away, and Sambuzi ran away, and he, perhaps, will say Sekebobo will do the same. The Waganda are very good before you, Kabaka, but when away from you they forget your commands, and steal people, cattle, and goats," said plain-spoken Kachéché.

Sekebobo and Mkwenda sprang to their feet before the Emperor, and said loudly, "Nay, let us go, Kabaka, and we will cut through the heart of Kabba Rega of Unyoro, or through Mtambuko, king of Ankori, to the Muta Nzigé, and all the nations round about shall not drive us back!"

"It is well," said the Emperor. "Now you, Dallington," said he to the English mission pupil left at his court, "write a letter to Stamlee. Tell him to come to the Katonga once again, and Sekebobo and Mkwenda with 60,000, even 100,000, shall take him to Muta Nzigé, and stay there until he has finished his work. Tell him that if these fail him he shall execute his own pleasure on every chief that returns to Uganda."

At Charugawa, near the Alexandra Nile, I received Dallington's letter, asking me to return and attempt the lake once more.\* This letter plunged

\* The following is the epistle verbatim :—

"MY DEAR SIR, H. M. STANLEY,

"What meant by his news that we see Sabadu coming without a letter in time? He came first. I asked him, 'Where is the letter that you brought?' So he answered me, 'The letter is my mouth;' but I believed not in his words. Then went I to the Sûltan and told him these things. Then the Sûltan called Sabadu and asked him, 'Where is the letter?' and he answered, 'There is no letter.' So he send him to Pokino—the Katekero; but I who know in my heart that they been run away from you. So now he send others people instead of them, and he go to punish Sambuzi. It is far better for you to waite for Waganda to take you to Mutanzige, because they see that Sambuzi been punished, and all the others will obey the word of the king. I, Dallington, the servant of wite men, I won't tell you lie, but I will tell you the truth. The Sûltan (Mtesa) is not bad. This letter I write it in a hurry, and send me two or three papers to write the last to you.

"SEYYID MTESA,  
"Son of Sûltan Suna of Uganda,  
"January 30th, 1876."

me into perplexity, but after long and calm deliberation I decided that it was not safe to trifle away time in this manner; besides, such an undisciplined force would be uncontrollable, and would no doubt entail misery on the people. I was also too far from Muta Nzigé now, and to return for an uncertainty, such as the character of the Waganda caused me to believe it to be, despite the protestation and promises of the Emperor, was in my opinion well deserving a fool's cap. I accordingly wrote to this effect to Mtesa, and closed the letter with thanks for his kindness, and a friendly farewell.

Kachéché, on returning from the capital with the Emperor's letter, met the unfortunate Sambuzi loaded with chains, and the blunt, plain-spoken soldier, far from pitying him, could not refrain from taunting him with, "Ah, ha, Sambuzi, you are not so fine as you were a while ago. You are going to Mtesa to play Kabaka before him; fare you well, Sambuzi."

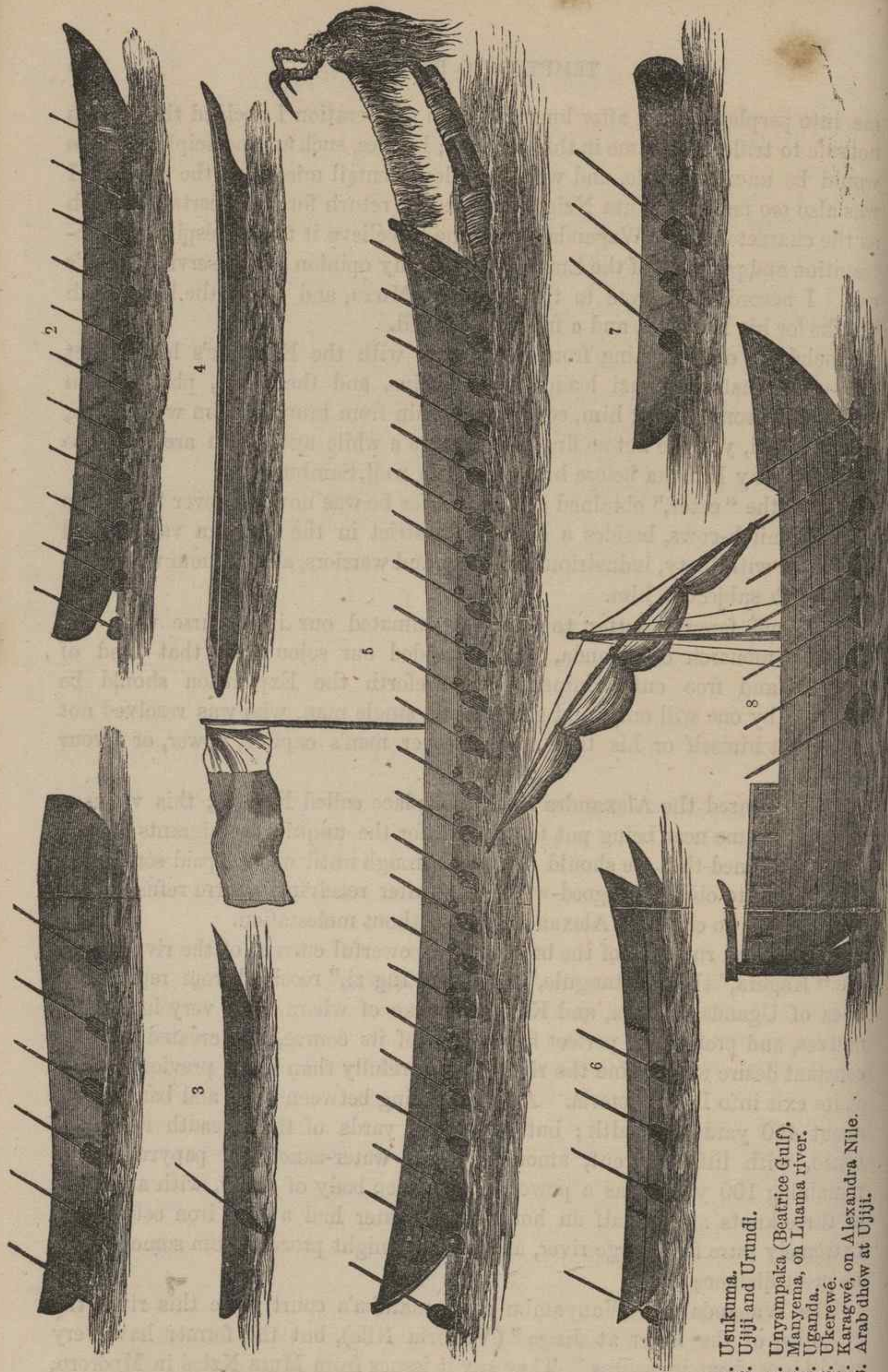
Saruti, the "eater," obtained great spoil, for he was now lord over 200 wives and 300 milch-cows, besides a large, fat district in the Katonga valley, well populated with lusty, industrious peasants and warriors, all of whom were from henceforth subject to him.

The final farewell letter to Mtesa terminated our intercourse with the powerful monarch of Uganda, and concluded our sojourn in that land of bananas and free entertainment. Henceforth the Expedition should be governed by one will only, and guided by a single man, who was resolved not to subject himself or his time to any other man's caprice, power, or favour any more.

As we neared the Alexandra Nile, at a place called Ndongo, this virtuous resolution came near being put to the test, for the unquiet immigrants settled here proclaimed that we should not pass through until we had paid something to the chief to obtain his good-will. But, after receiving a firm refusal, they permitted us to cross the Alexandra Nile without molestation.

Reports and rumours of the breadth and powerful current of the river called the "Kagera," the "Kitangule," and the "Ingezi," received from representatives of Uganda, Kiziwa, and Karagwé, some of whom were very intelligent natives, and professed a perfect knowledge of its course, had created in me a constant desire to examine the river more carefully than I had previously done at its exit into Lake Victoria. At the crossing between bank and bank it was about 450 yards in width; but about 350 yards of this breadth flowed or oozed, with little current, amongst sedge, water-cane, and papyrus. The remaining 100 yards was a powerful and deep body of water, with a current of three knots and a half an hour. The water had a dull iron colour, yet extremely pure for a large river, and such as might proceed from some lake at no great distance off.

The Waganda and Wanyambu of Rumanika's court style this river the "Mother of the River at Jinga" (Victoria Nile), but the former have very wild ideas about its source. They say it issues from Muta Nzigé in Mpororo,



CANOES AND PADDLES OF AFRICA.

1. Usukuma.
2. Ujiji and Urundi.
3. Unyampaka (Beatrice Gulf).
4. Manyema, on Luama river.
5. Uganda.
6. Ukerewé.
7. Karagwé, on Alexandra Nile.
8. Arab dhow at Ujiji.

and, flowing south, cuts Ruanda in halves, and, rounding Kishakka, runs north, dividing Karagwé from Ruanda.

Rumanika, king of Karagwé, is no less singular in his theory of the source of the Alexandra Nile, for he says it issues from Lake Tanganika, through Urundi. However, these and sundry other reports only roused my interest in the noble river, and created a greater inclination to pursue the subject to its ultimate end. For a very few soundings of it enabled me, after my circumnavigation of Lake Victoria, and on examination of the several streams emptying into it, to judge this to be the principal affluent and feeder of the lake.

A journey of fourteen miles southerly across the valley of the Alexandra from its southern bank brought us to the base of the lofty ranges of Karagwé. This country comprises all the mountainous ridges between Usongora on the east and the Alexandra Nile to the west. It appears as if at a distant epoch these ridges had been connected with the uplands of Koki and Ankori north, and Ruanda west, but that, as Lake Victoria had channelled a way for its outlet through the clays and shale of Usoga and Uganda, and its altitude above the sea had subsided, the furious current of the Kagera or Alexandra had channelled a deeper course through the heart of what was formerly a lofty plateau, and that its thousands of petty tributaries then rushed down into the deep depression formed by it.

On the 24th of February we were camped at Nakahanga, a village situated twelve miles west of south of Kiyanga, and the next day, after a march of thirteen miles, we entered the Arab depot of Kafurro, in Karagwé.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Kafurro and its magnates—Lake Windermere—Rumanika, the gentle king of Karagwé—His country—The Ingezi—Among the mosquitoes—Ihema Island—The triple cone of Ufumbiro—Double-horned rhinoceros—The hot springs of Mtagata—The Geographical Society of Karagwé—The philosophy of noses—Rumanika's thesauron—Some new facts about the rhinoceros and elephant—Uhimba—Paganus, *var. esuriens*—Retrospect.

KAFURRO owes its importance to being a settlement of two or three rich Arab traders, Hamed Ibrahim, Sayid bin Sayf, and Sayid the Muscati. It is situated within a deep hollow or valley fully 1200 feet below the tops of the surrounding mountains, and at the spring source of a stream flowing east and afterwards north to the Alexandra Nile.

Hamed Ibrahim is rich in cattle, slaves, and ivory. Assuming his own figures to be correct, he possesses 150 cattle, bullocks, and milch cows, forty goats, 100 slaves, and 450 tusks of ivory, the greater part of which last is reported to be safely housed in the safe keeping of his friend the chief of Urangwa in Unyamwezi.

Hamed has a spacious and comfortable gable-roofed house. He has a number of concubines, and several children. He is a fine, gentlemanly-looking Arab, of a light complexion, generous and hospitable to friends, liberal to his slaves, and kind to his women. He has lived eighteen years in Africa, twelve of which have been spent in Karagwé. He knew Suna, the warlike Emperor of Uganda, and father of Mtesa. He has travelled to Uganda frequently, and several times made the journey between Unyanyembé and Kafurro. Having lived so long in Karagwé, he is friendly with Rumanika, who, like Mtesa, loves to attract strangers to his court.

Hamed has endeavoured several times to open trade with the powerful Empress of Ruanda, but has each time failed. Though some of his slaves succeeded in reaching the imperial court, only one or two managed to effect their escape from the treachery and extraordinary guile practised there. Nearly all perished by poison.

He informed me that the Empress was a tall woman of middle age, of an almost light Arab complexion, with very large brilliant eyes. Her son, the prince, a boy of about eighteen, had some years ago committed suicide by drinking a poisonous potion, because his mother had cast some sharp cutting



reproaches upon him, which had so wounded his sensitive spirit that, he said, "nothing but death would relieve him."

Hamed is of the belief that these members of the imperial family are descendants of some light-coloured people to the north, possibly Arabs; "for how," asked he, "could the king of Kishakka possess an Arab scimitar, which is a venerated heir-loom of the royal family, and the sword of the founder of that kingdom?"

"All these people," said he, "about here are as different from the ordinary Washensi—pagans—as I am different from them. I would as soon marry a woman of Ruanda as I would a female of Muscat. When you go to see Rumanika, you will see some Wanya-Ruanda, and you may then judge for yourself. The people of that country are not cowards. Mashallah! they have taken Kishakka, Muvuri, and have lately conquered Mpororo. The Waganda measured their strength with them, and were obliged to retreat. The Wanya-Ruanda are a great people, but they are covetous, malignant, treacherous, and utterly untrustworthy. They have never yet allowed an Arab to trade in their country, which proves them to be a bad lot. There is plenty of ivory there, and during the last eight years Khamis bin Abdullah, Tippu-Tib, Sayid bin Habib, and I myself have attempted frequently to enter there, but none of us has ever succeeded. Even Rumanika's people are not allowed to penetrate far, though he permits everybody to come into his country, and he is a man of their own blood and their own race, and speaks with little difference their own language."

Hamed Ibrahim was not opening out very brilliant prospects before me, nevertheless I resolved to search out in person some known road to this strange country that I might make a direct course to Nyangwé.

On the third day after arrival, the king having been informed of my intended visit, Hamed Ibrahim and Sayid bin Sayf accompanied me on an official visit to Rumanika, king of Karagwé, and a tributary of Mtesa, Emperor of Uganda.

Kafurro, according to aneroid, is 3950 feet above the ocean. Ascending the steep slope of the mountain west of Kafurro, we gained an altitude of 5150 feet, and half an hour afterwards stood upon a ridge 5350 feet above the sea, whence we obtained a most grand and imposing view. Some 600 feet below us was a grassy terrace overlooking the small Windermere Lake, 1000 feet below, its placid surface rivalling in colour the azure of the cloudless heaven. Across a narrow ridge we looked upon the broad and papyrus-covered valley of the Alexandra, whilst many fair, blue lakelets north and south, connected by the winding silver line of the Alexandra Nile, suggested that here exploring work of a most interesting character was needed to understand the complete relations of lake, river, and valley to one another.

Beyond the broad valley rose ridge after ridge, separated from each other by deep parallel basins, or valleys, and behind these, receding into dim and

vague outlines, towered loftier ridges. About sixty miles off, to the north-west, rose a colossal sugar-loaf clump of enormous altitude, which I was told was the Ufumbiro mountains. From their northern base extended Mpororo country and to the south, Ruanda.

At the northern end of the Windermere Lake, an irregular range, which extends north to Ugoi, terminates in the dome-like Mount Isossi. South of where I stood, and about a mile distant, was the bold mount of Kazwiro, and about thirty miles beyond it I could see the irregular and confused masses of the Kishakka mountains.

On the grassy terrace below us was situated Rumanika's village, fenced round by a strong and circular stockade, to which we now descended after having enjoyed a noble and inspiring prospect.

Our procession was not long in attracting hundreds of persons, principally youths, all those who might be considered in their boyhood being perfectly nude.

"Who are these?" I inquired of Sheikh Hamed.

"Some of the youngest are sons of Rumanika, others are young Wanya-Ruanda," he replied.

The sons of Rumanika, nourished on a milk diet, were in remarkably good condition. Their unctuous skins shone as though the tissues of fat beneath were dissolving in the heat, and their rounded bodies were as taut as a drum-head. Their eyes were large, and beaming and lustrous with life, yet softened by an extreme gentleness of expression. The sculptor might have obtained from any of these royal boys a dark model for another statue to rival the classic Antinous.

As we were followed by the youths, who welcomed us with a graceful courtesy, the appropriate couplet came to my mind—

"Thrice happy race! that innocent of blood,  
From milk innoxious, seek their simple food."

We were soon ushered into the hut wherein Rumanika sat expectant, with one of the kindest, most paternal smiles it would be possible to conceive.

I confess to have been as affected by the first glance at this venerable and gentle pagan as though I gazed on the serene and placid face of some Christian patriarch or saint of old, whose memory the Church still holds in reverence. His face reminded me of a deep still well; the tones of his voice were so calm that unconsciously they compelled me to imitate him, while the quick, nervous gestures and the bold voice of Sheikh Hamed, seeming entirely out of place, jarred upon me.

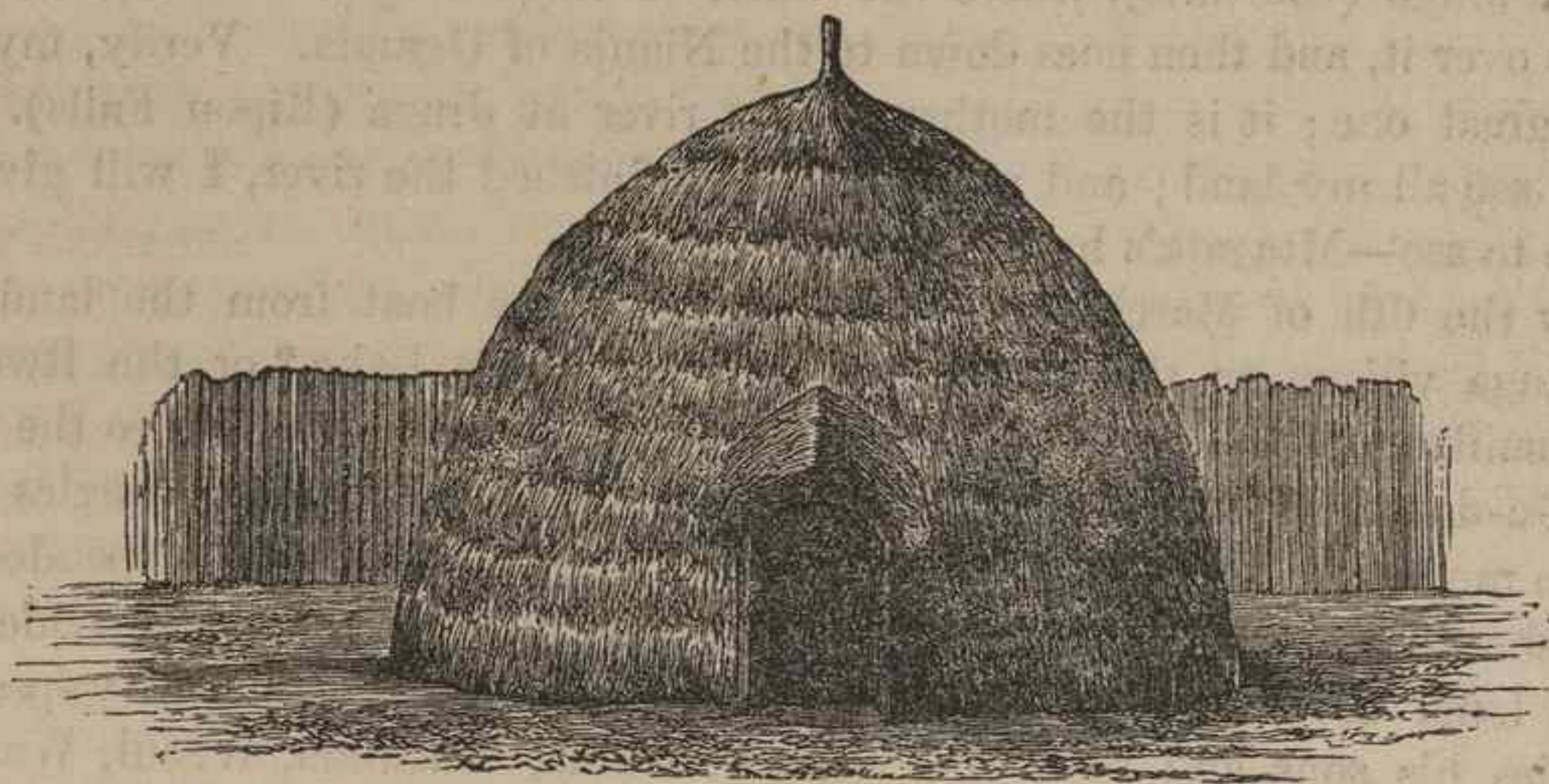
It was no wonder that the peremptory and imperious, vivid-eyed Mtesa respected and loved this sweet-tempered pagan. Though they had never met, Mtesa's pages had described him, and with their powers of mimicry had

brought the soft modulated tones of Rumanika to his ears as truly as they had borne his amicable messages to him.

What greater contrasts can be imagined than the natures of the Emperor Mtesa and the King Rumanika? In some of his volcanic passions Mtesa seemed to be Fury personified, and if he were represented on the stage in one of his furious moods, I fear that the actor would rupture a blood-vessel, destroy his eyes, and be ever afterwards afflicted with madness. The Waganda always had recourse to action and gesture to supplement their verbal descriptions of his raging fits. His eyes, they said, were "balls of fire and large as fists," while his words were "like gunpowder."

Nature, which had endowed Mtesa with a nervous and intense temperament, had given Rumanika the placid temper, the soft voice, the mild benignity, and pleasing character of a gentle father.

The king appeared to me, clad as he was in red blanket cloth, when seated,



RUMANIKA'S TREASURE-HOUSE.

a man of middle size, but when he afterwards stood up, he rose to the gigantic stature of 6 feet 6 inches or thereabouts, for the top of my head, as we walked side by side, only reached near his shoulders. His face was long, and his nose somewhat Roman in shape; the profile showed a decidedly refined type.

Our interview was very pleasing, and he took excessive interest in every question I addressed to him. When I spoke, he imposed silence on his friends, and leaned forward with eager attention. If I wished to know anything about the geography of the country, he immediately sent for some particular person who was acquainted with that portion, and inquired searchingly of him as to his knowledge. He chuckled when he saw me use my note-book, as though he had some large personal interest in the number of notes I took. He appeared to be more and more delighted as their bulk increased, and triumphantly pointed out to the Arabs the immense superiority of the whites to them.

He expressed himself as only too glad that I should explore his country. It was a land, he said, that white men ought to know. It possessed many lakes and rivers, and mountains and hot springs, and many other things which no other country could boast of.

"Which do you think best, Stamlee—Karagwé or Uganda?"

"Karagwé is grand, its mountains are high, and its valleys deep. The Kagera is a grand river, and the lakes are very pretty. There are more cattle in Karagwé than in Uganda, except Uddu and Koki; and game is abundant. But Uganda is beautiful and rich; its banana plantations are forests, and no man need to fear starvation, and Mtesa is good—and so is Father Rumanika," I replied smiling to him.

"Do you hear him, Arabs? Does he not speak well? Yes, Karagwé is beautiful," he sighed contentedly. "But bring your boat up and place it on the Rweru (lake), and you can go up the river as far as Kishakka, and down to Morongo (the falls), where the water is thrown against a big rock and leaps over it, and then goes down to the Nianja of Uganda. Verily, my river is a great one; it is the mother of the river at Jinga (Ripon Falls). You shall see all my land; and when you have finished the river, I will give you more to see—Mtagata's hot springs!"

By the 6th of March, Frank had launched the boat from the landing at Kazinga village on the waters of the Windermere Lake,\* or the Rweru of Rumanika, and the next day Rumanika accompanied me in state to the water. Half-a-dozen heavy anklets of bright copper adorned his legs, bangles of the same metal encircled his wrists, a robe of crimson flannel was suspended from his shoulders. His walking-staff was 7 feet in length, and his stride was a yard long. Drummers and fifers discoursing a wild music, and fifty spearmen, besides his sons and relatives, Wanya-Ruanda, Waganda, Wasui, Wanyamwezi, Arabs, and Wangwana, followed us in a mixed multitude.

Four canoes manned by Wanyambu were at hand to race with our boat, while we took our seats on the grassy slopes of Kazinga to view the scene. I enjoined Frank and the gallant boat's crew to exert themselves for the honour of us Children of the Ocean, and not to permit the Children of the Lakes to excel us.

A boat and canoe race on the Windermere of Karagwé, with 1200 gentlemanly natives gazing on! An African international affair! Rumanika was in his element; every fibre of him tingled with joy at the prospective fun. His sons, seated around him, looked up into their father's face, their own reflecting his delight. The curious natives shared in the general gratification.

The boat-race was soon over; it was only for about 800 yards, to Kankorogo Point. There was not much difference in the speed, but it gave immense

\* This lake received this name from Captain Speke, because Colonel Grant, his companion, thought it resembled the Windermere Lake in England.

satisfaction. The native canoemen, standing up with their long paddles, strained themselves with all their energy, stimulated by the shouts of their countrymen, while the Wangwana on the shore urged the boat's crew to their utmost power.

The next day we began the circumnavigation of the Windermere. The extreme length of the lake during the rainy season is about eight miles, and its extreme breadth two and a half. It lies north and south, surrounded by grass-covered mountains which rise from 1200 to 1500 feet above it. There is one island called Kankorogo, situated midway between Mount Isossi and the extreme southern end. I sounded three times, and obtained depths of 48, 44, and 45 feet respectively at different points. The soil of the shores is highly ferruginous in colour, and, except in the vicinity of the villages, produces only euphorbia, thorny gum, acacia, and aloetic plants.

On the 9th we pulled abreast of Kankorogo Island, and, through a channel from 500 to 800 yards wide, directed our course to the Kagera, up which we had to contend against a current of two knots and a half an hour.

The breadth of the river varied from 50 to 100 yards. The average depth of all the ten soundings we made on this day was 52 feet along the middle; close to the papyrus walls, which grew like a forest above us, was a depth of 9 feet. Sometimes we caught a view of hippopotamus creeks running up for hundreds of yards on either side through the papyrus. At Kagayyo, on the left bank, we landed for a short time to take a view of the scene around, as, while in the river, we could see nothing except the papyrus, the tops of the mountain ridges of Karagwé, and the sky.

We then learned for the first time the true character of what we had imagined to be a valley when we gazed upon it from the summit of the mountain between Kafurro and Rumanika's capital.

The Ingezi, as the natives called it, embraces the whole space from the base of the mountains of Muvvari to that of the Karagwé ridges with the river called Kagera, the Funzo or the papyrus, and the Rwerus or lakes, of which there are seventeen, inclusive of Windermere. Its extreme width between the bases of the opposing mountains is nine miles; the narrowest part is about a mile, while the entire acreage covered by it from Morongo or the falls in Iwanda, north, to Uhimba, south, is about 350 square miles. The Funzo or papyrus covers a depth of from 9 feet to 14 feet of water. Each of the several lakes has a depth of from 20 to 65 feet, and they are all connected, as also is the river, underneath the papyrus.

When about three miles north of Kizinga, at 5 P.M., we drew our boat close to the papyrus, and prepared for a night's rest, and the Wanyambu did the same.

The boat's crew crushed down some of the serest papyrus, and, cutting off the broom-like tops, spread their mats upon the heap thus made, flattering themselves that they were going to have a cozy night of it. Their fires they

kindled between three stalks, which sustained their cooking-pots. It was not a very successful method, as the stalks had to be replaced frequently; but finally their bananas were done to a turn. At night, however, mosquitoes of a most voracious species attacked them in dense multitudes, and nothing but the constant flip-flap of the papyrus tops mingled with complaints that they were unable to sleep were heard for an hour or two. They then began to feel damp, and finally wet, for their beds were sinking into the depths below the papyrus, and they were compelled at last to come into the boat, where they passed a most miserable night, for the mosquitoes swarmed and attacked them until morning with all the pertinacity characteristic of these hungry blood-suckers.

The next day, about noon, we discovered a narrow, winding creek, which led us to a river-like lake, five miles in length, out of which, through another creek, we punted our boats and canoes to the grazing island of Unyamubi.



A NATIVE OF UHHA.

From a ridge which was about 50 feet above the Ingezi we found that we were about four miles from Kishakka and a similar distance due east from a point of land projecting from Muvuri.

The next day we ascended the Kagera about ten miles, and returning fourteen miles entered Ihema Lake, a body of water about 50 square miles, and camped on Ihema Island, about a mile from Muvuri.

The natives of Ihema Island stated to me that Lake Muta Nzigé was only eleven days' journey from the Muvuri shores, and that the

Wanya-Ruanda frequently visited them to obtain fish in exchange for milk and vegetables. They also stated that the Mworongo—or, as others called it, Nawarongo—river flows through the heart of Ruanda from the Ufumbiro mountains, and enters the Kagera in a south-west by west direction from Ihema; that the Akanyaru was quite a large lake, a three days' journey round in canoes, and separated Ruanda, Uhha, and Urundi from each other; that there was an island in the midst, where canoes leaving Uhha were accustomed to rest at night, arriving in Ruanda at noon.

They were a genial people those islanders of Ihema, but they were subject to two painful diseases, leprosy and elephantiasis. The island was of a shaly substructure, covered with a scant depth of alluvium. The water of the Lake Ihema was good and sweet to the taste, though, like all the waters of the Alexandra Nile, distinguished for its dull brown iron colour.

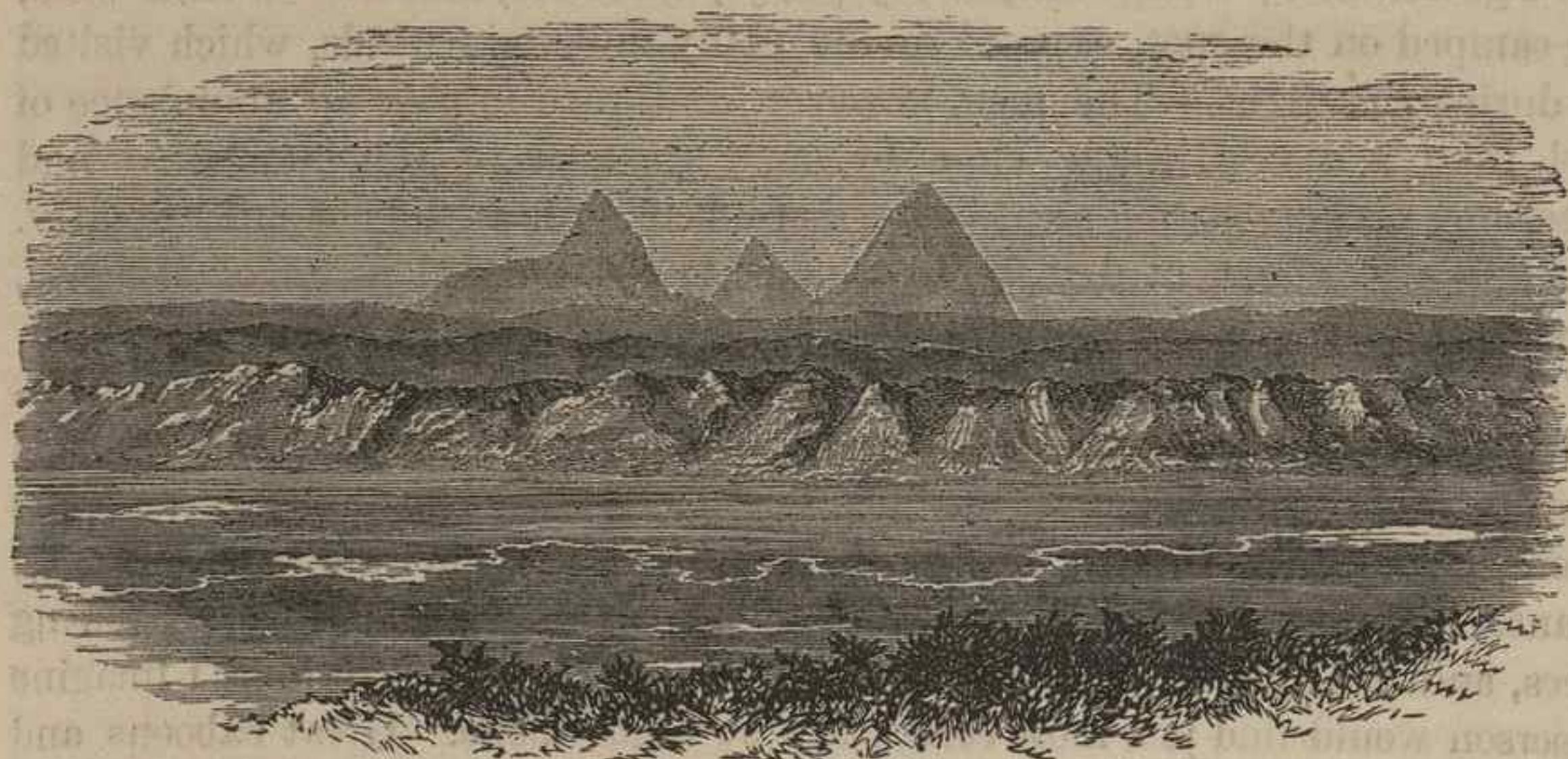
We began from the extreme south end of the lake the next day to coast

along the Muvvari or Ruanda coast, and near a small village attempted to land, but the natives snarled like so many spiteful dogs, and drew their bows, which compelled us—being guests of Rumanika—to sheer off and leave them in their ferocious exclusiveness.

Arriving at the Kagera again, we descended it, and at 7 P.M. were in our little camp of Kasinga, at the south end of Windermere.

On the 11th we rowed into the Kagera, and descended the river as far as Ugoi, and on the evening of the 12th returned once more to our camp on Windermere.

The next day, having instructed Frank to convey the boat to Kafurro, I requested Rumanika to furnish me with guides for the Mtagata hot springs, and, faithful to his promise, thirty Wanyambu were detailed for the service.



VIEW OF UFUMBIRO MOUNTAINS FROM MOUNT NEAR MTAGATA HOT SPRINGS.

Our route lay north along the crest of a lofty ridge between Kafurro and Windermere. Wherever we looked, we beheld grassy ridges, grassy slopes, grassy mountain summits, and grassy valleys—an eminently pastoral country. In a few gorges or ravines the dark tops of trees are seen.

When Windermere Lake and Isossi, its northern mount, were south of us, we descended into a winding grassy valley, and in our march of ten miles from Isossi to Kasya I counted thirty-two separate herds of cattle, which in the aggregate probably amounted to 900 head. We also saw seven rhinoceroses, three of which were white, and four a black brown. The guides wished me to shoot one, but I was scarce of ammunition, and as I could not get a certain shot, I was loath to wound unnecessarily, or throw away a cartridge.

The next day, at 8 A.M., near the end of the valley, we came to Meruré Lake, which is about two miles long, and thence, crossing three different mountains, arrived at Kiwandaré mountain, and from its summit, 5600 feet above the sea,

obtained a tolerably distinct view of the triple cone of Ufumbiro, in a west-north-west direction, Mag. I should estimate the distance from Kiwandara to Ufumbiro to be about forty-five miles, and about sixty miles from the mountain height above Rumanika's capital. Several lines of mountains, with lateral valleys between, rose between the valley of the Alexandra Nile and Ufumbiro.

From Kiwandaré we descended gradually along its crest to a lower terrace. About 5 P.M. one of our party sighted a dark brown double-horned rhinoceros, and as we had no meat, and the nature of the ground permitted easy approach, I crept up to within fifty yards of it unperceived and sent in a zinc bullet close to the ear, which bowled it over dead.

The quantity of meat obtained from the animal was more than would supply the eighteen men, Wangwana, of my party; therefore, acceding to their wish, we camped on the spot, exposed to the chilly mountain winds, which visited us during the night. The men, however, continued to pick up abundance of fuel from a wooded gorge close by, and, engaged in the interesting and absorbing task of roasting meat before many blazing fires, did not suffer greatly.

At 9 A.M. the next day we descended to the wooded gorge of Mtagata, having travelled thirty-five miles almost due north from Kafurro.

This gorge is formed by an angle where the extreme northern end of Kiwandaré mountain meets a transverse ridge. It is filled with tall trees which have been nourished to a gigantic size and density of foliage by the warm vapours from the springs and the heated earth. A thick under-growth of plants, lianes, and creepers of all sizes has sprung up under the shade of the aspiring trees, and the gloom thus caused within the gorge is very striking. I imagine a person would find it a most eerie place at night alone. Great baboons and long-tailed monkeys roared and chattered in the branches, causing the branches to sway and rustle as they chased one another from tree to tree.

At the time of our visit the springs were frequented by invalids from Iwanda, Ngoi, Kiziwa, Usongora, and Usui, for, as may be believed, they have obtained a great repute throughout the districts of Karagwé and neighbouring countries.

The springs are six in number, and at their extreme source they had, when I tested them, a temperature of  $129\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  Fahr. The bathing pools, which are about 12 feet in diameter, and from 2 to 5 feet deep, showed a temperature of  $110^{\circ}$  Fahr., except one on the extreme north, which was only  $107^{\circ}$  Fahr.

I bottled eight ounces of water from one of these springs, and on arriving in London sent it to Messrs. Savory and Moore, the well-known chemists, 143 Bond Street, who in a few days kindly returned me the following analysis:—

“The fluid was clear, colourless, and odourless; on standing at rest, a small quantity of red granular matter was deposited.



“Examined chemically, it was found to have a faint alkaline reaction, and its specific gravity, corrected to 60° F., was 1004, water being considered 1000.

“One hundred grammes evaporated left a white crystalline residue, weighing .37 of a gramme, and it was composed of sodium carbonate, calcium carbonate, calcium sulphate and sodium chloride; this order represents their proportions, sodium carbonate being the chief constituent, and the other salts existing in more minute quantities.

“The deposit was removed and examined microchemically: it was thus found to consist of ferruginous sand, and two minute pieces of vegetable cellulose.

“It was therefore a faintly alkaline water, and its alkalinity depended on the presence of sodium carbonate possibly existing in solution as bicarbonate, as the water held in solution carbonic acid gas, and this gas was evolved by heating the water.”

The natives praised the water of these springs so highly that I resolved to stay three days to test in my own person what virtues it possessed. I drank an enormous quantity of the water with a zealous desire to be benefited, but I experienced no good—on the contrary, much ill, for a few days afterwards I suffered from a violent attack of intermittent fever, occasioned, I fancy, by the malaria inhaled from the tepid atmosphere. It is true I luxuriated morning and evening in the bath which was reserved for me by Luajumba, son of Rumanika, but that was all the advantage that accrued to me.

Patients suffering from cutaneous diseases profit rapidly from, I believe, the unusual cleanliness; and during the few days we camped here numbers of natives came and went, and merriment and cleansing, bathing and lounging, music and barbarous chanting, kept awake the echoes of the gorge.

Our stay at the springs was cheered also by the presence of Luajumba, who, following the example of his father Rumanika, was hospitable and bland in his manners. An ox, two goats, ten fowls, besides bananas, sweet potatoes and flour, and fourteen large gourdfuls of maramba were received with thanks—and paid for.

On the 18th of March we set out on our return to Kafurro from the hot springs, and on the road I shot a white rhinoceros, which the people soon cut up to convey to their comrades. On the 19th we arrived at Kafurro, each of the Wangwana being loaded with over twenty lbs. of meat.

After two days' rest I paid another visit to Rumanika, where we had a great geographical discussion. It is unnecessary to describe the information I had to give Rumanika respecting the geographical distribution of tribes and races over the Dark Continent, but conscious that the geographical world will take an interest in what Rumanika and the native travellers at his court imparted, I here append, verbatim, the notes I took upon the spot.

Hamed Ibrahim spoke and said:—

“My slaves have travelled far, and they say that the Ni-Nawarongo River rises on the west side of Ufumbiro mountains, takes a wide sweep through Ruanda, and enters Akanyaru, in which lake it meets the Kagera from the south. United they

then empty from the lake between Uhha and Kishakka, and, flowing between Karagwé and Ruanda, go into the Nianza (Nyanza).

"The Rwizi River, also rising at the northern base of the Ufumbiro cones, in Mpororo, flows through Igara, then Shema, then Ankori, into the king of Koki's (Luampula) lake, and becoming the Chibarré or Kiwaré River, joins the Kagera below Kitangulé.

"If you proceed toward sunset from Mpororo, you will see Muta Nzigé, the Nianza of Unyoro. There are many large islands in it. Utumbi is a country of islands, and the natives are very good, but you cannot proceed through Mpororo, as the people are Shaitans—devils—and the Wanya-Ruanda are wicked; and because something happened when Wangwana first tried to go there, they never tolerate strangers. A strange people, and full of guile verily!

"West of Ruanda is a country called Mkinyaga, and there is a large lake there, so I have heard—no Arabs have ever been there."

Then a native of Western Usui, at the request of Rumanika, said:—

"Mkinyaga is west of Kivu Lake or Nianza Cha Ngoma, from which the Rusizi River flows into the lake of Uzigé (Tanganika). To reach Mkinyaga, you must pass through Unyambungu first, then you will see the great Lake of Mkinyaga. Lake Kivu has a connection with the lake Akanyaru, though there is much grass, as in the Ingezi, below here. A canoe could almost reach Kivu from Kishakka, but it would be hard work.

"Akanyaru, which the Wahha call Nianza Cha-Ngoma, is very wide. It will take a day and a half to cross, and is about two or three days' canoe journey in length. It lies between Ruanda, Uhha, and Urundi. The Kagera coming from between Uhha and Urundi flows into it. The Nawarongo empties into the Ruvuvu between Ugufu and Kishakka. The Ruvuvu between Kishakka and Karagwé enters the Kagera; the Kagera comes into the Ingezi, and flows by Kitangulé into the Nianza of Uganda, Kivu lake is west-south-west from Kibogora's capital, in West Usui. Kivu has no connection with Muta Nzigé, the lake of Unyoro."

Then a native of Zanzibar who had accompanied Khamis bin Abdallah to North-Western Uhha said:—

"I have been west of King Khanza's Uhha, and I saw a large lake. Truly there is much water there. Urundi was to my left. Ruanda fronted me across, and I stood on Uhha."

Rumanika followed, and imparted at length all his information, of which I append only the pith:—

"Leaving Mpororo, you may reach by canoes Makinda's, in Utumbi, in half a day. The island is called Kabuzzi. Three hours will take a canoe thence to Karara Island, and from Karara Island another half-day will take you to Ukonju, where there is a tribe of cannibals.

"Mkinyaga is at the end of Ruanda, and its lake is Muta Nzigé, on which you can go to Unyoro. There is a race of dwarfs somewhere west of Mkinyaga called the Mpundu, and another called the Batwa or Watwa, who are only two feet high. In Uriambwa is a race of small people with tails.

"Uitwa, or Batwa—Watwa, is at the extreme south end of Uzungora.

"From Butwa, at the end of a point of land in Ruanda, you can see Uitwa, Uzungora.

"From Butwa, Mkinyaga is to the left of you about three days' journey.

"Some of the Waziwa saw a strange people in one of those far-off lands who had long ears descending to their feet; one ear formed a mat to sleep on, the other served to cover him from the cold like a dressed hide! They tried to coax one of them to come and see me, but the journey was long, and he died on the way."

Dear old Rumanika, how he enjoyed presiding over the Geographical Society of Karagwé, and how he smiled when he delivered this last extraordinary piece of Münchhausenism! He was determined that he should be considered as the best informed of all present, and anticipated with delight the pleasure old and jaded Europe would feel upon hearing of these marvellous fables of Equatorial Africa. He was also ambitious to witness my note-book filled with his garrulity, and I fear he was a little disposed to impose upon the credulity of sober Christians. However, with this remark of caution to the reader, his fables may be rendered harmless, and we can accord him thanks for his interesting information.

Since I am publishing these geographical items, I may as well append here, also in brief, some other information obtained elsewhere relating to Muta Nzigé from a native of Uzungora, whom we found at Kawanga with Sekajugu, one of the Watongoleh who accompanied us to Beatrice Gulf.

"When you leave Ruoko in Unyoro, you will have Gambaragara to your right, and Usagara or Ankori will be on your left. Uzimba, Ruigi's country, will be four days' journey west of you.

"On reaching Uzimba, if you turn to the left you will reach Luhola. Uzungora will be on your right hand.

"On your left will also be Unyampaka, Kasita, Kishakka, Chakiomi, Nyteré, Buhuju, Makara, Unyamururu, Munya Chambiro, and the Bwambu, who are cannibals.

"If you go to your right from Ruigi's, you reach Uzungora, Mata, two days after Nabweru, then Butwa. Standing at Butwa, you will see Ruanda on the left hand.

"The country of Ruigi is called Uzimba.

"Kitagwenda is the name of the neighbouring country.

"Unyanuruguru lies between Ruanda and Uzungora.

"All the Wasongora emigrated from Unyoro."

The following is information from a native of Unyampaka upon Muta Nzigé:—

"My king's name is Bulema. Kashéshé is the great king of Uzimba. Ruigi is dead. Uzungora, as you look towards sunset, will lie before you, as you stand at Kashéshé's. To go to Uzungora from Kashéshé's, you go to Nkoni Island, then to Ihundi Island, and then to Uzungora.

"Far to your left, as you face the sunset, you have Utumbi, the Mahinda, Karara, and Kabuzzi Islands.

"There is abundance of salt in Usongora, and we go from Unyampaka (my country) to get salt, and sell it to all the country round. Ankori country does not extend to Muta Nzigé. Buhuju and Unyamuruguru lie between Ankori and the lake.

"Nyika is king of Gambaragara and Usongora. North of Gambaragara is Toru, or Tori, country, a part of Unyoro. Kabba Rega is the great king of all those lands. The medicines (charms) of Unyoro are kept by Nyika on the top of his high mountain. There are as many white people there as there are black. On the top there is a little Nianja, and a straight rock rises high out from the middle. There is plenty of water falling from the sides of the mountain, sometimes straight down, with a loud noise. Herds upon herds of cattle, hundreds of them are in Gambaragara and Usongora. The people of Usongora are great fighters, they carry three spears and a shield each, and they live on nothing but milk and potatoes."

I now proceed to give some "reflections" of a young philosopher of Uganda, one of the pages of Sambuzi, who had accompanied his master in the Katekiri's great raid upon Usongora three years before.

This young lad startled me out of the idea that philosophizing was not a common gift, or that only members of the white race were remarkable for their powers of observation, by the following question:—

"Stamlee, how is it, will you tell me, that all white men have long noses, while all their dogs have very short noses,\* while almost all black men have short noses, but their dogs have very long noses?"

A youth of Uganda, thought I, who can propound such a proposition as that, deserves attention.

"Speak," I said, "all you know about Muta Nzigé and the Kagera."

"Good; you see the Kagera, it is broad and deep and swift, and its water though dark is clear. Where can it come from? There is an enormous quantity of water in that river. It is the mother of the river at Jinja, because were it not for this river our Niyanza would dry up!

"Tell me where it can come from? There is no country large enough to feed it, because when you reach Rumanika's it is still a large river. If you go to Kishakka, farther south, it is still large, and at Kibogora's it is still a large river. Urundi is not far, and beyond that is the Tanganika.

"Tell me, where does the water of the Muta Nzigé go to? It goes into the Kagera, of course; the Kagera goes into our Niyanza, and the river at Jinja (Victoria Nile) goes to Kaniessa (Gondokoro). I tell you truly that this must be the way of it. You saw the Rusango and Mpanga, did you not, go to Muta Nzigé? Well, there must be many rivers like that going to Muta Nzigé also. And what river drinks all those rivers but the Kagera?" he asked triumphantly.

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\* The young philosopher had observed the broad short noses of my British bulldog and bull terrier "Jack," and he had hastily arrived at the conclusion that all white men's dogs were pug-nosed.

"Usongora is a wonderful land! Its people are brave, and when the Katekiro, who was accompanied by Mkwenda and Sekebobo's chiefs, and some of Kitunzi's, met them, they were different people from Gambaragara. They are very tall, long-legged people, and are armed with spears and shields. They tried every dodge with us. When we stood on the banks of a river going north, through the Tinka-tinka, like that in the Katonga, the Wasongora stood on the opposite side and shouted out to us that they were ready. Sambuzi came near being killed next day, and we lost many men, but the Katekiro, he does not fight like other chiefs, he is exceedingly brave, and he wanted to please Mtesa. We fought six days.

"The Wasongora had a number of large dogs also which they set upon us; as we drove their cattle towards Gambaragara, the earth shook, springs of mud leaped up, and the water in the plain was very bitter, and killed many Waganda; it left a white thing around its borders like salt.

"We first saw Muta Nzigé as we followed Nyika to the top of his big mountain in Gambaragara. We could not quite get to the top, it was too high." (This is Mount Gordon-Bennett.) "But we could see Usongora, and a great lake spreading all round it. When we came back with our spoil to Mtesa, he sent us back a short time afterwards to Ankori, and from the top of a high mountain near Kibanga (Mount Lawson) we saw Muta Nzigé again spreading west of us. Oh, it is a grand lake, not so wide as our Niyanza, but very long. We get all our salt from Usongora, as Nyika pays tribute to us with so many bags, collected from the plains, but it is unfit to eat, unless you wash it and clean it."

This young lad accompanied me to Karagwé, and by his intelligence and his restless curiosity extracted from the Wanyambu courtiers at King Rumanika's information which he delivered to me in the following manner:—

"Master, I have been asking questions from many Wanyambu, and they say that you can take a canoe from here to Ujiji, only a certain distance you will have to drag your canoes by land. They say also that Ndagara, Rumanika's father, wishing to trade with the Wajiji, tried to cut a canal or a ditch for his canoes to pass through. They say also that Kivu is connected with Akanyaru, and that the Rusizi leaves Kivu and goes to Tanganika through Uzigé, but the Kagera comes through Karagwé towards Uganda. Do you believe it?"

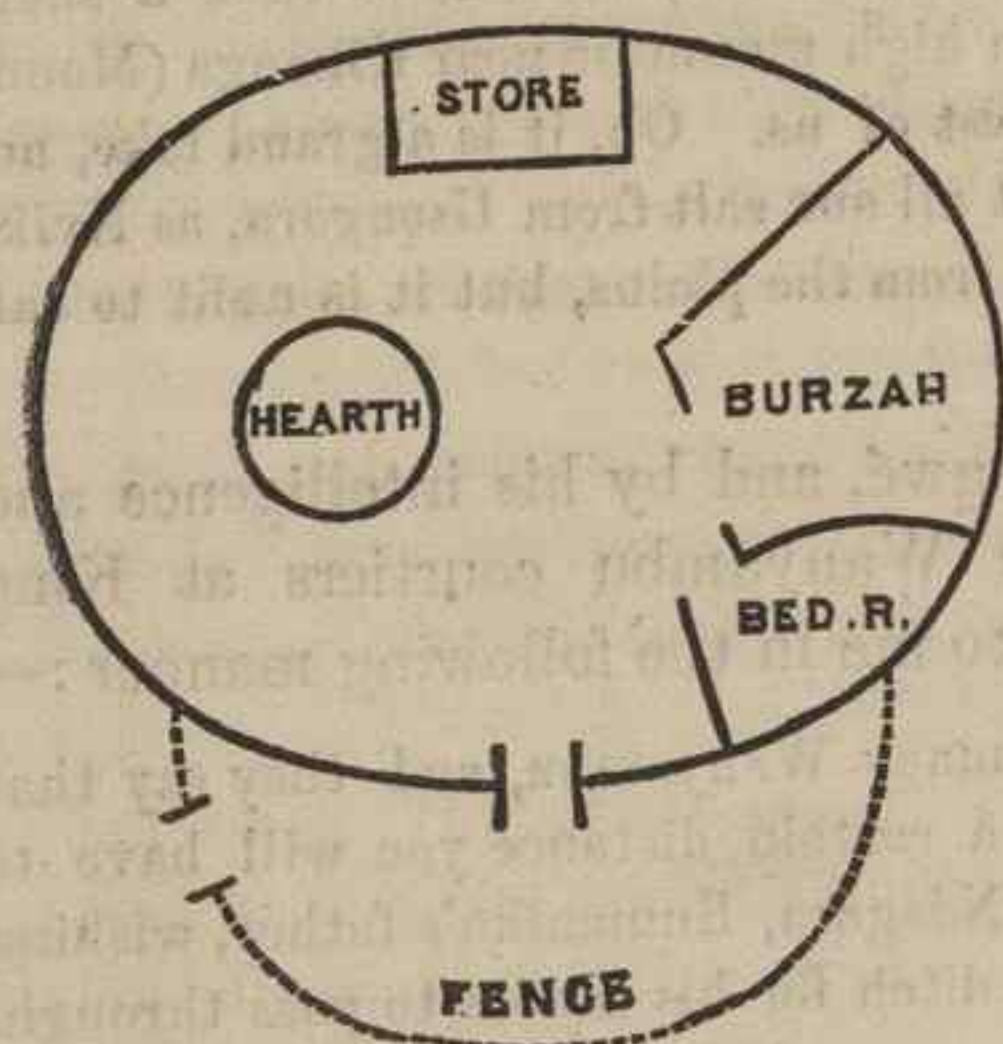
To close the interesting day, Rumanika requested Hamed Ibrahim to exhibit the treasure, trophies, and curiosities in the king's museum or armoury, which Hamed was most anxious to do, as he had frequently extolled the rare things there.

The armoury was a circular hut, resembling externally a dome thatched neatly with straw. It was about 30 feet in diameter.

The weapons and articles, of brass and copper and iron, were in perfect order, and showed that Rumanika did not neglect his treasures.

There were about sixteen rude brass figures of ducks with copper wings, ten curious things of the same metal which were meant to represent elands, and ten headless cows of copper. Billhooks of iron, of really admirable make, double-bladed spears, several gigantic blades of exceedingly keen edge, 8 inches across and 18 inches in length, exquisite spears, some with blades and staves

of linked iron; others with chain-shaped staves, and several with a cluster of small rigid rings massed at the bottom of the blade and the end of the staff; others, copper-bladed, had curious intertwined iron rods for the staff. There were also great fly-flaps set in iron, the handles of which were admirable specimens of native art; massive cleaver-looking knives, with polished blades and a kedge-anchor-shaped article with four hooked iron prongs, projecting out of a brass body. Some exquisite native cloths, manufactured of delicate grass, were indeed so fine as to vie with cotton sheeting, and were coloured black and red, in patterns and stripes. The royal stool was a masterpiece of native turnery, being carved out of a solid log of cotton-wood. Besides these specimens of native art were drinking-cups, goblets, trenchers and milk dishes of wood, all beautifully clean. The fireplace was a circular hearth in the centre of the building, very tastefully constructed. Ranged round the wall along the floor were other gifts from Arab friends, massive



GROUND PLAN OF KING'S HOUSE.

copper trays, with a few tureen lids of Britannia ware, evidently from Birmingham. Nor must the revolving rifle given to him by Captain Speke be forgotten, for it had an honoured place, and Rumanika loves to look at it, for it recalls to his memory the figures of his genial white friends Speke and Grant.

The enormous drums, fifty-two in number, ranged outside, enabled us, from their very appearance, to guess at the deafening sounds which celebrate the new moon or deliver the signals for war.

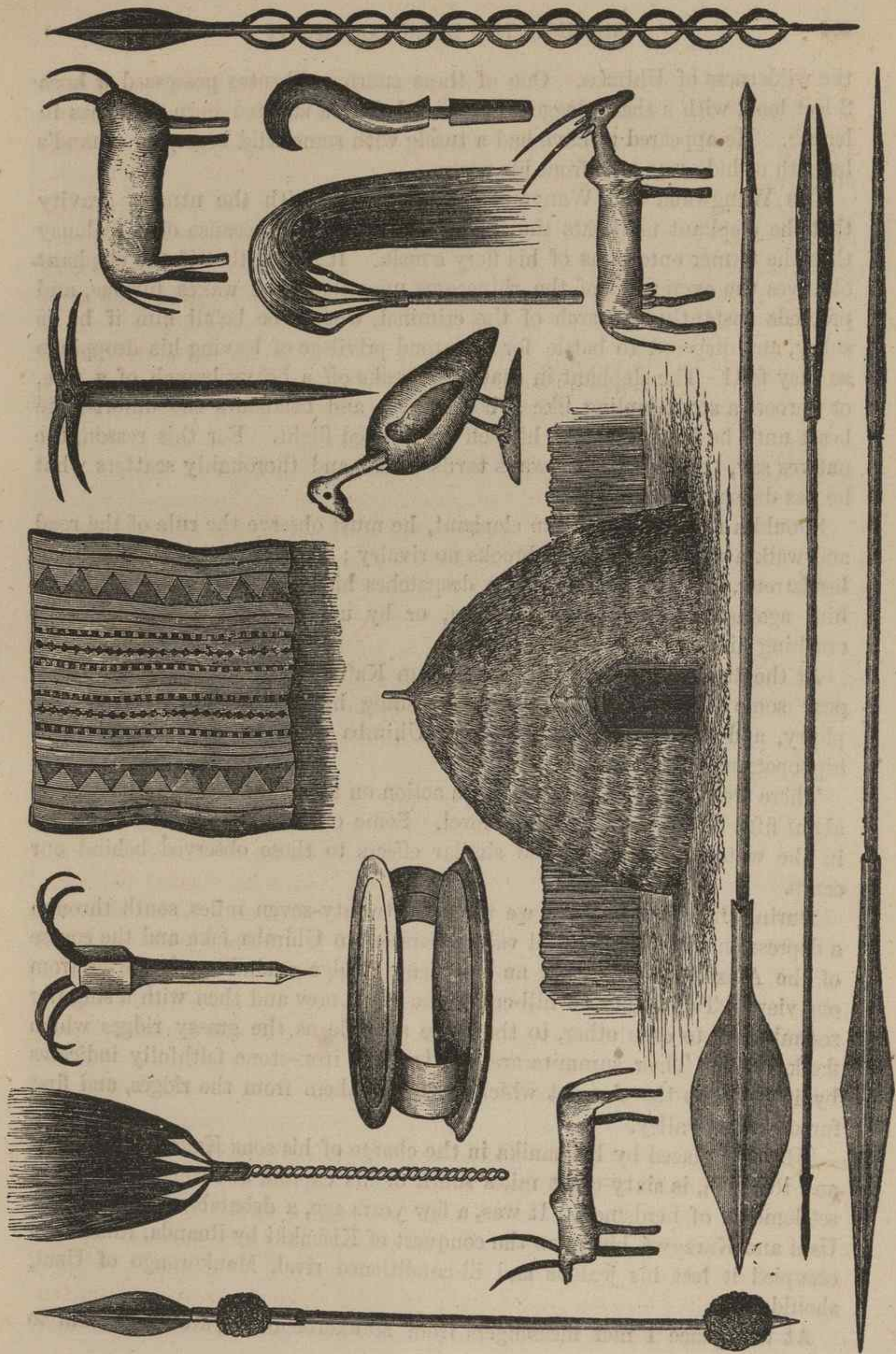
My parting with the genial old man, who must be about sixty years old now, was very affecting. He shook my hands

many times, saying each time that he was sorry that my visit must be so short. He strictly charged his sons to pay me every attention until I should arrive at Kibogora's, the king of Western Usui, who, he was satisfied, would be glad to see me as a friend of Rumanika.

On the 26th of March the Expedition, after its month's rest at Kafurro, the whole of which period I had spent in exploration of Western Karagwé, resumed its journey, and after a march of five miles camped at Nakawanga, near the southern base of Kibonga mountain.

The next day a march of thirteen miles brought us to the northern extremity of Uhimba lake, a broad river-like body of water supplied by the Alexander Nile.

On the 27th I had the good fortune to shoot three rhinoceroses, from the bodies of which we obtained ample supplies of meat for our journey through



TREASURE HOUSE, ARMS, AND TREASURES OF RUMANIKA.

the wilderness of Uhimba. One of these enormous brutes possessed a horn 2 feet long, with a sharp dagger-like point below, a stunted horn, 9 inches in length. He appeared to have had a tussle with some wild beast, for a hand's breadth of hide was torn from his rump.

The Wangwana and Wanyambu informed me with the utmost gravity that the elephant maltreats the rhinoceros frequently, because of a jealousy that the former entertains of his fiery cousin. It is said that if the elephant observes the excrement of the rhinoceros unscattered, he waxes furious, and proceeds instantly in search of the criminal, when woe befall him if he is sulky, and disposed to battle for the proud privilege of leaving his droppings as they fall! The elephant in that case breaks off a heavy branch of a tree, or uproots a stout sapling like a boat's mast, and belabours the unfortunate beast until he is glad to save himself by hurried flight. For this reason, the natives say, the rhinoceros always turns round and thoroughly scatters what he has dropped.

Should a rhinoceros meet an elephant, he must observe the rule of the road and walk away, for the latter brooks no rivalry; but the former is sometimes headstrong, and the elephant then despatches him with his tusks by forcing him against a tree and goading him, or by upsetting him, and leisurely crushing him.

At the distance of twenty-six miles from Kafurro we made our third camp near some wave-worn sheets and protruding humps of brown-veined porphyry, and close to an arm of the Uhimba lake, which swarmed with hippopotami.

There were traces of water or wave action on this hard porphyry visible at about fifty feet above the present level. Some of these humps were exposed in the water also, and showed similar effects to those observed behind our camp.

During the next two days we travelled twenty-seven miles south through a depression, or a longitudinal valley, parallel to Uhimba lake and the course of the Alexander, with only an intervening ridge excluding the latter from our view. Tall truncated hill-cones rise every now and then with a singular resemblance to each other, to the same altitude as the grassy ridges which flank them. Their summits are flat, but the iron-stone faithfully indicates by its erosions the element which separated them from the ridges, and first furrowed the valley.

Uhimba, placed by Rumanika in the charge of his sons Kakoko, Kananga, and Ruhinda, is sixty-eight miles south of his capital, and consists of a few settlements of herdsmen. It was, a few years ago, a debatable land between Usui and Karagwé, but upon the conquest of Kishakki by Ruanda, Rumanika occupied it lest his jealous and ill-conditioned rival, Mankorongo of Usui, should do so.

At this place I met messengers from Mankorongo despatched by him to



invite me to go and see him, and who, with all the impudence characteristic of their behaviour to the Arabs, declared that if I attempted to traverse any country in his neighbourhood without paying him the compliment of a visit, it would be my utter ruin!

They were sent back with a peaceful message, and told to say that I was bound for Kibogora's capital, to try and search out a road across Urundi to the west, and that if I did not succeed I would think of Mankorongo's words; at the same time, Mankorongo was to be sure that if I was waylaid in the forest by any large armed party with a view to intimidation, that party would be sorry for it.

I had heard of Mankorongo's extortions from Arabs and Waganda, and how he had proved himself a worthy successor to the rapacious Swarora, who caused so much trouble to Speke and Grant.

During the second day of our courteous intercourse with Kakoko, I ascended a mount some 600 feet high about three miles from camp, to take bearings of the several features which Kananga was requested to show me. Five countries were exposed to view, Karagwé, Kishakka, Ruanda beyond, Ugufu, and Usui. Parallel with Usui was pointed out King Khanza's Uhha; beyond Uhha we were told was Urundi; beyond Urundi, west, the Tanganika and Uzigé, and then nobody knew what lands lay beyond Uzigé. Akanyaru stretched south of west, between Ruanda, Uhha, and Urundi; in a south-west direction was said to be Kivu; in a west by north Mkinnyaga, and in the west Unyambungu. Ugufu was separated from Kishakka by the Nawarongo or Ruvuvu, and from Uhha and Usui by the Alexandra Nile which came from between Uhha and Urundi. A river of some size was also said to flow from the direction of Unyambungu into the Akanyaru.\*

The next day we entered Western Usui, and camped at Kafurra's. In Usui there was a famine, and it required thirty-two doti of cloth to purchase four days' rations. Kibogora demanded and obtained thirty doti, one coil of wire, and forty necklaces of beads as tribute; Kafurra, his principal chief, demanded ten doti and a quantity of beads; another chief required five doti; the queen required a supply of cloth to wear; the princes put in a claim; the guides were loud for their reward. Thus, in four days, we were compelled to disburse two bales out of twenty-two, all that were left of the immense store we had departed with from Zanzibar. Under such circumstances, what prospect of exploration had we, were we to continue our journey through Uhha, that land which in 1871 had consumed at the rate of two bales of cloth per diem? Twenty days of such experience in Uhha would reduce us to beggary. Its "esurient" Mutwarés and rapacious Mkamas and other extortionate people can only be quieted with cloth and beads disbursed with a princely hand. One hundred bales of cloth would only suffice to sustain

\* I learned from Warundi and Wazigé, three months later, that the river that came from the west was the Ruanda, flowing into the Rusizi, thence into the Tanganika.

a hundred men in Uhha about six weeks. Beyond Uhha lay the impenetrable countries of Urundi and Ruanda, the inhabitants of which were hostile to strangers.

Kibogora and Kafurra were sufficiently explicit and amiably communicative, for my arrival in their country had been under the very best auspices, viz. an introduction from the gentle and beloved Rumanika.

I turned away with a sigh from the interesting land, but with a resolution gradually being intensified, that the third time I sought a road west nothing should deter me.

On the 7th of April we reluctantly resumed our journey in a southerly direction, and travelled five miles along a ravine, at the bottom of which murmured the infant stream Lohugati. On coming to its source we ascended a steep slope until we stood upon the summit of a grassy ridge at the height of 5600 feet by aneroid.

Not until we had descended about a mile to the valley of Uyagoma did I recognize the importance of this ridge as the water-parting between one of the feeders of Lake Victoria and the source of the Malagarazi, the principal affluent of Lake Tanganika.

Though by striking across Uhha due west or to the south-west we should again have reached the Alexandra Nile and the affluents of the Alexandra Lake, our future course was destined never to cross another stream or rivulet that supplied the great river which flows through the land of Egypt into the Mediterranean Sea.

From the 17th of January, 1875, up to the 7th of April, 1876, we had been engaged in tracing the extreme southern sources of the Nile, from the marshy plains and cultivated uplands where they are born, down to the mighty reservoir called the Victoria Nyanza. We had circumnavigated the entire expanse; penetrated to every bay, inlet, and creek; become acquainted with almost every variety of wild human nature—the mild and placable, the ferocious and impracticably savage, the hospitable and the inhospitable, the generous-souled as well as the ungenerous; we had, viewed their methods of war, and had witnessed them imbruing their hands in each other's blood with savage triumph and glee; we had been five times sufferers by their lust for war and murder, and had lost many men through their lawlessness and ferocity; we had travelled hundreds of miles to and fro on foot along the northern coast of the Victorian Sea, and, finally, had explored with a large force the strange countries lying between the two lakes Muta Nzigé and the Victoria, and had been permitted to gaze upon the arm of the lake named by me "Beatrice Gulf," and to drink of its sweet waters. We had then returned from farther quest in that direction, unable to find a peaceful resting-place on the lake shores, and had struck south from the Katonga lagoon down to the Alexandra Nile, the principal affluent of the Victoria Lake, which drains nearly all the waters from the west and south-west. We had made a patient

survey of over one-half of its course, and then, owing to want of the means to feed the rapacity of the churlish tribes which dwell in the vicinity of the Alexandra Nyanza, and to our reluctance to force our way against the will of the natives, opposing unnecessarily our rifles to their spears and arrows, we had been compelled, on the 7th of April, to bid adieu to the lands which supply the Nile, and to turn our faces towards the Tanganika.

I have endeavoured to give a faithful portrayal of nature, animate and inanimate, in all its strange peculiar phases, as they were unfolded to us. I am conscious that I have not penetrated to the depths; but then I have not ventured beyond the limits assigned me, viz. the Exploration of the Southern Sources of the Nile, and the solution of the problem left unsolved by Speke and Grant—Is the Victoria Nyanza \* one lake, or does it consist of five lakes, as reported by Livingstone, Burton, and others? This problem has been satisfactorily solved, and Speke has now the full glory of having discovered the largest inland sea on the continent of Africa, also its principal affluent, as well as the outlet. I must also give him credit for having understood the geography of the countries he travelled through better than any of those who so persistently assailed his hypothesis, and I here record my admiration of the geographical genius that from mere native report first sketched with such a masterly hand the bold outlines of the Victoria Nyanza.

\* Speke's hypothetic sketch made this lake 29,000 square miles in extent. My survey of it has reduced it to 21,500 square miles.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

The twin rivers—Mankorongo baulked of his loot—Poor Bull! True to the death—Msenna breaks out again—The Terror of Africa appears on the scene—Mars at peace—"Dig potatoes, potatoes, potatoes"—Mirambo, the bandit chief, and I make blood-brotherhood—Little kings with "big heads"—Practical conversion of the chief of Ubagwé—The Watuta, the Ishmaels of Africa—Their history—African nomenclature—From Msené across the Malagarazi to Ujiji—Sad memories.

ALONG the valley of Uyagoma, in Western Usui, stretches east and west a grass-covered ridge, beautiful in places with rock-strewn dingles, tapestried with ferns and moss, and bright with vivid foliage. From two such fair nooks, halfway down either slope, the northern and the southern, drip in great rich drops the sources of two impetuous rivers—on the southern the Malagarazi, on the other the Lohugati. Though nurtured in the same cradle, and issuing within 2000 yards of one another, the twin streams are strangers throughout their lives. Through the thick ferns and foliage, the rivulets trickle each down his appointed slope, murmuring as they gather strength to run their destined course—the Lohugati to the Victoria Lake, the Malagarazi to distant Tanganika.

While the latter river is in its infancy, collecting its first tribute of waters from the rills that meander down from the mountain folds round the basin of Uyagoma, and is so shallow that tiny children can paddle through it, the people of Usui call it the Meruzi. When we begin our journey from Uyagoma, we follow its broadening course for a couple of hours, through the basin, and by that time it has become a river *nomine dignum*, and, plunging across it, we begin to breast the mountains, which, rising in diagonal lines of ridges from north-east to south-west across Usui, run in broken series into Northern Uhha, and there lose themselves in a confusion of complicated masses and clumps.

The Meruzi wanders round and through these mountain masses in mazy curves, tumbles from height to height, from terrace to terrace, receiving as it goes the alliance of myriads of petty rivulets and threads of clear water, until, arriving at the grand forest lands of Unyamwezi, it has assumed the name of Lukoke, and serves as a boundary between Unyamwezi and Uhha.

Meanwhile we have to cross a series of mountain ridges clothed with woods; and at a road leading from Kibogora's land to the territory of the turbulent

and vindictive Mankorongo, successor of Swarora, we meet an embassy, which demands in a most insolent tone, that we should pass by his village. This means, of course, that we must permit ourselves to be defrauded of two or three bales of cloth, half-a-dozen guns, a sack or two of beads, and such other property as he may choose to exact, for the privilege of lengthening our journey some forty miles, and a delay of two or three weeks.

The insolent demand is therefore not to be entertained, and we return a decided refusal. They are not satisfied with the answer, and resort to threats. Threats in the free, uninhabited forest constitute a *casus belli*. So the chiefs are compelled to depart without a yard of cloth on the instant, and after their departure we urge our pace until night, and from dawn next morning to 3 P.M. we continue the journey with unabated speed, until we find ourselves in Nyambarri, Usambiro, rejoiced to find that we have foiled the dangerous king.

On the 13th of April we halted to refresh the people. Usambiro, like all Unyamwezi, produces sufficient grain, sesamum, millet, Indian corn, and vetches, besides beans and peas, to supply all caravans and expeditions. I have observed that lands producing grain are more easy of access than pastoral countries, or those which only supply milk, bananas, and potatoes to their inhabitants.

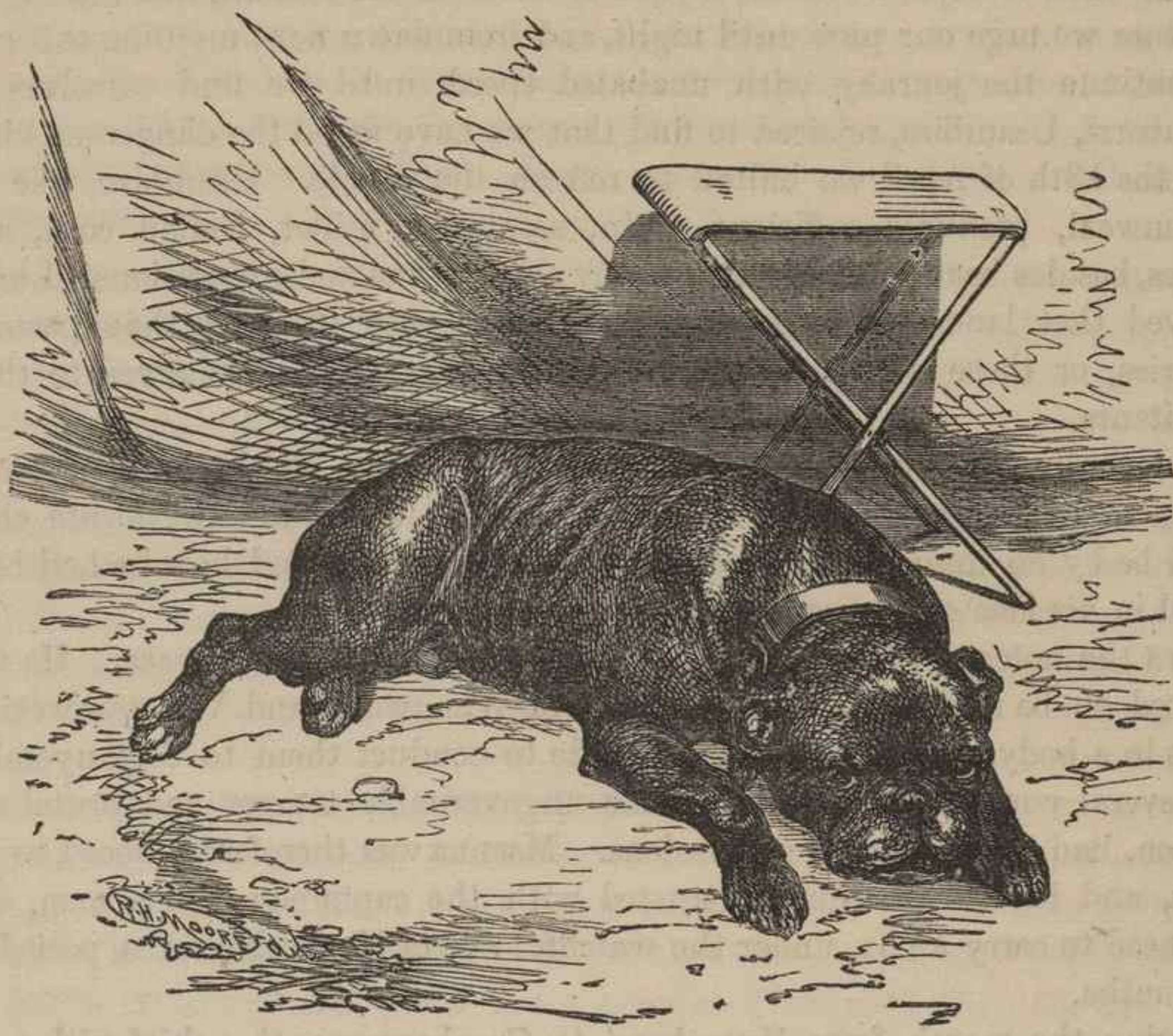
At Nyambarri we met two Arab caravans fresh from Mankorongo, of whom they gave fearful accounts, from which I inferred that the extortionate chief would be by no means pleased when he came to understand how he had been baffled in his idea of spoliating our Expedition.

Here the notorious Msenna for the third time ruptured the peace. He was reported to be inciting a large number of Wangwana and Wanyamwezi to desert in a body, offering himself as guide to conduct them to Unyanyembé; and several young fellows, awed by his ungovernable temper and brutal disposition, had yielded to his persuasions. Msenna was therefore reduced to the ranks, and instead of being entrusted with the captaincy of ten men, was sentenced to carry a box, under the watchful eye of Kachéché, for a period of six months.

During the march from Nyambarri to Gambawagao, the chief village of Usambiro, ancient "Bull," the last of all the canine companions which left England with me, borne down by weight of years and a land journey of about 1500 miles, succumbed. With bulldog tenacity he persisted in following the receding figures of the gun-bearers, who were accustomed to precede him in the narrow way. Though he often staggered and moaned, he made strenuous efforts to keep up, but at last, lying down in the path, he plaintively bemoaned the weakness of body that had conquered his will, and soon after died—his eyes to the last looking *forward* along the track he had so bravely tried to follow.

Poor dog! Good and faithful service had he done me! Who more rejoiced than he to hear the rifle-shot ringing through the deep woods! Who more

loudly applauded success than he with his deep, mellow bark! What long forest-tracts of tawny plains and series of mountain ranges had he not traversed! How he plunged through jungle and fen, morass and stream! In the sable blackness of the night his voice warned off marauders and prowling beasts from the sleeping camp. His growl responded to the hideous jabber of the greedy hyæna, and the snarling leopard did not dismay him. He amazed the wondering savages with his bold eyes and bearing, and by his courageous front caused them to retreat before him; and right bravely did he help us to repel the Wanyaturu from our camp in Ituru. Farewell, thou glory of



"BULL."

(From a photograph by the Author.)

thy race! Rest from thy labours in the silent forest! Thy feet shall no more hurry up the hill or cross mead and plain; thy form shall rustle no more through the grasses, or be plunging to explore the brake; thou shalt no longer dash after me across the savannahs, for thou art gone to the grave, like the rest of thy companions!

The king of Usambiro exchanged gifts with us, and appeared to be a clever, agreeable young man. His people, though professing to be Wanyamwezi, are a mixture of Wahha and Wazinja. He has constructed a strong village, and surrounded it with a fosse 4 feet deep and 6 feet wide, with a stockade and

"marksmen's nests" at intervals round it. The population of the capital is about 2000.

Boma Kiengo, or Msera, lies five miles south-south-east from the capital, and its chief, seeing that we had arrived at such a good understanding with the king, also exerted himself to create a favourable impression.

Musonga lies twelve miles south-south-east of Boma Kiengo, and is the most northerly village of the country of Urangwa. On the 18th of April, a march of fifteen miles enabled us to reach the capital, Ndeverva, another large stockaded village, also provided with "marksmen's nests," and surrounded by a fosse.

We were making capital marches. The petty kings, though they exacted a small interchange of gifts, which compelled me to disburse cloth a little more frequently than was absolutely necessary, were not insolent, nor so extortionate as to prevent our intercourse being of the most friendly character.

But on the day we arrived at Urangwa, lo! there came up in haste, while we were sociably chatting together, a messenger to tell us that the phantom, the bugbear, the terror whose name silences the children of Unyamwezi and Usukuma, and makes women's hearts bound with fear; that Mirambo himself was coming—that he was only two camps, or about twenty miles, away—that he had an immense army of Ruga-Ruga (bandits) with him!

The consternation at this news, the dismay and excitement, the discussion and rapid interchange of ideas suggested by terror throughout the capital, may be conceived. Barricades were prepared, sharp-shooters' platforms, with thick bulwarks of logs, were erected. The women hastened to prepare their charms, the Waganga consulted their spirits, each warrior and elder examined his guns and loaded them, ramming the powder down the barrels of their Brummagem muskets with desperately vengeful intentions, while the king hastened backwards and forwards with streaming robes of cotton behind him, animated by a hysterical energy.

I had 175 men under my command, and forty of the Arabs' people were with me, and we had many boxes of ammunition. The king recollected these facts, and said, "You will stop to fight Mirambo, will you not?"

"Not I, my friend; I have no quarrel with Mirambo, and we cannot join every native to fight his neighbour. If Mirambo attacks the village while I am here, and will not go away when I ask him, we will fight; but we cannot stop here to wait for him."

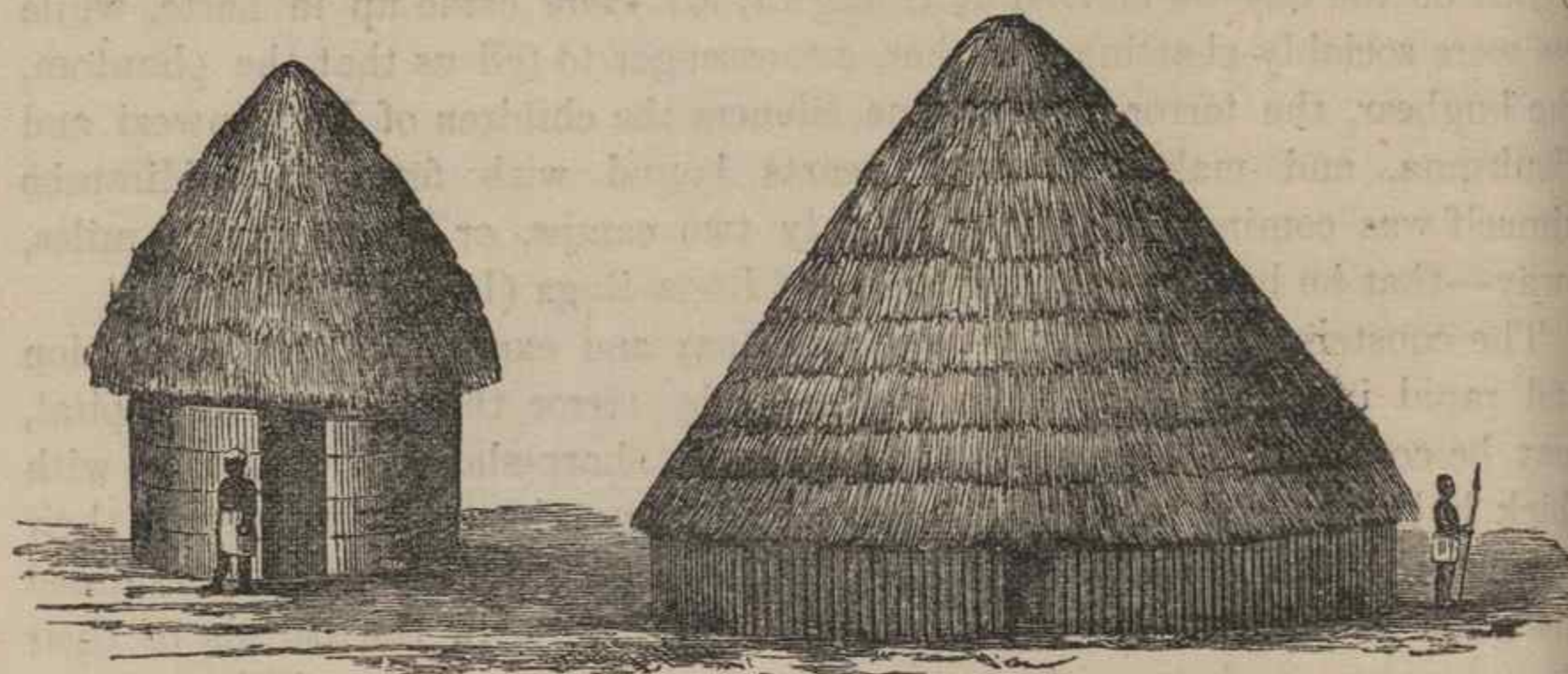
The poor king was very much distressed when we left the next morning. We despatched our scouts ahead, as we usually did when traversing troublous countries, and omitted no precaution to guard against surprise.

On the 19th we arrived at one of the largest villages or towns in Unyamwezi, called Serombo or Sorombo. It was two miles and a half in circumference, and probably contained over a thousand large and small huts, and a population of about 5000.

The present king's name is Ndega, a boy of sixteen, the son of Makaka, who died about two years ago. Too young himself to govern the large settlement and the country round, two elders, or Manyapara, act as regents during his minority.

We were shown to a peculiar-shaped hut, extremely like an Abyssinian dwelling. The height of the doorway was 7 feet, and from the floor to the top of the conical roof it was 20 feet. The walls were of interwoven sticks, plastered over neatly with brown clay. The king's house was 30 feet high from the ground to the tip of the cone, and 40 feet in diameter within; but the total diameter including the circular fence or palisade that supported the broad eaves, and enclosed a gallery which ran round the house, was 54 feet.

Owing to this peculiar construction a desperate body of 150 men might from the circular gallery sustain a protracted attack from a vastly superior foe, and probably rebel it.



SEROMBO HUTS.

Ndega is a relative of Mirambo by marriage, and he soon quieted all uneasy minds by announcing that the famous man who was now advancing upon Serombo had just concluded a peace with the Arabs, and that therefore no trouble was to be apprehended from his visit, it being solely a friendly visit to his young relative.

Naturally we were all anxious to behold the "Mars of Africa," who since 1871 has made his name feared by both native and foreigner from Usui to Urori, and from Uvinza to Ugogo, a country embracing 90,000 square miles, who, from the village chieftainship over Uyoweh, has made for himself a name as well known as that of Mtesa throughout the eastern half of Equatorial Africa, a household word from Nyangwé to Zanzibar, and the theme of many a song of the bards of Unyamwezi, Ukimbu, Ukonongo, Uzinja, and Uvinza.

On the evening of our arrival at Serombo's we heard his Brown Besses—



called by the natives Gumeh-Gumeh--announcing to all that the man with the dread name lay not far from our vicinity.

At dusk the huge drums of Serombo signalled silence for the town-criers, whose voices, preceded by the sound of iron bells, were presently heard crying out:—

“Listen, O men of Serombo. Mirambo, the brother of Ndega, cometh in the morning. Be ye prepared, therefore, for his young men are hungry. Send your women to dig potatoes, dig potatoes. Mirambo cometh. Dig potatoes, potatoes, dig potatoes, to-morrow!”

At 10 A.M. the Brown Besses, heavily charged and fired off by hundreds, loudly heralded Mirambo's approach, and nearly all my Wangwana followed the inhabitants of Serombo outside to see the famous chieftain. Great war-drums and the shouts of admiring thousands proclaimed that he had entered the town, and soon little Mabruki, the chief of the tent-boys, and Kachéché, the detective, on whose intelligence I could rely, brought an interesting budget to me.

Mabruki said: “We have seen Mirambo. He has arrived. We have beheld the Ruga-Ruga, and there are many of them, and all are armed with Gumeh-Gumeh. About a hundred are clothed in crimson cloth and white shirts, like our Wangwana. Mirambo is not an old man.”

“Kachéché said: “Mirambo is not old, he is young: I must be older than he is. He is a very nice man, well dressed, quite like an Arab. He wears the turban, fez, and cloth coat of an Arab, and carries a scimitar. He also wears slippers, and his clothes under his coat are very white. I should say he has about a thousand and a half men with him, and they are all armed with muskets or double-barrelled guns. Mirambo has three young men carrying his guns for him. Truly, Mirambo is a great man!”

The shrill Lu-lu-lu's, prolonged and loud, were still maintained by the women, who entertained a great respect for the greatest king in Unyamwezi.

Presently Manwa Sera, the chief captain of the Wangwana, came to my hut, to introduce three young men—Ruga-Ruga (bandits), as we called them, but must do so no more lest we give offence—handsomely dressed in fine red and blue cloth coats, and snowy white shirts, with ample turbans around their heads. They were confidential captains of Mirambo's bodyguard.

“Mirambo sends his salaams to the white man,” said the principal of them.



A “RUGA-RUGA,” ONE OF  
MIRAMBO'S PATRIOTS.

"He hopes the white man is friendly to him, and that he does not share the prejudices of the Arabs, and believe Mirambo a bad man. If it is agreeable to the white man, will he send words of peace to Mirambo?"

"Tell Mirambo," I replied, "that I am eager to see him, and would be glad to shake hands with so great a man, and as I have made strong friendship with Mtesa, Rumanika, and all the kings along the road from Usoga to Unyamwezi, I shall be rejoiced to make strong friendship with Mirambo also. Tell him I hope he will come and see me as soon as he can."

The next day Mirambo, having despatched a Ruga-Ruga—no, a patriot, I should have said—to announce his coming, appeared with about twenty of his principal men.

I shook hands with him with fervour, which drew a smile from him as he said, "The white man shakes hands like a strong friend."

His person quite captivated me, for he was a thorough African *gentleman* in appearance, very different from my conception of the terrible bandit who had struck his telling blows at native chiefs and Arabs with all the rapidity of a Frederick the Great environed by foes.

I entered the following notes in my journal on April 22, 1876:—

"This day will be memorable to me for the visit of the famous Mirambo. He was the reverse of all my conceptions of the redoubtable chieftain, and the man I had styled the 'terrible bandit.'

"He is a man about 5 feet 11 inches in height, and about thirty-five years old, with not an ounce of superfluous flesh about him. A handsome, regular-featured, mild-voiced, soft-spoken man, with what one might call a 'meek' demeanour, very generous and open-handed. The character was so different from that which I had attributed to him that for some time a suspicion clung to my mind that I was being imposed upon, but Arabs came forward who testified that this quiet-looking man was indeed Mirambo. I had expected to see something of the Mtesa type, a man whose exterior would proclaim his life and rank; but this unassuming, mild-eyed man, of inoffensive, meek exterior, whose action was so calm, without a gesture, presented to the eye nothing of the Napoleonic genius which he has for five years displayed in the heart of Unyamwezi, to the injury of Arabs and commerce, and the doubling of the price of ivory. I said there was *nothing*; but I must except the eyes, which had the steady, calm gaze of a master.

"During the conversation I had with him, he said he preferred boys or young men to accompany him to war; he never took middle-aged or old men, as they were sure to be troubled with wives or children, and did not fight half so well as young fellows who listened to his words. Said he, 'They have sharper eyes, and their young limbs enable them to move with the ease of serpents or the rapidity of zebras, and a few words will give them the hearts of lions. In all my wars with the Arabs, it was an army of youths that gave me victory, boys without beards. Fifteen of my young men died one day because I said I must have a certain red cloth that was thrown down as a challenge. No, no, give me youths for war in the open field, and men for the stockaded village.'

"What was the cause of your war, Mirambo, with the Arabs?" I asked.

“‘There was a good deal of cause. The Arabs got the big head’ (proud), ‘and there was no talking with them. Mkasiwa of Unyanyembé lost his head too, and thought I was his vassal, whereas I was not. My father was king of Uyoweh, and I was his son. What right had Mkasiwa or the Arabs to say what I ought to do? But the war is now over—the Arabs know what I can do, and Mkasiwa knows it. We will not fight any more, but we will see who can do the best trade, and who is the smartest man. Any Arab or white man who would like to pass through my country is welcome. I will give him meat and drink, and a house, and no man shall hurt him.’”

Mirambo retired, and in the evening I returned his visit with ten of the principal Wangwana. I found him in a bell-tent, 20 feet high and 25 feet in diameter, with his chiefs around him.

Manwa Sera was requested to seal our friendship by performing the ceremony of blood-brotherhood between Mirambo and myself. Having caused us to sit fronting each other on a straw-carpet, he made an incision in each of our right legs, from which he extracted blood, and, interchanging it, he exclaimed aloud:—

“If either of you break this brotherhood now established between you, may the lion devour him, the serpent poison him, bitterness be in his food, his friends desert him, his gun burst in his hands and wound him, and everything that is bad do wrong to him until death.”

My new brother then gave me fifteen cloths to be distributed among my chiefs, while he would accept only three from me. But not desirous of appearing illiberal, I presented him with a revolver and 200 rounds of ammunition, and some small curiosities from England. Still ambitious to excel me in liberality, he charged five of his young men to proceed to Urambo—which name he has now given Uyoweh, after himself—and to select three milch-cows with their calves, and three bullocks, to be driven to Ubagwé to meet me. He also gave me three guides to take me along the frontier of the predatory Watuta.

On the morning of the 23rd he accompanied me outside Serombo, where we parted on the very best terms with each other. An Arab in his company, named Sayid bin Mohammed, also presented me with a bar of Castile soap, a bag of pepper and some saffron. A fine riding-ass, purchased from Sayid, was named Mirambo by me, because the Wangwana, who were also captivated by Mirambo's agreeable manners, insisted on it.

We halted on the 23rd at Mayangira, seven miles and a half from Serombo, and on the 24th, after a protracted march of eleven miles south-south-east over flooded plains, arrived at Ukombeh.

At Masumbwa, ten miles from Ukombeh, we encountered a very arrogant young chief, who called himself Mtemi, or king, and whose majesty claimed to be honoured with a donation of fifteen cloths—a claim which was peremptorily refused, despite all he could urge in satisfaction of it.

Through similar flooded plains, with the water hip-deep in most places, and after crossing an important stream flowing west-south-west towards the Malagarazi, we arrived at Myonga's village, the capital of Southern Masumbwa.

This Myonga is the same valorous chief who robbed Colonel Grant as he was hurrying with an undisciplined caravan after Speke. (See Speke's Journal, page 159, for the following graphic letter :—

“In the Jungles, near M'yonga's,  
“16th Sept. 1861.

“MY DEAR SPEKE,—The caravan was attacked, plundered, and the men driven to the winds, while marching this morning into M'yonga's country.

“Awaking at cock-crow, I roused the camp, all anxious to rejoin you; and while the loads were being packed, my attention was drawn to an angry discussion between the head men and seven or eight armed fellows sent by Sultan M'yonga to insist on my putting up for the day in his village. They were summarily told that as you had already made him a present, he need not expect a visit from *me*. Adhering, I doubt not, to their master's instructions, they officiously constituted themselves our guides till we chose to strike off their path, when, quickly heading our party, they stopped the way, planted their spears, and *dared* our advance!

“This menace made us firmer in our determination, and we swept past the spears. After we had marched unmolested for some seven miles, a loud yelping from the woods excited our attention, and a sudden rush was made upon us by, say, two hundred men, who came down *seemingly* in great glee. In an instant, at the caravan's centre, they fastened upon the poor porters. The struggle was short; and with the threat of an arrow or spear at their breasts, men were robbed of their cloths and ornaments, loads were yielded and run away with before resistance could be organised; only three men of a hundred stood by me; the others, whose only *thought* was their lives, fled into the woods, where I went shouting for them. One man, little Rahan—rip as he is—stood with cocked gun, defending his load against five savages with uplifted spears. No one else could be seen. Two or three were reported killed, some were wounded. Beads, boxes, cloths, &c., lay strewed about the woods. In fact, I felt wrecked. My attempt to go and demand redress from the sultan was resisted, and, in utter despair, I seated myself among a mass of rascals jeering round me, and insolent after the success of the day. Several were dressed in the very cloths, &c., they had stolen from my men.

“In the afternoon about fifteen men and loads were brought me, with a message from the sultan, that the attack had been a *mistake* of his subjects—that one man had had a hand cut off for it, and that all the property would be restored!

“Yours sincerely,  
“J. A. GRANT.”)

Age had not lessened the conceit of Myonga, increased his modesty, or moderated his cupidity. He asserted the rights and privileges of his royalty with a presumptuous voice and a stern brow. He demanded tribute! Twenty-five cloths!! A gun and five fundo of beads! The Arabs, my friends, were requested to do the same!

"Impossible, Myonga!" I replied, yet struck with admiration at the unparalleled audacity of the man.

"People have been obliged to pay what I ask," the old man said, with a cunning twinkle in his eyes.

"Perhaps," I answered; "but whether they have or not, I cannot pay you so much, and, what is more, I will not. As a sign that we pass through your country, I give you one cloth, and the Arabs shall only give you one cloth."

Myonga blustered and stormed, begged and threatened, and some of his young men appeared to be getting vicious, when rising I informed him that to talk loudly was to act like a scolding woman, and that, when his elder should arrive at our camp, he would receive two cloths, one from me and one from the Arabs, as acknowledgment of his right to the country.

The drum of Myonga's village at once beat to arms, but the affair went no further, and the elder received the reasonable and just tribute of two cloths, with a gentle hint that it would be dangerous to intercept the Expedition on the road when on the march, as the guns were loaded.

Phunze, chief of Mkumboiro, a village ten miles south by east from Myonga, and the chief of Urewah, fourteen miles and a half from Phunze's, were equally bold in their demands, but they did not receive an inch of cloth; but neither of these three chiefs were half so extortionate as Ungomirwa, king of Ubagwé, a large town of 3000 people.

We met at Ubagwé an Arab trader *en route* to Uganda, and he gave us a dismal tale of robbery and extortion practised on him by Ungomirwa. He had been compelled to pay 150 cloths, five kegs or 50 lbs. of gunpowder, five guns double-barrelled, and 35 lbs. of beads, the whole being of the value of 625 dollars, or £125, for the privilege of passing unmolested through the district of Ubagwé.

When the chief came to see me, I said to him:—

"Why is it, my friend, that your name goes about the country as being that of a bad man? How is it that this poor Arab has had to pay so much for going through Ubagwé? Is Ubagwé Unyamwezi, that Ungomirwa demands so much from the Arabs? The Arab brings cloths, powder, guns into Unyamwezi. If you rob him of his property, I must send letters to stop people coming here, then Ungomirwa will become poor, and have neither powder, guns, nor cloths to wear. What has Ungomirwa to say to his friend?"

"Ungomirwa," replied he, "does no more than Urewah, Phunze, Myonga, Ndega, Urangwa, and Mankorongu: he takes what he can. If the white man thinks it is wrong, and will be my friend, I will return it all to the Arab."

"Ungomirwa is good. Nay, do not return it all; retain one gun, five cloths, two fundo of beads, and one keg of powder; that will be plenty, and nothing but right. I have many Wanyamwezi with me, whom I have made

good men. I have two from Ubagwé, and one man who was born at Phunze's. Let Ungomirwa call the Wanyamwezi, and ask them how the white man treats Wanyamwezi, and let him try to make them run away, and see what they will say. They will tell him that all white men are very good to those who are good."

Ungomirwa called the Wanyamwezi to him, and asked them why they followed the white man to wander about the world, leaving their brothers and sisters. The question elicited the following reply:—

"The white people know everything. They are better than the black people in heart. We have abundance to eat, plenty to wear, and silver for ourselves. All we give to the white man is our strength. We carry his goods for him, and he bestows a father's care on his black children. Let Ungomirwa make friends with the white man, and do as he says, and it will be good for the land of Unyamwezi."

To whatever cause it was owing, Ungomirwa returned the Arab nearly all his property, and presented me with three bullocks; and during all the time that I was his guest at Ubagwé, he exhibited great friendship for me, and boasted of me to several Watuta visitors who came to see him during that time; indeed, I can hardly remember a more agreeable stay at any village in Africa than that which I made in Ubagwé.

Unyamwezi is troubled with a vast number of petty kings, whose paltriness and poverty have so augmented their pride that each of them employ more threats, and makes more demands, than Mtesa, emperor of Uganda.

The adage that "Small things make base men proud" holds true in Africa as in other parts of the world. Sayid bin Sayf, one of the Arabs at Kafurro, begged me as I valued my property and peace of mind not to march through Unyamwezi to Ujiji, but to travel through Uhha. I attribute these words of Sayid's to a desire on his part to hear of my being mulcted by kings Khanza, Iwanda, and Kiti in the same proportion that he was. He confessed that he had paid to Kiti sixty cloths, to Iwanda sixty cloths, and to King Khanza 138, which amounted in value to 516 dollars, and this grieved the gentle merchant's soul greatly.

On my former journey in search of Livingstone, I tested sufficiently the capacity of the chiefs of Uhha to absorb property, and I vowed then to give them a wide berth for all future time. Sayid's relation of his experiences, confirmed by Hamed Ibrahim, and my own reverses, indicated but too well the custom in vogue among the Wahha. So far, between Kibogora's capital and Ubagwé, I had only disbursed thirty cloths as gifts to nine kings of Unyamwezi, without greater annoyance than the trouble of having to reduce their demands by negotiation.

No traveller has yet become acquainted with a wilder race in Equatorial Africa than are the Mafitté or Watuta. They are the only true African Bedawi; and surely some African Ishmael must have fathered them, for their

hands are against every man, and every man's hand appears to be raised against them.

To slay a solitary Mtuta is considered by an Arab as meritorious, and far more necessary than killing a snake. To guard against these sable freebooters, the traveller, while passing near their haunts, has need of all his skill, coolness, and prudence. The settler in their neighbourhood has need to defend his village with impregnable fences, and to have look-outs night and day: his women and children require to be guarded, and fuel can only be procured by strong parties, while the ground has to be cultivated spear in hand, so constant is the fear of the restless and daring tribe of bandits.

The Watuta, by whose lands we are now about to travel, are a lost tribe of the Mafitté, and became separated from the latter by an advance towards the north in search of plunder and cattle. This event occurred some thirty years ago. On their incursion they encountered the Warori, who possessed countless herds of cattle. They fought with them for two months at one place, and three months at another; and at last, perceiving that the Warori were too strong for them—many of them having been slain in the war and a large number of them (now known as the Wahehé, and settled near Ugogo) having been cut off from the main body—the Watuta skirted Urori, and advanced north-west through Ukonongo and Kawendi to Ujiji. It is in the memory of the old Arab residents at Ujiji how the Watuta suddenly appeared and drove them and the Wajiji to take refuge upon Bangwé Island.

Not gladdened with conquest by their triumph at Ujiji, they attacked Urundi; but here they met different foes altogether from the negroes of the south. They next invaded Uhha, but the races which occupy the intra-lake regions had competent and worthy champions in the Wahha. Baffled at Uhha and Urundi, they fought their devastating path across Uvinza, and entered Unyamwezi, penetrated Usumbwa, Utambara, Urangwa, Uyofu, and so through Uzinja to the Victoria Nyanza, where they rested for some years after their daring exploit. But the lands about the lake were not suited to their tastes, and they retraced their steps as far as Utambara. Kututwa, king of Utambara, from policy, wooed the daughter of the chief of the Watuta, and as a dower his land was returned to him, while the Watuta moving south occupied the neighbouring country of Ugomba, situate between Uhha and Unyamwezi. It is a well-watered and a rich grazing country, therefore well adapted to their habits and modes of life. The Kinyamwezi kings of Serombo, Ubagwé, Urewéh, Renzewéh, and kings Mirambo and Phunze have contracted alliances with influential chiefs, and are on tolerably good terms with them; but stubborn old Myonga still holds aloof from the Watuta.

It will be remembered by readers of 'How I Found Livingstone' how Mirambo appeared at Tabora with thousands of the Watuta free-lances, slaughtered Khamis bin Abdullah and five other Arabs, and ravaged that populous settlement. From the above sketch of these terrible marauders, they

will now be able to understand how it was that he was able to obtain their aid, while the following paragraph explains how I obtained the facts of this predatory migration.

The wife of Wadi Safeni—one of the Wangwana captains, and coxswain of the *Lady Alice* during her cruise round the Victoria Nyanza—when proceeding one day outside the stockade of Ubagwé to obtain water, accidentally heard our Watuta visitors gossiping together. The dialect and accent sounding familiar to her, she listened, and a few moments after she was herself volubly discussing with them the geography of the locality inhabited by the Mafitté



ONE OF THE WATUTA.

between Lake Nyassa and Tanganika. It was mainly from this little circumstance—confirmed by other informants, Arab, Wangwana, and Wanyamwezi—that the above brief sketch of the wanderings of the Watuta has been obtained.

“Mono-Matapa,” that great African word, which, from its antiquity and its persistent appearance on our maps—occupying various positions to suit the vagaries of various cartographers and the hypotheses of various learned travellers—has now become almost classic, bears a distant relation to the tribe of the Watuta.

The industrious traveller, Salt, in his book on Abyssinia, dated 1814, says:

“This country is commonly called Monomatapa, in the accounts of which a perplexing obscurity has been introduced, by different authors having confounded the



names of the districts with the titles of the sovereigns, indiscriminately styling them Quitéve, Mono-matapa, Benemotapa, Bene-motasha, Chikanga, Manika, Bokaranga and Mocaranga. The fact appears to be that the sovereign's title was Quitéve, and the name of the country Motapa, to which Mono has been prefixed, as in Monomugi, and many other names on the coast, that beyond this lay a district called Chikanga, which contained the mines of Manica, and that the other names were applicable solely to petty districts at that time under the rule of the Quitéve."

Zimbaóa, the capital of this interesting land, was said to be fifteen days' travel west from Sofala, and forty days' travel from Senâ.

Indefatigable and patient exploration by various intelligent travellers has now enabled us to understand exactly the meaning of the various names with which early geographers confused us. The ancient land of the Mono-Matapa occupied that part of South-East Africa now held by the Matabeles, and the empire embraced nearly all the various tribes and clans now known by the popular terms of Kaffirs and Zulus.

The reputation which Chaka obtained throughout that upland, extending from the lands of the Hottentots to the Zambezi, roused, after his death, various ambitious spirits. His great captains, leading warlike hosts after them, spread terror and dismay among the tribes north, south, and west. Mosèlé-katzé overran the Transvaal, and conquered the Bechuanas, but was subsequently compelled by the Boers to migrate north, where his people, now known as the Matabeles, have established themselves under Lo Bengwella, his successor.

Sebituané, another warlike spirit after the style of Chaka, put himself at the head of a tribe of the Basutos, and, after numerous conquests over small tribes, established his authority and people along the Zambezi, under the name of Makololo. Sebituané was succeeded by Sekeletu, Livingstone's friend, and he by Impororo—the last of the Makololo kings.

One of Chaka's generals was called Mani-Koos. It ought to be mentioned here that Mani, Mana, Mono, Moeni, Muini, Muinyi, are all prefixes, synonymous with lord, prince, and sometimes son: for example, Mana-Koos, Mani-Ema, now called Manyema and Mana-Mputu, lord of the sea; Mono-Matapa, Mana-Ndenga, Mana-Butti, Mana-Kirembu, Mana-Mamba, and so forth. In Uregga the prefix becomes Wana, or Wane, as in Wane-Mbeza, Wane-Kirumbu, Wane-Kamankua, Wana-Kipangu, Wana-Mukwa, and Wana-Rukura; while in the Bateké and the Babwendé lands it is changed into Mwana, as Mwana-Ibaka, or Mwana-Kilungu, which title was given to the Livingstone river by the Babwendé, meaning "lord of the sea." To return. This Mani-Koos, a general of Chaka's, attacked the Portuguese at Delagoa Bay, Sofala, and Inhambané, and compelled them to pay tribute. The party then crossed the Zambezi river above Teté, the capital of the Portuguese territory, and, after ravaging the lands along the Nyassa, finally established itself north-west of the Nyassa, between that lake and the Tanganika. To-day

they are known as the Manitu, Mafitté, or Ma-viti; and three offshoots of this tribe are—the Watuta in the neighbourhood of Zombé, south-east end of Lake Tanganika; the Wahehé, who cause such dire trouble to the Wagogo; and the Watuta, the allies of Mirambo, and called by the Wanyamwezi the Mwangoni.

On the 4th of May, having received the milch cows, calves, and bullocks from my new brother Mirambo, we marched in a south-south-west direction, skirting the territory of the Watuta, to Ruwinda, a village occupying a patch of cleared land, and ruled by a small chief who is a tributary to his dreaded neighbours.

The next day, in good order, we marched across a portion of the territory of the Watuta. No precaution was omitted to ensure our being warned in time of the presence of the enemy, nor did we make any delay on the road, as a knowledge of their tactics of attack assured us that this was our only chance of avoiding a conflict with them. Msené, after a journey of twenty miles, was reached about 2 P.M., and the king, Mulagwa, received us with open arms.

The population of the three villages under Mulagwa probably numbers about 3500. The king of the Watuta frequently visits Mulagwa's district; but his strongly fenced villages and large number of muskets have been sufficient to check the intentions of the robbers, though atrocious acts are often committed upon the unwary.

Maganga, the dilatory chief of one of my caravans during the first Expedition, was discovered here, and, on the strength of a long acquaintance with my merits, induced Mulagwa to exert himself for my comfort.

I saw a poor woman, a victim of a raid by the Watuta, who, having been accidentally waylaid by them in the fields, had had her left foot barbarously cut off.

Ten miles south-west of Msené is Kawangira, a district about ten miles square, governed by the chief Nyambu, a rival of Mulagwa. Relics of the ruthlessness and devastating attacks of the Watuta are visible between the two districts, and the once populous land is rapidly resuming its original appearance of a tenantless waste.

The next village, Nganda, ten miles south-west from Kawangira, was reached on the 9th of May. From this place, as far as Usenda (distant fourteen miles south-south-west), extended a plain, inundated with from 2 to 5 feet of water from the flooded Gombé, which rises about forty miles south-east of Unyanyembé. Where the Gombé meets with the Malagarazi, there is a spacious plain, which during each rainy season is converted into a lake.

We journeyed to the important village of Usagusi on the 12th, in a south-south-west direction. Like Serombo, Myonga's, Urangwa, Ubagwé, and Msené, it is strongly stockaded, and the chief, conscious that the safety of his principal village depends upon the care he bestows upon its defences,

exacts heavy fines upon those of his people who manifest any reluctance to repair the stockade; and this vigilant prudence has hitherto baffled the wolf-like marauders of Ugomba.

I met another old friend of mine at the next village, Ugara. He was a visitor to my camp at Kuzuri, in Ukimbu, in 1871. Ugara is seventeen miles west-south-west from Usagusi. I found it troubled with a "war," or two wars, one between Kazavula and Uvinza, the other between Ibango of Usenyé and Mkasiwa of Unyanyembé.

Twenty-five miles in a westerly direction, through a depopulated land, brought us to Zegi, in Uvinza, where we found a large caravan, under an Arab in the employ of Sayid bin Habib. Amongst these natives of Zanzibar was a man who had accompanied Cameron and Tippu-Tib to Utotera. Like other Münchhausens of his race, he informed me upon oath that he had seen a ship upon a lake west of Utotera, manned by black Wazungu, or black Europeans!

Before reaching Zegi, we saw Sivué lake, a body of water fed by the Sagala river: it is about seven miles wide by fourteen miles long. Through a broad bed, choked by reeds and grass and tropical plants, it empties into the Malagarazi river near Kiala.

Zegi village also swarmed with Rusunzu's warriors. Rusunzu has succeeded his father, Nzogera, as king of Uvinza, and, being energetic, is disposed to combat Mirambo's ambitious projects of annexation. I took care not to disclose our relationship with Mirambo, lest the warriors might have supposed we countenanced his designs against their beloved land.

These warriors, perceiving that the word Ruga-Ruga, or bandits, influences weak minds, call themselves by that name, and endeavour to distinguish themselves by arresting all native travellers suspected of hostility or property. One of these unfortunates just captured was about to have his weasand cut, when I suggested that he had better be sold, as his corpse would be useless.

"You buy him, then," said the excited fellows; "give us ten cloths for him."

"White men don't buy slaves; but rather than you should murder an innocent man, I will give you two for him."

After considerable discussion, it was agreed that he should be transferred to me for two cloths; but the poor old fellow was so injured from the brutal treatment he had undergone that he died a few days afterwards.

Zegi, swarming with a reckless number of lawless men, was not a comfortable place to dwell in. The conduct of these men was another curious illustration of how "small things make base men proud." Here were a number of youths suffering under that strange disease peculiar to vain youth in all lands which Mirambo had called "big head." The manner in which they strutted about, their big looks and bold staring, their enormous feathered head-dresses and martial stride, were most offensive. Having adopted, from

bravado, the name of Ruga-Ruga, they were compelled in honour to imitate the bandits' custom of smoking banghi (wild hemp), and my memory fails to remind me of any similar experience to the wild screaming and stormy sneezing, accompanied day and night by the monotonous droning of the one-string guitar (another accomplishment *de rigueur* with the complete bandit) and the hiccuping, snorting, and vocal extravagances which we had to bear in the village of Zegi.

We paid a decent tribute of fifteen cloths to Rusunzu, out of the infamous "sixty" he had demanded through his Mutwaré or chief; and the Mutwaré received only four out of the twenty he had said should be paid to himself; and after the termination of the bargaining we marched to Ugaga on the Malagarazi on the 18th.

The Mutwaré of Ugaga the next day made a claim of forty doti or cloths before giving us permission to cross the Malagarazi. I sent Frank with twenty men to a point three miles below Ugaga to prepare our boat; and meanwhile we delayed negotiations until a messenger came from Frank informing us that the boat was ready, and then, after making a tentative offer of two cloths, which was rejected with every ludicrous expression of contempt, we gave four. The Mutwaré then said that Rusunzu the king had commanded that we should return to Zegi to fight his enemies, otherwise he withheld his permission to cross the river. At this piece of despotism we smiled, and marched towards the boat, where we camped. At 4 A.M. of the 20th of May I had eighty guns across the mile-wide\* Malagarazi, and by 3 P.M. the entire Expedition, and our Arab friends whom we had met at Zegi, were in Northern Uvinza.

The next day, avoiding the scorched plains of Uhha, of bitter memory to me, we journeyed to Ruwhera, eleven miles; thence to Mansumba, due west, nine miles and a half through a thin jungle; whence we despatched some Wanyamwezi across the frontier to Uhha to purchase corn for the support of the Expedition in the wilderness between Uvinza and Ujiji.

Strange to say, the Wahha, who are the most extortionate tribute-takers in Africa, will not interfere with a caravan when once over the frontier, but will readily sell them food. About fifty Wahha even brought grain and fowls for sale to our camp at Mansumba. Though truth compels me to say that we should have fared very badly had we travelled through Uhha, I must do its people the justice to say that they are not churlish to strangers beyond their own limits.

It is a great pity that the Malagarazi is not navigable. There is a difference of nearly 900 feet between the altitude of Ugaga and that of Ujiji. One series of falls are south-south-west from Ruwhera, about twenty-five miles below Ugaga. There is another series of falls about twenty miles from the Tanganika.

\* In the dry season the Malagarazi is only about 60 yards wide at Ugaga.

At noon of the 24th we camped on the western bank of the Rusugi river. A small village, called Kasenga, is situated two miles above the ford. Near the crossing on either side are the salt-pans of Uvinza, which furnish a respectable revenue to its king. A square mile of ground is strewn with broken pots, embers of fires, the refuse of the salt, lumps of burnt clay, and ruined huts. As Rusunzu now owns all the land to within fifteen miles of Ujiji, there is no one to war with for the undisputed possession of the salt-pans.

Through a forest jungle separated at intervals by narrow strips of plain, and crossing six small tributaries of the Malagarazi by the way, we journeyed twenty-three miles, to a camp near the frontier of the district of Uguru, or the hill country of Western Uhha.

The northern slopes of these mountain masses of Uguru, about fifteen miles north of the sources of the Liuché, are drained by the southern feeders of the Alexandra Nile; the western, by the Mshala; the southern, by the Liuché; and the eastern, by the Uhha tributaries of the Malagarazi. The boundaries of Uhha, Urundi, and Ujiji meet at these mountains, which are probably 6500 feet above the sea.

We greeted our friend of Niamtaga, whom we had met in November in 1871, but, alas for him! two weeks later he was taken by surprise by Rusunzu, and massacred with nearly three-fourths of his people.

At noon of the 27th of May the bright waters of the Tanganika broke upon the view, and compelled me to linger admiringly for a while, as I did on the day I first beheld them. By 3 P.M. we were in Ujiji. Muini Kheri, Mohammed bin Gharib, Sultan bin Kassim, and Khamis the Baluch greeted me kindly. Mohammed bin Sali was dead. Nothing was changed much, except the ever-changing mud tembés of the Arabs. The square or plaza where I met David Livingstone in November 1871 is now occupied by large tembés. The house where he and I lived has long ago been burnt down, and in its place there remain only a few embers and a hideous void. The lake expands with the same grand beauty before the eyes as we stand in the market-place. The opposite mountains of Goma have the same blue-black colour, for they are everlasting, and the Liuché river continues its course as brown as ever just east and south of Ujiji. The surf is still as restless, and the sun as bright; the sky retains its glorious azure, and the palms all their beauty; but the grand old hero, whose presence once filled Ujiji with such absorbing interest for me, was gone!

## CHAPTER XIX.

Ujiji, its scenery, residents, markets, and vicinity—Arab rivals—The circumnavigation of the Tanganika—Commander Cameron and the outflowing Lukuga—The encroaching waters—The legend of the Lake—Evening.

THE best view of Ujiji is to be obtained from the flat roof of one of the Arab tembés or houses. A photograph which I took of the view north from my tembé, which fronted the market-place, embraced the square and conical huts of the Wangwana, Wanyamwezi, and Arab slaves, the Guinea palms from the golden-coloured nuts of which the Wajiji obtain the palm-oil, the banana and plantain groves, with here and there a graceful papaw-tree rising amongst them, and, beyond, the dark green woods which line the shore and are preserved for shade by the fishermen.

South of the market-place are the tembés of the Arabs, solid, spacious, flat-roofed structures, built of clay, with broad, cool verandahs fronting the public roads. Palms and papaws, pomegranates and plantains, raise graceful branch and frond above them, in pleasing contrast to the grey-brown walls, enclosures and houses.

The port of Ujiji is divided into two districts—Ugoy, occupied by the Arabs, and Kawelé, inhabited by the Wangwana, slaves, and natives. The market-place is in Ugoy, in an open space which has been lately contracted to about 1200 square yards. In 1871 it was nearly 3000 square yards. On the beach before the market-place are drawn up the huge Arab canoes, which, purchased in Goma on the western shore, have had their gunwales raised up with heavy teak planking. The largest canoe, belonging to Sheikh Abdullah bin Suliman, is 48 feet long, 9 feet in the beam, and 5 feet high, with a poop for the Nakhuda (captain), and a small forecastle.

Sheikh Abdullah, by assuming the air of an opulent ship-owner, has offended the vanity of the governor, Muini Kheri, who owns nine canoes. Abdullah christened his "big ship" by some very proud name; the governor nicknamed it the *Lazy*. The Arabs and Wajiji, by the way, all give names to their canoes.

The hum and bustle of the market-place, filled with a miscellaneous concourse of representatives from many tribes, woke me up at early dawn. Curious to see the first market-place we had come to since leaving Kagehyi, I dressed myself and sauntered amongst the buyers and sellers and idlers.

Here we behold all the wealth of the Tanganika shores. The Wajiji, who are sharp, clever traders, having observed that the Wangwana purchased their supplies of sweet potatoes, yams, sugar-cane, ground-nuts, oil-nuts, palm-oil and palm-wine, butter, and pombé, to retail them at enormous profits to their countrymen, have raised their prices on some things a hundred per cent. over what they were when I was in Ujiji last. This has caused the Wangwana and slaves to groan in spirit, for the Arabs are unable to dole out to them rations in proportion to the prices now demanded. The governor, supplied by the Mutwaré of the lake district of Ujiji, will not interfere, though frequently



A NATIVE OF RUA, WHO WAS A VISITOR AT UJIJI.

implored to do so, and, consequently, there are frequent fights, when the Wangwana rush on the natives with clubs, in much the same manner as the apprentices of London used to rush to the rescue or succour of one of their bands.

Except the Wajiji, who have become rich in cloths, the rural natives retain the primitive dress worn by the Wazinja, Wazongora, Wanyambu, Wanya-Ruanda, Kishakka, Wanyoro, and Wanya-Nkori, Wasui, Watusi, Wahha, Warundi, and Wazigé, namely, a dressed goat-skin covering the loins, and hanging down to within six inches above the knees, with long depending tags of the same material. All these tribes are related to each other, and their

language shows only slight differences in dialect. Moreover, many of those inhabiting the countries contiguous to Unyamwezi and Uganda have lost those special characteristics which distinguish the pure unmixed stock from the less favoured and less refined types of Africans.

Uhha daily sends to the market of Ujiji its mtama, grain (millet), sesamum, beans, fowls, goats, and broad-tailed sheep, butter, and sometimes oxen; Urundi, its goats, sheep, oxen, butter, palm-cil and palm-nuts, fowls, bananas, and plantains; Uzigé—now and then only—its oxen and palm-oil; Uvira, its iron, in wire of all sizes, bracelets, and anklets; Ubwari, its cassava or manioe, dried, and enormous quantities of grain, Dogara or whitebait, and dried fish; Uvinza, its salt; Uguha, its goats and sheep, and grain, especially Indian corn; rural Wajiji bring their buttermilk, ground-nuts, sweet potatoes, tomatoes, bananas and plantains, yams, beans, vetches, garden herbs, melons, cucumbers, sugar-cane, palm-wine, palm-nuts, palm-oil, goats, sheep, bullocks, eggs, fowls, and earthenware; the lake-coast Wajiji bring their slaves, whitebait, fresh fish, ivory, baskets, nets, spears, bows and arrows; the Wangwana and Arab slaves bring slaves, fuel, ivory, wild fruit, eggs, rice, sugar-cane, and honey from the Ukaranga forest.

The currency employed consists of cloths, blue "Kaniki," white sheeting "Merikani" from Massachusetts' mills, striped or barred prints, or checks, blue or red, from Manchester, Muscat, or Cutch, and beads, principally "Sofi," which are like black-and-white clay-pipe stems broken into pieces half an inch long. One piece is called a *Masaro*, and is the lowest piece of currency that will purchase anything. The Sofi beads are strung in strings of twenty *Masaro*, which is then called a *Kheté*, and is sufficient to purchase rations for two days for a slave, but suffices the freeman or *Mgwana* but one day. The red beads, called *Sami-sami*, the *Mutunda*, small blue, brown, and white, will also readily be bartered in the market for provisions, but a discount will be charged on them, as the established and universal currency with all classes of natives attending the market is the Sofi.

The prices at the market in 1876 were as follows:—

	Sheeting cloths of 4 yards long,
Ivory per lb. .. .. .	1
1 goat .. .. .	2
1 sheep .. .. .	1½
12 fowls .. .. .	1½
1 bullock .. .. .	10
1 potful—equal to 3 gallons—of wine .. .. .	2
1 " " " " of palm oil .. .. .	4
60 lbs. of grain—Mtama .. .. .	1
90 lbs. " Indian corn .. .. .	1
½-gal. potful of honey in the comb .. .. .	1
1 slave boy between 10 and 13 years old .. .. .	16



					Sheeting cloths of 4 yards long.	
1	slave girl	between 10 and 13 years old	..	..	50 to 80	
1	"	"	13	"	18	"
1	"	woman	18	"	30	"
1	"	"	30	"	50	"
1	"	boy	13	"	18	"
1	"	man	18	"	50	"

The country of Ujiji extends between the Liuché river, along the Tanganika, north to the Mshala river, which gives it a length of forty-five miles. The former river separates it from Ukaranga on the south, while the latter river acts as a boundary between it and Urundi. As Ujiji is said to border upon Uguru, a district of Uhha, it may be said to have a breadth of twenty miles. Thus the area of Ujiji is not above 900 square miles. The Mtemi, or king, is called Mgassa, who entertains a superstitious fear of the lake. His residence is in a valley amongst the mountains bordering upon Uguru, and he believes that in the hour he looks upon the lake he dies. This superstitious fear may have some connection with the Legend of the Lake, which I shall give later.

I should estimate the population of the country to be very fairly given at forty to the square mile, which will make it 36,000 souls. The Liuché valley is comparatively populous, and the port of Ujiji—consisting of Ugoy and Kawelé districts—has alone a population of 3000. Kigoma and Kasimbu are other districts patronized by Arabs and Wangwana.

The Wajiji are a brave tribe, and of very independent spirit, but not quarrelsome. When the moderate fee demanded by the Mutwaré of Ugoy, Kawelé, and Kasimbu is paid, the stranger has the liberty of settling in any part of the district, and as an excellent understanding exists between the Mutwaré and the Arab governor, Muini Kheri, there is no fear of ill-usage. The Mgwana or the Mjiji applying to either of them is certain of receiving fair justice, and graver cases are submitted to an international commission of Arabs and Wajiji elders, because it is perfectly understood by both parties that many moneyed interests would be injured if open hostilities were commenced.

The Wajiji are the most expert canoemen of all the tribes around the Tanganika. They have visited every country, and seem to know each headland, creek, bay, and river. Sometimes they meet with rough treatment, but they are as a rule so clever, wide-awake, prudent, commercially politic, and superior in tact, that only downright treachery can entrap them to death. They have so many friends also that they soon become informed of danger, and dangerous places are tabooed.

The governor of the Arab colony of Ujiji, having been an old friend, was, as may be supposed, courteous and hospitable to me, and Mohammed bin

Gharib, who was so good to Livingstone between Marungu and Ujiji, as far as Manyema, did his best to show me friendly attention. Such luxuries as sweetmeats, wheaten bread, rice, and milk were supplied so freely by Muini Kheri and Sheikh Mohammed that both Frank and myself began to increase rapidly in weight.

Judging from their rotundity of body, it may fairly be said that both the friends enjoy life. The governor is of vast girth, and Mohammed weighs probably only two stone less. The preceding governor, Mohammed bin Sali, was also of ample circumference, from which I conclude that the climate of Ujiji agrees with the Arab constitution. It certainly did not suit mine while I was with Livingstone, for I was punished with remittent and intermittent fever of such severe type and virulence that in three months I was reduced in weight to seven stone!

Muini Kheri's whole wealth consists of about 120 slaves, male and female, eighty guns, eighty frasilah of ivory, two tembés, or houses, a wheat and rice field, nine canoes with oars and sails, forty head of cattle, twenty goats, thirty bales of cloth, and twenty sacks of beads, 350 lbs. of brass wire, and 200 lbs. of iron wire, all of which, appraised in the Ujiji market, might perhaps realize 18,000 dollars. His friend Mohammed is probably worth 3000 dollars only! Sultan bin Kassim may estimate the value of his property at 10,000 dollars, Abdullah bin Suliman, the owner of the *Great Eastern* of Lake Tanganika, at 15,000 dollars. Other Arabs of Ujiji may be rated at from 100 to 3000 dollars.

Sheikh Mohammed bin Gharib is the owner of the finest house. It is about 100 feet long by 25 feet in width and 14 feet in height. A broad verandah, 10 feet wide and 40 feet long, runs along a portion of the front, and affords ample space for the accommodation of his visitors on the luxurious carpets. The building is constructed of sun-dried brick plastered over neatly with clay. The great door is a credit to his carpenter, and his latticed windows are a marvel to the primitive native trader from Uhha or Uvinza. The courtyard behind the house contains the huts of the slaves, kitchens, and cow-house.

By his Arab friends Sheikh Mohammed bin Gharib is regarded as an enterprising man, a good friend, but too liberal to his slaves, for which reason they say he is on the verge of bankruptcy. He is so much in debt that he has no credit at Zanzibar.

There is a good deal of jealousy between the Arabs of Ujiji, which sometimes breaks out into bloodshed. When Sayid bin Habib enters Ujiji trouble is not far off. The son of Habib has a large number of slaves, and there are some fiery souls amongst them, who resent the least disparagement of their master. A bitter reproach is soon followed by a vengeful blow, and then the retainers and the chiefs of the Montagues and Capulets issue forth with clubs, spears, and guns, and Ujiji is all in an uproar, not to be quieted until the

respective friends of the two rivals carry them bodily away to their houses. On Arabs, Wangwana, and slaves alike I saw the scars of feuds.

Abdullah bin Suliman and his partisans are settled in Kasimbu, because Muini Kheri's hot-headed young Arab relations, Bana Makombé and Muini Hassan, are for ever endangering the peace by their insolence. The feud began by a slave of Abdullah's having attempted to stab Bana Makombé, because the haughty young Arab had spurned him once with his foot. Only a few drops of the bluest blood from the aristocracy of Sa'adani were drawn in the happily abortive attempt, but the aristocrats mustered in force. The coast Arabs residing at Kigoma advanced towards Ujiji with 300 guns, and called upon the governor to arm to avenge the blood that had been shed. The governor, however, called upon the Mutwaré, and the Wajiji swarmed by the hundreds to attack Abdullah bin Suliman. Fortunately Abdullah was prudent and met them with only a few men. But though he mildly expostulated with them that it was a drunken slave who was the cause, he was condemned to lose his right hand, from which fate, however, he was saved by the governor relenting and demanding instead the head of the murderous slave.

It will be manifest, then, that the safety of a European at Ujiji would be but precarious. Any of his people, inspired by pombé or native wine, might, at any moment, in drunken fury, mortally wound an Arab or Mswahili of the coast, the result of which would be that the European would either have to forfeit all his goods or his life, or decamp with his people immediately to save himself.

Life in Ujiji begins soon after dawn, and, except on moonlight nights, no one is abroad after sunset. With the Arabs—to whom years are as days to Europeans—it is a languid existence, mostly spent in gossip, the interchange of dignified visits, ceremonies of prayer, an hour or two of barter, and small household affairs.

There were no letters for either Frank or myself after our seventeen months' travels around and through the lake regions. From Kagehyi, on Lake Victoria, I had despatched messages to Sayid bin Salim, governor of Unyanyembé, praying him to send all letters addressed to me to Muini Kheri, governor of Ujiji, promising him a noble reward. Not that I was sure that I should pass by Ujiji, but I knew that, if I arrived at Nyangwé, I should be able to send a force of twenty men to Muini Kheri for my letters. Though Sayid bin Salim had over twelve months' time to comply with my moderate request, not a scrap or word of news or greeting refreshed us after the long blank interval! Both of us, having eagerly looked forward with certainty to receiving a bagful of letters, were therefore much disappointed.

As I was about to circumnavigate the Tanganika with my boat, and would probably be absent two or three months, I thought there might still be a chance of obtaining them, before setting out westward, by despatching

messengers to Unyanyembé. Announcing my intentions to the governor, I obtained a promise that he would collect other men, as he and several Arabs at Ujiji were also anxious to communicate with their friends. Manwa Sera therefore selected five of the most trustworthy men, the Arabs also selected five of their confidential slaves, and the ten men started for Unyanyembé on the 3rd of June.\*

Before departing on the voyage of circumnavigation of Lake Tanganika, many affairs had to be provided for, such as the wellbeing of the Expedition during my absence, distribution of sufficient rations, provisioning for the cruise, the engagement of guides, &c.

The two guides I obtained for the lake were Para, who had accompanied Cameron in March and April 1874, and Ruango, who accompanied Livingstone and myself in December 1871 to the north end of Lake Tanganika.

The most interesting point connected with this lake was its outlet. Before starting from Zanzibar, I had heard that Cameron had discovered the outlet to Lake Tanganika in the Lukuga river, which ran through Uguha to the west, and was therefore an affluent of Livingstone's great river.

In Commander Cameron's book, vol. i. p. 305, the following sentences, bearing upon what he personally saw of the Lukuga, are found:

"In company with the chief, I went four or five miles down the river, until navigation was rendered impossible, owing to the masses of floating vegetation. Here the depth was 3 fathoms, breadth 600 yards, current  $1\frac{1}{2}$  knots, and sufficiently strong to drive us well into the edge of the vegetation. I noticed that the embouchures of some small streams flowing into the river were unmistakably turned from the lake, and that the weed set in the same direction. Wild date-palms grew thickly down the river."

In opposition to this statement of Cameron's was the evidence taken by me at Ujiji.

Para, his guide, said that the white man could not have seen the river flowing towards Rua, because it did not.

Ruango, the veteran guide, declared that he had crossed it five times, that it was a small river flowing into the Tanganika, and that if I found it to flow in a contrary direction, he would return me all his hire.

Natives from the Lukuga banks whom we found in Ujiji asserted positively that there were two Lukugas, one flowing into Lake Tanganika, the other into Rua.

Muini Kheri, governor of Ujiji, Mohammed bin Gharib, Muini Hassan,

\* My five trustworthy men arrived at Unyanyembé within fifteen days, but from some cause they never returned to the Expedition. We halted at Ujiji for seventy days after their departure, and when we turned our faces towards Nyangwé, we had given up all hopes of hearing from civilization.

Bana Makombé, and Wadi Safeni, all of whom had travelled across this Lukuga river, also declared, in the most positive manner, that during the many times they had crossed the "Lukuga," they either passed over it on dry land or were ferried in canoes across the entrance, which appeared to them only an arm of the lake; that until the white man had come to Ujiji, they had never heard of an outflowing river, nor did they believe there was one.

The positiveness of their manner and their testimony, so utterly at variance with what Commander Cameron had stated, inspired me with the resolution to explore the phenomenon thoroughly, and to examine the entire coast minutely. At the same time, a suspicion that there was no present outlet to the Tanganika had crept into my mind, when I observed that three palm-trees, which had stood in the market-place of Ujiji in November 1871, were now about 100 feet in the lake, and that the sand beach over which Livingstone and I took our morning walks was over 200 feet in the lake.

I asked of Muini Kheri and Sheikh Mohammed if my impressions were not correct about the palm-trees, and they both replied readily in the affirmative. Muini Kheri said also, as corroborative of the increase of the Tanganika, that thirty years ago the Arabs were able to ford the channel between Bangwé Island and the mainland; that they then cultivated rice-fields three miles farther west than the present beach; that every year the Tanganika encroaches upon their shores and fields; and that they are compelled to move every five years farther inland. In my photograph of Ujiji, an inlet may be seen on a site which was dry land, occupied by fishing-nets and pasture ground, in 1871.

I proceeded to Bangwé Island, before setting out on my voyage, and sounded the channel separating it from the mainland. Between a pebble-covered point of Bangwé and the nearest tongue on the mainland, I dropped my lead thirteen times. In mid-channel I found 18, 21, 23, 24, 25, 22, 23, 20, 19, and 17 feet.

The Wajiji lake-traders and fishermen have two interesting legends respecting the origin of the Tanganika. Ruango, the veteran guide, who showed Livingstone and myself the Rusizi river in 1871, and whose version is confirmed by Para, the other guide, related the first as follows:—

"Years and years ago, where you see this great lake, was a wide plain, inhabited by many tribes and nations, who owned large herds of cattle and flocks of goats, just as you see Uhha to-day.

"On this plain there was a very large town, fenced round with poles strong and high. As was the custom in those days, the people of the town surrounded their houses with tall hedges of cane, enclosing courts, where their cattle and goats were herded at night from the wild beasts and from thieves. In one of these enclosures lived a man and his wife, who possessed a deep well, from which water bubbled up and supplied a beautiful little stream, at which the cattle of their neighbours slaked their thirst.

“Strange to say, this well contained countless fish, which supplied both the man and his wife with an abundant supply for their wants; but as their possession of these treasures depended upon the secrecy which they preserved respecting them, no one outside their family circle knew anything of them. A tradition was handed down for ages, through the family, from father to son, that on the day they showed the well to strangers, they would be ruined and destroyed.

“It happened, however, that the wife, unknown to her husband, loved another man in the town, and by-and-by, her passion increasing, she conveyed to him by stealth some of the delicious fish from the wonderful well. The meat was so good, and had such a novel flavour, that the lover urged her to inform him whence and by what means she obtained it; but the fear of dreadful consequences, should she betray the secret of the well, constrained her to evade for a long time his eager inquiries. But she could not retain the secret long, and so, in spite of all her awe for the Muzimu of the well, and her dread of her husband’s wrath, she at last promised to disclose the mystery.

“Now one day the husband had to undertake a journey to Uvinza, but before departure he strictly enjoined his wife to look after his house and effects, and to remember to be silent about the fountain, and by no means to admit strangers, or to go a-gadding with her neighbours, while he was absent. The wife of course promised to obey, but her husband had been gone only a few hours when she went to her lover and said, ‘My husband is gone away to Uvinza, and will not be back for many days. You have often asked me whence I obtained that delicious meat we ate together. Come with me, and I will show you.’

“Her lover gladly accompanied her, and they went into the house, and the wife feasted him with Zogga (palm wine) and Maramba (plantain wine), Ugali porridge made of Indian corn, and palm-oil, seasoned with pepper—and an abundance of fish meat.

“Then when they had eaten the man said, ‘We have eaten and drunk, and we are now full. Now pray show me whence you obtain this wondrous white meat that I have eaten, and which is far sweeter than the flesh of kid or lamb or fowl.’

“‘I will,’ said she, ‘because I have promised to you to do so, and I love you dearly; but it is a great secret, and my husband has strictly warned me not to show it to any human being not related to the family. Therefore you, my love, must not divulge the secret, or betray me, lest some great evil happen to me and to us all.’

“‘Nay, have no fear of me; my mouth shall be closed, and my tongue tied, lest danger should happen to the mistress of my heart.’

“So they arose, and she took him to the enclosure, jealously surrounded by a tall thick fence of mateté cane, and taking hold of his hand she led the impatient lover within, and showed him what appeared to be a circular

pool of deep clear water, which bubbled upward from the depths, and she said—

“Behold! This is our wondrous fountain—is it not beautiful?—and in this fountain are the fish.”

“The man had never seen such things in his life, for there were no rivers in the neighbourhood except that which was made by this fountain. His delight was very great, and he sat for some time watching the fish leaping and chasing each other, showing their white bellies and beautiful bright sides, and coming up to the surface and diving swiftly down to the bottom. He had never enjoyed such pleasure; but when one of the boldest of the fish came near to where he was sitting he suddenly put forth his hand to catch it. Ah, that was the end of all!—for the Muzimu, the spirit, was angry. And the world cracked asunder, the plain sank down, and down and down—the bottom cannot now be reached by our longest lines—and the fountain overflowed and filled the great gap that was made by the earthquake, and now what do you see? The Tanganika! All the people of that great plain perished, and all the houses and fields and gardens, the herds of cattle and flocks of goats and sheep, were swallowed in the waters.

“That is what our oldest men have told us about the Tanganika. Whether it is true or not I cannot say.”

“And what became of the husband?” I asked.

“Oh, after he had finished his business in Uvinza, he began his return journey, and suddenly he came to some mountains he had never seen before, and from the top of the mountains he looked down upon a great lake! So then he knew that his wife had disclosed the secret fountain, and that all had perished because of her sin.”

The other tradition imparted to me by the ancients of Ujiji relates that many years ago—how long no one can tell—the Luwegeri, a river flowing from the east to the lake near Urimba, was met by the Lukuga flowing from the westward, and the united waters filled the deep valley now occupied by the Tanganika. Hence the Luwegeri is termed “the mother of the Lukuga.”

Still another tradition relates that the Luwegeri flowed through the plain by Uguha, and into the great river of Rua, but that when the plain sank the Luwegeri flowed into the profound gulf caused by the sudden subsidence of what had once been a plain.

The Waguha have also their legend, which differs slightly from that of the Wajiji. They say that at a very remote period there was a small hill near Urungu, hollow within, and very deep and full of water. This hill one day burst, and the water spread over a great depression that was made, and became the lake we now see.

I made many attempts to discover whether the Wajiji knew why the lake was called Tanganika. They all replied they did not know, unless it was because it was large, and canoes could make long voyages on it. They did

not call small lakes Tanganika, but they call them Kitanga. The lake of Usukuma would be called Tanganika, but the little lakes in Uhha (Musunya) would be called Kitanga. Nika is a word they could not explain the derivation of, but they suggested that it might perhaps come from Nika, an electric fish which was sometimes caught in the lake.

A rational definition of Nika I could not obtain until one day, while translating into their language English words, I came to the word "plain," for which I obtained *nika* as being the term in Kijiji. As Africans are accustomed to describe large bodies of water as being like plains, "it spreads out like a plain," I think that a satisfactory signification of the term has finally been obtained, in "the plain-like lake."

The people of Marungu call the lake Kimana, those of Urungu call it Iemba, the Wakawendi call it Msaga, or "the tempestuous lake."

Westward from Ujiji the lake spreads to a distance of about thirty-five miles, where it is bounded by the lofty mountain range of Goma, and it is when looking north-west that one comprehends, as one follows that vague and indistinct mountain line, ever paling as it recedes, the full magnificence of this inland sea. The low island of Bangwé on the eastern side terminates the bay of Ujiji, which rounds with a crescent curve from the market-place towards it.

On very clear days the eyes may trace the eastern shore to the south beyond the mouth of the Liuché, curving to the Ulambola hills, and then rounding slightly eastward, reappearing in the imposing mountain heights of Cape Kabogo.

Very pleasant are the idle hours of evening at Ujiji, watching the clouds of sunset banking themselves above dark Goma, and observing the lurid effects of the brilliant red on their gloomy masses and on the ever ruffled waves, tinging with strange shades the gorgeous verdure of the eastern shore, and the lofty mountain ridges which enfold the deep-lying lake. To the ears are borne the sonorous moan and plaint of the heavy waves, which, advancing from the south-west in serried foam-capped lines, roll unceasingly upon the resounding shore.

At this hour, too, the fuel-laden canoes from Ulambola are hurrying homeward, with oar and sail. The cattle, lowing to expectant calves, and the goats bleating for their kids, are hurrying from the pastures in advance of the tiny herd-boys, the asses' feet clatter as they go, bearing their masters home from Kigoma or Kasimbu, the loud hailing of native friends announces the evening meal ready, and the spiral columns of blue smoke ascend from many wood-fires, as we sit here to observe the advance of the evening shades, and to take a last look at the daylight, as it wanes and fades over the shores of the Tanganika.



## CHAPTER XX.

The *Lady Alice* afloat again—Her mate and crew—Anxiety on her behalf—On hallowed ground—Unwelcome visitors: in the haunts of the Ruga-Ruga—The aborigines' last retreat—A scene of blood—The robbers of the Lake, and their tutelary spirits—A geological problem: were there once two lakes?—Rising waters—The abode of the genii—A storm—Forest fires—At the mouth of Cameron's "outlet"—The Lukuga creek.

THE saucy English-built boat which had made the acquaintance of all the bays and inlets of the Victoria Nyanza, which had been borne on the shoulders of sturdy men across the plains and through the ravines of Unyoro, had halted on the verge of the cliff rising above Beatrice Gulf, had thrust her bows among the papyrus of the Alexandra Nile, ridden gaily over the dark lakes of Karagwé, and crossed the inundated plains of Usagusi, and the crocodile-haunted river of Uvinza, is at last afloat upon the deep-blue waters of the Tanganika.

She is about to explore the mountain barriers which enfold the lake, for the discovery of some gap which lets out, or is supposed to let out, the surplus water of rivers which, from a dim and remote period, have been pouring into it from all sides.

She has a consort now, a lumbering, heavy, but staunch mate, a canoe cut out from an enormous teak-tree which once grew in some wooded gorge in the Goma mountains. The canoe is called the *Meofu*, and is the property of Muini Kheri, governor of Ujiji, who has kindly lent it to me. As he is my friend, he says he will not charge me anything for the loan. But the governor and I know each other pretty well, and I know that when I return from the voyage, I shall have to make him a present. In Oriental and African lands, remuneration, hire, compensation, guerdon, and present are terms nearly related to one another.

The boat and her consort are ready on the 11th of June, 1876. The boat's crew have been most carefully selected. They are all young, agile, faithful creatures. Their names and ages are as follows: Uledi, the coxswain, 25 years; Saywa, his cousin, 17; Shumari, his brother, 18; Murabo, 20; Mpwapwa, 22; Marzouk, 23; Akida, 20; Mambu, 20; Wadi Baraka, 24; Zaidi Rufiji, 27; Matiko, 19. Two supernumeraries are the boy gun-bearers, Billali and Mabruki, 17 and 15 years respectively. After eighteen months' experience with them it has been decided by all that these are the elect of

the Expedition for boat-work, though they are by no means the champions of the march. But as they have only light loads, there has never been reason to complain of them.

There is much handshaking, many cries of "Take care of yourselves," and then both boat and canoe hoist sail, turning their heads along the coast to the south.

Kasimbu, two miles from Ugoy to Ujiji, sends forth her Arab and slave inhabitants to cry out their farewells, and half an hour afterwards we are at the mouth of the Liuché river.

The reason why Arabs, Wajiji, and Wangwana have been more than usually demonstrative is that they will not believe that such a frail structure as our boat will be able to endure the heavy waves of the Tanganika. They declared we should all be drowned, but our Wangwana have ridiculed their fears, and quoted her brilliant exploit round a lake twice the size of the Tanganika, and so at last they had come to be satisfied with a dismal "Well, you shall see!"

During nearly the whole of the next day our voyage to the south is along the forest-clad slopes of Ulambola and the tawny plains of Ukaranga, until we arrive at the mouth of the Malagarazi river. At 3 P.M. we rowed up river, which at the mouth is about 600 yards wide, and sends a turbid brown stream into the lake. When a continuous south-west wind blows, its waters are known to tinge the lake with its colour as far as Ujiji. The river soon narrows to 200 yards, and about five miles up to 150 yards. I sounded twice, and obtained over 50 feet each time. The southern bank is very mountainous, but on the opposite side stretches a plain until the detached ranges of Ukaranga become massed, about five miles from the lake, and, running easterly, form the northern bank of the river.

On the 13th our voyage was along the bold mountain spurs of Kawendi, forming a steep, rock-bound coast, indented at frequent intervals with calm, pool-like bays, and their heights clothed with solemn woods.

At noon we were off Kabogo's lofty headland, and remembering that Dr. Livingstone had said that he could find no bottom at 300 fathoms, I sounded a mile off shore, and found 109 fathoms. At two miles off I found no depth with 140 fathoms. I then fastened sixty fathoms more, but at 1200 feet obtained no bottom.

About four miles south of dreaded Kabogo, on a narrow strip of sand, we beached our boat and canoe far out of the heavy surf, and then climbed the 2000 feet-high slopes in search of game; but the grass was high, the jungle dense, the slope steep and fatiguing, and we had to return without sighting a single head.

Next day we coasted along land familiar to me from my journey with Livingstone to Unyanyembé, and at 7 P.M. encamped at Urimba, about a mile south-west of the river Luwajeri, or Luwegeri.

Having been so successful in January 1872, I sallied out the next day over ground which I looked upon with reverence. The exact place covered by our little tent, only 6 feet square of land, was hallowed by associations of an intercourse which will never, never be repeated. I recognized the tree above which we hoisted our mighty crimson and white banner to attract the lagging land caravan, the plain where I had dropped the zebra, the exact spot where I shot a fine fat goose for breakfast, the aspiring peak of Kivanga, the weird-looking mountains of Tongwé. I knew my road here, and dwelt upon all its features, until the old life seemed renewed, and all things seemed as before.

But I resumed my search. In an hour I am two miles from camp, and in view of a herd of zebra. Billali becomes feverish lest I should miss the game, and, like an honest, faithful servant taking enormous interest in his master's success, lies down to hug the ground in piteous stillness. I advance a few paces cautiously behind a scraggy acacia, and in a few seconds two of the noble creatures are dead, and the others are sweeping round a clump of hills, whimpering for their lost companions. As we have now enough meat to last us several days, I give them their liberty.

The day is devoted to cutting the meat into long strips and drying it over wooden grates, while each of the forty men composing the lake exploring band seems profoundly impressed with the necessity of forestalling future demands on his digestive organs by consuming injudicious quantities there and then.

In the midst of this most innocent recreation there stepped forth to our view some sinister objects—Ruga-Ruga! As undesirable as wolves in a stern Siberian winter to an unarmed party in a solitary sledge are the Ruga-Ruga to peaceful travellers in an African forest or wilderness. Whatever the accident that brought them, their very presence suggested the possibility and probability of a bloody struggle. They are bandits, wretches devoted to plunder and murder, men whose hands are at all times ready to be imbrued in blood.

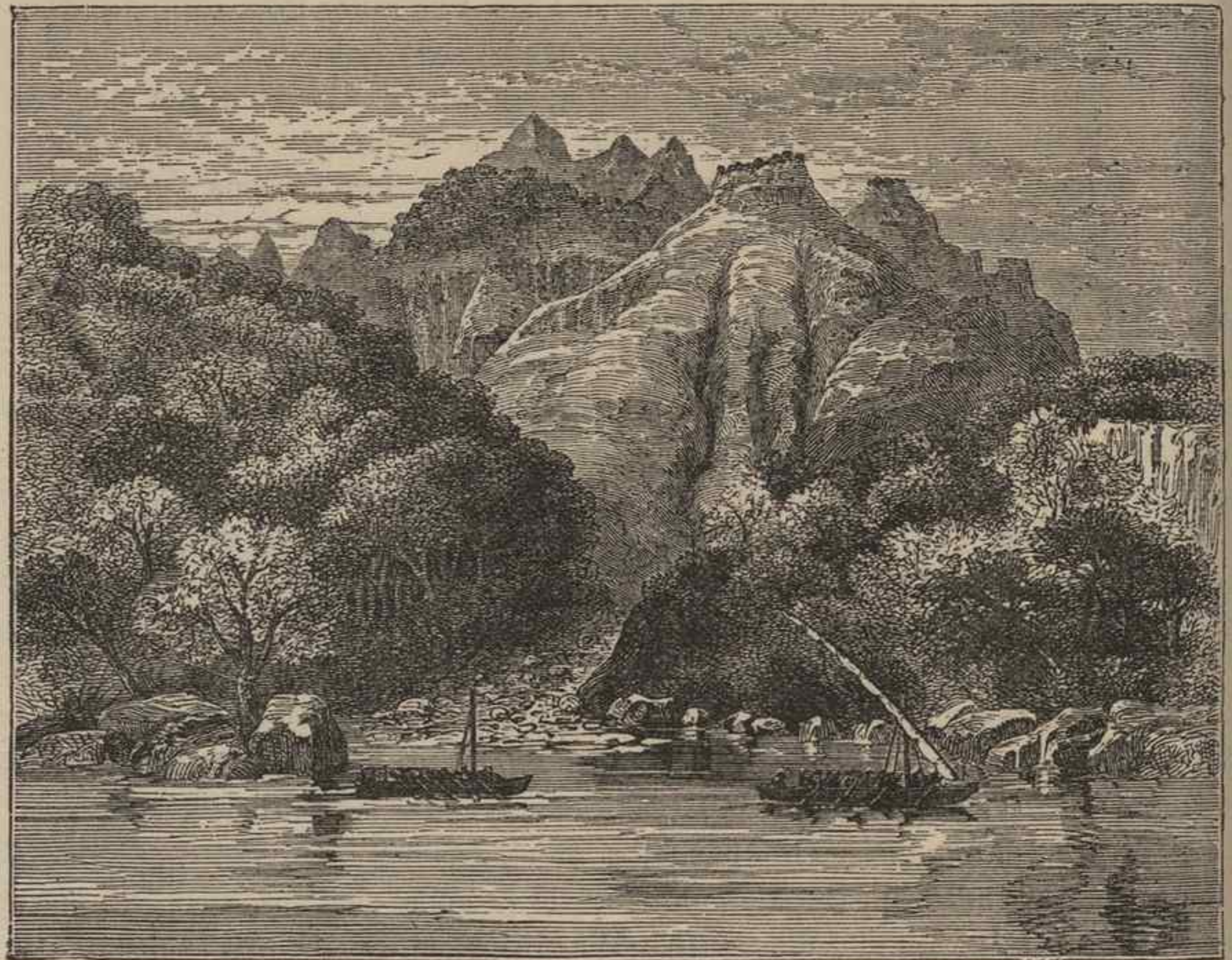
They are representatives of that tribe which has desolated and depopulated beautiful Kawendi from the Malagarazi river down to the Rungwa? All alike—whether Arabs, Wajiji, Wangwana, Wanyamwezi, or the aborigines of the land—owe them an unpaid debt of vengeance for the blood they have shed. It was not our special task, however, to undertake the repayment, therefore neither by word nor look did we betray any antipathy.

We gave them gifts of meat at their own request. The tobacco gourd passed round in their polluted, crimeful hands, and we grasped their hands in token of amity—and parted.

On the 17th of June we continued our voyage from Urimba towards Kungwé cape, one of the projecting spurs from the Kungwé mountains, and in the evening camped on Bongo Island, a few miles south-west from Ndereh, the robbers' village. We were visited in the night by about sixty of them armed with muskets. Though it was an unusual hour, and an unseasonable one for receiving visitors, we avoided trouble, and by parting with cloth and

exhausting the powers of suavity, we happily avoided a rupture with the wild and bloody men of Ndereh, and before dawn stole away unperceived on our journey.

The peaks of Kungwé are probably from 2500 to 3000 feet above the lake. They are not only interesting from their singular appearance, but also as being a refuge for the last remaining families of the aborigines of Kawendi. On the topmost and most inaccessible heights dwells the remnant of the once powerful nation which in old times—so tradition relates—overran Uhha and Uvinza, and were a terror to the Wakalaganza. They cultivate the slopes of



KUNGWE PEAKS.

*(From a sketch near the entrance to the Luwulungu torrent bed.)*

their strongholds, which amply repay them for their labour. Fuel is found in the gorges between the peaks, and means of defence are at hand in the huge rocks which they have piled up ready to repel the daring intruder. Their elders retain the traditions of the race whence they sprang; and in their charge are the Lares and Penates of old Kawendi—the Muzimu. In the home of the eagles they find a precarious existence, as a seed to reproduce another nation, or as a short respite before complete extermination.

The best view of this interesting clump of mountain heights is to be had off the mouth of the torrent Luwulungu.

From Cape Kungwé south, the coast as far as Ulambula consists of a lofty mountain front, pierced by several deep and most picturesque inlets, gorges, ravines, and rifts. Into these pours the Luwulungu, rushing along a steep, stony bed, from the chasms and defiles over-shadowed by the tall peaks of Kungwé—and the Lubugwé, emptying its waters into a pretty cove penetrating to the very heart of the mountain wall. At an angle of  $45^{\circ}$  this mountain wall rises up to the height of 2000 feet, clothed from base to summit with the verdure of cane, wild grasses, and tall straight trees with silvery stems. Then next comes the Kasuma inlet, and here, straight before our eyes, is seen a river dropping, in a succession of falls, from the lofty summit, into shadowy depths of branching tamarinds, acacias, and teak. All is silent in the deep-bosomed cove except the rhythmic waterfall, and the trees stand still, as though fascinated by the music, and the grim heights frown a silent approval; the pale blue arm of the lake rests expectant for the moment when it shall receive the impetuous child of the mountains which it sees leaping down to it from above, and flashing so brightly at every great leap. Along the glorious, green, steep headlands we wind in and out, cast a glance in at Numbi's pretty cove, and encamp for the night near the bold cape of Ulambula.

We resumed the voyage on the 19th, and, shortly after leaving our camp in the neighbourhood of the cape, saw a point of land connected by a narrow neck with the mainland, under which were two natural arches, spanning two channels. From the cape the mountain range gradually recedes from the lake, until, near the Rugufu river, it again approaches and finally forms the headlands of Buyramembé.

A little south of the cape the crest of a small and lately submerged island was also seen. At noon I took observations for latitude, at the north end of Kabogo, an island lying parallel to the mainland at a distance of from 300 to 500 yards. On the shores, both of mainland and island, flourishes the borassus palm. Kabogo was once densely peopled, but the bandits of Ndereh, the scourge of Kawendi, have caused them to emigrate to other districts to crave protection from chiefs more powerful than their own.

About 2 P.M. we came in view of Kiwesa, which appeared from the lake to be a very large village. But as we approached its shores under sail, we were struck with the silence which reigned around, and the sight of a large herd of buffalo grazing near the village still more astonished us.

The guides declared that only five weeks before they had stopped in it and traded with Ponda, the chief, and they could give no reason why—as two boats under sail would most likely attract the attention of the natives—the people of Ponda did not appear on the shore.

We resolved to venture in to discover the cause. There was a deathly silence around. Numbers of earthenware pots, whole, and apparently but little used, were strewn about the beach and among the reeds flanking the path which led to the village, besides stools, staffs, hand-brooms, gourds, &c. &c.

This was ominous. There was probably a trap or a snare of some kind laid for us. We retreated therefore hastily to the boat and canoe, and thirty men were armed. Thus, better prepared against the wiles of savage men, we advanced again cautiously towards the village.

As we were surmounting the high ground on which the village was built, we saw a sight which froze the blood—the body of a poor old man, in a decomposed state, with a broad spear-wound in the back, and near it much dried blood. He had probably been dead five or six days.

A few yards farther, we saw the decapitated corpse of another man, and 10 feet from it, in a furrow or water channel, the bodies of three men and a woman, one of them dislimbed.

We arrived before the village. The defences were broken down and burnt. About fifty huts still stood unharmed by fire, but all the others were consumed. A few scorched banana stalks stood as a witness of the fury of the conflagration. But despite the black ruin and the charred embers which so plentifully strewed the ground, evidences were clear that flight had been hasty and compulsory, for all the articles that constitute the furniture of African families lay scattered in such numbers around us that an African museum might have been completely stocked. Stools, mats, spears, drinking-vessels, cooking-pots of all sizes, walking-staffs, war-clubs, baskets, trenchers, wooden basins, scoops, &c. There were also abundant proofs that this ruin was recent; a few wood-rails still smoked, the hearths were still warm, the dead were not putrefied. A coal-black cat made a dash from one of the houses yet standing, and the sudden motion startled us all in this place of death and vengeance.

Ponda, the chief of this village, had no doubt given some provocation to this unknown enemy. Para thought the enemy must have been the robbers of Ndereh, for the condition of the village bore signs of superior energy in the attack. And yet it had been constructed with a view to secure immunity from the fate which generally overtakes weak communities in Africa in the neighbourhood of ferocious and war-loving tribes. A wide ditch—in some parts 10 feet deep—and a strong palisade, with an earthwork, surrounded the settlement. The lake was close by to supply water, the country near it was open, and the sharpshooters' nest-like towers commanded a wide view. From some thirty bleached skulls arranged before Ponda's own house we argued that he did not himself fail to proceed to the same extremes which his enemies had now adopted to his utter ruin. It is the same story throughout Africa.

We resumed our voyage for the mouth of the Rugufu river. The shore between Kiwesa and the river is comparatively low. The waves have so beaten and shaken the low red bluffs and soft ferruginous clay that numerous landslips are constantly occurring. The débris are then vigorously pounded and crushed by the surf, and at length they are spread out into a narrow line of beach at their base, over which the spluttering waves surge up continuously.

The impression received at Ujiji, that the Tanganika is rising, was confirmed whenever we neared low shores. Especially was it the case at the Rugufu river, and Para the guide, as we entered it, stood up and exclaimed:—

“Oh, mother, mother, mother, see ye now! When I was with that other white man here, we camped on a strip of land which is now buried in the water! The Tanganika is indeed eating the land!”

The Rugufu oozes out from the midst of a broad bed of papyrus and reeds between precipitous banks.

On leaving the river we coasted along the bluff, steeply rising slopes of a mountain range which trends south-south-east as far as the settlements of Ruhinga, Kafisya, Katavi, and Kantamba.

Between the Rugufu and Buyramembé Point a stratum of a very dark hornblende slate is visible, resting upon gneiss in undulating, vertical, or diagonal lines; farther on we come to a stratified quartzose and greenstone rock. On the crest of this part of the range and its projecting spur is a thin forest of poor trees. The soil too is poor, and much mixed with shaly débris.

The mouth of the Gezeh river is a frequent haunt of herds of buffaloes, and also, being a fine haven, of trading canoes. Among the stories related of this place is one of a wonderful escape of a party of Wajiji traders from the bandits of Ndereh. The robbers stole into the camp while the Wajiji were all asleep, but some of the canoemen, awaking, punted their boats out of reach, and shouted to their comrades, who sprang into the water to avoid the fate that would otherwise have certainly overtaken them all.

The settlements of Kafisya, and the others just mentioned, have such an ill repute that I cannot imagine any necessity inducing a traveller to cultivate the acquaintance of the evil-conditioned people, unless, of course, he is so rich in cloth and followers that waste of them is of little consequence to him.

It is said that when they see the Wajiji trading canoes pass by them, the robbers pray to the Muzimu of Katavi to induce the Msaga—the tempestuous sea—to drive them ashore. The Muzimu of Katavi is one of the most powerful spirits along the shores of the Tanganika, according to legendary lore. Though he is capable of much mischief, he takes freaks of charity into his whimsical head, such as gratuitously killing buffaloes and then informing the inhabitants where the meat may be found; he is also said to have a relentless animosity towards the bandits of Ndereh, and frequently entraps them to their destruction. A conical knoll is called, after this spirit, Katavi's Hill.

Before the mouth of the Mkombé river there lies a low submerged island, just west of south from Katavi. Only a few shrubs and the heads of some tall cane were visible above the surface of the water.

From Gezeh to Igangwé Cove was a good day's journey against the southeaster which blew strongly against us. Igangwé Cove penetrates about a mile deep into the mountain folds. Though it was the season when the

grasses are becoming sere, and some of the trees lose that vivid greenness of foliage which is their glory during the rainy season, the aspect of the slopes had still a freshness and beauty which, with the placid mirror-like cove, made a picture worth preserving.

A day's journey south by east took us to the village of Karema—the chief being Massi-Kamba, a sub-chief of Kapufi, king of Fipa. It is situated in the angle of a bay which begins at Igangwé Point and terminates in the weird rock-piles of Mpimbwé Cape.

All that mass of looming upland from Igangwé to within a few miles of Karema is included in the country of Kawendi or, as it is sometimes called, Tongwé. South of that line begins Fipa.

Arabs are beginning to establish themselves at Karema for trade, the Wa-fipa being more amenable to reason than the "scattered and peeled" tribes of Tongwé.

Between Karema and Mpimbwé Cape lies a fine country studded with coves and hills, square-topped and round. Game is abundant and easy of approach. A buffalo and a small red antelope were obtained by me here, the two shots supplying the crews with abundance of meat.

Proceeding some eight miles south-west towards Mpimbwé, we come to a narrow ridge rising about 600 feet above the lake. Its shore is deeply indented, and the wash of waves has bared enormous masses of granite.

At the south-western corner of this bay there is a neck of low land which all but connects Mpimbwé ridge with the mainland; only half a mile's breadth of low land prevents Mpimbwé being an island. Near Kipendi Point, which is halfway between Mpimbwé ridge and Karema, there is a tree in the lake which was pointed out to me as being not many years ago on dry land. There is now 9 feet of water around it!

Mpimbwé Cape offers a view similar to the rocks of Wezi, only of a still more gigantic size and a ruder grandeur.

Their appearance betrays the effects of great waves which have at one time swept over them, pouring their waters into their recesses, cleansing by force every cranny and flaw of their vegetable mould, and washing out of them every particle of soil, until, one day, by some sudden convulsion of nature, the lake subsided, leaving, a hundred feet above its surface, these grey and naked masses of granite.

Any one who has seen on a rock-bound coast the war of sea-wave against granite, basalt, and sandstone, will at once recognize the effects visible at Mpimbwé. There lie piled up rocks, hundred of tons in weight, some of them appearing to rest in such precarious positions that it seems as if the finger of an infant would suffice to push them into the deep blue lake. These, however, are not scored and grooved as are those exposed to the eroding influences of ceaseless ocean waves; they are cleanly fractured, with their external angles only exhibiting a rough polish or roundness which I take to



be clear signs that at some remote time they were exposed to waves of great power. Besides, the condition of the rocks at the water-line confirms this theory.

Still, it is strange that the lake should have been rising steadily ever since living men can remember, and that those rocks of Mpimbwé should bear witness to the lake's subsidence.

On the 25th of June, after coasting the western side of this extraordinary range and proceeding south some fifteen or sixteen miles, we arrived at Mkerengi Island, in the bay of Kirando; the large island of Makokomo lying to west of us a mile off. The natives of these parts are very amiable, though extremely superstitious. At the north-west end of Makokomo there is another lately submerged island. Close to the south-west end is a group of inhabited islands, Kankamba and Funeh being the largest and most fertile.

Kirando is situated among other large villages in what appears to be a plain, hemmed in on the east by the continuation of the mountain ridges which we lost sight of when we left Karema Bay. The truncated cone of Chakavola terminates the ridge of Mpimbwé, and lies north-east from Mkerengi.

Continuing our voyage southerly along the coast between the isles of Kankamba and its brothers and the shore of the mainland, and passing a couple of creeks running deep in-shore, we came to Cape Muntuwa. From this cape to Msamba Island, where we encamped, the lake is edged by one successive series of gigantic blocks and crags of granite. Rock rises above rock, and fragment above fragment. Here towers a colossal mass the size of a two-storied house, bearing upon it a similar mass perhaps entire, but more probably split with a singularly clean and fresh fracture, and there springs up from the surrounding chaos a columnar block like a closed hand with outstretched fore-finger—but everywhere there is the same huge disarray, ruin, and confusion.

We had need to be cautious in sailing along the coast, because for several hundred yards into the lake the rocky masses, which the uneasy billows only exposed in glimpses, rose nearly to the surface.

A suspicion flashed into my mind as these new features revealed themselves that in remote times this part of the lake—from Mpimbwé south—was a separate lake, and that Mpimbwé ridge was connected with some portion of the western coast—probably the southern portion of Goma—for while coasting from the extreme north end of Lake Tanganika down to Mpimbwé, I saw nothing resembling in character this portion of the coast. In no part of all the eastern coast down to Mpimbwé is there anything to lead me to suppose that the lake was ever higher than at present; but from Mpimbwé to Msamba I see numerous traces that the lake has been many yards higher than it is at present. All this dreary ruin of wave-dismantled and polished rock was at one time covered with water.

On the 26th we camped at Mtosi, where Livingstone, who calls it Motoshi, camped on the 23rd of October, 1872. The chief's name is Kokira. A beautiful little bay leads from the lake to the miserable village where he lives.

We rested on Msamba Island for the evening of the 27th. The islanders told us that there was a cave about 60 yards in length on the mainland opposite, where they sometimes hid in time of danger. For a small island Msamba is densely populated, and every inch seems cultivated. The islanders are clever manufacturers of a strong, coarse, cotton cloth: cotton being abundant in Fipa. The Rukugu river empties into Msamba Bay.

The irregular ridge which follows the coast between Msamba Island and Wanpembé, our next journey, is remarkable for a solitary columnar rock rising from 50 to 80 feet high and about half a mile from Column Point. Rounding Kantentieh Point, we have a view of three columnar rocks, the central one being singularly like a mutilated Memnonium. These columns are visible from a considerable distance north or south.

Before reaching Wanpembé, Para, the guide, gathered a peculiar kind of berry called *owindi*, from a low scrubby tree, whose appearance was anything but promising for such a fragrant production as he now showed to us. The odour was not unlike that of lavender, and its strength was such that all in the boat near him were benefited by its exquisite perfume.

In the little cove close to Wanpembé, on the north side of the point on which it is situate, the boat floated over the submerged fence of a village, and her keel was 3 feet above it.

We obtained abundance of provisions at this large village, but as there were some Watuta strangers within the palisades, our visit was not an agreeable one. However, despite their insolence, the peace was not broken.

Minza, a neighbouring village, is also very large, and possesses a strong stockade, the base of it being embanked with the earth excavated from the ditch.

There appears to be no diminution in the altitude of the mountain ranges which lie along the entire east coast of the Tanganika, or on the western side, as we have had the west mountains plainly in view since leaving Mpimbwé. Now and then we saw small streams issue into the lake, but met no river of any importance, until we came to the Zinga, or Mui-Zinga, as the Wajiji call it, which separates Fipa from Urungu.

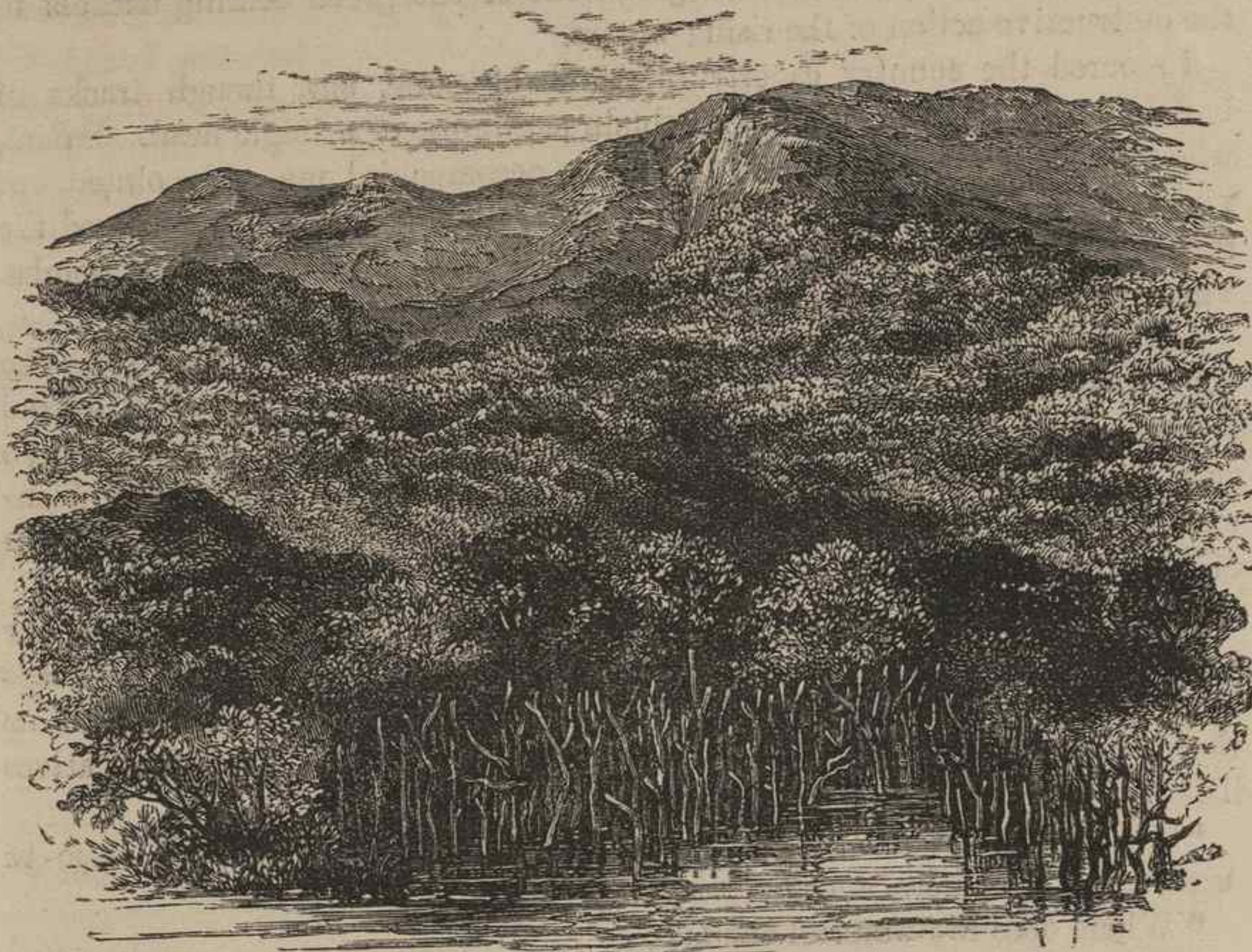
On the 30th we were coasting along the base of the mountain ranges of Urungu, and passing by Kalavera Point came to a bay before which were two small grass-covered islets. On a point of the mainland, nearly opposite these, stands Kakungu village. This point is formed of a grey shaly rock supporting a white clay, out of which the Wajiji on their return homeward paint the bows of their canoes. The scenery just beyond is bold and imposing.

Kirungwé Point consists of perpendicular walls—from 50 to 200 feet

high above the lake—of a fine reddish sandstone with horizontal strata. Their peculiar appearance may be imagined when the boat's crew cried out:—

“Oh, mother, this is a fort! See, there are the windows, and here is one of the gates.”

Kirungwé Point appears to be a lofty swelling ridge, cut straight through to an unknown depth. There seems ground for believing that this ridge was once a prolongation of the plateau of Marungu, as the rocks are of the same



THE EXTREME SOUTHERN REACH OF LAKE TANGANIKA.

material, and both sides of the lake show similar results of a sudden subsidence without disturbance of the strata.

South of Kirungwé, or Castle Point, there lies what we may almost call an island, which the guides said a few years ago was connected with the mainland. It is almost entirely separated now. A village which once nestled comfortably in the hollow between the rising ridges is now half buried in water. The huts appeared ready to collapse, for the water had already flooded them. This village was called Ma-Zombé.

In the evening, as we prepared to encamp, four canoes of Ujiji, loaded with women and children, to the number of sixty-four—slaves from the Rufuvu river and from Muriro's—passed by our camp.

The bay of Kawa, which we passed through next day, is very picturesque; woods clothe the slopes and heights, and huts for the accommodation of the Muzimus, or spirits, have been erected in several of the bends. Kawa river empties into this bay.

During the 2nd and 3rd of July we rowed close to the uninhabited shore, and at noon of the 3rd arrived at the extreme south end of the lake—which we ascertained to be  $8^{\circ} 47'$  south latitude—in the district of Ukituta. The little stream Kapata issues into the lake at this end through a dense and dark grove, the dead trees standing in front of the grove bearing witness to the destructive action of the rising waters.

I scoured the country eagerly in search of game, but, though tracks of buffalo were numerous, I failed to obtain a glimpse of a single head. Safeni, who was the coxswain of the *Meofu* canoe, accompanied me, and pointed out various points of interest in connection with Livingstone, as we followed the road which he had travelled over in his last fatal journey to Lake Bemba. The myombo and borassus palm flourished on the higher terraces.

On the 4th, after rounding a point of a ridge—three miles from the Kapata—which lay north, we turned westward between Ntondwé Island and the mainland, and then passing by Murikwa Island, we reached, in two hours, the southern termination of the western shore of the Tanganika, whence may be seen the Wezi river tumbling down from the plateau of Urungu.

The village of Mwangala, where we camped, was at first hidden from our view by a dense line of water-cane, which sheltered its small fishing-canoes from the storms of the lake. One glance at the village fence informed us that here also was evidence that the lake was rising. We asked the natives if they did not think the water was gaining on them.

“Can you not see?” said they. “Another rain and we shall have to break away from here, and build anew.”

“Where does the water of the lake go to?”

“It goes north, then it seems to come back upon us stronger than ever.”

“But is there no river about here that goes towards the west?”

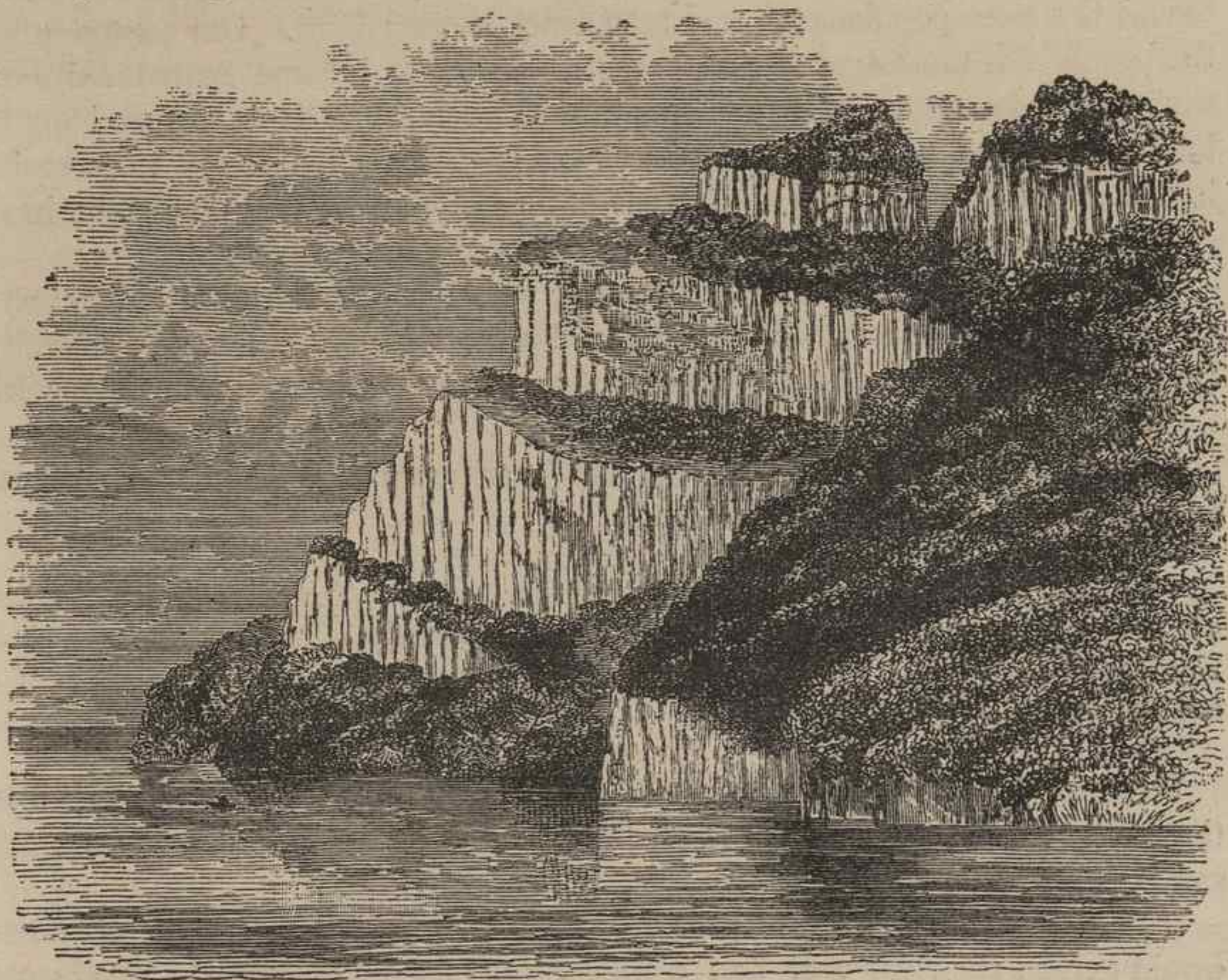
“We never heard of any.”

That part of the western coast which extends from Mbeté or Mombeté, to the south, as far as the Rufuvu river, is sacred ground in the lore of the ancients of Urungu. Each crag and grove, each awful mountain brow and echoing gorge, has its solemn associations of spirits. Vague and indescribable beings, engendered by fear and intense superstition, govern the scene. Any accident that may befall, any untoward event or tragedy that may occur, before the sanctuaries of these unreal powers, is carefully treasured in the memories of the people with increased awe and dread of the Spirits of the Rocks.

Such associations cling to the strange tabular mounts or natural towers,

called Mtombwa. The height of these is about 1200 feet above the lake. They once formed parts of the plateau of Urungu, though now separated from it by the same agency which created the fathomless gulf of the Tanganika.

Within a distance of two miles are three separate mounts, which bear a resemblance to one another. The first is called Mtombwa, the next Kateye, the third Kapembwa. Their three spirits are also closely akin to one another, for they all rule the wave and the wind, and dwell on summits. Kateye is, I believe, the son of Kapembwa, the Jupiter, and Mtombwa, the Juno, of Tanganika tradition.



KAPEMBWA.

As we row past close to their base, we look up to admire the cliffy heights rising in terraces one above another; each terrace-ledge is marked by a thin line of scrubby bush. Beyond Kateye, the grey front of the paternal Kapembwa looms up with an extraordinary height and massive grandeur.

From Kapembwa to Polombwé Cape the plateau merges in a cliff-crowned wall 1500 feet above the lake. The cliff itself is probably 200 feet high, rising above a slope bristling with great rocks half hidden by the verdure of trees, bush, and grass. Yet the natives cultivate some part, and their fields were seen far up the steep ascending slopes.

On the 6th we left the neighbourhood of Polombwé, at a place called Umisepa, and rowed round into the Rufuvu river.

This river is about 400 yards wide, and retains that width for about three miles—flowing with a current of a knot an hour, and between lofty wood-clothed mountains—and then broadens out into a lake-like expanse nearly a mile wide. From the right or south bank of the river, a plain slopes gradually to the grand cliffy walls of Kapembwa. From here to Liendé village, where we camped, our course lay east-south-east.

Here, as elsewhere, the water has encroached upon the soil, and has flooded a large portion of land formerly devoted to tillage. It is a populous spot, indeed the most populous we had seen since leaving Ujiji. Our reception by the people was most cordial, and I was not sorry to become acquainted with such gentle creatures. Not one angry word or insolent look was exchanged, but they visited us with the greatest confidence, and a lively interest for barter. We obtained such abundance of provisions here that we might have cruised for a month without having to call at any native port.

The chief, Kiumeh, or Chiuma-Nanga, who lives at Mkigusa village, was visited with all due ceremony, and proved a most kindly old man. I gladly rewarded him for his small presents of food, and separated from him with feelings of attachment.

Livingstone, who was here in May 1867, writes of this plain and river as follows:—

“We came to a village about 2' west of the confluence. The village has a meadow about four miles wide, in which buffaloes disport themselves, but they are very wild, and hide in the gigantic grasses. The Lofu—or Lofubu (Rufuvu)—is a quarter of a mile wide, but higher up 300 yards.”

Between the 6th of July, 1876, and May 1867, that is, in nine years' time, the river Rufuvu has encroached upon the “meadow” which Livingstone saw by over a thousand yards!

It is true the plain or meadow is very low, and that 2 feet more of a rise would extend the river over half a mile more of ground, but the proofs are gathering that the lake has been steadily rising. What was meadow land in the days when Livingstone made the acquaintance of the people of Liendé is now clear water half covered with growths of pale-blue lotus. The depth of the river in mid-channel is 21 feet.

I should estimate the population of the plain from Polombwé westward to where the river narrows between the hills, a district of about eight square miles, as about 2000 souls. We heard of Wangwana and some Arabs camping at a village called Kungwé higher up the river on the left bank, but as we had no occasion for their acquaintance we did not deem it necessary to go through the form of visiting them.

On the 7th, soon after quitting the Rufuvu river, we had a rough

experience of the worst Ma'anda—"south-wester"—Para or Ruango, our guides, had ever been in. The *Meofu* was soon disabled, for its rudder was swept away, but being towed behind by a rope, it was fortunately not lost, while our boat flew with double-reefed lug over the wild waves like a seagull. The tempest sang in our ears, and the waters hissed as they flew by us with great high curling crests. But Kasawa Cape was still before us, and no shelter could be obtained until we had rounded it. We shook a reef out, lest we might be swamped, and the increased force swept us over the topmost crests at such a speed as made Para and Ruango set their teeth. The canoe was out of sight; along the rock-bound shore thundered the surf; the wind was rising into a hurricane, but Kasawa was getting nearer to view, and we held on with all sail. In fifteen minutes we were safe behind the grey bluffs of the headland, in a little creek amid a heap of driftwood, and the haunt of hippopotamus and crocodile. I sent a land party back to hunt up news of the missing canoe, and by night received the glad news that soon after they were disabled they had managed to beach their boat without injury.

Between Kasawa and Kipimpi capes there are deep bays, which I have taken the liberty of calling the Cameron Bays.\* A sterile and bleached country stretches on every hand around these bays, and the general appearance of their sterility is somewhat increased by the chalky character of some of the low cliffs.

North of the river Rufuvu extends Uemba. Ruemba—the country of the lake L'iemba—in the language of the great Bisa tribe, which all speak, with slight differences of dialect, in this region, signifies "lake." Mapota River separates Uemba from Marungu.

Between Kipimpi Cape and Kalambwé Cape, King Muriro, or "Fire," an immigrant from Unyamwezi, has, with the aid of a colony of restless spirits, established a formidable village called Akalunga, close to the lake. It is a resort for slavers, for Muriro has numbers of slaves on hand to exchange for powder and guns, and his people are always roving about on the look-out for more.

From Kalambwé Cape northward the mountains loom higher and steeper, the shore is indented with many narrow inlets, vertical strata of greenstone being thus exposed, with thin forests crowning the loose soil which covers them. The depressions between the hilltops are numerous and shallow, consequently the drainage is quickly carried away in small rills.

Beyond the Mapota the scenery becomes still bolder, and the more imposing woods impart with their varied hues of foliage and waving crowns a picturesqueness that since leaving Fipa has been wanting in the landscape

\* So called after Verney Lovett Cameron, Commander. R.N., the first to navigate the southern half of Lake Tanganika.

of the stupendous and upspringing, terraced plateau wall of Western Urungu, or in the uniform contours of Eastern Urungu.

At a camp near an inlet north of Kalambwé Cape we set fire to some grass to have a more open view of our surroundings. In an hour it had ascended the steep slope, and was raging triumphantly on the summit. Three nights after we saw it still burning about fifteen miles north of the locality whence it had first started, like a crown of glory on a mountain-top.

Observation of this fire, and many others, explains why, in the midst of African uplands nourishing a dense forest, we suddenly come across narrow, far-penetrating plains covered with grass. They are, no doubt, so many tongue-like extensions from some broader, grass-covered expanses caused by fierce fires. Wherever the ground retains an excessive quantity of moisture, grasses, with stalks as thick as cane, spring up during three months' rain to a height of 8 to 10, sometimes 15, feet. In May these grasses become sere, and by June are as dry as tinder. The smallest spark suffices to set them in a flame, and the noise of two brigades of infantry fighting would hardly exceed the terrible rattle, crackle, and explosions made by the onrush of the wind-swept element. It devours everything that stands before it, and roasts the surface of the ground, leaving it parched, blackened, and fissured.

Though the mountains of Marungu are steep, rugged, and craggy, the district is surprisingly populous. Through the chasms and great cañons with which the mountains are sometimes cleft, we saw the summits of other high mountains, fully 2500 feet above the lake, occupied by villages, the inhabitants of which, from the inaccessibility of the position they had selected, were evidently harassed by some more powerful tribes to the westward.

The neighbourhood of Zongweh Cape is specially distinguished for its lofty cones and great mountain masses. Mount Murumbi, 2000 feet above the lake, near Muri-Kiassi Cape, is a striking feature of the coast of Marungu.

The wooded slopes and dense forest growths which fill the gorges are haunts of what the Wangwana call "Soko," a distinctive title they have given either to gorillas or chimpanzees. I heard the voices of several at Lunangwa river, but as they were at a considerable distance from me, I could not distinguish any great difference between the noise they created and that which a number of villagers might make while quarrelling.

The Rubuko, or Lofuko, a considerable river, divides Marungu from Tembwé. On the south side of the river is Mompara, or, for short, Para, remarkable as being the place whereat Livingstone embarked in canoes, February 1869, to proceed to Ujiji for the first time ('Last Journals,' vol. ii.):—

"14th February, 1869.—Arrived at Tanganika. Parra is the name of the land at the confluence of the river Lofuko."

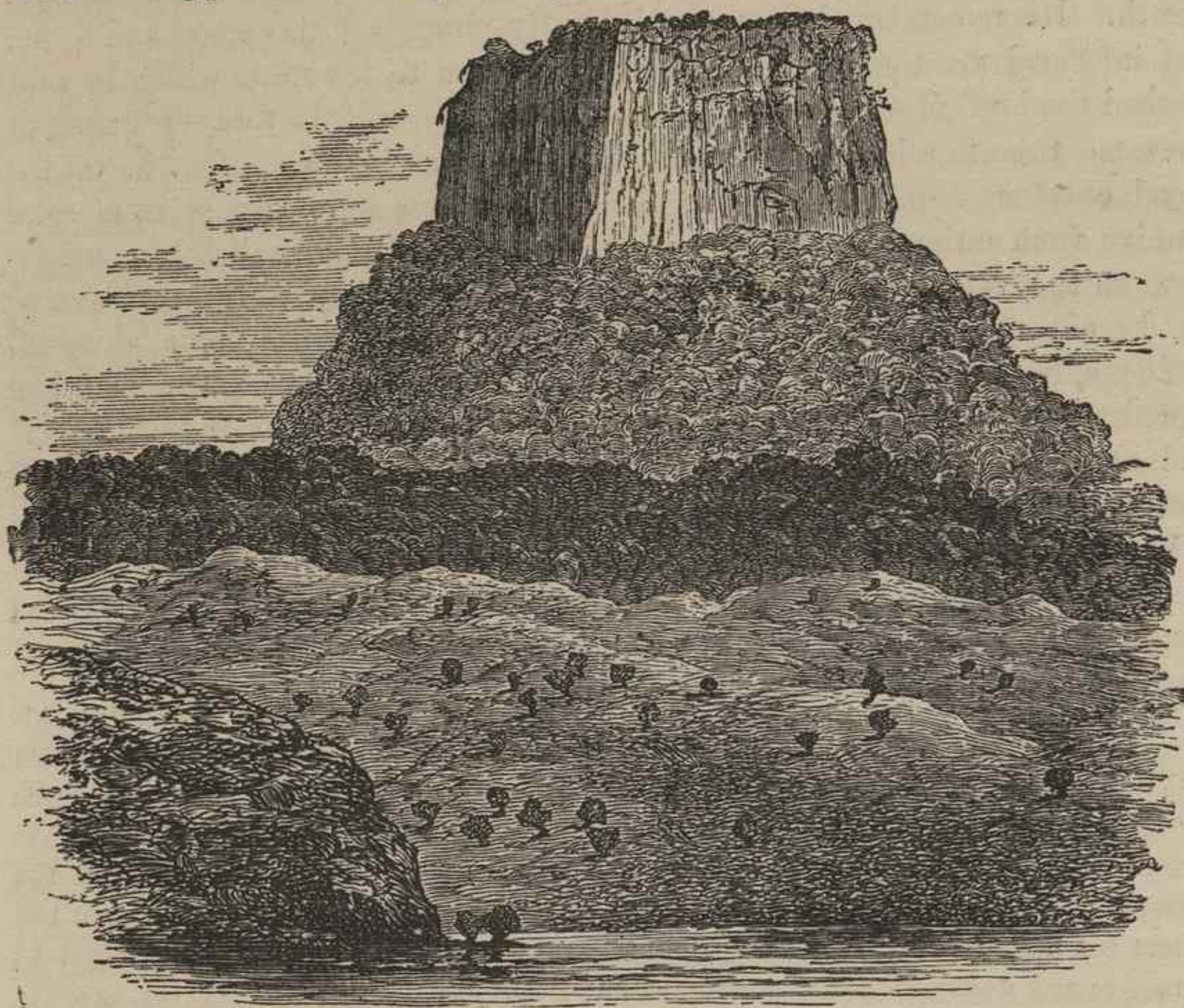
The chief of the Para village is patronized by Jumah Merikani, who, while



he is absent in Rua collecting slaves and ivory, entrusts his canoes to the chief's charge, from which it appears that the latter is a trustworthy man. Formerly Sheikh Sayid bin Habib honoured him with the same confidence.

Four hours' sail brought us to the wooded headlands of Tembwé, the most projecting of which is about twenty-five miles from Makokomo Island, in the Bay of Kirando, on the east coast of the lake.

Near this point is seen a lofty range, rising a few miles from the lake in an irregular line of peaks, which, as it is depressed towards the north, presents a more arid appearance, and presently forms a range of a much lower altitude



MOUNT MURUMBI.

than the mountains of Tongwé, Fipa, Urungu, or Marungu. This continues— with gaps here and there for rivers to escape through to the lake—until a little north of Kasengé Island, where it rises again into the mountains of Goma, the highest of all round Lake Tanganika.

At Kankindwa, which is in a little cove near Tembwé Cape, a native told us that the Lukuga flowed *out* of the lake to Rua; another denied that flatly, and a third said that the Lukuga flowed out of the lake towards Rua, but that, meeting another river descending towards the Tanganika, it was stopped, and the two rivers formed a lake.

As we sailed north from Tembwé and observed the comparatively low altitude of the Uguha range, I began to feel that it was, of all the countries we had seen, the most likely to have a gap for the escape of the waters. It reminded me of some parts of Usukuma, on Lake Victoria. We explored the mouths of the Ruanda, Kasenga, Ruwye-ya, Rutuku, and Kahanda rivers, and then from Mirembwé Cape sailed for the Lukuga—the river that formed now the most interesting object of our exploration.

On the evening of 15th of July we made the acquaintance of Kawe-Niangeh, the chief of the district on the south bank of the Lukuga Creek near the mouth. He remembered Cameron distinctly, described his person and dress, and informed me that he had accompanied him to the reeds which he said blocked the head of the creek. At the time of his visit, he said—pointing at the same time to a long line of breakers which marked three-fourths of the broad entrance from the lake to the creek—there were two spits of sand running from either side of the mouth, and there was a small fishing settlement on the one which projected from our side. As they were now covered up, he entertained a suspicion that Cameron had dropped some powerful medicine, which had brought on this destruction! If one white man had brought so much mischief, what might not two white men do? “Why,” said he, “the whole country will be inundated, and nothing will be left except the tops of the great mountains!”

We laughed at this, and, eventually joking him out of these ideas, succeeded in obtaining his guidance to explore the creek, and in eliciting the following items, which I jotted down in my journal the same evening:—

“*July 15.*—Opinion at the mouth of the Lukuga is much divided respecting this river, or creek, or inlet, or whatever it may be. The information, when compared with Cameron’s statement, is altogether incomprehensible. The old men and chiefs say that formerly the Luwegeri met the Lukuga, and that the meeting of the waters formed the lake. The result of this marriage of the Lukuga from the west, and the Luwegeri from the east, is the Tanganika, and a cordial understanding between the waters has been kept up until lately, when it appears that the Lukuga has begun to be restive and wayward, for it sometimes flows west, and sometimes east; or, in other words, the Lukuga during the rainy season flows into the Tanganika, bearing with it an immense amount of water, grass, wood, and other matter, but during the dry season, when the south-east monsoon prevails, the Lukuga is borne west, lifting its head clear of the dry ground and mud-banks, and flows down to the Kamalondo, near Kalumbi’s country, under the name of Ruindi or Luindi. Until this rainy season, or say March of this year, 1876, there stood a low bank of earth or mud, several hundred yards long, between the Luindi and Lukuga, but this year’s rainfall has united the two rivers, the Lukuga flowing over this by Miketo’s country into Rua. Kamalondo is a river, and not a lake, being another name for the Lualaba.

“When Cameron was here in 1874, there was a spit of dry sand lined with grass or cane, projecting from the south side, and a similar one from the north side, the

two being separated by a narrow channel, but to-day both spits are covered with a line of wild breakers. The spot where Cameron camped is no longer tenable, but is exposed to the billows of the Tanganika, which at this season are driven in by the south-east monsoon.

"Take it any way you please, such conflict of opinions among people who ought to know what an outlet or an outflowing river is—many of them having seen the Luapula flow out from Bemba lake, others having seen the Lualaba plunge down from Mweru lake—makes it clear that there is either a crisis approaching in nature or that it has lately taken place, or is occurring—one cannot say which until the Lukuga is explored, and this work I propose to begin to-morrow."

Cameron says, on p. 304, in vol. i. of his 'Across Africa':—

"Its entrance was more than a mile across, but closed by a *grass-grown sandbank* with the exception of a channel 300 or 400 yards wide, and *across the channel there is a sill* where the surf breaks heavily at times, although there is more than a fathom of water at its most shallow part."

An *inflowing* river meeting the billows of the Tanganika might be supposed to form a 'surf,' or a sandy sill, it being only natural that there should be a conflict between the opposing forces. To this struggle then must be attributed the formation of the "sill of sand" which Cameron said ran across the channel.

On the 16th we sailed up the creek.

The mouth of the Lukuga, which was about 2500 yards wide, narrowed after a mile to 800 yards, and after another mile to 400 or 500 yards. Upon rounding the point of land on which Mkampemba stands, and where there is a considerable tract under tillage, I observed that the water changed its colour to a reddish brown, owing to the ferruginous conglomerate of which the low bluffs on either side are composed. This was also a proof to me that there was no outflowing river here. Clear water outflowing from the Tanganika, only two miles from the lake, ought never to be so deeply discoloured.

As we proceeded on, the chief told us to stop, and threw a stick into the water, asking us to note how, despite the ripple and wind from lakeward, the stick and the water-bubbles persisted in struggling against them towards the lake. His face was triumphant as he thought he had completely proved one part of his statement, that water came into the lake. It only remained now, as he thought, to prove that water flowed out towards the west.

Wherever there were indentations in the bluffs that banked it in, or a dip in the low grass-covered *débris* beneath, a growth of *Mateté* or water-cane and papyrus filled up these bits of still water, but mid-channel was clear and maintained a breadth of open white water ranging from 90 to 450 yards.

Within an hour we arrived at the extremity of the open water, which had gradually been narrowed in width, by the increasing abundance of papyrus, from 250 yards to 40 yards. We ceased rowing, and gently glided up to the barrier of papyrus, which had now completely closed up the creek from bank

to bank, like a luxuriant field of tall Indian corn. We sounded at the base of these reeds along a breadth of 40 yards, and obtained from 7 to 11 feet of water! With a portable level I attempted to ascertain a current; the level indicated none! Into a little pool, completely sheltered by the broadside of the boat, we threw a chip or two, and some sticks. In five minutes the chips had moved towards the reeds about a foot! We then crushed our way through about twenty yards of the papyrus, and came to impassable mud-banks, black as pitch, and seething with animal life. Returning to the boat, I asked four men to stand close together, and, mounting their shoulders with an oar for support, I endeavoured with a glass to obtain a general view. I saw a broad belt some 250 or 300 yards wide of a papyrus-grown depression, lying east and west between gently sloping banks, thinly covered with scrubby acacia. Here and there were pools of open water, and beyond were a few trees growing, as it seemed to me, right in the bed. I caused some of my men to attempt to cross from one bank to the other, but the muddy ooze was not sufficiently firm to bear the weight of a man.

I then cut a disc of wood a foot in diameter, drove a nail in, and folded cotton under its head. I then rove a cord 5 feet in length through this, suspending to one end an earthenware pot, with which I tried an experiment. Along the hedge of papyrus I measured 1000 feet with a tape line, both ends of the track marked by a broad riband of sheeting tied to a papyrus reed. Then, proceeding to the eastern or lake end of the track, I dropped the earthenware pot, which, after filling, sank and drew the wooden disc level with the water. I noted the chronometer instantly, while the boat was rowed away from the scene. The wind from the lake blew strong at the time.

The board floated from lakeward towards the papyrus 822 feet in one hour and forty seconds.

In the afternoon, wind calm and water tranquil, the disc floated in the opposite direction, or towards the lake, 159 feet in nineteen minutes and thirty seconds, which is at the rate of about 600 feet in the hour.

This was of itself conclusive proof that there was *no* current at this date (July 16, 1876). Still I was curious to see the river flowing out. The next day, therefore, accompanied by the chief and fifteen men of the Expedition, we started overland along the banks of this rush- and mud-choked depression for three or four miles. The trend of the several streams we passed was from north-west to south-east—that is, towards the lake. At Elwani village we came to the road from Monyi's, which is used by people proceeding to Unguvwa, Luwelezi, or Marungu on the other side of the Lukuga. Two men from the village accompanied us to the Lukuga ford. When we reached the foot of the hill, we first came to the dry bed of the Kibamba. In the rainy season this stream drains the eastern slopes of the Ki-yanja ridge with a south-east trend. The grass-stalks, still lying down from the force of the water, lay with their tops pointing lakeward.

From the dry mud-bed of the Kibamba to the cane-grass-choked bed of Lukuga was but a step. During the wet season the Kibamba evidently overflowed broadly, and made its way among the mateté of the Lukuga.

We tramped on along a path leading over prostrate reeds and cane, and came at length to where the ground began to be moist. The reeds on either side of it rose to the height of 10 or 12 feet, their tops interlacing, and the stalks, therefore, forming the sides of a narrow tunnel. The path sank here and there into ditch-like hollows filled with cool water from 9 inches to 3 feet deep, with transverse dykes of mud raised above it at intervals.

Finally, after proceeding some two hundred yards, we came to the centre of this reed-covered depression—called by the natives "Mitwanzi"—and here the chief, trampling a wider space among the reeds, pointed out in triumph water indisputably flowing westward!

The water felt cold, but it was only 68° Fahr. or 7° cooler than the Lukuga. I crossed over to the opposite or southern bank, on the shoulders of two of my men. The bed was uneven; sometimes the men rose until the water was barely over their ankles, then again they sank to their hips. The trees I had noticed from the open creek stood on a point projecting from the southern bank across the Mitwanzi, but they were now dead, as the former dry tract had become quaggy. The name Lukuga clings to the bed until a few miles west of Miketo's, when it becomes known as the Luindi, Ruindi, or Luimbi.

The Mitwanzi is still daily traversed without trouble by men, women, and children.

We travelled another three miles along the Mitwanzi, until we came to the southern end of the Ki-yanja ridge, for it is through the gap between this and the Kihunga ridge, which terminates on the south bank, that the Lukuga flows toward the west. Even here it was but a trivial stream, oozing and trickling through a cane-grass grove.

The most interesting object here was the rounded end of the Ki-yanja ridge, sloping at an angle of 30°. As the highest point is probably between 600 and 1000 feet, there has been some agency at work to wear down this gap through the ferruginous conglomerate and soft sandstone—and some agency stronger than this trivial stream smothered in reeds, for it has no force or power.

We got back to Lumba Creek, where we had left our boat and canoe, late at night. The next day was devoted to sounding the creek from the Mitwanzi to the outer bar.

The next morning I took a trip to the top of the conical hill behind Mkampemba, a village of Kawe-Niangh, to lay out and take bearings.

I am of the opinion, after taking all things into consideration, that Kahangwa Cape was, at a remote period, connected with Kungwé Cape on the east coast—that the Lukuga was the effluent of the lake as it stood then,

that the lake was at that period at a much higher altitude than it is at present, that the northern half of the lake is of a later formation, and that, owing to the subsidence of that portion, and the collapsing of the barrier or the Kahangwa Cape and Kungwé Cape ridge, the waters south emptied into that of the deep gulf north, and left the channel of the Lukuga to be employed as the bed of the affluents Kibamba and Lumba, or the eastern slope of the Ki-yanja ridge, to feed the lake. But now that the extension of the profound bed—created by some great earthquake, which fractured and disparted the plateau of Uhha, Urundi, Ubembé, Goma, &c.—is on the eve of being filled up, the ancient affluent is about to resume its old duties of conveying the surplus waters of the Tanganika down into the valley of the Livingstone, and thence, along its majestic winding course, to the Atlantic Ocean.

I say this after having circumnavigated the lake and examined it most thoroughly. Underground caverns are myths, the fables of Wangwana and superstitious natives. The great deep lengthy cañon occupied by the fathomless lake is not closed in by rocks of such a nature as to admit of the theory of underground passages. It is rimmed by mountains and hills—the least altitude is 600 feet, the highest 4000 feet, above the lake. But to those seeking an elucidation of the fact that an enormous fresh-water lake is without an out-flowing river, are presented as rational solutions the stream-worn gap in the conglomerate of the ridges Kihunga and Kiyanja, the wave-washed rocks and boulders of Mpembwé and all along the eastern coast down to Urungu, the bare headlands of Tembwe, and the naked steeps and cliffs of Kungwé and Karinzi. It is an undeniable fact that if the evaporation from a body of water be greater than the supply, that water must necessarily become saline from the particles washed into it from salt-beds and *salinas*. It is also as undeniable that, if the supply to a body of water be greater than its evaporation, the quantity of the water must be increased until the receptacle—whether pool, pond, or lake—overflows and obtains an outlet.

In the instance of the Tanganika we have a fresh-water lake, which—according to the evidence of native Arabs and the observation of several travellers—is steadily rising. We have also seen in the Lukuga the first symptoms of that overflowing which must come. At present there are only a few inches of mud-banks and a frail barrier of papyrus and reeds to interpose between the waters of the lake and its destiny, which it is now, year by year, steadily approaching. When the Tanganika has risen 3 feet higher, there will be no surf at the mouth of the Lukuga, no sill of sand, no oozing mud-banks, no rush-covered old river course, but the accumulated waters of over a hundred rivers will sweep through the ancient gap with the force of a cataclysm bearing away on its flood all the deposits of organic débris at present in the Lukuga Creek, down the steep incline to swell the tribute due to the mighty Livingstone.

On the 21st of July we sailed from the mouth of the future outlet Lukuga by Cape Kahangwa, to the Arab crossing-place near Kasengé Island.

The Waguha, along whose country we had voyaged south since leaving Tembwe, are an unusually ceremonious people. They are the first specimens of those nations among whom we are destined to travel in our exploration of the western regions.

The art of the coiffeur is better known here than in any portion of Africa east of lake Tanganika. The "waterfall" and "back-hair" styles are superb, and the constructions are fastened with carved wooden or iron pins. Full dress includes a semicircle of finely plaited hair over the forehead painted red, ears well ochred, the rest of the hair drawn up taut at the back of the head, overlaid and secured by a cross-shaped flat board, or with a skeleton crown of iron; the head is then covered with a neatly tasselled and plaited grass cloth,



UBUJWÉ AND UGUHA HEAD-DRESS.



UGUHA HEAD-DRESS.

like a lady's breakfast-cap, to protect it from dust. In order to protect such an elaborate construction from being disordered, they carry a small head-rest of wood stuck in the girdle.

Their mode of salutation is as follows:—

A man appears before a party seated: he bends, takes up a handful of earth or sand with his right hand, and throws a little into his left—the left hand rubs the sand or earth over the right elbow and the right side of the stomach, while the right hand performs the same operation for the left parts of the body, the mouth meanwhile uttering rapidly words of salutation. To his inferiors, however, the new-comer slaps his hand several times, and after each slap lightly taps the region of his heart.

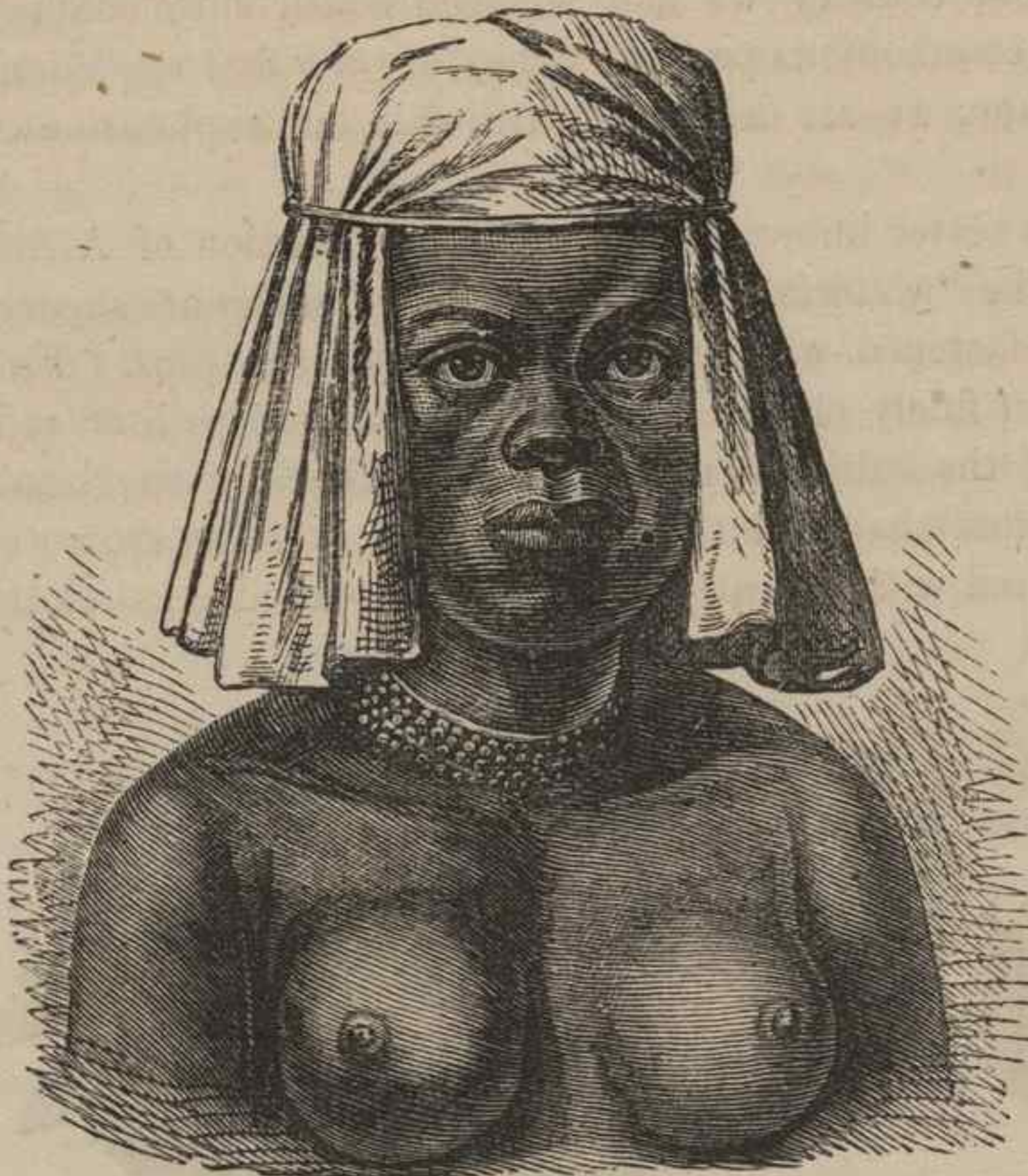
Kasengé Island is a small island with a grassy cone rising from its centre.

It is well-cultivated, and grows papaws, pomegranates, lemons, and sweet limes, having been favoured for a long period by Arabs, when their intercourse

with the western regions was but beginning.

Between the lately severed promontory of Katenga, in Goma, which is now a large island, and Mtowa, the southern end of the bay, there is quite a cluster of islets, of which the largest are Kirindi, Kivizi, and Kavala.

When we have passed the northern point of Katenga Island we behold the Goma mountains in an apparently unbroken range of vast height and excessive steepness, and lengths of steep and cliffy slope. But as we sail on to the northward, we observe that from Katenga



A WOMAN OF UGUHA.

we saw only the profile or the shoulders of great lofty spurs. Behind almost all of these are beautiful secluded inlets and bays, overshadowed by black-



UHYEYA HEAD-DRESS.

bearded mountains, which give birth to myriads of clear crystal streams. Deep chasms in their huge fronts are filled with forests of enormous trees, out of which the famous Goma canoes are cut. Through every gap in the range roars and tumbles a clear cold stream, and piled up behind are the loftiest alps of Goma. The eye cannot fail to be struck with the contrast between the serene blue of the sky, the gloom of the chasm, and the dark tops of the tree-crested ranges. The margins of these calm havens are lined with green water-cane and eschinomenæ, to which hundreds of yellow-breasted birds have suspended their nests, where the industrious little creatures may be seen in flocks together, clinging belly upward, or flying up and down, ever



chirping their wheedling, persuasive song. On a firm bough extended over the wave sits the glossy and sleek diver, contented, sated with his finny prey; or, perched upon the tall branch of some towering sycamore or *tea*, may be seen the white-collared fish-eagle, uttering at intervals his weird shrill call to his mate—a despairing, wailing cry. Presently, from some distant tree, at a commanding height, is heard the response, in the same doleful strain.

But from Katenga, as far as the Bald Mount, near Mugolwé, the crests of the ridges are tawny and treeless. From Tanga to Mdanga Cape, gaps and chasms, inlets and bays, like those above described are numerous, and between Kabogo River and Missossi Mount there is a bay with five separate streams, descending from heights of 2000 feet in long silvery threads to the lake. The mountains seem to be dissolving in tears, for through every ravine or cleft or gap, chasm or rift, streams roll with impetuous course to the lake. Wherever foothold is obtained on a square-browed hill, terrace, or slope, cultivated fields and villages are seen, while on either side of them the cliffs drop sheer to profound depths.

The topmost height of Mount Missossi is about 3000 feet above the lake. As the lake is very wide between Goma and Ujiji—about forty miles—the waves rise very suddenly and drive in long billowy ridges against the massive and firm base of the mount, and when the south-easters prevail, the gale has command of sixty miles of clear water from Kabogo Cape. Navigation in canoes, while the wind is rising, is very dangerous.

We left Kabogo River's safe haven about 7 P.M., and at nine were pulling by Missossi Mount, exposed to a rising gale of great power about half a mile off a lee shore. To avoid being swept on the rocks, which were all afoam, we had to row direct eastward, and to handle both boat and canoe very delicately to avoid foundering. For two hours we laboured hard to get a mile to windward and then, hoisting sail, we flew northward, just grazing the dreadful rocks of Mdanga Cape.

Nature, as already seen, has been in most frantic moods along the western coast of the Tanganika, but in Goma, where she has been most wanton, she has veiled herself with a graceful luxuriance of vegetation. Where the mountains are steepest and highest, and where their springs have channelled deepest, there the pillared *mvulé* and *meofu* flourish most and attain their greatest height, and in loving fellowship they spread themselves up opposing slopes and follow the course of the stream in broad belts on either side down to the edge of the lake. Underneath their umbrageous foliage grows a tropical density of bush and plant, meshed and tangled, and of such variety that to class or specify them would require the labour and lifetime of an accomplished botanist.

As we look towards the lofty heights of Northern Goma we observe that they have a grassy pastoral aspect. We turn our eyes south to catch a fare-

well glimpse of those refreshing views which we had admired, and we see that distance has already transformed them into a long blue hazy outline.

We sailed all day within a stone's-throw of the shore of Goma, and in the evening put in at Kaganza, just north of Kiringi Point.

On the 25th, on leaving Kaganza, we bade farewell to Goma, whose bare majestic front, as we continued north, was terminated by the low rounded hills of Kavunweh, and then, steering north-east, we skirted a low grassy land whose highest ridge was only 200 feet above the lake. This is the isthmus which connects the promontory of Ubwari and Karamba with the mainland. It is seven miles across to the gulf which separates Ubwari promontory from Ubembé and Usansi.

Burton describes Ubwari thus:—

“It is the only island near the centre of the Tanganika, a long narrow lump of rock, twenty to twenty-five geographical miles long, by four or five of extreme breadth.”

Livingstone calls it in his ‘Last Journals’ the islet Mozima, and in ‘How I Found Livingstone’ I called it the island Muzimu.

The end of the isthmus is distinguished by two or three palms, which served us as a landmark when we had voyaged round into the gulf of the western side. It is also indented with two or three deep bays.

Near Karamba Cape, south latitude  $4^{\circ} 29'$ , the land again rises into a ridge about 1500 feet above the lake, and runs north from the southern cape to Panza Point, a distance of twenty-seven miles. Some very fine mountain scenes are presented here also, but after stupendous Goma they appear almost tame and commonplace.

Near the little round island of Muzimu, or the Spirit, we made a very comfortable camp near a fine gravel beach. The photograph of the Spirit Island given opposite suffices for description.

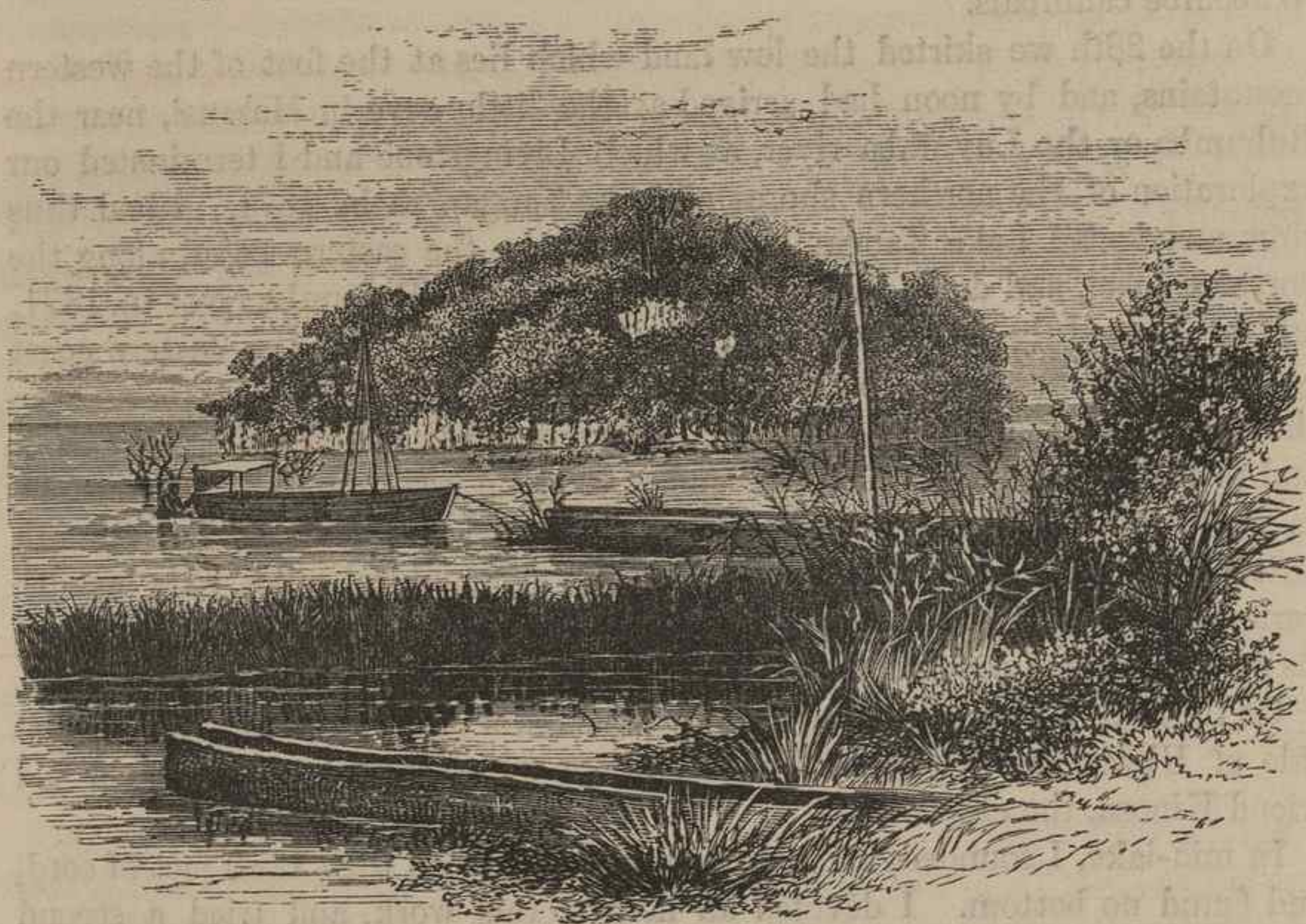
The Wabwari are by no means a handsome race: nor indeed are the Wavira, Wagoma, or Wabembé (cannibals); but they are all industrious tribes, and the Wabwari, though somewhat ready to take offence, are very much liked by all. They cultivate an enormous quantity of cassava, or manioc, and at this season the flat rocks were strewn with the sliced root. Dried whitebait is another article of commerce, and bags of millet are exchanged with the Warundi on the other side for palm-oil and butter, and with the Wajiji for cloth and beads.

On the 27th we rounded Panza Point, and skirted the much-indented western side of Ubwari, until we reached the extreme southern reach of Burton Gulf.\* At evening we camped in a tiny creek, near a grassy ridge, undisturbed. In the morning I ascended the ridge, and took bearings of Missossi Mount, Kiringi Cape, Karamba Cape, and by aid of the palms on the isthmus was able to identify the position. We rested until noon, and

\* So named after Captain Richard Francis Burton, the commander of the Burton and Speke Expedition, which first discovered Lake Tanganika.

obtained south latitude  $4^{\circ} 22'$ . As Panza Point, the north end of Ubwari, is in south latitude  $4^{\circ} 2'$ , the length of Burton Gulf is twenty miles, by from five to seven miles in width.

Then coasting along the south end of Burton Gulf, we came to Masansi, which begins on the west side, and near each large village lowered our sail and inquired the names of the various rivers, villages, points, and countries. On coming near a village on the west bank of the Kasansagara river, we were forewarned of a rude reception. Approaching nearer, we were warned away by the Wabembé, who are most inimical to strangers. Wishing to test how far this hostile spirit would proceed, we continued to advance upon the shore. From wild gesture, such as striking the ground with their spears, beating the



THE SPIRIT ISLAND.

water, and frantic hopping up and down, they took to throwing stones of such large size as might well be termed dangerous missiles. Motioning a halt, we calmly surveyed the natives, watched the rocks fly through the air, and making deep pits in the water, as though we were simply looking on at an entertainment specially got up for our amusement. Not a word, gesture, or movement on our part indicated either resentment or pleasure, until the natives ceased their furious demonstrations. Para was then told to inform them that we would have nothing to say to such wild people, who at sight of strangers showed such foolish fury.

We turned away without another word, resumed our journey, and in an

hour were abreast of Kiunyu, the village of the chief Mahonga. We spoke to them: they mocked us. We asked them if they would sell us some grain, but they replied that they were not our slaves, and that they had not sowed the land with grain to sell it to us. We pulled away from them without another word. The silly people cried out that we were running away, and at once launched about a dozen canoes and followed us. Encouraged by the infuriates and mockers on the shore, as also by our pacific behaviour, they became excited to a dangerous state, and gesticulated with their arrows and spears. Owing to the ferocious spirit of the people, we had to seek a camp among the reeds and papyrus in the delta of the Mtambara river, where, though troubled with mosquitoes, we slept undisturbed by the insensate ferocity of the Wabembé cannibals.

On the 28th we skirted the low land which lies at the foot of the western mountains, and by noon had arrived at the little cove in Masansi, near the Rubumba or the Luvumba river, at which Livingstone and I terminated our exploration of the northern shores of Lake Tanganika in 1871. I had thus circumnavigated Lake Tanganika from Ujiji up the eastern coast, along the northern head, and down the western coast as far as Rubumba river in 1871, and in June-July 1876 had sailed south from Ujiji along the eastern coast to the extreme south end of the lake, round each inlet of the south, and up the western coast to Panza Point, in Ubwari, round the shores of Burton Gulf, and to Rubumba river. The north end of the lake was located by Livingstone in south latitude  $3^{\circ} 18'$ ; the extreme south end I discovered to be in south latitude  $8^{\circ} 47'$ , which gives it a length of 329 geographical miles. Its breadth varies from ten to forty-five miles, averaging about twenty-eight miles, and its superficial area covers a space of 9240 square miles.

On the 29th we crossed over from our haven near Muzimu Island, on the east side of Ubwari, to Kioga, in Urundi, where we were welcomed by our old friend Kinoza, the chief.

In mid-lake, I sounded, using a  $3\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. sounding-lead with 1280 feet of cord, and found no bottom. I devoted an hour to this work, and tried a second time a mile nearer the Urundi coast, with the same results—no bottom. The strain at such a great depth on the whip-cord was enormous, but we met with no accident.

On the 31st we arrived at Ujiji, after an absence of fifty-one days, during which time we had sailed without disaster or illness a distance of over 810 miles. The entire coast line of the Tanganika is about 930 miles.

## CHAPTER XXI.

Back in camp—An epidemic of small-pox—Panic of desertion—Kalulu's disloyalty—Livingstone's lenience—Imaginary terrors—Hair dressing *ad absurdum*—Ruanga's opinion of white men—A village sketch—The villagers of Uhombo—*In puris naturalibus*—A touch of human nature—On Livingstone's traces—What is there in feathers?—The Manyema: their life and manners—Our ass astonishes the natives—Bloodless wars—Nicknames—A tribe with beards but no wives—The confluence of the Luama and the Livingstone.

THE sky was of a stainless blue, and the slumbering lake faithfully reflected its exquisite tint, for not a breath of wind was astir to vex its surface. With groves of palms and the evergreen fig-trees on either hand, and before us a fringe of tall cane-grass along the shores all juicy with verdure, the square tembés of Ugoy, and the conical cotes of Kawelé, embowered by banana and plantain, we emerged into the bay of Ujiji from the channel of Bangwé.

The cheery view of the port lent strength to our arms. An animating boat-song was struck up, the sounds of which, carried far on the shore, announced that a proud, joyous crew was returning homeward.

Long-horned cattle are being driven to the water to drink; asses are galloping about, braying furiously; goats and sheep and dogs are wandering in the market-place—many familiar scenes recur to us as we press forward to the shore.

Our Wangwana hurry to the beach to welcome us. The usual congratulations follow—hand-shakings, smiles, and glad expressions. Frank, however is pale and sickly; a muffler is round his neck, and he wears a greatcoat. He looks very different from the strong, hearty man to whom I gave the charge of the camp during my absence. In a few words he informs me of his sufferings from the fever of Ujiji.

"I am so glad you have come, sir. I was beginning to feel very depressed. I have been down several times with severe attacks of the horrible fever. Yesterday is the first time I got up after seven days' weary illness, and people are dying round me so fast that I was beginning to think I must soon die too. Now I am all right, and shall soon get strong again."

The news, when told to me in detail, was grievous. Five of our Wangwana were dead from small-pox; six others were seriously ill from the same cause. Among the Arab slaves, neither inoculated nor vaccinated, the mortality had been excessive from this fearful pest.

At Rosako, the second camp from Bagamoyo, I had foreseen some such event as this, and had vaccinated, as I had thought, all hands; but it transpired, on inquiry now, that there were several who had not responded to the call, through some silly prejudice against it. Five of those unvaccinated were dead, and five were ill, as also was one who had received the vaccine. When I examined the medicine-chest, I found the tubes broken and the lymph dried up.

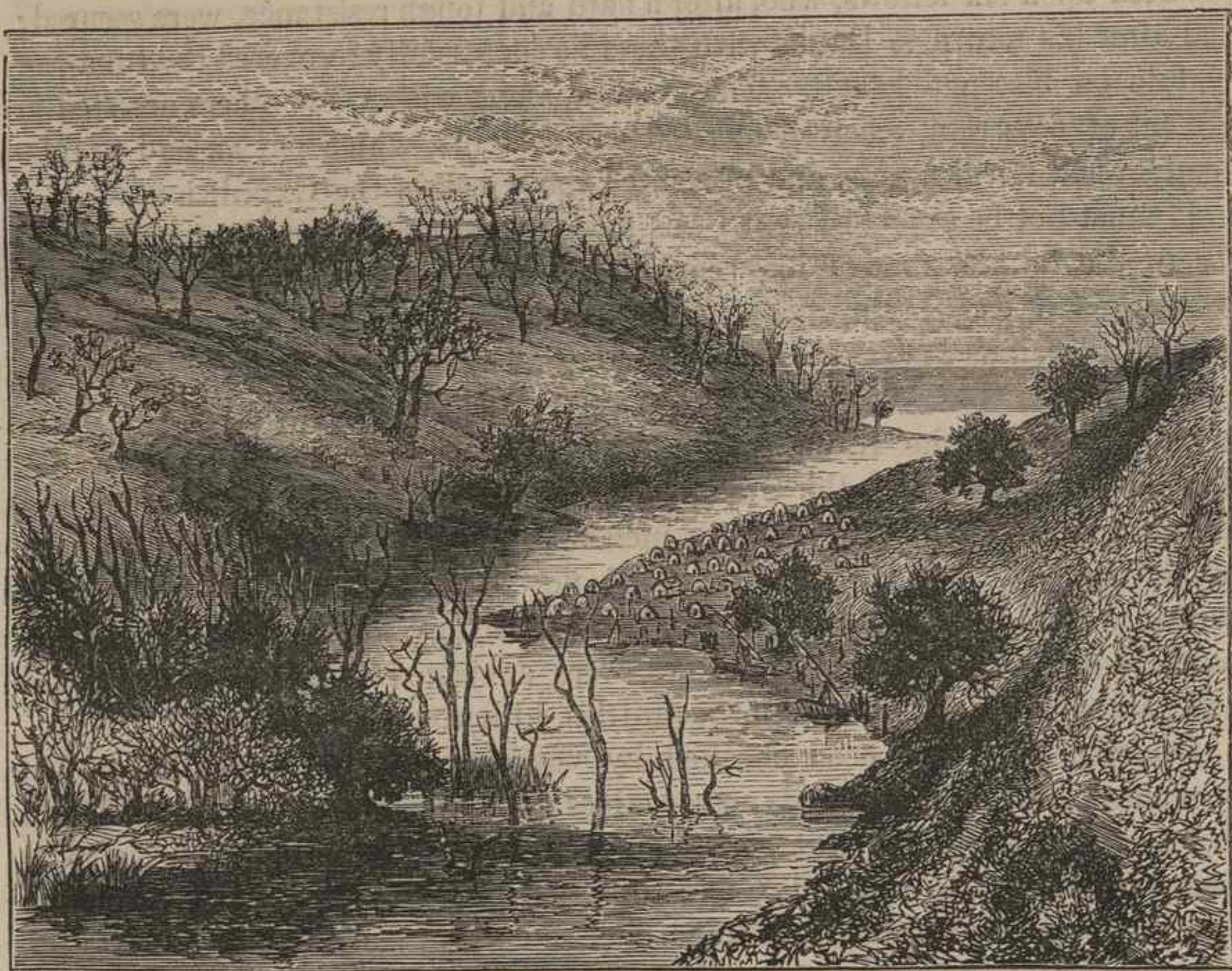
The Arabs were dismayed at the pest and its dreadful havoc among their families and slaves. Every house was full of mourning and woe. There were no more agreeable visits and social converse; each kept himself in strict seclusion, fearful of being stricken with it. Khamis the Baluch was dead, his house was closed, and his friends were sorrowing. Mohammed bin Gharib had lost two children; Muini Kheri was lamenting the deaths of three children. The mortality was increasing: it was now from fifty to seventy-five daily among a population of about three thousand. Bitter were the complainings against the hot season and close atmosphere, and fervent the prayers for rain!

Frank had been assiduous in his assistance to our friends. He had elevated himself in their opinion by his devotion and sympathy, until sickness had laid its heavy hand on him. The Wangwana were now his sincere admirers, and the chiefs were his friends. Formerly, while ignorant of the language, he and they were, perhaps of necessity, mutually distant; they now fraternised warmly.

Our messengers had not returned with our letters from Unyanyembé, but, to escape the effects of the epidemic, it was necessary to move and resume our journey westward. The Wangwana were therefore ordered to prepare, and my last letters were written; but, though I hoped to be ready on the 17th to strike camp, I was attacked by a serious fever. This delayed me until the evening of the 25th.

When, on the morning of the 25th of August, the drum and bugle announced that our travels were to be resumed, I had cause to congratulate myself that I had foreseen that many desertions would take place, and that I was prepared in a measure for it by having discarded many superfluities. But I was not prepared to hear that thirty-eight men had deserted. Thirty-eight out of 170 was a serious reduction of strength. I was also told by the chiefs of the Expedition, who were almost beside themselves with fear, that this wholesale desertion threatened an entire and complete dissolution of our force, that many more would desert *en route* to Kabogo, as the people were demoralized by the prospect of being eaten by Manyema cannibals. As neither Frank nor I relished the idea of being compelled to return to Zanzibar before we had obtained a view of the Lualaba, I mustered as many as would answer to their names; and out of these, selecting such as appeared unstable and flighty, I secured thirty-two, and surrounded our house with guards.

After repairing the canoes and getting the boat ready, those who did not bear a good character for firmness and fidelity were conducted under guard to the transport canoes; the firm and faithful, and those believed to be so, were permitted to march on land with myself towards Kabogo Cape, or M'sehazy Creek, whence the crossing of the Tanganika was to be effected. Out of the 132 men, of whom the Expedition now consisted, only thirty were entrusted with guns, as my faith in the stability of the Wangwana was utterly destroyed, despite their protestations to the contrary. I could afford to lose weak, fearful, and unworthy men; but I could not afford to lose one gun. Though



M'SEHAZY HAVEN AND CAMP, AT THE MOUTH OF M'SEHAZY RIVER.

we had such a show of strength left, I was only too conscious that there were barely forty reliable and effective in a crisis, or in the presence of danger; the rest were merely useful as bearers of burdens, or porters.

When we resumed our journey the second day from Ukaranga, three more were missing, which swelled the number of desertions to forty-one, and reduced our force to 129. After we had crossed the Tanganika and arrived in Uguha, two more disappeared, one of whom was young Kalulu, whom I had taken to England and the United States, and whom I had placed in an English school for eighteen months.

Induced to do so by the hope that I should secure their attachment to the

cause of the Expedition, I had purchased from Sultan bin Kassim six bales of cloth at an enormous price, £350, and had distributed them all among the people gratuitously. This wholesale desertion at the very period when their services were about to be most needed was my reward! The desertion and faithless conduct of Kalulu did not, as may be imagined, augment my hopes, or increase my faith in the fidelity of my people. But it determined me to recover some of the deserters. Francis Pocock and the detective of the Expedition, the ever faithful and gallant Kachéché, were therefore sent back with a squad to Ujiji, with instructions how to act; and one night Kachéché pounced upon six fellows, who, after a hard and tough resistance, were secured; and after his return to Uguha with these he successfully recovered the runaway Kalulu on Kasengé Island. These seven, along with a few others arrested in the act of desertion, received merited punishments, which put an end to misconduct and faithlessness, and prevented the wreck of the Expedition.

It must not be supposed that I was more unfortunate than other travellers; for to the faithlessness of his people may be attributed principally the long wanderings of poor Livingstone. Cameron also lost a great number at Unyanyembé, as well as at Ujiji. Experience had taught me on my first journey to Central Africa that Wangwana would desert at every opportunity, especially in the vicinity of the Arab depots. It was to lessen these opportunities for desertion that I had left the Unyanyembé road, and struck through Ituru and Iramba; and though my losses in men were great from famine, the ferocity of the natives, and sickness, they did not amount to half of what they certainly would have been had I touched at Unyanyembé. By adopting this route, despite the calamities that we were subjected to for a short season, I had gained time, and opened new countries, hitherto unexplored.

Desertion had also been checked by voyaging Lake Victoria, instead of pursuing our journey by land, and troubles with Rwoma and the king of Usui had also been avoided. But when we received a check at the Muta Nzigé, it became necessary to visit Ujiji, and the long-sought-for opportunity to desert was thus presented to the disaffected, and those who had enlisted only for the sake of the advance-money given to them at Zanzibar. Among these cunning ones was Msenna, the terror of Zanzibar and the coast. He was renowned as a murderer, robber, and ruffian when he took service with me. This man was among the deserters at Ujiji.

Unless the traveller in Africa exerts himself to keep his force intact, he cannot hope to perform satisfactory service. If he relaxes his watchfulness, it is instantly taken advantage of by the weak-minded and the indolent. Livingstone lost at least six years of time, and finally his life, by permitting his people to desert. If a follower left his service, he even permitted him to remain in the same village with him, without attempting to reclaim him, or to compel that service which he had bound himself to render at Zanzibar. The consequence of this excessive mildness was that he was left at last with



only seven men, out of nearly seventy. His noble character has won from us a tribute of affection and esteem, but it has had no lasting good effect on the African. At the same time over-severity is as bad as over-gentleness in dealing with these men. What is required is pure, simple justice between man and man.

The general infidelity and instability of the Wangwana arises, in great part, from their weak minds becoming a prey to terror of imaginary dangers. Thus, the Johanna men deserted Livingstone because they heard the terrible Mafitté were in the way; my runaways of Ujiji fled from the danger of being eaten by the Manyema.

The slaves of Sungoro, the coast trader at Kagehyi, Usukuma, informed my people that Lake Victoria spread as far as the Salt Sea, that it had no end, and that the people on its shores loved the flesh of man better than that of goats. This foolish report made it a most difficult matter to man the exploring boat, and over a hundred swore by Allah that they knew nothing of rowing.

A similar scene took place when about to circumnavigate the Tanganika, for the Arab slaves had spread such reports of Muzimus, hobgoblins, fiery meteors, terrible spirits, such as Kabogo, Katavi, Kateyé, and Wanpembé, that the teeth of Wanyamwezi and Wangwana chattered with fright. But no reports exercised such a terrible effect on their weak minds as the report of the Manyema cannibals, none were so greedily listened to, none more readily believed.

The path which traders and their caravans follow to Manyema begins at Mtowa, in Uguha, and, continuing south a few miles over a series of hills, descends into the plain of the Rugumba river about halfway between the Lukuga river and the traders' crossing-place.

The conduct of the first natives to whom we were introduced pleased us all. They showed themselves in a very amiable light, sold their corn cheaply and without fuss, behaved themselves decently and with propriety, though their principal men entertaining very strange ideas of the white men, carefully concealed themselves from view, and refused to be tempted to expose themselves within view or hearing of us.

Their doubts of our character were reported to us by a friendly young Arab as follows: "Kassanga, chief of Ruanda, says, 'How can the white men be good when they come for no trade, whose feet one never sees, who always go covered from head to foot with clothes? Do not tell me they are good and friendly. There is something very mysterious about them; perhaps wicked. Probably they are magicians; at any rate, it is better to leave them alone, and to keep close until they are gone.'"

From Ruanda, where we halted only for a day, we began in earnest the journey to Manyema, thankful that the Tanganika was safely crossed, and that the Expedition had lost no more of its strength.

On the third day, after gradually ascending to a height of 800 feet above the lake, across a series of low hilly ridges and scantily wooded valleys, which abound with buffalo, we reached the crest of a range which divides the tributaries of the Lualaba from those of Lake Tanganika. This range also serves as a boundary between Uguha and Ubujwé, a country adjoining the former north-westerly. The western portion of Uguha, and south-eastern Ubujwé, is remarkable for its forests of fruit-trees, of which there are several varieties, called the Masuku, Mbembu (or wood-apple), Singwé (wild African damson), the Matonga (or nux-vomica), custard-apple, &c. A large quantity of honey was also obtained. Indeed, an army might subsist for many weeks in this forest on the various luscious fruits it contains. Our people feasted on them, as also on the honey and buffalo meat, which I was fortunate in obtaining.

Our acquaintance with the Wabujwé commenced at Lambo, or Mulolwa's, situated at the confluence of the Rugumba with the Rubumba. In these people we first saw the mild, amiable, unsophisticated innocence of this part of Central Africa, and their behaviour was exactly the reverse of the wild, ferocious, cannibalistic races the Arabs had described to us.



NATIVES OF UBUJWÉ.

From our experience of them, the natives of Rua, Uguha, and Ubujwé appear to be the *élite* of the hair-dressed fashionables of Africa. Hair-dressing is indeed carried to an absurd perfection throughout all this region, and among the various styles I have seen, some are surpassing in taste and neatness, and almost pathetic from the carefulness with which poor wild nature has done its best to decorate itself.

The Waguha and Wabujwé, among other characteristics, are very partial to the arts of sculpture and turning. They carve statues in wood, which they set up in their villages. Their house doors often exhibit carvings resembling the human face; and the trees in the forest between the two countries frequently present specimens of their ingenuity in this art. Some have also been seen to wear wooden medals, whereon a rough caricature of a man's features was represented. At every village in Ubujwé excellent wooden bowls and basins of a very light wood (*Rubiaceæ*), painted red, are offered for sale.

Between Kwaniwa's village, Lambo, and Kundi, we came to a hot stream issuing from a spring, buried amid a mass of spear-grass and dwarf papyrus. At the crossing the temperature was  $106^{\circ}$  Fahr., about twenty yards above it was  $115^{\circ}$  Fahr. Those at Bath, in England, are from  $117^{\circ}$  to  $120^{\circ}$  Fahr.; at Ursprung, Baden,  $153\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  Fahr. These hot springs at Kwaniwa's contain considerable iron in solution, judging from the ferruginous slime below and the ochreous tint which rests on the plants and grass.

Beyond Kundi our journey lay across chains of hills, of a conical or rounded form, which enclosed many basins or valleys. While the Rugumba, or Rubumba, flows north-westerly to the east of Kundi, as far as Kizambala on the Luama river, we were daily, sometimes hourly, fording or crossing the tributaries of the Luama.

Adjoining Ubujwé is Uhyeya, inhabited by a tribe who are decidedly a scale lower in humanity than their ingenious neighbours.

What little merit they possess seems to have been derived from commerce with the Wabujwé. The Wahyeya are also partial to ochre, black paints, and a composition of black mud, which they mould into the form of a plate, and attach to the back part of the head. Their upper teeth are filed, "out of regard to custom," they say, and not from any taste for human flesh.

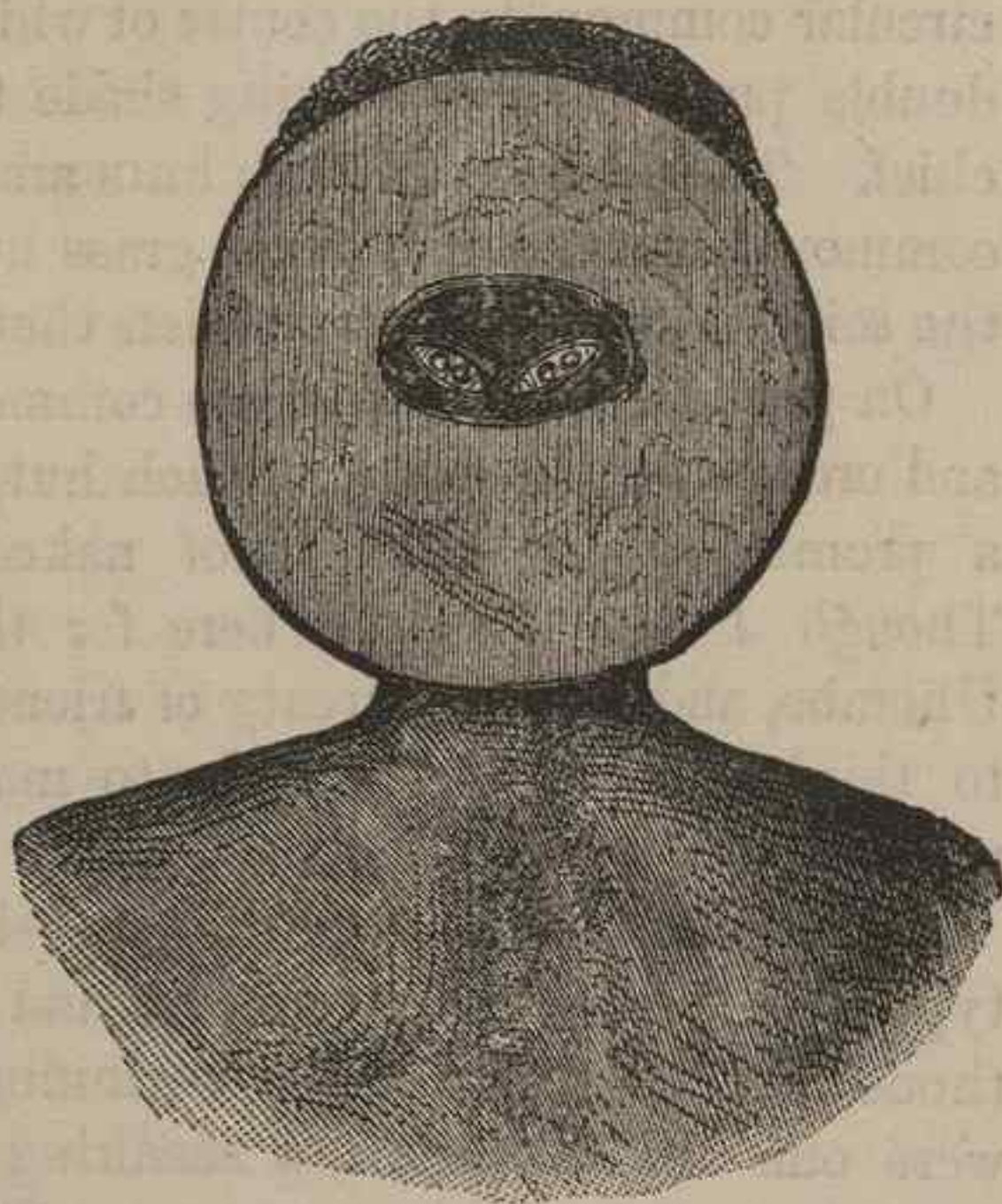
When questioned as to whether it was their custom to eat of the flesh of people slain in battle, they were positive in their denial, and protested great repugnance to such a diet, though they eat the flesh of all animals except that of dogs.

Simple and dirt-loving as these poor people were, they were admirable for the readiness with which they supplied all our wants, voluntarily offering themselves, moreover, as guides to lead us to Uvinza, the next country we had to traverse.

Uvinza now seems to be nothing more than a name of a small district



A NATIVE OF UHYEYA.



ONE OF THE WAHYEYA OF UHOMBO  
(BACK VIEW).

which occupies a small basin of some few miles square. At a former period it was very populous, as the many ruined villages we passed through proved. The slave-traders, when not manfully resisted, leave broad traces wherever they go.

A very long march from Kagongwé in Uvinza brought us to the pleasant basin of Uhombo, remarkable for its fertility, its groves of Guinea-palms, and its beauty. This basin is about six miles square, but within this space there is scarcely a two-acre plot of level ground to be seen. The whole forms a picture of hill-tops, slopes, valleys, hollows, and intersecting ridges in happy diversity. Myriads of cool, clear streams course through, in time united by the Lubangi into a pretty little river, flowing westerly to the Luama. It was the most delightful spot that we had seen. As the people were amiable, and disposed to trade, we had soon an abundance of palm-butter for cooking, sugar-cane, fine goats and fat chickens, sweet potatoes, beans, peas, nuts, and manioc, millet and other grain for flour, ripe bananas for dessert, plantain and palm wines for cheer, and an abundance of soft, cool, clear water to drink!

Subsequently we had many such pleasant experiences; but as it was the first, it deserves a more detailed description.

Travellers from Africa have often written about African villages, yet I am sure few of those at home have ever comprehended the reality. I now propose to lay it before them in this sketch of a village in the district of Uhombo. The village consists of a number of low, conical grass huts, ranged round a circular common, in the centre of which are three or four fig-trees kept for the double purpose of supplying shade to the community, and bark-cloth to the chief. The doorways to the huts are very low, scarcely 30 inches high. The common fenced round by the grass huts shows plainly the ochreous colour of the soil, and it is so well trodden that not a grass blade thrives upon it.

On presenting myself in the common, I attracted out of doors the owners and ordinary inhabitants of each hut, until I found myself the centre of quite a promiscuous population of naked men, women, children, and infants. Though I had appeared here for the purpose of studying the people of Uhombo, and making a treaty of friendship with the chief, the villagers seemed to think I had come merely to make a free exhibition of myself as some natural monstrosity.

I saw before me over a hundred beings of the most degraded, unrepresentable type it is possible to conceive, and though I knew quite well that some thousands of years ago the beginning of this wretched humanity and myself were one and the same, a sneaking disinclination to believe it possessed me strongly, and I would even now willingly subscribe some small amount of silver money for him who could but assist me to controvert the discreditable fact.

But common-sense tells me not to take into undue consideration their squalor, their ugliness, or nakedness, but to gauge their true position among

the human race by taking a view of the cultivated fields and gardens of Uhombo, and I am compelled to admit that these debased specimens of humanity only plant and sow such vegetables and grain as I myself should cultivate were I compelled to provide for my own sustenance. I see, too, that their huts, though of grass, are almost as well made as the materials will permit, and indeed I have often slept in worse. Speak with them in their own dialect of the law of *meum* and *tuum*, and it will soon appear that they are intelligent enough upon that point. Moreover, the muscles, tissues, and fibres of their bodies, and all the organs of sight, hearing, smell, or motion, are as well developed as in us. Only in taste and judgment, based upon larger experience, in the power of expression, in morals and intellectual culture, are we superior.

I strive, therefore, to interest myself in my gross and rudely-shaped brothers and sisters. Almost bursting into a laugh at the absurdity, I turn towards an individual whose age marks him out as one to whom respect is due, and say to him after the common manner of greeting :

“My brother, sit you down by me on this mat, and let us be friendly and sociable;” and as I say it I thrust into his wide open hand twenty cowries, the currency of the land. One look at his hand as he extended it made me think I could carve a better-looking hand out of a piece of rhinoceros hide.

While speaking I look at his face, which is like an ugly and extravagant mask, clumsily manufactured from some strange, dark brown coarse material. The lips proved the thickness of skin which nature had endowed him with, and by the obstinacy with which they refused to meet each other the form of the mouth was but ill-defined, though capacious and garnished with its full complement of well-preserved teeth.

His nose was so flat that I inquired in a perfectly innocent manner as to the reason for such a feature.

“Ah,” said he, with a sly laugh, “it is the fault of my mother, who, when I was young, bound me too tight to her back.”

His hair had been compelled to obey the capricious fashion of his country, and was therefore worked up into furrows and ridges and central cones, bearing a curious resemblance to the formation of the land around Uhombo. I wonder if the art grew by perceiving nature’s fashion and mould of his country?

Descending from the face, which, crude, large-featured, rough-hewn as it was, bore witness to the possession of much sly humour and a kindly disposition, my eyes fastened on his naked body. Through the ochreous daubs I detected strange freaks of pricking on it, circles and squares and crosses, and traced with wonder the many hard lines and puckers created by age, weather, ill-usage, and rude keeping.

His feet were monstrous abortions, with soles as hard as hoofs, and his legs as high up as the knees were plastered with successive strata of dirt; his loincloth or the queer “girding tackle” need not be described. They were

absolutely appalling to good taste, and the most ragged British beggar or Neapolitan lazzarone is sumptuously, nay, regally, clothed in comparison to this "king" in Uhombo.

If the old chief appeared so unprepossessing, how can I paint without offence my humbler brothers and sisters who stood round us? As I looked at the array of faces, I could only comment to myself—ugly—uglier—ugliest. As I looked at their nude and filthy bodies, and the enormous dugs which hung down the bosoms of the women, and the general indecency of their nakedness, I ejaculated "Fearful!" as the sum total of what I might with propriety say, and what indeed is sufficiently descriptive.

And what shall I say of the hideous and queer appendages that they wear about their waists; the tags of monkey-skin and bits of gorilla bone, goat horn, shells, strange tags to stranger tackle? and of the things around their necks—brain of mice, skin of viper, "adder's fork, and blind worm's sting"? And how strangely they smell, all these queer man-like creatures who stand regarding me! Not silently: on the contrary, there is a loud interchange of comments upon the white's appearance, a manifestation of broad interest to know whence I come, whither I am going, and what is my business. And no sooner are the questions asked than they are replied to by such as pretend to know. The replies were followed by long-drawn ejaculations of "Wa-a-a-antu!" ("Men!") "Eha-a, and these are men!"

Now imagine this! While we whites are loftily disputing among ourselves as to whether the beings before us are human, here were these creatures actually expressing strong doubts as to whether we whites are men!

A dead silence prevailed for a short time, during which all the females dropped their lower jaws far down, and then cried out again "Wa-a-a-a-antu!" ("Men!") The lower jaws indeed dropped so low that, when, in a posture of reflection, they put their hands up to their chins, it really looked as if they had done so to lift the jaws up to their proper place and to sustain them there. And in that position they pondered upon the fact that there were men "white all over" in this queer, queer world!

The open mouths gave one a chance to note the healthy state and ruby colour of the tongues, palates, and gums, and, above all, the admirable order and brilliant whiteness of each set of teeth.

"Great events from trivial causes spring"—and while I was trying to calculate how many Kubaba (measure of 2 lbs.) of millet-seed would be requisite to fill all these Dutch-oven mouths, and how many cowries would be required to pay for such a large quantity of millet, and wondering at the antics of the juveniles of the population, whose uncontrollable, irrepressible wonder seemed to find its natural expression in hopping on one leg, thrusting their right thumbs into their mouths to repress the rising scream, and slapping the hinder side of the thighs to express or give emphasis to what was speechless—while thus engaged, and just thinking it was time to depart, it happened that

one of the youthful innocents already described, more restless than his brothers, stumbled across a long heavy pole which was leaning insecurely against one of the trees. The pole fell, striking one of my men severely on the head. And all at once there went up from the women a genuine and unaffected cry of pity, and their faces expressed so lively a sense of tender sympathy with the wounded man that my heart, keener than my eyes, saw through the disguise of filth, nakedness, and ochre, the human heart beating for another's suffering, and I then recognized and hailed them as indeed my own poor and degraded sisters.

Under the new light which had dawned on me, I reflected that I had done some wrong to my dusky relatives, and that they might have been described less harshly, and introduced to the world with less disdain.

Before I quitted the village, they made me still more regret my former haughty feelings, for the chief and his subjects loaded my men with bounties of bananas, chickens, Indian corn, and malafu (palm-wine), and escorted me respectfully far beyond the precincts of the village and their fields, parting from me at last with the assurance that, should I ever happen to return by their country, they would endeavour to make my second visit to Uhombo much more agreeable than my first had been.

On the 5th of October our march from Uhombo brought us to the frontier village of Manyema, which is called Riba-Riba. It is noteworthy as the starting-point of another order of African architecture. The conical style of hut is exchanged for the square hut with more gradually sloping roof, wattled, and sometimes neatly plastered with mud, especially those in Manyema. Here, too, the thin-bodied and long-limbed goat, to which we had been accustomed, gave place to the short-legged, large-bodied, and capacious-uddered variety of Manyema. The grey parrots with crimson tails here also first began to abound, and the hoarse growl of the fierce and shy "soko" (gorilla?) was first heard.

From the day we cross the watershed that divides the affluent of the Tanganika from the head waters of the Luama, there is observed a gradual increase in the splendour of nature. By slow degrees she exhibits to us, as we journey westward, her rarest beauties, her wealth and all the profligacy of her vegetation. In the forests of Miketo and on the western slopes of the Goma mountains she scatters with liberal hand her luxuries of fruits, and along the banks of streams we see revealed the wild profusion of her bounties.

As we increase the distance from the Tanganika, we find the land disposed in graceful lines and curves: ridges heave up, separating valley from valley, hills lift their heads in the midst of the basins, and mountain-ranges, at greater distances apart, bound wide prospects, wherein the lesser hill-chains, albeit of dignified proportions, appear but as agreeable diversities of scenery.

Over the whole, Nature has flung a robe of verdure of the most fervid tints. She has bidden the mountains loose their streamlets, has commanded

the hills and ridges to bloom, filled the valleys with vegetation breathing perfume, for the rocks she has woven garlands of creepers, and the stems of trees she has draped with moss; and sterility she has banished from her domain.

Yet Nature has not produced a soft, velvety, smiling England in the midst of Africa. Far from it. She is here too robust and prolific. Her grasses are coarse, and wound like knives and needles; her reeds are tough and tall as bamboos; her creepers and convolvuli are of cable thickness and length; her thorns are hooks of steel; her trees shoot up to a height of a hundred feet. We find no pleasure in straying in search of wild flowers, and game is left undisturbed, because of the difficulty of moving about, for once the main path is left we find ourselves over head amongst thick, tough, unyielding, lacerating grass.

At Manyema, the beauty of Nature becomes terrible, and in the expression of her powers she is awful. The language of Swahili has words to paint her in every mood. English, rich as it is, is found insufficient. In the former we have the word Pori for a forest, an ordinary thickly wooded tract, but for the forests of Manyema it has four special words, Mohuro, Mwitu, Mtambani, and Msitu. For Mohuro we might employ the words jungly forest; for Mwitu, dense woods; but for Msitu and Mtambani we have no single equivalent, nor could we express their full meaning without a series of epithets ending with "tangled jungle" or "impervious underwood in the midst of a dense forest"—for such is in reality the nature of a Manyema Msitu.

I am of opinion that Manyema owes its fertility to the mountains west of the Tanganika, which by their altitude suddenly cool and liquefy the vapours driven over their tops by the south-east monsoon, for while Uguha west was robed in green, its lake front was black with the ashes of burnt grass.

We left Riba-Riba's old chief, and his numerous progeny of boys and girls, and his wonderful subjects, encamped on their mountain-top, and journeyed on with rapid pace through tall forests, and along the crests of wooded ridges, down into the depths of gloomy dingles, and up again to daylight into view of sweeping circles of bearded ridges and solemn woods, to Ka-Bambarré.

Even though this place had no other associations, it would be attractive and alluring for its innocent wildness; but associated as it is with Livingstone's sufferings, and that self-sacrificing life he led here, I needed only to hear from Mwana Ngoy, son of Mwana Kusu,\* "Yes, this is the place where the old white man stopped for many moons," to make up my mind to halt.

"Ah! he lived here, did he?"

"Yes."

\* Mwana, *lord*; Kusu, *parrot*.



By this time the population of Ka-Bambarré, seeing their chief in conversation with a white stranger, had drawn round us under a palm-tree, and mats were spread for us to seat ourselves.

"Did you know the old white man? Was he your father?"

"He was not my father; but I knew him well."

"Eh, do you hear that?" he asked his people. "He says he knew him. Was he not a good man?"

"Yes; very good."

"You say well. He was good to me, and he saved me from the Arabs many a time. The Arabs are hard men, and often he would step between them and me when they were hard on me. He was a good man, and my children were fond of him. I hear he is dead?"

"Yes, he is dead."

"Where has he gone to?"

"Above, my friend," said I, pointing to the sky.

"Ah," said he breathlessly, and looking up, "did he come from above?"

"No, but good men like him go above when they die."

We had many conversations about him. The sons showed me the house he had lived in for a long time when prevented from further wandering by the ulcers in his feet. In the village his memory is cherished, and will be cherished for ever.

It was strange what a sudden improvement in the physiognomy of the native had occurred. In the district of Uhombo we had seen a truly debased negro type. Here we saw people of the Ethiopic negro type, worthy to rank next the more refined Waganda. Mwana Ngoy himself was nothing very remarkable. Age had deprived him of his good looks; but there were about him some exceedingly pretty women, with winsome ways about them that were quite charming.

Mwana Ngoy, I suppose, is one of the vainest of vain men. I fancy I can see him now strutting about his village with his sceptral staff, an amplitude of grass cloth about him, which when measured gives exactly twenty-four square yards, drawn in double folds about his waist, all tags, tassels, and fringes, and painted in various colours, bronze and black and white and yellow, and on his head a plummy head-dress.

What charms lurk in feathers! From the grand British dowager down to Mwana Ngoy of Ka-Bambarré, all admit the fascination of feathers, whether plucked from ostriches or barn-door fowl.

Mwana Ngoy's plumes were the tribute of the village chanticleers, and his vanity was so excited at the rustle of his feathered crest that he protruded his stomach to such a distance that his head was many degrees from the perpendicular.

On the 10th of October we arrived at Kizambala, presided over by another chief, called Mwana Ngoy, a relative to him of Ka-Bambarré.

Up to this date we had seen some twenty villages, and probably 4000 natives, of Manyema, and may therefore be permitted some generalizations.

The Manyema, then, have several noteworthy peculiarities. Their arms are a short sword scabbarded with wood, to which are hung small brass and



A YOUTH OF EAST MANYEMA.



A MANYEMA ADULT.

iron bells, a light, beautifully balanced spear—probably, next to the spear of Uganda, the most perfect in the world. Their shields were veritable wooden doors. Their dress consisted of a narrow apron of antelope skin or finely made grass cloth. They wore knobs, cones, and patches of mud

attached to their beards, back hair, and behind the ears. Old Mwana Ngoy had rolled his beard in a ball of dark mud: his children wore their hair in braids with mud fringes. His drummer had a great crescent-shaped patch of mud at the back of the head. At Kizambala, the natives had horns and cones of mud on the tops of their heads. Others, more ambitious, covered the entire head with a crown of mud.



A YOUNG WOMAN OF EAST MANYEMA.

The women, blessed with an abundance of hair, manufactured it with a stiffening of light cane into a bonnet-shaped head-dress, allowing the back hair to flow down to the waist in masses of ringlets. They seemed to do all the work of life, for at all hours they might be seen, with their large wicker baskets behind them, setting out for the rivers or creeks to

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A VILLAGE IN SOUTH-EAST MANYEMA.

catch fish, or returning with their fuel baskets strapped on across their foreheads.

Their villages consist of one or more streets from 100 to 150 feet wide, flanked by low square huts arranged in tolerably straight lines, and generally situated on swells of land, to secure rapid drainage. At the end of one of these streets is the council and gossip house, overlooking the length of the avenue. In the centre is a platform of tamped clay, with a heavy tree trunk sunk into it, and in the wood have been scooped out a number of troughs, so that several women may pound grain at once. It is a substitute for the village mill.

The houses are separated into two or more apartments, and on account of the compact nature of the clay and tamped floor are easily kept clean. The roofs are slimy with the reek of smoke, as though they had been painted with coal-tar. The household chattels or furniture are limited to food baskets, earthenware pots, an assortment of wickerwork dishes, the family shields, spears, knives, swords, and tools, and the fish-baskets lying outside.

They are tolerably hospitable, and permit strangers the free use of their dwellings. The bananas and plantains are very luxuriant, while the Guinea palms supply the people with oil and wine; the forests give them fuel, the rivers fish, and the gardens cassava, ground-nuts, and Indian corn.

The chiefs enact strict laws, and, though possessed of but little actual power either of wealth or retinue, exact the utmost deference, and are exceedingly ceremonious, being always followed by a drummer, who taps his drum with masterly skill born of long and continued practice.

On the 11th we crossed the Luama river—a stream 200 yards wide and 8 feet deep in the centre at the ferry—called the Rugumba in Ubujwé. After uniting with the Rubumba, it flows northward, and takes a wide sweep round to clear the northern spurs of the Ka-Bambarré group of mountains, and thence, meeting another stream from the north-west near Uvira, flows west, bisecting the country of Manyema. Below the ford, as far as the Lualaba, its current is from three to six knots an hour, and about 5 feet deep, flowing over a shaly bed.

On the western side of the Luama the women at once fled upon the approach of our caravan—a certain sign that there had been trouble between them and Arabs.

On the 12th, following the Luama river, we reached Wusumbiri. My predecessors, Livingstone and Cameron, had, after crossing the stream, proceeded west, but I preferred to follow the Luama to its junction with the Lualaba, and thence to Nyangwé.

The Luama valley is about twenty miles wide, furrowed with many watercourses; the soil is poor, abounding with yellow quartz, but resting upon soft shale. The ridges are formed of dykes of granite, which peep out frequently in large masses from amongst the foliage of trees.

The people appeared to be very timid, but behaved amiably. Over fifty followed us, and carried loads most willingly. Three volunteered to follow us wherever we should go, but we declined their offer.

Our riding-asses were the first ever seen in Manyema, and effected a striking demonstration in our favour. They obtained more admiration than even we Europeans. Hundreds of natives ran up to us at each village in the greatest excitement to behold the strange long-eared animals, and followed us long distances from their homes to observe the asses' motions.

One ass, known by the name of Muscati, a high-spirited animal from Arabia, possessed braying powers which almost equalled the roar of a lion in volume, and really appeared to enjoy immensely the admiration he excited. His asinine soul took great delight in braying at the unsophisticated Africans of the trans-Luama, for his bray sent them flying in all directions. Scores of times during a day's march we were asked the name of the beast, and, having learnt it they were never tired of talking about the "Mpunda."

One must not rashly impute all the blame to the Arabs and Wa-Swahili of the Zanzibar coast for their excesses in Manyema, for the natives are also in a way to blame. Just as the Saxon and Dane and Jute, invited by the Britons, became their masters, so the Arabs, invited by the Manyema to assist them against one another, have become their tyrants.

Bribes were offered to us three times by Manyema chiefs to assist them in destroying their neighbours, to whom they are of near kin, and with whom they have almost daily intimate relations. Our refusal of ivory and slaves appeared to surprise the chiefs, and they expressed the opinion that we white men were not as good as the Arabs, for—though it was true we did not rob them of their wives, ravish and steal their daughters, enslave their sons, or despoil them of a single article—the Arabs would have assisted them.

One of my men, who knew Manyema of old, said, "I told you, master, what kind of people these were: they have always got a little war on hand, and they only wait the arrival of the Arabs to begin it. The quarrel is always with their nearest relatives and friends, whom, however, for the sake of the family alliances between them, they always take care to warn. I was once with Mohammed bin Gharib (Livingstone's friend) when he undertook to fight a tribe for Mwana Ngoy of Kizambala on the Luama. We were ten hours firing away as fast as we could, but not a single soul was wounded of either party!

"Mwana Ngoy, you must know, had told his friend the hour Mohammed would begin, and his friend obligingly left the field clear. Some of the boldest had amused themselves by showing their heads, just to let us know that they were there, but I assure you no one was hurt in the least.

"Of late years it has not been so bloodless, because the Arabs have learned their tricks. When they set out now, they never tell their native confederate when they intend to begin, because they don't like to throw away their

powder for nothing. In this manner large numbers of slaves have been captured and many men killed. After such an event, both sides, those who have suffered and those who were the cause and who bribed the Arabs to the war, fall to weeping and abusing the Arabs violently, and with pathetic cries bewail the murdered, but never think of accusing themselves."

The above is the story of Wadi Safeni, the coxswain of the boat on Lake Victoria.

One really does not know whether to pity or to despise the natives of Manyema. Many are amiable enough to deserve good and kind treatment, but others are hardly human. They fly to the woods upon the approach of strangers, leaving their granaries\* of Indian corn, erected like screens across the streets, or just outside the villages, in tempting view of hungry people. If the strangers follow them into the woods to persuade them to return and sell food, the purpose of the visit is mistaken, and they are assailed from behind depths of bush and tall trees. They are humble and liberal to the strong-armed Arab, savage and murderous and cannibalistic to small bands, and every slain man provides a banquet of meat for the forest-natives of Manyema. Livingstone's uniform gentle treatment of all classes deserved a better return than to have his life attempted four times. His patience finally exhausted, and his life in danger, he gave the order to his men, "Fire upon them; these men are wicked."

Nevertheless, the best-natured Arabs confess that the present state of things is to some extent the result of the excesses and high-handed conduct of Muini Dugumbi, who, animated by greed for ivory and slaves, signalled his advent in the country by shooting men as soon as seen in their villages. Aware of the bad repute which Arabs had in Manyema, I refused to be accompanied by any trader from Ujiji, though some half-dozen earnestly entreated me to wait for them. As far as Nyangwé all the members of our Expedition had reason to rejoice in this decision, for we were neither threatened nor molested in the least.

An internecine "war" in Manyema is exceedingly comical. Old Riba-Riba, a patriarch of eighty or thereabouts, who with his few villages guards the frontier on the range separating Uhombo from Manyema, told me he was at "war" with Mwana Buttu of Nyembu. The cause was the murder of a young man of Riba-Riba's by Mwana Buttu's people.

When the shocking affair became known there was great excitement, much manifestation of anger, loud talk, sharpening of broad-bladed spears, and industrious preparation of stacks of fire-hardened wooden assegais and other

\* These granaries consist of tall poles—like telegraph poles—planted at a distance of about 10 feet from each other, to which are attached about a dozen lines of liane, or creepers, at intervals, from top to bottom. On these several lines are suspended the maize, point downwards, by the shucks of the cob. Their appearance suggests lofty screens built up of corn.

deadly war *matériel*. All things being ready, Riba-Riba's people reluctantly set off to fight Mwana Buttu's villagers, not, however, without first communicating their intentions and publishing by criers a formal and fierce declaration of war.

But Mwana Buttu is of a sterner nature than is common in Manyema; consequently, to Riba-Riba's surprise, he did not abscond for fear of the invading host, but calmly arrayed his warriors in order of battle on the opposite side of a stream, that he might take advantage of the enemy's confusion while crossing.

Riba-Riba's warriors, on emerging from the depth of the forest, perceived the foe palisaded behind their tall, door-like shields, and immediately formed themselves in like order on their own side of the stream. From this position they opened on the enemy volleys of tongue abuse, which lasted for hours; until at last both sides, fatigued with the wordy encounter and hoarse with the prolonged vituperative exercise, mutually consented to defer the battle until next day.

The morrow dawned, and both sides, vigilantly active after their night's rest, reformed themselves in the same positions which they had occupied on the previous day, and resumed the wordy war with all its fierce gesture, and a great clangour of wooden shields, until sunset, when both parties retired from the field with no decisive advantage to either side.

On the third day the wordy war was resumed, until both tribes, exhausted from the bloodless conflict, mutually agreed that they would postpone the war with spears to an indefinite period. Meanwhile they have left off visiting. The affair will only be settled by the arrival of some Arab mercenary, who, for a consideration of five or six tusks of ivory, will undertake, with a few explosions of that mischievous compound called gunpowder, to send Mwana Buttu flying and to "beat his back with his own shield," thus avenging Riba-Riba.

On the 13th, after a march of thirteen miles in a west-south-west direction, along a very crooked path, we arrived at Kabungwé.

At this settlement we observed for the first time spears all of wood, having their points sharp and hardened in fire, and shafts 8 to 10 feet long. As each warrior possesses a sheaf of these weapons, besides a vast wooden shield, he is sufficiently armed against a native enemy, and might, by a little boldness, become a dangerous foe to an Arab.

The currency throughout Manyema consists of cowries. Six cowries formed the ration money of the Wangwana, three cowries purchased a chicken, two procured ten maize ears, one cowrie obtained the service of a native to grind the grain, two cowries were a day's hire for a porter; so that the Wangwana and Wanyamwezi were enjoying both abundance and relief from labour while we were travelling through Manyema.

At Kabungwé I was alarmed at an insufferable odour that pervaded the air we breathed, for, whether in the house or without, the atmosphere seemed



loaded with an intolerable stench. On enquiring of the natives whether there was any dead animal putrefying in the neighbourhood, they pointed to the firewood that was burning, and to a tree—a species of laurel—as that which emitted the smell. Upon examination I found it was indeed due to this strange wood, which, however, only becomes offensive under the action of fire.

Between Kabungwé and Mtuyu, our next camp, the country is extremely populous. Were all the villages we passed inhabited by brave men, a brigade of European troops could not move without precaution. The people, however, did not attempt to molest us, though an enormous number came out to stare at us and our asses.

The natives are quick to adopt nicknames. In some places the Arabs were known by the name of Mwana Ngombé, “lords of cows”; in others, Wasambyé, or the “uncircumcised,” because of their Wanyamwezi followers, which last name has penetrated over an immense region.

Majwara, Frank Pocock’s servant, upon receiving the present of a bride from Mtesa because he was the son of Namujurilwa, the champion of Uganda, gave her the name of Tuma-leo, or “sent-to-day.”

The Sarmeen of my first expedition received from his comrades, for his detective qualities, the name of Kachéché, or the “weasel.”

Lukoma, who accompanied us to Muta Nzigé, called himself Mkanga, or “the one who looks behind.”

Sambuza received the title of Mta-uza, or the “spoiler”; and one of his subordinates was called Kiswaga, or “fleet-foot.”

Kalulu’s name was formerly Ndugu Mali, “brother of money.”

Wadi Safeni had a young relative in the Expedition entitled Akili Mali, or “one who is wise with his money.”

Mgongo-Tembo, or “elephant’s back”; Mambu, or “noise”; Khamis, or “Thursday”; Juma, or “Friday”; Muini Kheri, or “lord of fortune”; Muini Pembé, or “lord of ivory”; and scores of others I might mention.

In the same manner countries receive appellations distinctive of peculiarities, such as—

- Unya-Nyembé, land of hoes.
- U-Yofu, land of elephants.
- Unya-Mbewa, land of goats.
- Unya-Nkondo, land of sheep.
- Unya-Ngoma, land of drums.
- U-Konongo, land of travellers.
- Unya-Nguruwé, land of hogs.
- U-Nguru, land of mountains.
- U-Kusu, land of parrots.
- U-Ganda, land of drums.
- U-Lungu or U-Rungu, plain land.
- Ma-Rungu, plateau land.
- U-Kutu, land of ears (long ears?).

U-Karanga, land of ground-nuts.

U-Lua, or U-Rua, land of lakes.

U-Emba, lake land.

U-Bwari, land of food.

Lakes also have names significative of native ideas, such as the Tanganika, "the great lake spreading out like a plain," or "plain-like lake"; Niyanja Muta Nzigé, or "the lake of dead locusts," from, no doubt, the swarms of locusts on the plains of Ankori, Unyoro, and Western Uganda, and the salinas of Usongora, being swept into it by strong winds; Niyanja, or Nianja Ukerewé, "the great lake around Ukerewé."

Mtuyu is the easternmost settlement of the country of Uzura. On arrival

we perceived that all their women were absent, and naturally enquired what had become of them. They replied, in pathetic strains, "Oh, they are all dead; all cut off, every one. It was the small-pox!"

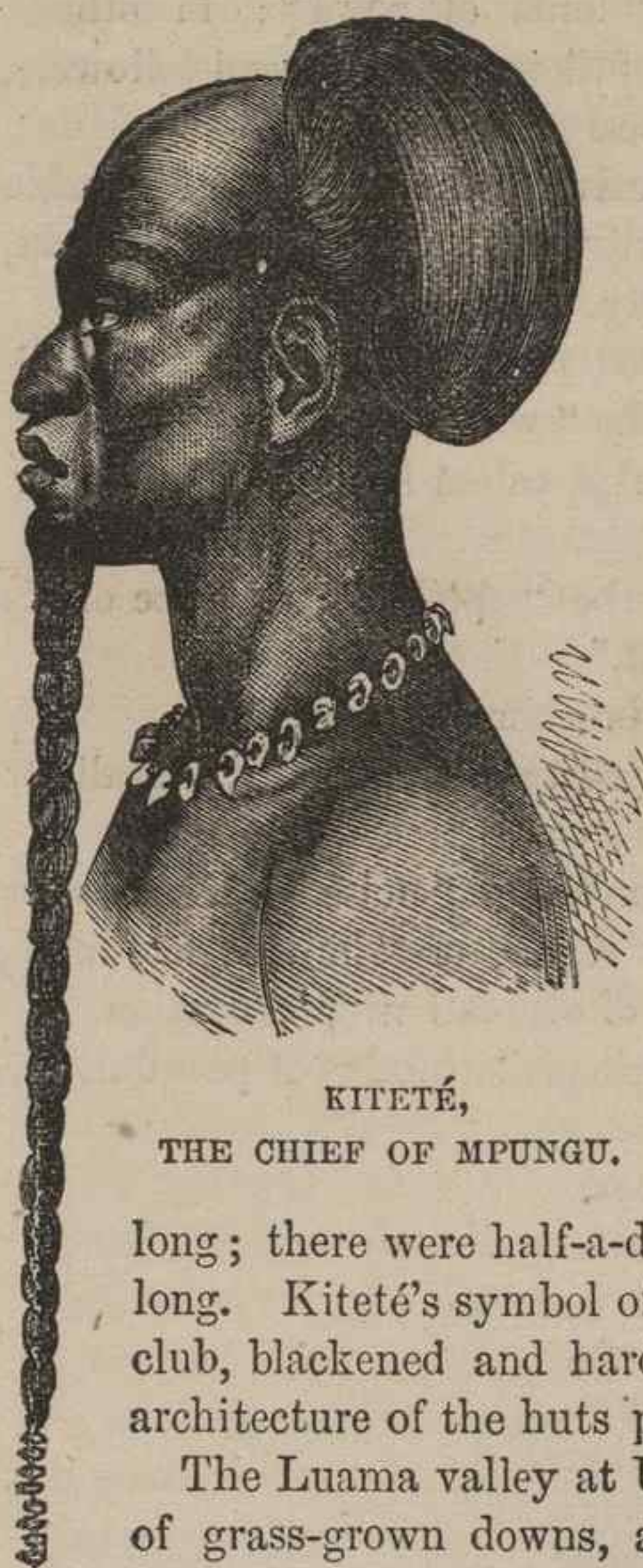
We sympathised with them, of course, because of such a terrible loss, and attempted to express our concern. But one of our enterprising people, while endeavouring to search out a good market for his cowries, discovered several dozen of the women in a wooded ravine!

Skirting the range of hills which bounds the Luama valley on the north, we marched to Mpungu, which is fifteen miles west of Mtuyu. Kiteté, its chief, is remarkable for a plaited beard twenty inches long, decorated at the tips with a number of blue glass beads. His hair was also trussed up on the crown of his head in a shapely mass.

His brother possessed a beard six inches long; there were half-a-dozen others with beards of three or four inches long. Kiteté's symbol of royalty was a huge truncheon, or Hercules club, blackened and hardened by fire. His village was neat, and the architecture of the huts peculiar, as the opposite picture shows.

The Luama valley at Uzura at this season presents a waving extent of grass-grown downs, and while crossing over the higher swells of land, we enjoyed uninterrupted views of thirty or forty miles to the west and south.

From Mpungu we travelled through an interesting country (a distance of four miles), and suddenly from the crest of a low ridge saw the confluence of the Luama with the majestic Lualaba. The former appeared to have a



KITETÉ,  
THE CHIEF OF MPUNGU.

breadth of 400 yards at the mouth; the latter was about 1400 yards wide, a broad river of a pale grey colour, winding slowly from south and by east.

We hailed its appearance with shouts of joy, and rested on the spot to enjoy the view. Across the river, beyond a tawny, grassy stretch towards the south-south-west, is Mount Kijima; about 1000 feet above the valley, to the south-south-east, across the Luama, runs the Luhye-ya ridge; from its base the plain slopes to the swift Luama. In the bed of the great river are two or three small islands, green with the verdure of trees and sedge. I likened it even here to the Mississippi, as it appears before the impetuous, full-volumed Missouri pours its rusty-brown water into it.

A secret rapture filled my soul as I gazed upon the majestic stream. The great mystery that for all these centuries Nature had kept hidden away from the world of science was waiting to be solved. For two hundred and twenty miles I had followed one of the sources of the Livingstone to the confluence, and now before me lay the superb river itself! My task was to follow it to the Ocean.



NATIVE HOUSES AT MTUYU.

## CHAPTER XXII.

At a swinging pace—Tippu-Tib, the Arab trader—News of Cameron and his difficulties—The river that flows North for ever—In Dwarf-land, fighting the dwarfs—Tippu-Tib's conditions—Friends in council—Heads or tails—Kalulu's accident at Nyangwé—Its residents and market—A muster of the Expedition.

WE resumed our journey. The men, women, and children joined in a grand chorus, while a stentor from Unyamwezi attempted, in a loud and graphic strain, a description of the joy he felt.

How quickly we marched! What a stride and what *verve* there was in our movements! Faster, my friends, faster! that you may boast to the Arabs at Nyangwé what veterans you are!

There was no word uttered enjoining quicker speed, but my people seemed intuitively to know my wish: even the youthful gun-bearers vied with each other in an exhibition of pedestrianism.

Over hill and dale we paced through Uzura, and about noon entered the village of Mkwanga, eight miles north-north-west of the confluence of the Luama and the Lualaba.

At Mkwanga we met two Wangwana, who informed us that the Arabs at Mwana Mamba's had just returned from an expedition into the forest of Manyema, to avenge the murder of an Arab called Mohammed bin Soud, and his caravan of ten men, by Mwana Mpunda and his people.

The next day we crossed the Lulindi—a small river thirty-five yards wide, and fordable—and made a brilliant march of eighteen miles north-west, across a broad and uninhabited plain which separates Uzura from Mwana Mamba's district, Tubanda, where, having come by a "back door," and having travelled so quickly, we burst upon the astonished Arabs before they were aware of our approach. Contrary, moreover, to the custom of Arabs and Wangwana, I had strictly prohibited the firing of musketry to announce our arrival; considering the drum and trumpet sufficient, and less alarming.

Soon, however, the Arabs advanced—Sayid Mezrui, Mohammed bin Sayid, Muini Hassan, and others, who conducted us to the broad verandah of Mezrui's *tembé* until quarters could be prepared for us.

Last came the famous Hamed bin Mohammed, alias Tippu-Tib, or, as it is variously pronounced by the natives, Tipo-Tib, or Tibbu-Tib. He was a tall black-bearded man, of negroid complexion, in the prime of life, straight, and

quick in his movements, a picture of energy and strength. He had a fine intelligent face, with a nervous twitching of the eyes, and gleaming white and perfectly-formed teeth. He was attended by a large retinue of young Arabs, who looked up to him as chief, and a score of Wangwana and Wanyamwezi followers whom he had led over thousands of miles through Africa.

With the air of a well-bred Arab, and almost courtier-like in his manner, he welcomed me to Mwana Mamba's village, and his slaves being ready at hand with mat and bolster, he reclined vis-à-vis, while a buzz of admiration of his style was perceptible from the on-lookers. After regarding him for a few minutes, I came to the conclusion that this Arab was a remarkable man—the most remarkable man I had met among Arabs, Wa-Swahili, and half-castes in Africa. He was neat in his person, his clothes were of a spotless white, his fez-cap brand-new, his waist was encircled by a rich dowlé, his dagger was splendid with silver filigree, and his *tout ensemble* was that of an Arab gentleman in very comfortable circumstances.

The person above described was the Arab who had escorted Cameron across the Lualaba as far as Utotera, south latitude  $5^{\circ}$ , and east longitude  $25^{\circ} 54'$ . Naturally, therefore, there was no person at Nyangwé whose evidence was more valuable than Tippu-Tib's as to the direction that my predecessor at Nyangwé had taken. The information he gave me was sufficiently clear—and was, moreover, confirmed by Sayid Mezrui and other Arabs—that the greatest problem of African geography was left untouched at the exact spot where Dr. Livingstone had felt himself unable to prosecute his travels, and whence he had retraced his steps to Ujiji never to return to Nyangwé.

This was momentous and all-important news to the Expedition. We had arrived at the critical point in our travels: our destinies now awaited my final decision.

But first I was anxious to know why Cameron had declined the journey. Sayid Mezrui said it was because he could not obtain canoes, and because the natives in the Mitamba or forest were exceedingly averse to strangers. Tippu-Tib averred also that Cameron's men decidedly opposed following the river, as no one knew whither it went.

"In the same way I am told the old man Daoud Liviston"—David Livingstone—"was prevented from going. The old man tried hard to persuade the Arabs to lend him canoes, but Muini Dugumbi refused, upon the ground that he would be rushing to his death. Cameron also asked for canoes, and offered high prices for them, but Dugumbi would not be persuaded, as he declined to be held responsible by the British Consul at Zanzibar for any accident that might happen to him. Bombay, I believe, wished to go, but Bilal was resolute in his objections to the river, and each night intrigued with the Arabs to prevent his master. When Cameron reached Imbarri at Kasongo's, I offered to take him for a sum of money as far as the Sankuru river, provided he would give me a paper stating that I took him at his own

request, and releasing me from all responsibility in the event of a conflict with the natives. He declined to go. I therefore, at his own request, supplied him with guides to take him to Juma Merikani, at Kasongo's, in Rua, where he would meet Portuguese traders. I have received word from Juma Merikani that Cameron, after many months' stay with him, went on his way, escorted by a large number of Portuguese traders, towards the western sea. That is all I know about it."

Out of this frank explanation, I had, therefore, elicited the information that "want of canoes and hostility of the savages," reluctance of the Arabs to permit him to proceed by the river from an officious regard for his safety, and the "cowardice of his followers," were the main causes that prevented the gallant officer from following the river.

These were difficulties for me also to surmount in some manner not yet intelligible. How was I to instil courage into my followers, or sustain it, to obtain the assistance of the Arabs to enable me to make a fair beginning, and afterwards to purchase or make canoes?

"I suppose, Tippu-Tib," I said, "having offered the other white man your assistance, you would have no objections to offer it to me for the same sum?"

"I don't know about that," he replied, with a smile. "I have not many people with me now. Many are at Imbarri, others are trading in Manyema."

"How many men have you with you?"

"Perhaps three hundred—or say two hundred and fifty."

"That number would be a grand escort, amply sufficient, if well managed, to ensure perfect protection."

"Yes, united with your party, it would be a very strong force, but how would it be when I returned alone? The natives would say, seeing only my own little force, 'These people have been fighting—half of them are killed, because they have no ivory with them; let us finish them!' I know, my friend, these savages very well, and I tell you that that would be their way of thinking."

"But, my friend," said I, "think how it would be with me, with all the continent before me, and only protected by my little band!"

"Ah, yes! if you Wasungu" (white men) "are desirous of throwing away your lives, it is no reason we Arabs should. We travel little by little to get ivory and slaves, and are years about it—it is now nine years since I left Zanzibar—but you white men only look for rivers and lakes and mountains, and you spend your lives for no reason, and to no purpose. Look at that old man who died in Bisa! What did he seek year after year, until he became so old that he could not travel? He had no money, for he never gave any of us anything, he bought no ivory or slaves, yet he travelled farther than any of us, and for what?"

"I know I have no right to expect you to risk your life for me. I only wish you to accompany me sixty days' journey, then leave me to myself. If

sixty days' journey is too far, half that distance will do ; all I am anxious for is my people. You know the Wangwana are easily swayed by fear, but if they hear that Tippu-Tib has joined me, and is about to accompany me, every man will have a lion's courage."

"Well, I will think of it to-night, and hold a shauri with my relatives and principal people, and to-morrow night we will have another talk."

The next evening, at about eight o'clock, Hamed bin Mohammed, or Tippu-Tib, appeared with his cousin, Mohammed bin Sayid, and others, to confer upon the important business broached the evening before, and, after the usual courteous and ceremonious greetings, I was requested to state my intentions.

"I would like to go down the river in canoes until I reach the place where the river turns for good either to the west or east."

"How many days' journey on land would that be?" asked Tippu-Tib.

"I don't know. Do you?"

"No; indeed, I was never in that direction; but I have a man here who has reached farthest of all."

"Where is he?"

"Speak, Abed, son of Jumah, what you know of this river," said Tippu-Tib.

The son of Jumah, thus urged by his superior, spoke and said, "Yes, I know all about the river, El hamd ul illah!" ("the thanks be to God").

"In which direction does it flow, my friend?"

"It flows north."

"And then?"

"It flows north!"

"And then?"

"Still north!"

"Come, my friend, speak; whether does it flow after reaching the north?"

"Why, master," replied he, with a bland smile of wonder at my apparent lack of ready comprehension, "don't I tell you it flows north, and north, and north, and there is no end to it? I think it reaches the salt sea, at least some of my friends say so."

"Well, in which direction is this salt sea?"

"Allah yallim!" ("God knows!")

"I thought you said you knew all about the river?"

"I know it goes north!" said he decisively, and sharply

"How do you know?"

"Because I followed Mtagamoyo to Usongora Meno, and, crossing the Ugarowa,\* near the Urindi, went with him to the Lumami and to the dwarf country."

"How many days is it from here to the dwarf country?"

\* The Ugarowa river is the Arab corruption of the word Lu-alowa, which Livingstone called Lualaba.

"About nine months."

"And is the dwarf country near the Ugarowa?"

"It is not far from it."

"Could you point with your hand the direction of the Ugarowa—near the dwarf country?"

"Yes, it is there," pointing north by west, magnetic.

"What are the dwarfs like?—But tell us the story of your journey with Mtagamoyo."

After clearing his throat and arranging his cleanly white dress, he gave me the account of his wanderings to the unknown lands north, as follows:—

"Mtagamoyo is a man who knows not what fear is—Wallahi! He is as bold as a lion. When he gave out to the Arabs and Wangwana of Nyangwé that he was about to proceed as far as possible to hunt up ivory, of course we all felt that if any man could guide us to new ivory fields it was Mtagamoyo. Many of the youngest Arabs prepared themselves to follow him, and all of us mustering our armed slaves, followed in his track.

"We first reached Uregga, a forest land, where there is nothing but woods, and woods, and woods, for days, and weeks, and months. There was no end to the woods. The people lived surrounded by woods. Strangers were few before they saw us, and we had shauri after shauri with them. We passed along easily for a few days, and then came trouble; we struck for the Ugarowa, and in about a month we reached Usongora Meno, where we fought day after day. They are fearful fellows and desperate. We lost men every day. Every man of ours that was killed was eaten. They were hiding behind such thick bushes that we could not see them, and their arrows were poisoned.

"Then the Arabs held another shauri. Some were for returning, for they had lost many men, but Mtagamoyo would not listen. He said that the pagans should not drive him away.

"Well, the end of the shauri was that we crossed the Ugarowa, and went to Ukusu. Wallahi! the Wakusu were worse than those of Usongora Meno, but Mtagamoyo heard of a country called Unkengeri, where the natives were said to be better. We pushed on, and arrived at Kima-Kima's. When we reached Kima-Kima's, we possessed 290 guns; we had lost twenty guns and any number of slaves on the road.

"Kima-Kima, who is on the Lumami, told us about the land of the little men, where the ivory was so abundant that we might get a tusk for a single cowrie. You know, master, that when we Arabs hear of ivory being abundant there is no holding us back. Oh! we started instantly, crossed the Lumami, and came to the land of the Wakuna. Among the Wakuna, who are big men themselves, we saw some six or seven of the dwarfs; the queerest-looking creatures alive, just a yard high, with long beards and large heads.

"The dwarfs asked us a lot of questions, where we came from, where we



were going, and what we wanted. They seemed to be plucky little devils, though we laughed to see them. They told us that in their country was so much ivory that we had not enough men to carry it, but they were very curious to know what we wanted with it. Did we eat it? 'No.' 'What then?' 'We sell it to other men who make charms of it,' 'Oh! What will you give us if we show the ivory to you?' 'We will give you cowries and beads.' 'Good, come along.'

"We travelled six days, and then we came to the border village of their country. They would not allow us to penetrate farther until they had seen their king and obtained his consent. In the meantime they said we might trade round about. We did trade. We purchased in two days more ivory than the other countries could have supplied us with in two weeks.

"On the third day the little people came back and told us we might go and live in the king's village. It was a mere long street, you know, with houses, extending a long distance on either side. They gave us a portion of the village to live in. The king was kind, at least he appeared so the first day; the next day he was not so kind, but he sold us ivory in plenty. There was no lack of that. The dwarfs came from all parts. Oh! it is a big country! and everybody brought ivory, until we had about four hundred tusks, big and little, as much as we could carry. We had bought it with copper, beads, and cowries. No cloths, for the dwarfs were all naked, king and all.

"They told us that eleven days' journey south-west was another country, where there was even more ivory than they had, and four days beyond that again was a great lake, where there were ships. The lake was near the country of a king whom they called Ngombé.

"We did not starve in the dwarf land the first ten days. Bananas as long as my arm, and plantains as long as the dwarfs were tall. One plantain was sufficient for a man for one day.

"We thought, seeing that we had obtained as much ivory as we were able to carry, that we had better return. We told the king that we wanted to depart. To our surprise, the king—he was no longer than my leg—said that we should not be allowed to go. 'Why?' we asked. 'Because this is my country, and you are not to go away until I say.' 'But we have finished our business, and we have had trade sufficient; we don't wish to buy any more.' 'You must buy all I have got; I want more cowries;' and he ground his teeth, and he looked just like a wild monkey.

"Mtagamoyo laughed at him, for he was very funny, and then told him that we would have to go away, because we had many friends waiting for us. He said, 'You shall not go from my country.'

"We held another shauri, when it was agreed that if we stayed longer we might get into trouble and lose our ivory, and that it was better to leave within two days. But we did not have to wait two days for the trouble! It came even before we had finished our shauri. We heard a woman scream

loud. We rushed out, and met some Wangwana running towards us, and among them a woman with a dwarf's arrow in her breast.

“‘What's this, what's this?’ we asked, and they cried out, ‘The dwarfs shot this woman while she was drawing water, and they are coming in immense numbers towards us from all the other villages. It's a war, prepare yourselves!’

“We were not a bit too soon: we had scarcely put on our belts and seized our guns before the vicious wretches were upon us, and shooting their reed arrows in clouds. They screamed and yelled just like monkeys. Many of our people fell dead instantly from the poison before we could get together and fire on them. Mtagamoyo! he was everywhere brandishing his two-handed sword, and cleaving them as you would cleave a banana. The arrows passed through his shirt in many places. There were many good fellows like Mtagamoyo there, and they fought well; but it was of no use. The dwarfs were firing from the top of the trees; they crept through the tall grass close up to us, and shot their arrows in our faces. Then Mtagamoyo, seeing it was getting hot work, shouted ‘Boma! Boma! Boma!’ (palisade), and some hundreds of us cut down banana-trees, tore doors out, and houses down, and formed a boma at each end of the street, and then we were a little better off, for it was not such rapid, random shooting; we fired more deliberately, and after several hours drove them off.

“Do you think they gave us peace? Not a bit; a fresh party came up and continued the fight. They were such small things, we could not see them very well; had they been tall men like us, we might have picked off hundreds of them. We could not fight all the time, for some of us had to sleep, so Mtagamoyo divided us into two parties, one party to go to sleep, the other to watch the boma. All night we heard the reed arrows flying past, or pattering on the roofs or the boma fence; all night we heard their yells. Once or twice they tried to storm the boma, but we had twenty muskets at each end.

“Well, the fight lasted all that night, and all the next day, and throughout the next night. And we could get no water, until Mtagamoyo called out a hundred fellows, fifty with muskets and fifty with big water-pots, to follow him. Mtagamoyo was a lion; he held up a shield before him, and looking around he just ran straight where the crowd was thickest; and he seized two of the dwarfs, and we who followed him caught several more, for they would not run away until they saw what our design was, and then they left the water clear. We filled our pots, and carried the little Shaitans (devils) into the boma; and there we found we had caught the king!

“We all argued that we should kill him, but Mtagamoyo would not consent. ‘Kill the others,’ he said, and we cut all their heads off instantly and tossed them outside. But the king was not touched.

“Then the dwarfs stopped fighting; they came to us, and cried ‘Sennené!

Sennené!' ('Peace, peace'). We made peace with them; and they said that if we gave them their king we might go away unmolested. After a long shauri we gave him up. But the war was worse than ever. Thousands came towards us, and every man was as busy as he could be shooting them. We fought all that day and night, and then we saw that the powder would not last; we had only two kegs left.

"So our chiefs then mustered us all together, and told us all that the only way was to rush out of the boma again and catch them and kill them with our swords in the way that Mtagamoyo had fought.

"After making everything ready we rushed out, and every man, bending his head, made straight for them. It was a race! When they saw us coming out with our broad long swords, bright as glass, they ran away; but we followed them like wolves for a couple of hours. Ah, we killed many, very many, for they could not run as fast as we could.

"We then returned, packed up quickly, took up one half of our ivory, and started for the forest. We travelled until night, and then, quite tired out, we slept. Master, in the middle of the night they were again on us! Arrows sounded 'twit,' 'twit' in all directions; some one was falling down every minute. Our powder was fast going. At last we ran away, throwing down everything except our guns and swords. Now and then we could hear Mtagamoyo's horn, and we followed it. But nearly all were so weakened by hunger and want of water that they burst their hearts running, and died. Others lying down to rest found the little devils close to them when too late, and were killed. Master, out of that great number of people that left Nyangwé, Arabs, Wangwana, and our slaves, only thirty returned alive, and I am one of them."

"What is your name, my friend?" I demanded.

"Bwana Abedi," he replied.

"And you follow Tippu-Tib now, do you, or Mtagamoyo?"

"I follow Tippu-Tib," he answered.

"Ah! good. Did you see anything else very wonderful on your journey?"

"Oh yes! There are monstrous large boa-constrictors in the forest of Uregga, suspended by their tails to the branches, waiting for the passer-by or for a stray antelope. The ants in that forest are not to be despised. You cannot travel without your body being covered with them, when they sting you like wasps. The leopards are so numerous that you cannot go very far without seeing one. Almost every native wears a leopard-skin cap. The Sokos (gorillas) are in the woods, and woe befall the man or woman met alone by them; for they run up to you and seize your hands, and bite the fingers off one by one, and as fast as they bite one off, they spit it out. The Wasongora Meno and Waregga are cannibals, and unless the force is very strong, they never let strangers pass. It is nothing but constant fighting. Only two years ago a party armed with three hundred guns started north of

Usongora Meno; they only brought sixty guns back, and no ivory. If one tries to go by the river, there are falls after falls, which carry the people over and drown them. A party of thirty men, in three canoes, went down the river half a day's journey from Nyangwé, when the old white man was living there. They were all drowned, and that was the reason he did not go on. Had he done so, he would have been eaten, for what could he have done? Ah, no. Master, the country is bad, and the Arabs have given it up beyond Uregga. They will not try the journey into that country again, after trying it three times and losing nearly five hundred men altogether."

"Your story is very interesting, Abedi," said I; "some of it, I think, is true, for the old white man said the same thing to me when I was at Ujiji some four years ago. However, I want to hear Tippu-Tib speak."

During all the time that Abedi had related his wonderful experiences, the other Arabs had been listening, profoundly interested; but when I turned inquiringly to Tippu-Tib, he motioned all to leave the room, except his cousin Mohammed bin Sayid.

When we were alone, Tippu-Tib informed me that he had been consulting with his friends and relatives, and that they were opposed to his adventuring upon such a terrible journey; but that, as he did not wish to see me disappointed in my prospects, he had resolved to accompany me a distance of sixty camps, each camp to be four hours' march from the other, for the sum of 5000 dollars, on the following conditions:—

1. That the journey should commence from Nyangwé in any direction I choose, and on any day I mentioned.
2. That the journey should not occupy more time than three months from the first day it was commenced.
3. That the rate of travel should be two marches to one halt.
4. That if he accompanied me sixty marches—each march of four hours' duration—I should at the end of that distance return with him back again to Nyangwé, for mutual protection and support, unless we met traders from the west coast, whom I might accompany to the western sea, provided I permitted two-thirds of my force to return with him to Nyangwé.
5. That, exclusive of the 5000 dollars, I should provision 140 men during their absence from Mwana Mamba—going and returning.
6. That if, after experience of the countries and the natives, I found it was impracticable to continue the journey, and decided upon returning before the sixty marches were completed, I should not hold him responsible, but pay him the sum of 5000 dollars without any deduction.

These terms I thought reasonable—all except article 4; but though I endeavoured to modify the article, in order to ensure full liberty to continue the journey alone if I thought fit, Tippu-Tib said he would not undertake the journey alone, from a distance of sixty camps to Mwana Mamba, even though 50,000 dollars were promised him, because he was

assured he would never return to enjoy the money. He would much prefer continuing with me down to the sea, for a couple of thousand dollars more, to returning alone with his 140 men for 50,000 dollars. He agreed, however, after a little remonstrance, to permit the addition of article 7, which was to the effect that if he, Tippu-Tib, abandoned the journey through faint-heartedness, before the full complement of the marches had been completed, he was to forfeit the whole sum of 5000 dollars, and the return escort.

"There is no hurry about it," said I. "You may change your mind and I may change mine. We will both take twenty-four hours to consider it. To-morrow night the agreement shall be drawn up ready for our seals, or else you will be told that I am unable to agree to your conditions."

The truth was that I had opened negotiations without having consulted my people; and as our conversation had been private, it remained for me to ascertain the opinion of Frank, before my next encounter with Tippu-Tib.

At 6 P.M., a couple of saucers, filled with palm-oil and fixed with cotton-wick, were lit. It was my after-dinner hour, the time for pipes and coffee, which Frank was always invited to share.

When he came in, the coffee-pot was boiling, and little Mabruki was in waiting to pour out. The tobacco-pouch, filled with the choicest production of Africa, that of Masansi near Uvira, was ready. Mabruki poured out the coffee, and retired, leaving us together.

"Now Frank, my son," I said, "sit down. I am about to have a long and serious chat with you. Life and death—yours as well as mine, and those of all the Expedition—hang on the decision I make to-night."

And then I reminded him of his friends at home, and also of the dangers before him; of the sorrow his death would cause, and also of the honours that would greet his success; of the facility of returning to Zanzibar, and also of the perilous obstacles in the way of advance—thus carefully alternating the *pro* with the *con.*, so as not to betray my own inclinations. I reminded him of the hideous scenes we had already been compelled to witness and to act in, pointing out that other wicked tribes, no doubt, lay before us; but also recalling to his memory how treachery, cunning, and savage courage had been baulked by patience and promptitude; and how we still possessed the power to punish those who threatened us or murdered our friends. And I ended with words something like these:—

"There is no doubt some truth in what the Arabs say about the ferocity of these natives before us. Livingstone, after fifteen thousand miles of travel, and a lifetime of experience among Africans, would not have yielded the brave struggle without strong reasons; Cameron, with his forty-five Snider rifles, would never have turned away from such a brilliant field if he had not sincerely thought that they were insufficient to resist the persistent attacks of countless thousands of wild men. But while we grant that there

may be a modicum of truth in what the Arabs say, it is in their ignorant superstitious nature to exaggerate what they have seen. A score of times have we proved them wrong. Yet their reports have already made a strong impression on the minds of the Wangwana and Wanyamwezi. They are already trembling with fear, because they suspect that I am about to attempt the cannibal lands beyond Nyangwé. On the day that we propose to begin our journey, we shall have no Expedition.

"On the other hand, I am confident that, if I am able to leave Nyangwé with the Expedition intact, and to place a breadth of wild country between our party and the Arab depot, I shall be able to make men of them. There are good stuff, heroic qualities, in them; but we must get free from the Arabs, or they will be very soon demoralized. It is for this purpose I am negotiating with Tippu-Tib. If I can arrange with him and leave Nyangwé without the dreadful loss we experienced at Ujiji, I feel sure that I can inspire my men to dare anything with me.

"The difficulty of transport, again, is enormous. We cannot obtain canoes at Nyangwé. Livingstone could not. Cameron failed. No doubt I shall fail. I shall not try to obtain any. But we might buy up all the axes that we can see between here and Nyangwé, and travelling overland on this side the Lualaba, we might, before Tippu-Tib's contract is at an end, come across a tribe which would sell their canoes. We have sufficient stores to last a long time, and I shall purchase more at Nyangwé. If the natives will not sell, we can make our own canoes, if we possess a sufficient number of axes to set all hands at work.

"Now, what I wish you to tell me, Frank, is your opinion as to what we ought to do."

Frank's answer was ready.

"I say, 'Go on, sir.'"

"Think well, my dear fellow; don't be hasty, life and death hang on our decision. Don't you think we could explore to the east of Cameron's road?"

"But there is nothing like this great river, sir."

"What do you say to Lake Lincoln, Lake Kamolondo, Lake Bemba, and all that part, down to the Zambezi?"

"Ah! that is a fine field, sir, and perhaps the natives would not be so ferocious. Would they?"

"Yet, as you said just now, it would be nothing to the great river, which for all these thousands of years has been flowing steadily to the north through hundreds, perhaps thousands, of miles, of which no one has ever heard a word!"

"Let us follow the river, sir."

"Yet, my friend, think yet again. Look at all these faithful fellows whose lives depend on our word; think of our own; for we are yet young, and strong, and active. Why should we throw them away for a barren honour, or if we

succeed, have every word we said doubted, and carped at, and our motives misconstrued by malicious minds, who distort everything to our injury?"

"Ah, true, sir. I was one of those who doubted that you had ever found Livingstone. I don't mind telling you now. Until I came to Zanzibar, and saw your people, I did not believe it, and there are hundreds in Rochester who shared my opinion."

"And do you believe, Frank, that you are in Manyema now?"

"I am obliged to, sir."

"Are you not afraid, should you return to England, that when men say you have never been to Africa, as no doubt they will, you will come to disbelieve it yourself?"

"Ah no, sir," he replied. "I can never forget Ituru; the death of my brother in that wild land; the deaths of so many Wangwana there; the great Lake; Uganda; our march to Muta Nzigé; Rumanika; my life in Ujiji; the Tanganika; and our march here."

"But what do you think, Frank? Had we not better explore north-east of here, until we reach Muta Nzigé, circumnavigate that lake, and strike across to Uganda again, and return to Zanzibar by way of Kagehyi?"

"That would be a fine job, sir, if we could do it."

"Yet, if you think of it, Frank, this great river which Livingstone first saw, and which broke his heart almost to turn away from and leave a mystery, is a noble field too. Fancy, by-and-by, after buying or building canoes, our floating down the river day by day, either to the Nile or to some vast lake in the far north, or to the Congo and the Atlantic Ocean! Think what a benefit our journey will be to Africa. Steamers from the mouth of the Congo to Lake Bemba, and to all the great rivers which run into it!"

"I say, sir, let us toss up; best two out of three to decide it."

"Toss away. Here is a rupee."

"Heads for the north and the Lualaba; tails for the south and Katanga."

Frank stood up, his face beaming. He tossed the rupee high up. The coin dropped.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Tails, sir!" said Frank, with a face expressive of strong disapproval.

"Toss again."

He tossed again, and "tails" was again announced—and six times running "tails" won.

We then tried straws—the short straws for the south, the long straws for the river Lualaba—and again we were disappointed, for Frank persisted in drawing out the short straws, and in leaving the long straws in my hands.

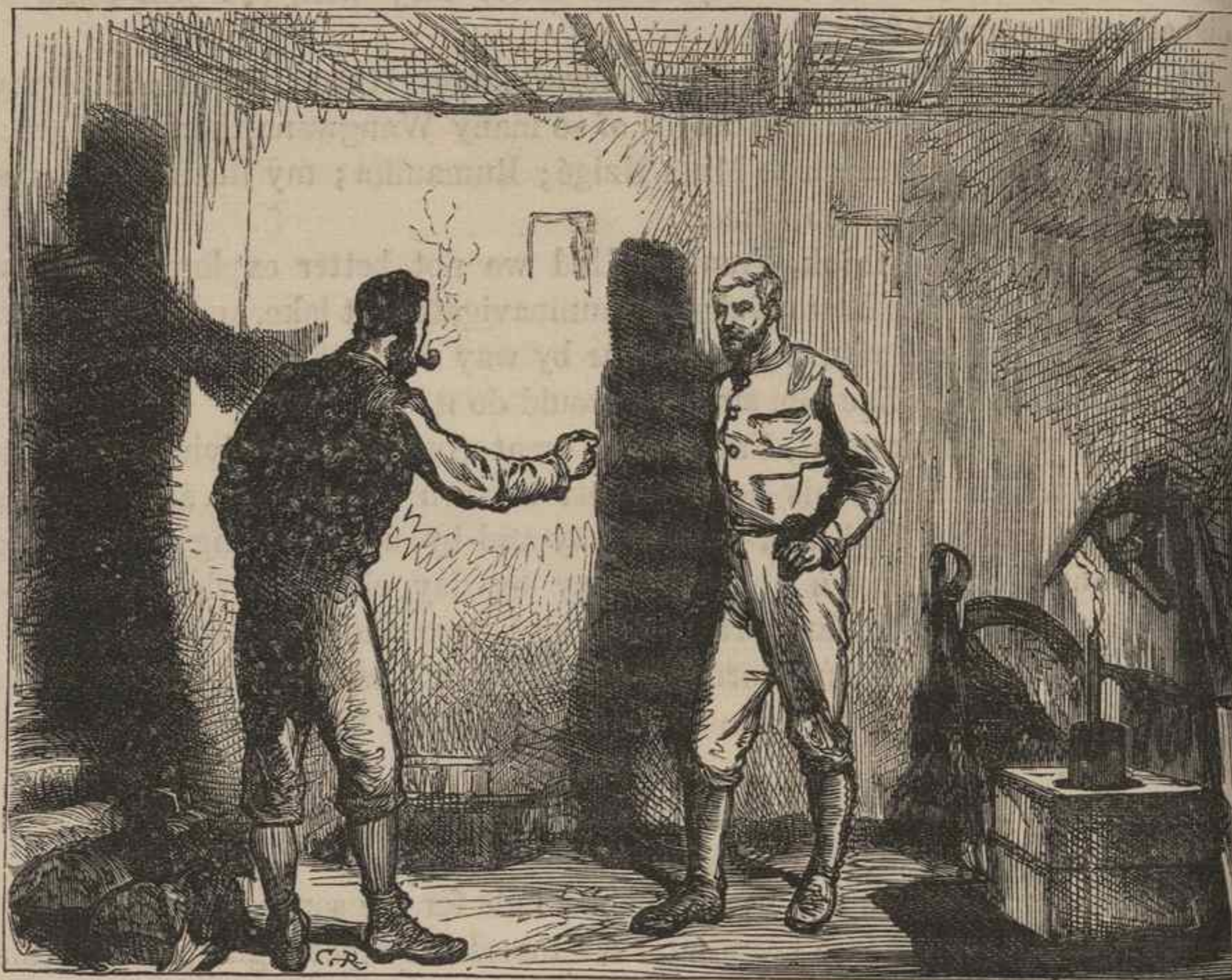
"It is of no use, Frank. We'll face our destiny, despite the rupee and straws. With your help, my dear fellow, I will follow the river."

"Mr. Stanley, have no fear of me. I shall stand by you. The last words

of my dear old father were, 'Stick by your master.' And there is my hand, sir, you shall never have cause to doubt me."

"Good, I shall go on then. I will finish this contract with Tippu-Tib, for the Wangwana, on seeing him accompany us, will perhaps be willing to follow me. We may also recruit others at Nyangwé. And then, if the natives will allow peaceful passage through their countries, so much the better. If not, our duty says, 'Go on.'"

The next night Tippu-Tib and his friends visited me again. The contract was written, and signed by the respective parties and their witnesses. The



"HEADS FOR THE NORTH AND THE LUALABA; TAILS FOR THE SOUTH AND KATANGA."

Wangwana chiefs were then called, and it was announced to them that Tippu-Tib, with 140 guns and seventy Wanyamwezi spearmen, would escort us a distance of sixty camps, when, if we found the countries hostile to us, and no hopes of meeting other traders, we should return with him to Nyangwé. If we met Portuguese or Turkish traders, a portion of us would continue the journey with them, and the remainder would return with Tippu-Tib to Nyangwé. This announcement was received with satisfaction, and the chiefs said that, owing to Tippu-Tib's presence, no Arab at Nyangwé would dare to harbour a runaway from the Expedition.



Cowries and beads were then counted out and given that evening to Tippu-Tib, as ration money for ten days from the day of his departure from Mwana Mamba.

The next morning, being the 24th of October, the Expedition left Mwana Mamba in high spirits. The good effect of the contract with Tippu-Tib had already brought us recruits, for on the road I observed several strange faces of men who, on our arrival at the first camp, Marimbu, eleven miles north-west from Mwana Mamba, appeared before my tent, and craved to be permitted to follow us. They received an advance in cloth, and their names were entered on the muster-list of the Expedition at the same rate of pay as the other Wanyamwezi and Wangwana.

Through a fine rolling country, but depopulated, with every mile marked by ruined villages, we marched in a north-westerly direction, thirteen miles to Benangongo, from Marimbu, and, on the 25th, arrived at Kankumba, after a journey of twelve miles, crossing the Mshama stream by the way.

From our camp at Kankumba we were pointed out Nyangwé, and, as it was only five miles distant, some of the people pretended to be able to see it. About one mile from us was the marshy valley of the Kunda river, another tributary of the Lualaba, which rises in Uzimba; to the east-north-east of us, about eight miles off, rose some hilly cones, spurs of the Manyema hills; on the west stretched a rolling grassy land extending to the Lualaba.

The grass (genus *Panicum*) of Manyema is like other things in this prolific land, of gigantic proportions, and denser than the richest field of corn. The stalks are an inch in diameter, and about 8 feet high. In fact, what I have called "grassy land" is more like a waving country planted with young bamboo.

Young Kalulu, who, since his recapture at the Uguha port on Lake Tanganika, had been well behaved, and was in high favour again, met with a serious and very remarkable accident at Kankumba. A chief, called Mabruki the elder, had retained a cartridge in his Snider, contrary to orders, and, leaving it carelessly on the stacked goods, a hurrying Mgwana kicked it down with his foot, which caused it to explode. Kalulu, who was reclining on his mat near a fire, was wounded in no fewer than *eight* places, the bullet passing through the outer part of his lower leg, the upper part of his thigh, and, glancing over his right ribs, through the muscles of his left arm. Though the accident had caused severe wounds, there was no danger, and, by applying a little arnica, lint, and bandages, we soon restored him to a hopeful view of his case.

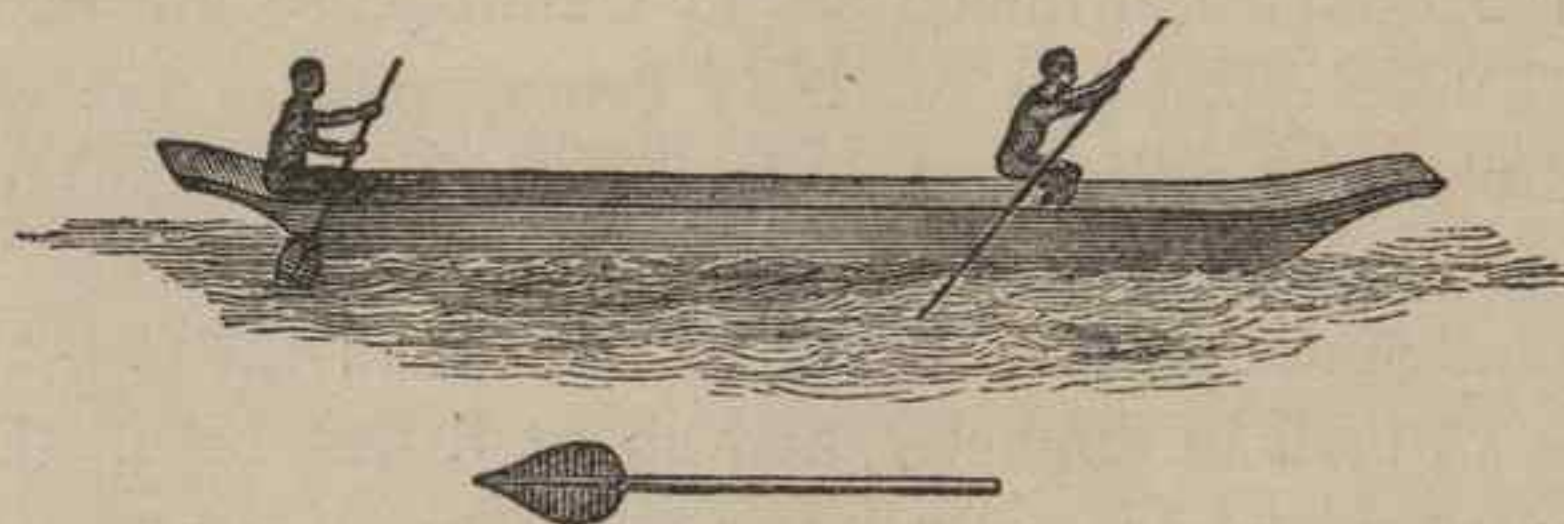
On the morning of the 27th we descended from our camp at Kankumba to the banks of the Kunda, a river about 40 yards wide, and 10 feet deep at the ferry. The canoe-men were Wagenya or Wenya fishermen under the protection of Sheikh Abed bin Salim, alias "Tanganika."

A rapid march of four miles brought us to the outskirts of Nyangwé,

where we were met by Abed bin Salim, an old man of sixty-five years of age, Mohammed bin Sayid, a young Arab with a remarkably long nose and small eyes, Sheikh Abed's fundis or elephant hunters, and several Wangwana, all dressed in spotless white shirts, crimson fezzes, and sandals.

Sheikh Abed was pleased to monopolize me, by offering me a house in his neighbourhood.

The manner that we entered Nyangwé appeared, from subsequent conversation, to have struck Sheikh Abed, who, from his long residence there, had witnessed the arrival and departure of very many caravans. There was none of the usual firing of guns and wild shouting and frenzied action; and the order and steadiness of veterans, the close files of a column which tolerably well understood by this time the difference between discipline and lawlessness with its stragglers and slovenly laggards, made a marked impression upon the old Arab. Ever since the murder of Kaif Halleck in Ituru, our sick had never been permitted to crawl to camp unaided and unprotected. The asses, four in number, and supernumeraries were always at hand to convey those unable to travel, while those only slightly indisposed were formed into a separate company under Frank and six chiefs.



A CANOE OF THE WENYA OR WAGENYA FISHERMEN.

Another thing that surprised the Arab was the rapidity of the journey from the Tanganika—338 miles in forty-three days, inclusive of all halts. He said that the usual period occupied by Arabs was between three and four months. Yet the members of the Expedition were in admirable condition. They had never enjoyed better health, and we had not one sick person; the only one incapacitated from work was Kalulu, and he had been accidentally wounded only the very night before. Between the Tanganika and the Arab depot of Nyangwé neither Frank nor I had suffered the slightest indisposition.

Nyangwé is the extreme westernmost locality inhabited by the Arab traders from Zanzibar. It stands in east longitude  $26^{\circ} 16'$ , south latitude  $4^{\circ} 15'$ , on the right or eastern side of the Lualaba, on the verge of a high and reddish bank rising some forty feet above the river, with clear open country north along the river for a distance of three miles, east some ten miles, south over seventy miles, or as far as the confluence of the Luama with the Lualaba. The town called Nyangwé is divided into two sections. The northern section has for its centre the quarters of Muini Dugumbi, the first

Arab arrival here (in 1868); and around his house are the commodious quarters of his friends, their families and slaves—in all, perhaps, 300 houses. The southern section is separated from its neighbour by a broad hollow, cultivated and sown with rice for the Arabs. When the Lualaba rises to its full amplitude, this hollow is flooded. The chief house of the southern half of Nyangwé is the large and well-built clay *banda* of Sheikh Abed bin Salim. In close neighbourhood to this are the houses and huts of those Arab Wangwana who prefer the company of Abed bin Salim to Muini Dugumbi. Abed showed me his spacious courtyard, wherein he jealously guards his harem of thirty fine, comely, large-eyed women. He possesses two English hens which came from India, and several chickens of mixed breed, two dozen tame pigeons, and some guinea-fowls; in his store-room were about sixty or seventy tusks, large and small.

Between the two foreign chiefs of Nyangwé there is great jealousy. Each endeavours to be recognized by the natives as being the most powerful. Dugumbi is an east coast trader of Sa'adani, a half-caste, a vulgar, coarse-minded old man of probably seventy years of age, with a negroid nose and a negroid mind. Sheikh Abed is a tall, thin old man, white-bearded, patriarchal in aspect, narrow-minded, rather peevish and quick to take offence, a thorough believer in witchcraft, and a fervid Muslim.

Close to Abed's elbows of late years has been the long-nosed young Arab Mohammed bin Sayid, superstitious beyond measure, of enormous cunning and subtlety, a pertinacious beggar, of keen trading instincts, but in all matters outside trade as simple as a child. He offered, for a consideration and on condition that I would read the Arabic Koran, to take me up and convey me to any part of Africa within a day. By such unblushing falsehoods he has acquired considerable influence over the mind of Sheikh Abed. The latter told me that he was half afraid of him, and that he believed Mohammed was an extraordinary man. I asked the silly old Sheikh if he had lent him any ivory. No; but he was constantly being asked for the loan of ten Frasilah (350 lbs.) of ivory, for which he was promised fifteen Frasilah, or 525 lbs., within six months.

Mohammed, during the very first day of my arrival, sent one of his favourite slaves to ask first for a little writing-paper, then for needles and thread, and, a couple of hours afterwards, for white pepper and a bar of soap; in the evening, for a pound or two of sugar and a little tea, and, if I could spare it, he would be much obliged for some coffee. The next day petitions, each very prettily worded—for Mohammed is an accomplished reader of the Koran—came, first for medicine, then for a couple of yards of red cloth, then for a few yards of fine white sheeting, &c. I became quite interested in him—for was he not a lovable, genial character, as he sate there chewing betel-nut and tobacco to excess, twinkling his little eyes with such malicious humour in them that, while talking with him, I could not withdraw mine

from watching their quick flashes of cunning, and surveying the long, thin nose with its impenetrable mystery and classic lines? I fear Mohammed did not love me, but my admiration was excessive for Mohammed.

"La il Allah—il Allah!" he was heard to say to Sheikh Abed, "that old white man Daoud never gave much to any man; this white man gives *nothing*." Certainly not, Mohammed. My admiration is great for thee, my friend; but thou liest so that I am disgusted with thee, and thou hast such a sweet, plausible, villainous look in thy face, I could punch thee heartily.

The next morning Muini (Lord) Dugumbi and following came—a gang of veritable freebooters, chiefest of whom was the famous Mtagamoyo—the butcher of women and fusillader of children. Tippu-Tib, when I asked him a few weeks after what he thought of Mtagamoyo, turned up his nose and said, "He is brave, no doubt, but he is a man whose heart is as big as the end of my little finger. He has no feeling, he kills a native as though he were a serpent—it matters not of what sex."

This man is about forty-four years of age, of middle stature and swarthy complexion, with a broad face, black beard just greying, and thin-lipped. He spoke but little, and that little courteously. He did not appear very formidable, but he might be deadly nevertheless. The Arabs of Nyangwé regard him as their best fighter.

Dugumbi the patriarch, or, as he is called by the natives, Molemba-Lemba, had the rollicking look of a prosperous and coarse-minded old man, who was perfectly satisfied with the material aspect of his condition. He deals in humour of the coarsest kind—a vain, frivolous old fellow, ignorant of everything but the art of collecting ivory; who has contrived to attach to himself a host of nameless half-castes of inordinate pride, savage spirit, and immeasurable greed.

The Arabs of Nyangwé, when they first heard of the arrival of Tippu-Tib at Imbarri from the south, were anxious to count him as their fellow-settler; but Tippu-Tib had no ambition to become the chief citizen of a place which could boast of no better settlers than vain old Dugumbi, the butcher Mtagamoyo, and silly Sheikh Abed; he therefore proceeded to Mwana Mamba's, where he found better society with Mohammed bin Sayid, Sayid bin Sultan, Msé Ani, and Sayid bin Mohammed el Mezrui. Sayid bin Sultan, in features, is a rough copy of Abdul Aziz, late Sultan of Turkey.

One of the principal institutions at Nyangwé is the Kituka, or the market, with the first of which I made acquaintance in 1871, in Ujiji and Urundi. One day it is held in the open plaza in front of Sheikh Abed's house; on the next day in Dugumbi's section, half a mile from the other; and on the third at the confluence of the Kunda and the Lualaba; and so on in turn.

In this market everything becomes vendible and purchasable, from an ordinary earthenware pot to a fine handsome girl from Samba, Marera, or

**Ukusu.** From one thousand to three thousand natives of both sexes and of all ages gather here from across the Lualaba and from the Kunda banks, from the islands up the river and from the villages of the Mitamba or forest. Nearly all are clad in the fabrics of Manyema, fine grass cloths, which are beautifully coloured and very durable. The articles sold here for cowries, beads, copper and iron wire, and lambas, or squares of palm cloth,\* represent the productions of Manyema. I went round the market and made out the following list:—

Sweet potatoes.	Fowls.	Basket-work.
Yams.	Black Pigs.	Cassava bread.
Maize.	Goats.	Cassava flour.
Sesamum.	Sheep.	Copper bracelets.
Millet.	Parrots.	Iron wire.
Beans.	Palm-wine (Malofu)	Iron knobs.
Cucumbers.	Pombé (beer)	Hoes.
Melons.	Mussels and oysters from	Spears.
Cassava.	the river.	Bows and arrows.
Ground-nuts.	Fresh fish.	Hatchets.
Bananas.	Dried fish.	Rattan-cane staves.
Sugar-cane.	Whitebait.	Stools.
Pepper (in berries).	Snails (dried).	Crockery.
Vegetables for broths.	Salt.	Powdered camwood.
Wild fruit.	White ants.	Grass cloths.
Palm-butter.	Grasshoppers.	Grass mats.
Oil-palm nuts.	Tobacco (dried leaf).	Fuel.
Pine-apples.	Pipes.	Ivory.
Honey.	Fishing-nets.	Slaves.
Eggs.		

From this it will be perceived that the wants of Nyangwé are very tolerably supplied. And how like any other market-place it was! with its noise and murmur of human voices. The same rivalry in extolling their wares, the eager quick action, the emphatic gesture, the inquisitive look, the facial expressions of scorn and triumph, anxiety, joy, plausibility, were all there. I discovered, too, the surprising fact that the aborigines of Manyema possess just the same inordinate ideas in respect to their wares as London, Paris, and New York shopkeepers. Perhaps the Manyema people are not so voluble, but they compensate for lack of language by gesture and action, which are unspeakably eloquent.

During this month of the year the Lualaba reached its lowest level. Our boat, the *Lady Alice*, after almost being re-built, was launched in the river, and with sounding-line and sextant on board, my crew and I, eager to test the boat on the grey-brown waters of the Great River, pushed off at 11 A.M.

\* Made from the fibre of the *Raphia vinifera* palm.

and rowed for an island opposite, 800 yards distant, taking soundings as we went.

The following are the figures, noted down after each trial with the lead, beginning thirty yards from shore, and ending at the low brush-covered island opposite Nyangwé:—

18	23	24	15
19	24	24½	15
18	25	22	15½
18½	24½	23	14
20	25	22	13
20½	26	21	12
19	27	19	9
21	27½	17	9½
		16	8

—the total of which gives a mean of 18 feet 9 inches.

The easternmost island in mid-river is about 100 yards across at its widest part, and between it and another island is a distance of from 250 to 300 yards. From the second island to the low shore opposite Nyangwé is about 250 yards, and these channels have a slightly swifter flow than the main river. The mean depth of the central channel was 12½ feet, the westernmost 11 feet, and the entire width of clear water flow was about 1300 yards. During the months of April, May, and June, and the early part of July, the Lualaba is full, and overspreads the low lands westward for nearly a mile and a half. The Lualaba then may be said to be from four thousand to five thousand yards wide opposite Nyangwé.

The Arabs, wherever they settle throughout Africa, endeavour to introduce the seeds of the vegetables and fruit-trees which grow in their beloved island of Zanzibar. At Unyanyembé, therefore, they have planted papaws, sweet limes, mangoes, lemons, custard-apples, pomegranates, and have sown wheat and rice in abundance. At Ujiji also they have papaws, sweet limes, pomegranates, lemons, wheat, rice, and onions. At Nyangwé their fruit consists of pine-apples, papaws, and pomegranates. They have succeeded admirably in their rice, both at Nyangwé, Kasongo's, and Mwana Mamba's. Onions are a failure, the Arabs say, because of a species of worm which destroys them. The banana (*Musa paradisaica*) and plantain (*Musa sapientum*) are indigenous.

The Wagenya, as the Arabs call them, or Wenya—pronounced Wainya—as they style themselves, are a remarkable tribe of fishers, who inhabit both banks of the Lualaba, from the confluence of the Kamalondo on the left bank down to the sixth cataract of the Stanley Falls, and on the right bank from the confluence of the Luama down to Ubwiré or Usongora Meno.

The Wenya were the aborigines of Nyangwé, when the advanced party of Muini Dugumbi appeared on the scene, precursors of ruin, terror, and de-

population to the inhabitants of 700 squares miles of Manyema. Considering that the fertile open tract of country between the Luama and Nyangwé was exceedingly populous, as the ruins of scores of villages testify, sixty inhabitants to the square mile would not be too great a proportion. The river border, then, of Manyema, from the Luama to Nyangwé, may be said to have had a population of 42,000 souls, of which there remain probably only 20,000. The others have been deported, or massacred, or have fled to the islands or emigrated down the river.

The Arabs and Wangwana have murdered also the word Lualaba, or Lualowa. They have given us instead Ugalowa, Ugarowa, which must be rejected, as I never heard a single native west of the Tanganika use the term. It originated, no doubt, from some slave of Uhiyau, or Nyassa, Bisa, Unyamwezi, or other parts. Had an intelligent Arab heard the name first, we should most probably have received something nearer the correct word.

Manyema is variously pronounced as Mani-yema, Manu-ema, Mani-wema, but the first is the most popular.

For the spelling of the name Tanga-nika, I still maintain that that is the most correct, and that it is purer African than Tanga-ny-ika. Neither Arab, Mgwana, nor aborigine of the interior ever approached such a sound. It is pronounced the same as Amerika, Afrika, Angel-ica, Freder-ica. I have only heard one name throughout Africa resembling that which I reject, and that was Ny-ika, king of Gambaragara, pronounced Nye-ika.

Tippu-Tib arrived at Nyangwé on the 2nd of November, with a much larger force than I anticipated, for he had nearly 700 people with him. However, he explained that he was about to send some 300 of them to a country called Tata, while lies to the east of Usongora Meno.

On the 4th of November the members of the Expedition were mustered, and we ascertained that they numbered 146,\* and that we possessed the following arms—Sniders, 29; percussion-lock muskets, 32; Winchesters, 2; double-barrelled guns, 2; revolvers, 10; axes, 68. Out of this number of sixty-four guns, only forty were borne by trustworthy men; the others were mere pagazis, who would prefer becoming slaves to fighting for their freedom and lives. At the same time they were valuable as porters, and faithful to their allotted duties and their contract when not enticed away by outside influences or fear. The enormous force that Tippu-Tib brought to Nyangwé quite encouraged them, and when I asked them if they were ready to make good their promise to me at Zanzibar and Muta Nzigé lake, they replied unanimously in the affirmative.

“Then to-night, my friends,” said I, “you will pack up your goods, and to-morrow morning at the first hour let me see you in line before my house ready to start.”

\* This number was finally increased by the addition of six stout young fellows from Nyangwé, which made our total number of men, women, and children (sons of the Wangwana, from Zanzibar), 154.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Tippu-Tib's henchmen—In the primeval forest, a wilderness of trees—Primitive furniture—Our sufferings in the pagans' forest—Tippu-Tib breaks down—A village blacksmith—Soko skulls; the missing link—Professor Huxley's opinion thereon—THE LIVINGSTONE—A day dream—The road to the ocean—Timid counsels—"The Wasambye!"—"Ooh-hu! ooh-hu!"—Successful diplomacy.

WHEN, on the 5th of November, 1876, we had left Nyangwé behind us, and had ascended an elevated grassy ridge, we saw before us a black curving wall of forest, which, beginning from the river bank, extended south-east, until hills and distance made it indistinct.

I turned round to look at Nyangwé, which we were leaving. How loveable and cheerful it appeared as it crowned the shoulder of one of those lengthy grassy undulations overlooking the grey-brown Livingstone! How bright and warm appeared the plain-border of the river as the sun shone over its wind-fanned waves of grass! Even the hill-cones of Uzura and Western Manyema ranked in line between the forest and the grassy plain, which were now purpling and becoming like cloud-forms, seemed to me to have a more friendly and brighter appearance than the cold blackness of the dense forest which rose before us to the north!

What a forbidding aspect had the Dark Unknown which confronted us! I could not comprehend in the least what lay before us. Even the few names which I had heard from the Arabs conveyed no definite impression to my understanding. What were Tata, Meginna, Uregga, Usongora Meno, and such uncouth names to me? They conveyed no idea, and signified no object; they were barren names of either countries, villages, or peoples, involved in darkness, savagery, ignorance, and fable.

Yet it is our destiny to move on, whatever direction it may be that that narrow winding path, running among tall grasses, and down into gullies and across small streams, takes us, until we penetrate that cold, dark, still horizon before us, and emerge whithersoever the narrow path will permit us—a distance of 240 hours' travel.

The object of the desperate journey is to flash a torch of light across the western half of the Dark Continent. For from Nyangwé east, along the fourth parallel of south latitude, are some 830 geographical miles, discovered, explored, and surveyed, but westward to the Atlantic Ocean along the same latitude are



956 miles—over 900 geographical miles of which are absolutely unknown. Instead, however, of striking direct west, we are about to travel north on the eastern side of the river, to prevent it bending easterly to Muta Nzigé, or Nilewards, unknown to us, and to ascertain, if the river really runs westward, what affluents flow to it from the east; and to deduce from their size and volume some idea of the extent of country which they drain, and the locality of their sources.

A thousand things may transpire to prevent the accomplishment of our purpose: hunger, disease, and savage hostility may crush us; perhaps, after all, the difficulties may daunt us, but our hopes run high, and our purpose is lofty; then in the name of God let us set on, and as He pleases, so let Him rule our destinies!

After journeying a distance of nine miles and a half north-east, over a rolling plain covered with grass, we arrived at the villages of Nakasimbi; Tippu-Tib, with 700 people, men, women, and children, occupying two villages, while our Expedition occupied another overlooking a depression drained by a sluggish affluent of the Kunda river.

Tippu-Tib is accompanied by about a dozen Arabs, young or middle-aged, who have followed him in the hope of being rewarded by him or myself at the end of a prosperous journey.

Sheikh Hamed bin Mohammed, alias Tippu-Tib, alias Mtipula, we know already. To-day he is bland and courteous, enthusiastic, and sanguine that we shall succeed without trouble. The next in importance to him is an Arab—full-bearded, fine-featured, of a dark complexion, called Sheikh Abdallah, alias Muini Kibwana—a name adopted solely for Manyema. He is very ignorant, can neither read nor write, but has a vast regard for those who have mastered the secrets of literature, like Tippu-Tib. He is armed with a flintlock Brummagem musket, for which he has considerable affection, because—according to him—it has saved his life many a time. "It never lies."

The next is Muini Ibrahim, a Mrima (coast) man, of Arab descent, though ruder and unpolished. Americans would have nothing much to do with him, because the negroid evidences are so great that he would be classed as a full-blooded negro. Yet he speaks Arabic well, and is a fervid Muslim, but withal as superstitious as any primitive African. He affects to be religious, and consequently is not bloodthirsty, having some regard for the lives of human beings, and for this receiving due praise from me. He is also armed with a flintlock musket. Sheikh Abdallah and he are bosom friends, and possess five or six female slaves each, and from thirty to forty male slaves, likewise armed with flintlocks.

Tippu-Tib's Arab dependants, who dip their hands in the same porridge and meat-dish with the independent Sheikh Abdallah and Muini Ibrahim, consist of Muini Jumah (Master Friday), a nervous, tall young man; Chéché (Weasel)—a short, light-complexioned young man of twenty-five years of age; Bwana

Abed bin Jumah, the author of the dwarf story, who has consented to act as our guide; Muini Hamadi, a half-caste man of sturdy form and resolute appearance; and six or seven others of no special individuality or importance, except as so many dependants of Tippu-Tib.

The 700 followers who follow our Expedition at present consist of two parties; one party, composed of 300 men, women, and children, and commanded by Bwana Shokka (master of the axe), the confidential man of Tippu-Tib's staff, of great strength, tall and gaunt of person, and a renowned traveller; a man of great tact, and worth a fortune to his master, as he is exceedingly cool, speaks slowly, and by some rare gift conciliates the savages (when not actually attacked on the road), and makes them friends. In a few days he is to part from us, striking north-easterly for some dozen marches, the utmost reach of Arab intercourse.

The 400 who are to accompany us for a distance of sixty camps consist of about 250 men—Arabs, half-castes, Wangwana, 100 Wanyamwezi, Ruga-Ruga—mostly armed with spears and bows and arrows; others possess flintlocks. One hundred men consist of Barua, Manyema, Bakusu, Ba-Samba, and Utotera slaves; most of these slaves are armed with flintlocks, the others with formidable spears and shields. There are also about fifty youths, ranging from ten to eighteen years of age, being trained by Tippu-Tib as gun-bearers, house servants, scouts, cooks, carpenters, house-builders, blacksmiths, and leaders of trading parties. Meanwhile such young fellows are useful to him; they are more trustworthy than adults, because they look up to him as their father; and know that if they left him they would inevitably be captured by a less humane man. The remainder of this motley force consists of women, twenty of whom belong to the household of Tippu-Tib, all purchased with ivory, guns, cloth, or beads. Thirty women are the properties of the Arab dependants, chiefly half-castes and Wangwana, following Tippu-Tib.

Two hundred and ten out of the 400 I have pledged to support until they shall return to Nyangwé, at the same rate of ration currency that may be distributed to the members of our Expedition.

On the 6th of November we drew nearer to the dreaded black and chill forest called Mitamba, and at last, bidding farewell to sunshine and brightness, entered it.

We had made one mistake—we had not been up early enough. Tippu-Tib's heterogeneous column of all ages were ahead of us, and its want of order and compactness became a source of trouble to us in the rear.

We, accustomed to rapid marching, had to stand in our places minutes at a time waiting patiently for an advance of a few yards, after which would come another halt, and another short advance to be again halted. And all this time the trees kept shedding their dew upon us like rain in great round drops. Every leaf seemed weeping. Down the boles and branches, creepers and vegetable cords, the moisture trickled and fell on us. Overhead the wide-

spreading branches, in many interlaced strata, each branch heavy with broad thick leaves, absolutely shut out the daylight. We knew not whether it was a sunshiny day or a dull, foggy, gloomy day; for we marched in a feeble solemn twilight, such as you may experience in temperate climes an hour after sunset. The path soon became a stiff clayey paste, and at every step we splashed water over the legs of those in front, and on either side of us.

To our right and left, to the height of about twenty feet, towered the undergrowth, the lower world of vegetation. The soil on which this thrives is a dark-brown vegetable humus, the *débris* of ages of rotting leaves and fallen branches, a very forcing-bed of vegetable life, which, constantly fed with moisture, illustrates in an astonishing degree, the prolific power of the warm moist shades of the tropics.

The stiff clay lying under this mould, being impervious, retains the moisture which constantly supplies the millions of tiny roots of herb, plant and bush. The innumerable varieties of plants which spring up with such marvellous rapidity, if exposed to the gale, would soon be laid prostrate. But what rude blast can visit these imprisoned shades? The tempest might roar without the leafy world, but in its deep bosom there is absolute stillness. One has but to tug at a sapling to know that the loose mould has no retentive power, and that the sapling's roots have not penetrated the clays. Even the giants of the forest have not penetrated very deeply, as one may see by the half-exposed roots; they appear to retain their upright positions more by breadth of base than by their grasp of earth.

Every few minutes we found ourselves descending into ditches, with streams trending towards the Kunda river, discharged out of leafy depths of date-palms, *Amoma*, *Carpodinae*, and *Phrynica*. Climbing out from these streams, up their steep banks, our faces were brushed by the broad leaves of the *Amomum*, or the wild banana, ficus of various kinds, and climbing, crawling, obstructing lengths of wild vines.

Naturally our temper was not improved by this new travelling. The dew dropped and pattered on us incessantly until about 10 A.M. Our clothes were heavily saturated with it. My white sun-helmet and puggaree appeared to be weighted with lead. Being too heavy, and having no use for it in the cool dank shades, I handed it to my gun-bearer, for my clothes, gaiters, and boots, which creaked loudly with the water that had penetrated them, were sufficient weight for me to move with. Added to this vexation was the perspiration which exuded from every pore, for the atmosphere was stifling. The steam from the hot earth could be seen ascending upward and settling like a grey cloud above our heads. In the early morning it had been so dense that we could scarcely distinguish the various trees by their leafage.

At 3 P.M. we had reached Mpotira, in the district of Uzimba, Manyema, twenty-one miles and a half from the Arab depot on the Lualaba.

The poor boatmen did not arrive until evening, for the boat sections—

dreadful burdens—had to be driven like blunted ploughs through the depths of foliage. The men complained bitterly of fatigue, and for their sake we rested at Mpotira.

The nature of the next two days' experiences through the forest may be gathered by reading the following portions of entries in my journal:—

"November 8.—N.  $\frac{1}{2}$  W., nine miles to district of Karindi, or Kionga, Uregga.

"We have had a fearful time of it to-day in these woods, and Bwana Shokka, who has visited this region before, declares with superior pride that what we have experienced as yet is only a poor beginning to the weeks upon weeks which we shall have to endure. Such crawling, scrambling, tearing through the damp, dank jungles, and such height and depth of woods! . . . Once we obtained a side-long view from a tree on the crown of a hill, over the wild woods on our left, which swept in irregular waves of branch and leaf down to the valley of the Lualaba. Across the Lualaba, on the western bank, we looked with wistful eyes on what appeared to be green grassy plains. Ah, what a contrast to that which we had to endure! It was a wild weird scene, this outlook we obtained of the top of the leafy world! . . . It was so dark sometimes in the woods that I could not see the words, recording notes of the track, which I pencilled in my note-book. At 3.30 P.M. we arrived in camp, quite worn out with the struggle through the intermeshed bush, and almost suffocated with the heavy atmosphere. Oh, for a breath of mountain air!"

"November 9, 1876.—N.  $\frac{1}{2}$  W., ten and a half miles' march to Kiussi, Uregga.

"Another difficult day's work in the forest and jungle. Our Expedition is no longer the compact column which was my pride. It is utterly demoralized. Every man scrambles as he best may through the woods; the path, being over a clayey soil, is so slippery that every muscle is employed to assist our progress. The toes grasp the path, the head bears the load, the hand clears the obstructing bush, the elbow puts aside the sapling. Yesterday the boatmen complained so much that I organized all the chiefs into a pioneer party, with axes to clear the path. Of course we could not make a wide road. There were many prostrate giants fallen across the path, each with a mountain of twigs and branches, compelling us to cut roads through the bush a long distance to get round them. My boat-bearers are utterly wearied out."

On the 10th we halted for a well-deserved rest. We were now in Uregga—the forest country. Fenced round by their seldom penetrated woods, the Waregga have hitherto led lives as secluded as the troops of chimpanzees in their forest. Their villages consist of low rows of houses, all connected together in one block from 50 yards to 300 yards in length. The doorways are square apertures in the walls, only 2 feet square, and cut at about 18 inches above the ground. Within, the long block is divided into several apartments for the respective families. Like the Manyema houses, the roofs glisten as though smeared with coal-tar. There are shelves for fuel, and netting for

swinging their crockery: into the roof are thrust the various small knick-knacks which such families need—the pipe, and bunch of tobacco-leaves, the



UREGGA HOUSE.

stick of dried snails, various mysterious compounds wrapped in leaves of plants, pounded herbs, and what not. Besides these we noted, as household treasures, the skins of goats, mongoose or civet, weasel, wild cat, monkey, and leopard, shells of land snails, very large and prettily marked, and necklaces of the *Achatina monentaria*. There is also quite a store of powdered camwood,



STOOL OF UREGGA.



SPOONS OF UREGGA.

besides curiously carved bits of wood, supposed to be talismans against harm, and handsome spoons, while over the door are also horns of goats and small forest deer, and, occupying conspicuous places, the gaudy war head-dress of feathers of the grey-bodied and crimson-tailed parrots, the drum, and some heavy broad-bladed spears with ironwood staffs.



UREGGA SPEAR.

In the "arts and sciences" of savage life, these exceedingly primitive Africans, buried though they have been from all intercourse with others, are superior in some points to many tribes more favourably situated.



CANE SETTEE.

For instance, until the day I arrived at Kiussi village, I had not observed a

settee. Yet in the depths of this forest of Uregga every family possessed a neatly made water-cane settee, which would seat comfortably three persons.

Another very useful article of furniture was the bench 4 or 5 feet long, cut



BENCH.

out of a single log of the white soft wood of one of the Rubiaceæ, and significant as showing a more sociable spirit than that which seems to govern

Eastern Africans, among whom the rule is, "Every man to his own stool."

Another noteworthy piece of furniture is the fork of a tree, cut off where the branches begin to ramify. This, when trimmed and peeled, is placed in an inverted position. The branches, sometimes three or even four, serve as legs of a singular back-rest.

The southern Waregga who border upon Uzimba and Manyema say they came from the north some five or six generations ago; that they found the forest in possession of the Wavinza and Wazimba, and dispossessed them of the land. They retain the names of their forefathers from six to ten generations back. Sheikh Abdallah questioned the chief of Kiussi in my presence of his forefathers, and he gave in succession ten different names in answer to questions such as these: "What is your name?" "Who was your father?" and "Whose son was he?" "Then who was his father?"

All the adult males wear skull-caps of goat or monkey-skin, except the chief and elders, whose heads were covered with the aristocratic leopard-skin, with the tail of the leopard hanging down the back like a tassel.

AN AFRICAN FEZ OF  
LEOPARD-SKIN.

The women were weighted with massive and bright iron rings. One of them, who was probably a lady of importance, carried at least 12 lbs. of iron and 5 lbs. of copper rings on her arms and legs, besides a dozen necklaces of the indigenous *Achatina monentaria*.

From Kiussi, through the same dense jungle and forest, with its oppressive atmosphere and its soul-wearying impediments, we made a journey of fourteen miles to Mirimo. Four streams were crossed, all trending westward to the Lualaba, the two principal being the Rugunsi and Rumuna rivers. Mirimo is a populous settlement, and its people are good-natured.

The boatmen did not arrive at all on this day, the obstacles having been too great, but on the 12th, about noon, they appeared, utterly disheartened at the delays which had deprived them of their food and rest.

On the 13th we moved to Wanekamankua, crossing *en route* the Kariba river and two small streams.

Our next march was to Wane-Mbeza, in Uregga, eight miles in a north-westerly direction. We crossed the Kipembwé, a river 40 yards wide, deep and swift, which flows westward.

Uregga, it appears, occupies a broad belt of country lying north-east and south-west. Its people know nothing of the immediate settlements contiguous to them, and though within twenty miles of the Lualaba, many adult males at Wane-Mbeza had never seen it. They have been imprisoned now for some five or six generations within their almost impenetrable forest fastnesses, and the difficulty of travelling, and the danger that would be incurred unless they united in strong bands, are the causes of their knowing nothing of the world outside, and the outside world knowing nothing of them.

The Wangwana began at this place to murmur loudly, while the boatmen, though assisted by a dozen supernumeraries, and preceded by a gang of pioneers, were becoming perfectly savage; but the poor fellows had certainly cause for discontent. I pitied them from my soul, yet I dared not show too great a solicitude, lest they should have presumed upon it, and requested me either to return to Nyangwé or to burn my boat.

Even Tippu-Tib, whom I anxiously watched, as on him I staked all my hopes and prospects, murmured. Sheikh Abdallah was heard to growl ominously, and Bwana Ibrahim was particularly severe in his remarks upon "the pagans' forest." The evil atmosphere created sickness in the Arab escort, but all my people maintained their health, if not their temper.

At this camp we parted from Bwana Shokka and his 300, who were about to penetrate some eight or ten marches more to the north-east to Tata country. I have a suspicion that "Tata" is not a proper name, but that it simply signifies "farther in."

On the 15th we marched six miles and a half to Wane-Kirumbu. From this village, which, like all the villages that we had passed, crowned a hill, we obtained the most extended view we had enjoyed since entering the forest. Towards the north and north-east the outlook was over a jumble of forest-clad hills separating narrow and deep valleys. The view was indeed most depressing and portentous.

Our march, short as it was, was full of incidents. The constant slush and reek which the heavy dews caused in the forest through which we had travelled the last ten days had worn my shoes out, and half of the march I travelled with naked feet. I had then to draw out of my store my last pair of shoes. Frank was already using his last pair. Yet we were still in the very centre of the continent. What should we do when all were gone? was a question which we asked of each other often.

The faces of the people, Arabs, Wangwana, Wanyamwezi, and the escort, were quite a study at this camp. All their courage was oozing out, as day

by day we plodded through the doleful, dreary forest. We saw a python 10 feet long, a green viper, and a monstrous puff-adder on this march, besides scores of monkeys, of the white-necked or glossy black species, as also the small grey, and the large howling baboons. We heard also the "soko" or chimpanzee, and saw one "nest" belonging to it in the fork of a tall bombax. A lemur was also observed; its loud harsh cries made each night hideous.

The path presented myriapedes, black and brown, 6 inches in length, while beetles were innumerable, and armies of the deep brown "hot-water" ants compelled us to be cautious how we stepped.

The difficulties of such travel as we had now commenced may be imagined when a short march of six miles and a half occupied the twenty-four men who were carrying the boat sections an entire day, and so fatigued them that we had to halt another day at Wane-Kirumbu, to recruit their exhausted strength.

The terrible undergrowth that here engrossed all the space under the shade of the pillared bombax and mast-like mvulé was a miracle of vegetation. It consisted of ferns, spear-grass, water-cane, and orchidaceous plants mixed with wild vines, cable thicknesses of the *Ficus elastica*, and a sprinkling of mimosas, acacias, tamarinds; lianes, palms of various species, wild date, *Raphia vinifera*, the elais, the fan, rattans, and a hundred other varieties, all struggling for every inch of space, and swarming upward with a luxuriance and density that only this extraordinary hothouse atmosphere could nourish. We had certainly seen forests before but this scene was an epoch in our lives ever to be remembered for its bitterness; the gloom enhanced the dismal misery of our life; the slopping moisture, the unhealthy reeking atmosphere, and the monotony of the scenes; nothing but the eternal interlaced branches, the tall aspiring stems, rising from a tangle through which we had to burrow and crawl like wild animals, on hands and feet.

About 9 A. M. Tippu-Tib and the Arabs came to my hut at Wane-Kirumbu. After a long preamble, wherein he described the hardships of the march, Tippu-Tib concluded by saying that he had come to announce his wish that our contract should be dissolved!

In a moment it flashed on my mind that a crisis had arrived. Was the Expedition to end here? I urged with all my powers the necessity for keeping engagements so deliberately entered into.

"It is of no use," Tippu-Tib replied, "to have two tongues. Look at it how you may, those sixty camps will occupy us at the rate we are travelling over a year, and it will take as much time to return. I never was in this forest before, and I had no idea there was such a place in the world; but the air is killing my people, it is insufferable. You will kill your own people if you go on. They are grumbling every day more and more. This country was not made for travel; it was made for vile pagans, monkeys, and wild beasts. I cannot go farther."



"Will Tippu-Tib then return to Nyangwé, and break his word and bond? What will all the Arabs at Nyangwé, Mwana Mamba, and Kasongo's say when they hear that Tippu-Tib, who was the first Arab to penetrate Rua, proceeded only a few days with his friend, and then returned?"

"Show me a man's work, and I will do it."

"Well, look here, Tippu-Tib. The land on the west bank of the Lualaba is more open than this, and the road that Mtagamoyo took to go to the Lumami is on that side. Though the land is more open, I hear that the people are worse there than on this side. However, we are not Mtagamoyo, and they may behave better with us. Let us try the other side.

"Now, I will give you choice of two contracts. Accompany me to the river, and wait while I transport my people across, and I will give you 500 dollars; or accompany me twenty marches farther along the west bank, and I will give you 2600 dollars. At the end of that time, if you see your way clear, I will engage you for another journey, until I am quite satisfied that I can go no farther. Provisions will be given your people until we part, and from that point back to Nyangwé."

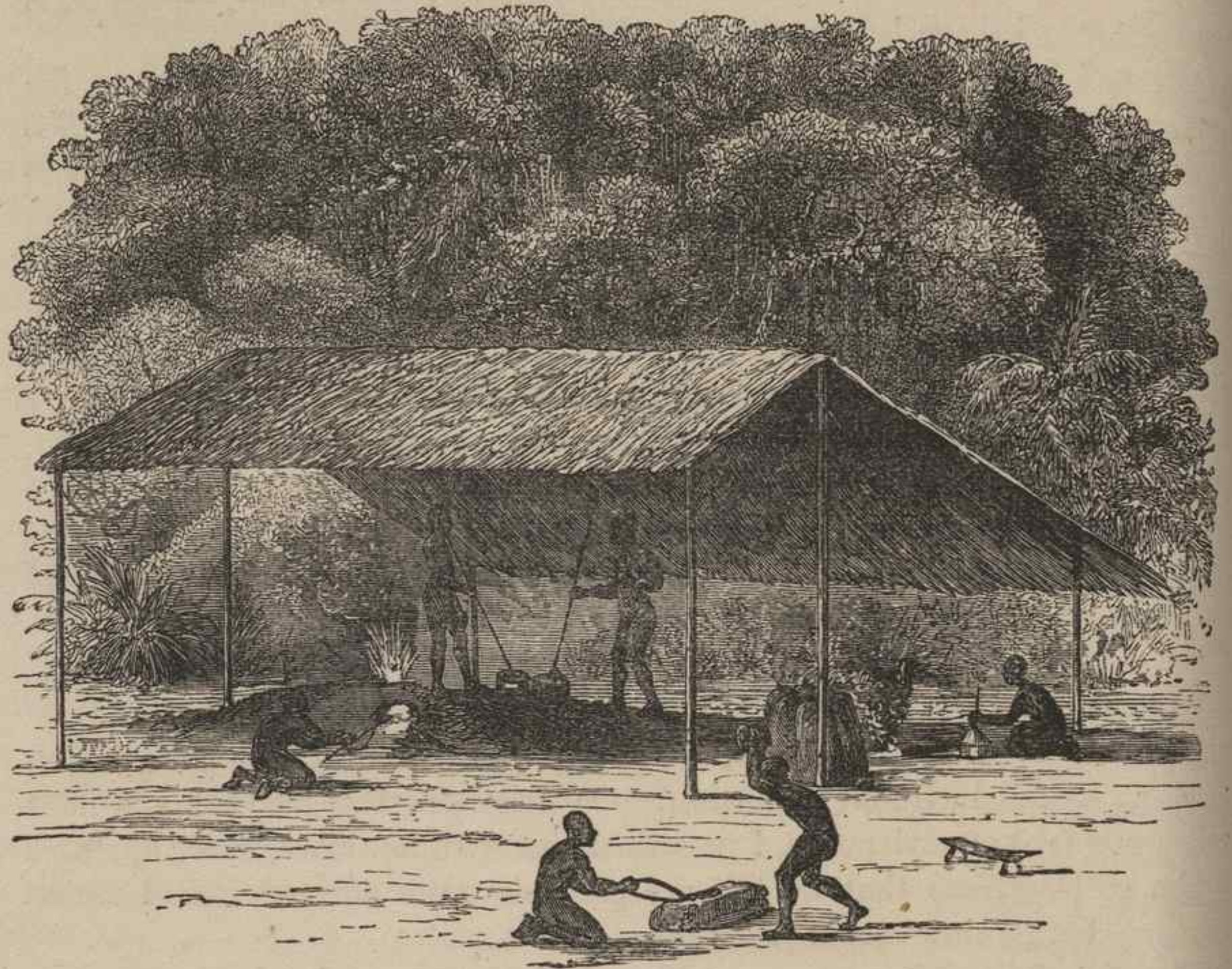
For two hours I plied him with arguments, and at last, when I was nearly exhausted, Tippu-Tib consented to accompany me twenty marches farther, beginning from the camp we were then in. It was a fortunate thing indeed for me that he agreed to this, as his return so close to Nyangwé in the present dispirited condition of my people's minds would have undoubtedly ensured the destruction of all my hopes.

The natives of Uregga are not liberally disposed. Wane-Kirumbu's chief, was the first who consented to exchange gifts with me. He presented me with a chicken and some bananas, and I reciprocated the gift with five cowries, which he accepted without a murmur. On witnessing this pleasing and most uncommon trait of moderation, I presented him with ten more, which appeared to him so bounteous that he left my presence quite affected, indeed almost overcome by his emotions of gratitude.

The men of these forest communities of Uregga, upon the decease of their wives, put on symbols of mourning, namely, a thick daub of charcoal paste over the face, which they retain for five "years"—two and a half European years. Widows also mourn for their husbands a like period, with the same disfigurement of features, but with the addition of bands of sere leaf of the banana round the forehead. In Uzimba and Manyema, of North Luama districts, the mourning only lasts two native years, or one European year.

At Wane-Kirumbu we found a large native forge and smithy, where there were about a dozen smiths busily at work. The iron ore is very pure. Here were the broad-bladed spears of Southern Uregga, and equally broad knives of all sizes, from the small waist knife, an inch and a half in length, to the heavy Roman sword-like cleaver. The bellows for the smelting furnace are four in number, double-handled, and manned by four men, who, by a quick up and

down motion, supply a powerful blast, the noise of which is heard nearly half a mile from the scene. The furnace consists of tamped clay, raised into a mound about 4 feet high. A hollow is then excavated in it, 2 feet in diameter and 2 feet deep. From the middle of the slope four apertures are excavated into the base of the furnace, into which are fitted funnel-shaped earthenware pipes to convey the blasts to the fire. At the base of the mound a wide aperture for the hearth is excavated, penetrating below the furnace. The hearth receives the dross and slag.



A FORGE AND SMITHY AT WANE-KIRUMBU, UREGGA.

Close by stood piled up mat-sacks of charcoal, with a couple of boys ready to supply the fuel, and about two yards off was a smaller smithy, where the iron was shaped into hammers, axes, war-hatchets, spears, knives, swords, wire, iron balls with spikes, leglets, armlets, and iron beads, &c. The art of the blacksmith is of a high standard in these forests, considering the loneliness of the inhabitants. The people have much traditional lore, and it appears from the immunity which they have enjoyed in these dismal retreats that, from one generation to another something has been communicated and learned, showing that even the jungle man is a progressive and an improvable animal.

On the 17th of November we crossed several lofty hilly ridges, separated by appallingly gloomy ravines, through which several clear streams flowed

westward, and after a march of eleven miles north-westerly through the dank, dripping forests, arrived at Kampunzu, in the district of Uvinza, where dwell the true aborigines of the forest country.

Kampunzu village is about five hundred yards in length, formed of one street thirty feet wide, flanked on each side by a straight, symmetrical, and low block of houses, gable-roofed. Several small villages in the neighbourhood are of the same pattern.

The most singular feature of Kampunzu village were two rows of skulls, ten feet apart, running along the entire length of the village, imbedded about two inches deep in the ground, the "cerebral hemispheres" uppermost, bleached, and glistening white from weather. The skulls were 186 in number in this one village. To me they appeared to be human, though many had an extraordinary projection of the posterior lobes, others of the parietal bones, and the frontal bones were unusually low and retreating; yet the sutures and the general aspect of the greatest number of them were so similar to what I believed to be human, that it was almost with an indifferent air that I asked my chiefs and Arabs what these skulls were. They replied, "sokos"—chimpanzees (?).

"Sokos from the forest?"

"Certainly," they all replied.

"Bring the chief of Kampunzu to me immediately," I said, much interested now because of the wonderful reports of them that Livingstone had given me as also the natives of Manyema.

The chief of Kampunzu—a tall, strongly-built man of about thirty-five years of age—appeared, and I asked,

"My friend, what are those things with which you adorn the street of your village?"

He replied, "Nyama" (meat).

"Nyama! Nyama of what?"

"Nyama of the forest."

"Of the forest! What kind of thing is this Nyama of the forest?"

"It is about the size of this boy," pointing to Mabruki, my gun-bearer, who was 4 feet 10 inches in height. "He walks like a man, and goes about with a stick, with which he beats the trees in the forest, and makes hideous noises. The Nyama eat our bananas, and we hunt them, kill them, and eat them."

"Are they good eating?" I asked.

He laughed, and replied that they were very good.

"Would you eat one if you had one now?"

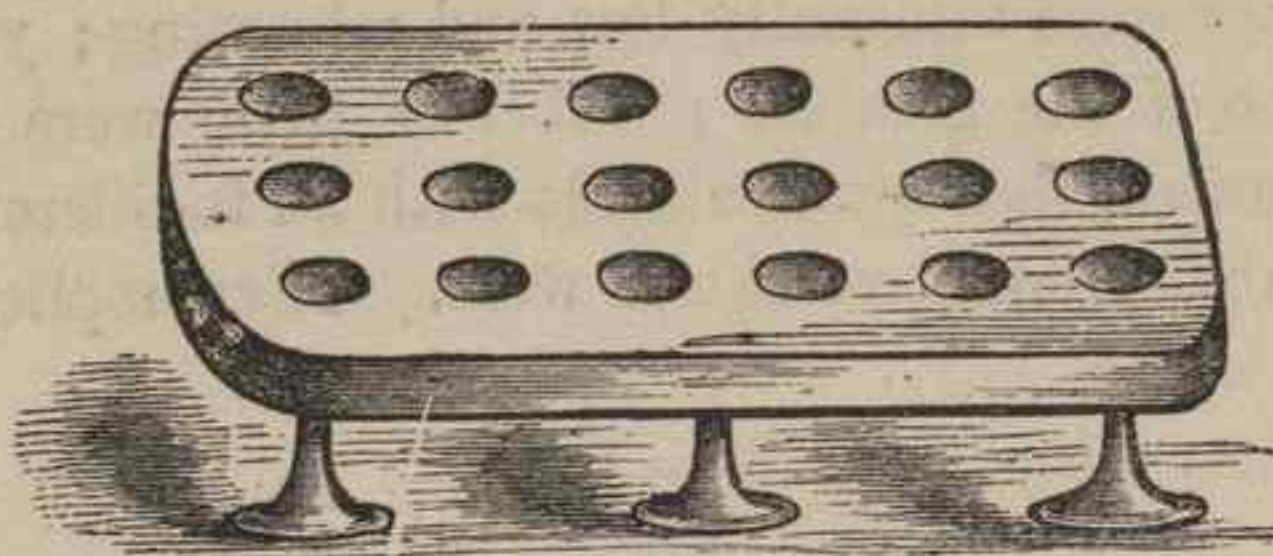
"Indeed I would. Shall a man refuse meat?"

"Well, look here. I have one hundred cowries here. Take your men, and catch one, and bring him to me alive or dead. I only want his skin and head. You may have the meat."

Kampunzu's chief, before he set out with his men, brought me a portion of the skin of one, which probably covered the back. The fur was dark grey, an inch long, with the points inclined to white; a line of darker hair marked the spine. This, he assured me, was a portion of the skin of a "soko." He also showed me a cap made out of it, which I purchased.

The chief returned about evening unsuccessful from the search. He wished us to remain two or three days that he might set traps for the "sokos," as they would be sure to visit the bananas at night. Not being able to wait so many days, I obtained for a few cowries the skull of a male, and another of a female.\*

In this village were also observed those carved benches cut out of the Rubiaceæ already mentioned, backgammon trays, and stools carved in the



BACKGAMMON TRAY.

most admirable manner, all being decorated around the edges of the seats with brass tacks and "soko teeth."

Copper appeared to be abundant with the Wavinza. It was wound around their spear-staffs, and encircled the lower limbs and arms, the handles of

their knives, walking-staffs, and hung from their necks in beads, and small shot-like balls of it were fastened to their hair.

In addition to their short broad-bladed spears, the Wavinza were armed with small but strong bows, the strings of which were formed of strips of the rattan cane. The arrows are about a foot in length, made of reeds, pointed, and smeared with vegetable poison. The Wavinza do not employ iron heads.

\* These two skulls were safely brought to England, and shown to Professor Huxley, who has passed judgment upon them as follows:—

"Of the two skulls submitted to me for examination, the one is that of a man probably somewhat under thirty years of age, and the other that of a woman over fifty.

"The man's skull exhibits all the characteristic peculiarities of the negro type, including a well-marked, but not unusual, degree of prognathism. In the female skull the only point worth notice is a somewhat unusual breadth of the anterior nasal aperture in proportion to its height, indicating that the nostrils may have been slightly farther apart, and the extremity of the nose a little flatter than usual.

"In both skulls the cephalic index is 75. Nothing in these skulls justifies the supposition that their original possessors differed in any sensible degree from the ordinary African negro."

Professor Huxley, by the above, startles me with the proof that Kampunzu's people were cannibals, for at least one half of the number of skulls seen by me bore the mark of a hatchet, which had been driven into the head while the victims were alive.

It requires a peculiar skill for these weapons. The Wanyamwezi bowmen were unable to shoot the arrows farther than from fifty to seventy yards. An aboriginal, smiling at their awkwardness, shot an arrow a distance of 200 yards. The natives boast that the slightest scratch is sufficient to doom even an elephant, for it is by this means they have been able to obtain ivory for Molembalemba (Dugumbi of Nyangwé).

Blood-brotherhood being considered as a pledge of goodwill and peace Frank Pocock and the chief went through the ordeal, and we interchanged presents.

From this village a path leads to Meginna and Miango, near the Urindi river, on the south side of which the Arabs say there is abundance of coal, "very black and shining." A path also leads north-east to Kirari, four hours', and Makongo, seven hours' distance from Kampunzu. They also say that a two months' journey east-north-east (magnetic) would bring us to open country, where there is abundance of cattle.

The women of Uregga wear only aprons 4 inches square, of bark or grass cloth, fastened by cords of palm fibre. The men wear skins of civet, or monkey, in front and rear, the tails downwards. It may have been from a hasty glance of a rapidly disappearing form of one of these people in the wild woods that native travellers in the lake regions felt persuaded that they had seen "men with tails."

The ficus trees, which supply Uganda, Unyamwezi, Ukonongo, Goma, and Uregga with bark cloth, register the age of the respective settlements where they are found, and may be said to be historical monuments of the people which planted them. In Uddu-Uganda, especially in Southern Uddu, I saw patriarchs which must have been four or five hundred years old. If a cloth-producing ficus is 2 feet in diameter, it may be regarded as a monument of antiquity; one ten inches in diameter as over a hundred years old; one six inches in diameter as over forty years. The oldest tree of this species in Southern Uregga that I saw could not have exceeded eighty years.

On the 19th a march of five miles through the forest west from Kampunzu brought us to the Lualaba, in south latitude  $3^{\circ} 35'$ , just forty-one geographical miles north of the Arab depot Nyangwé. An afternoon observation for longitude showed east longitude  $25^{\circ} 49'$ . The name Lualaba terminates here. I mean to speak of it henceforth as THE LIVINGSTONE.

We found, when twenty miles from the river, that many of the Waregga had never seen it, though they had heard of it as the Lu-al-ow-wa. Had not Livingstone spoken of the river at Nyangwé as the Lualaba, I should not have mentioned the word except as a corruption by the Waguha of the Wenya term Lu-al-ow-wa, but as the river changes its name each time after receiving an affluent, it would be useless to endeavour to retain so many names in the memory.

The Livingstone was 1200 yards wide from bank to bank opposite the

landing-place of Kampunzu. As there were no people dwelling within a mile of the right bank, we prepared to encamp. My tent was pitched about thirty feet from the river, on a grassy spot; Tippu-Tib and his Arabs were in the bushes; while the 550 people of whom the Expedition consisted began to prepare a site for their huts, by enlarging the open space around the landing-place.

While my breakfast (for noon) was cooking, and my tent was being drawn taut and made trim, a mat was spread on a bit of short grass, soft as an English lawn, a few yards from the water. Some sedgy reeds obstructed my view, and as I wished while resting to watch the river gliding by, I had them all cropped off short.

Frank and the Wangwana chiefs were putting the boat sections together in the rear of the camp; I was busy thinking, planning a score of things—what time it would be best to cross the river, how we should commence our acquaintance with the warlike tribes on the left bank, what our future would be, how I should succeed in conveying our large force across, and, in the event of a determined resistance, what we should do, &c.

Gentle as a summer's dream, the brown wave of the great Livingstone flowed by; broad and deep. On the opposite bank loomed darkly against the sky another forest, similar to the one which had harrowed our souls. I obtained from my seat a magnificent view of the river, flanked by black forests, gliding along, with a serene grandeur and an unspeakable majesty of silence about it that caused my heart to yearn towards it.

“Downward it flows to the unknown! to night-black clouds of mystery and fable, mayhap past the lands of the anthropoids, the pigmies, and the blanket-eared men of whom the gentle pagan king of Karagwé spoke, by leagues upon leagues of unexplored lands, populous with scores of tribes, of whom not a whisper has reached the people of other continents; perhaps that fabulous being the dread Macoco, of whom Bartolomeo Diaz, Cada Mosto, and Dapper have written, is still represented by one who inherits his ancient kingdom and power, and surrounded by barbarous pomp. Something strange must surely lie in the vast space occupied by total blankness on our maps, between Nyangwé and ‘Tuckey’s Farthest!’”

“I seek a road to connect these two points. We have laboured through the terrible forest, and manfully struggled through the gloom. My people’s hearts have become faint. I seek a road. Why, here lies a broad watery avenue cleaving the Unknown to some sea, like a path of light! Here are woods all around, sufficient for a thousand fleets of canoes. Why not build them?”

I sprang up; told the drummer to call to muster. The people responded wearily to the call. Frank and the chiefs appeared. The Arabs and their escort came also, until a dense mass of expectant faces surrounded me. I turned to them and said:—

"Arabs! sons of Unyamwezi! children of Zanzibar! listen to words. We have seen the Mitamba of Uregga. We have tasted its bitterness, and have groaned in spirit. We seek a road. We seek something by which we may travel. I seek a path that shall take me to the sea. I have found it."

"Ah! ah—h!" and murmurs and inquiring looks at one another.

"Yes! El hamd ul Illah. I have found it. Regard this mighty river. From the beginning it has flowed on thus, as you see it flow to-day. It has flowed on in silence and darkness. Whither? To the Salt Sea, as all rivers go! By that Salt Sea, on which the great ships come and go live my friends and your friends. Do they not?"

"Cries of "Yes! yes!"

"Yet, my people, though this river is so great, so wide and deep, no man has ever penetrated the distance lying between this spot on which we stand and our white friends who live by the Salt Sea. Why? Because it was left for us to do."

"Ah, no! no! no!" and desponding shakes of the head.

"Yes," I continued, raising my voice; "I tell you, my friends, it has been left from the beginning of time until to-day for us to do. It is our work, and no other. It is the voice of Fate! The ONE God has written that this year the river shall be known throughout its length! We will have no more Mitambas; we will have no more panting and groaning by the wayside; we will have no more hideous darkness; we will take to the river, and keep to the river. To-day I shall launch my boat on that stream, and it shall never leave it until I finish my work. I swear it."

"Now, you Wangwana! You, who have followed me through Turu, and sailed around the great lakes with me; you, who have followed me, like children following their father, through Unyoro, and down to Ujiji, and as far as this wild, wild land, will you leave me here? Shall I and my white brother go alone? Will you go back and tell my friends that you left me in this wild spot, and cast me adrift to die? Or will you, to whom I have been so kind, whom I love as I would love my children, will you bind me, and take me back by force? Speak, Arabs? Where are my young men, with hearts of lions? Speak, Wangwana, and show me those who dare follow me?"

Uledi, the coxswain, leaped upward, and then sprang towards me, and kneeling grasped my knees, and said, "Look on me, my master! I am one! I will follow you to death!" "And I," Kachéché cried; "and I, and I, and I," shouted the boat's crew.

"It is well. I knew I had friends. You then who have cast your lot with me stand on one side, and let me count you."

There were thirty-eight! Ninety-five stood still and said nothing.

"I have enough. Even with you, my friends, I shall reach the sea. But there is plenty of time. We have not yet made our canoes. We have not yet parted with the Arabs. We have yet a long distance to travel with

Tippu-Tib. We may meet with good people from whom we may buy canoes. And by the time we part I am sure that the ninety-five men now fearing to go with us will not leave their brothers, and their master and his white brother, to go down the river without them. Meantime I give you many thanks, and shall not forget your names."

The assembly broke up, and each man proceeded about his special duties. Tippu-Tib, Sheikh Abdallah, and Muini Ibrahim sat on the mat, and commenced to try to persuade me not to be so rash, and to abandon all idea of descending the river. In my turn I requested them not to speak like children, and, however they might think, not to disclose their fears to the Wangwana; but rather to encourage them to do their duty, and share the dangers with me, because the responsibility was all my own, and the greatest share of danger would be mine; and that I would be in front to direct and guide and save, and for my own sake as well as for their sake would be prudent.

In reply, they spoke of cataracts and cannibals, and warlike tribes. They depreciated the spirit of the Wangwana, and declaimed against men who were once slaves; refused to concede one virtue to them, either of fidelity, courage, or gratitude, and predicted that the end would be death to all.

"Speak no more, Tippu-Tib. You who have travelled all your life among slaves have not yet learned that there lies something good in the heart of every man that God made. Men were not made all bad, as you say. For God is good, and He made all men. I have studied my people; I know them and their ways. It will be my task to draw the good out of them while they are with me; and the only way to do it is to be good to them, for good produces good. As you value my friendship, and hope to receive money from me, be silent. Speak not a word of fear to my people, and when we part, I shall make known my name to you. To you, and to all who are my friends, I shall be 'the white man with the open hand.' But if not, then I shall be 'Kipara-moto.'"

While I had been speaking, a small canoe with two men was seen advancing from the opposite bank. One of the interpreters was called, and told to speak to them quietly, and to ask them to bring canoes to take us across.

"Ndugu, O ndugu" ("Brother, O brother"), the interpreter hailed them, "we are friends; we wish to cross the river. Bring your canoes and take us to the other side, and we will give you plenty of shells and beads."

"Who are you?"

"We are Warungwana" (Wangwana).

"Where from?"

"From Nyangwe."

"Ah! you are Wasambye!" (the uncircumcised):

"No; we have a white man with us as chief, and he is kind."

"If he fills my canoe with shells, I will go and tell the Wenya that you want to cross the river."



"We cannot give so much as that, but we will give ten shells for each man."

"We want a thousand shells for each man, or you shall never cross the river."

"Ah, but, Ndugu, that is too much; come, we will give you twenty shells for each."

"Not for ten thousand, brother. We do not want you to cross the river. Go back, Wasambye; you are bad! Wasambye are bad, bad, bad! The river is deep, Wasambye! Go back, Wasambye; you are bad, bad! The river is deep, Wasambye! You have not wings, Wasambye! Go back, Wasambye!"

After saying which they sang the wildest, weirdest note I ever heard, and sent it pealing across the river. "Ooh-hu, ooh-hu-hu-hu!" In response we heard hundreds of voices sing out a similar note—"Ooh-hu, ooh-hu-hu-hu!"

"That is a war-cry, master," said the interpreter.

"Nonsense, don't be foolish. What cause is there for war?"

"These wild people do not need cause; they are simply wild beasts."

"I will prove to you before two hours you are wrong," I said.

By the time I had finished my breakfast the *Lady Alice* was in the river, and a loud shout of applause greeted her appearance on her natural element.

The boat's crew, with Uledi as coxswain, and Tippu-Tib, Sheikh Abdallah, Muini Ibrahim, Bwana Abed (the guide), Muini Jumah, and two interpreters and myself as passengers, entered the boat. We were rowed up the river for half an hour, and then struck across to a small island in mid-stream. With the aid of a glass I examined the shores, which from our camp appeared to be dense forest. We saw that there were about thirty canoes tied to the bank, and amongst the trees I detected several houses. The bank was crowded with human beings, who were observing our movements.

We re-entered our boat, and pulled straight across to the left bank, then floated down slowly with the current, meantime instructing the interpreters as to what they should say to the Wenya.

When we came opposite, an interpreter requested them to take a look at the white man who had come to visit their country, who wished to make friends with them, who would give them abundance of shells, and allow none of his men to appropriate a single banana, or do violence to a single soul; not a leaf would be taken, nor a twig burned, without being paid for.

The natives, gazing curiously at me, promised after a consultation, that if we made blood-brotherhood with them there should be no trouble, and that for this purpose the white chief accompanied by ten men, should proceed early next morning to the island, where he would be met by the chief of the Wenya and his ten men, and that after the ceremony, all the canoes should cross and assist to carry our people to their country.

After thanking them, we returned to camp, highly elated with our success. At 4 A.M., however, the boat secretly conveyed twenty men with Kachéché,

who had orders to hide in the brushwood, and, returning to camp at 7 A.M., conveyed Frank and ten men, who were to perform the ceremony of brotherhood, to the island. On its return, I entered the boat, and was rowed a short way up-stream along the right bank, so that, in case of treachery, I might be able to reach the island within four minutes to lend assistance.

About 9 A.M. six canoes full of men were seen to paddle to the island. We saw them arrive before it, and finally to draw near. Earnestly and anxiously I gazed through my glass at every movement. Other canoes were seen advancing to the island. It was well, I thought, that Frank had his reserve hidden so close at hand. A few seconds after the latest arrivals had appeared on the scene, I saw great animation, and almost at once those curious cries came pealing up the river. There were animated shouts, and a swaying of bodies, and, unable to wait longer, we dashed towards the island, and the natives on seeing us approach paddled quickly to their landing-place.

"Well, Frank. What was the matter?" I asked.

"I never saw such wretches in my life, sir. When that last batch of canoes came, their behaviour, which was decent before, changed. They surrounded us. Half of them remained in the canoes; those on land began to abuse us violently, handling their spears, and acting so furiously that if we had not risen with our guns ready they would have speared us as we were sitting down waiting to begin the ceremony. But Kachéché, seeing their wild behaviour and menacing gestures, advanced quietly from the brushwood with his men, on seeing which they ran to their canoes, where they held their spears ready to launch when you came."

"Well, no harm has been done yet," I replied; "so rest where you are, while I take Kachéché and his men across to their side, where a camp will be formed; because, if we delay to-day crossing, we shall have half of the people starving by to-morrow morning."

After embarking Kachéché, we steered for a point in the woods above the native village, and, landing thirty men with axes, proceeded to form a small camp, which might serve as a nucleus until we should be enabled to transport the Expedition. We then floated down river opposite the village, and, with the aid of an interpreter, explained to them that as we had already landed thirty men in their country, it would be far better that they should assist us in the ferriage, for which they might feel assured they would be well paid. At the same time I tossed a small bag of beads to them. In a few minutes they consented, and six canoes, with two men in each, accompanied us to camp. The six canoes and the boat conveyed eighty people safely to the left bank; and then other canoes, animated by the good understanding that seemed to prevail between us, advanced to assist, and by night every soul associated with our Expedition was rejoicing by genial camp-fires in the villages of the Wenya.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Mama, the Wasambye!"—The fight in the Ruiki—The lost found—Dangerous disobedience—In the nick of time—A savage captive—Music hath charms—In the haunts of Nature—A town of one street—Deserted villages—Organizing a hospital—An island wasted by lightning—"The people of the filed teeth"—Primitive salt-making—Hostages captured—At close quarters—Raining arrows—"Bo-bo, bo-bo, bo-bo-o-o-oh!"—A desperate affair and opportune reinforcements—Cutting the canoes adrift—Tippu-Tib deserts me—My appeal to the "sea-children"—Christmas Day among the cannibals—"Victory or death!"

WE had hoped to pass our first day in the Wenya land in kindly interchange of gifts, and engaging the wild hearts of the natives by ostentatious liberality. But lo! when we searched in the morning for the aborigines they were gone!

Many a village stood in the neighbourhood of the main landing, embowered in the thick shade of tamarind and bombax, teak, iron-wood, and elais palm, but the inhabitants were fled! Each village street had its two rows of bleached trophies of eaten humanity, with an attempt at a ghastly decoration similar to "rockery." The canoes were all left at the landing-place; the fruit of the banana and the plantain hung on the stalks, and the crimson palm-nuts swayed in clusters above our heads, but word was given to our people that nothing should be touched on penalty of fearful punishment.

It was absolutely necessary that our introduction to the Wenya tribe should be heralded by peaceful intercourse. We therefore rested, and sent people round about with shells to purchase food for their respective messes. Only Kachéché and Murabo, one of the boat-boys, succeeded in reaching an inhabited village, but no sooner were they seen than they had to run for their lives back to camp.

Leaving everything untouched, we departed from this first village of the Wenya. My boat floated down river with thirty-six people on board according to agreement, with Frank, Tippu-Tib, and the land party following the river-bank, until we should arrive at a village where we might purchase food.

From the villages below, at least from many, long before we had floated abreast of them, rang out the strange war-cries, "Ooh-hu-hu! Ooh-hu-hu!" and the natives decamped into the bush, leaving everything they possessed *in situ*. This was only to lure us to our destruction, for had we been tempted to capture their goats and black pigs, they would no doubt have rushed from

the bushes on the unwary. We, however, were not to be thus tempted to felony and our destruction, and quietly floated down past them.

We then came abreast of a forest, uninhabited, and about three miles in length, and after that sighted a plantation of bananas. We could see the tops of the low gable-roofed houses, but none of the natives descried us until we were within a hundred yards of a large and wealthy village. Then a little child, coming down the high banks to fetch water, suddenly lifting her head, saw us close to the landing, and screamed out, "Mama, the Wasambye! the Wasambye are coming!"

At the name, which seemed to be a dreaded one—no doubt because of Mtagamoyo and his uncircumcised Wanyamwezi—the people, who, it seemed, were holding a market, scattered immediately, the women screaming, "Wasambye! Wasambye!" and the banana stalk and bushes shaking violently, as everybody in a panic flew into the jungle, like a herd of buffaloes stung to frenzy by a fly pest. By the time we had glided down a few paces beyond the landing there was a deathly silence.

We passed by three or four other villages, but the inhabitants simply responded to our attempts at intercourse by protruding their heads from the bushes and shouting "Ooh-hu-hu! Ooh-hu-hu! Ooh-hu-hu!"

At 3 P.M. we came to the Ruiki river, which at the mouth was about 100 yards wide, a black and sluggish stream, with an average depth of about twelve feet. As the land division would be unable to cross this stream without the aid of a boat, we camped at a point between the right bank and the left bank of the Livingstone, in east longitude  $25^{\circ} 33'$  and south latitude  $3^{\circ} 26'$ .

We halted on the 23rd of November, awaiting the arrival of the land division, and meanwhile built a strong camp. We saw several forms on the opposite side of the Ruiki, in the village of chief Kasongo, but they would not deign to answer us, though our interpreter made frequent attempts to induce them to converse. Our party was only thirty-six in number, including myself, and we had but a few bananas, which had been obtained at Kampunzu. Before we could hope to purchase anything from the natives an intercourse of some kind had to be opened. But the aborigines, for some reason, persisted in their distrustful reserve. However, we waited patiently for the land force until sunset, and all night maintained a strict watch lest our boat should be stolen.

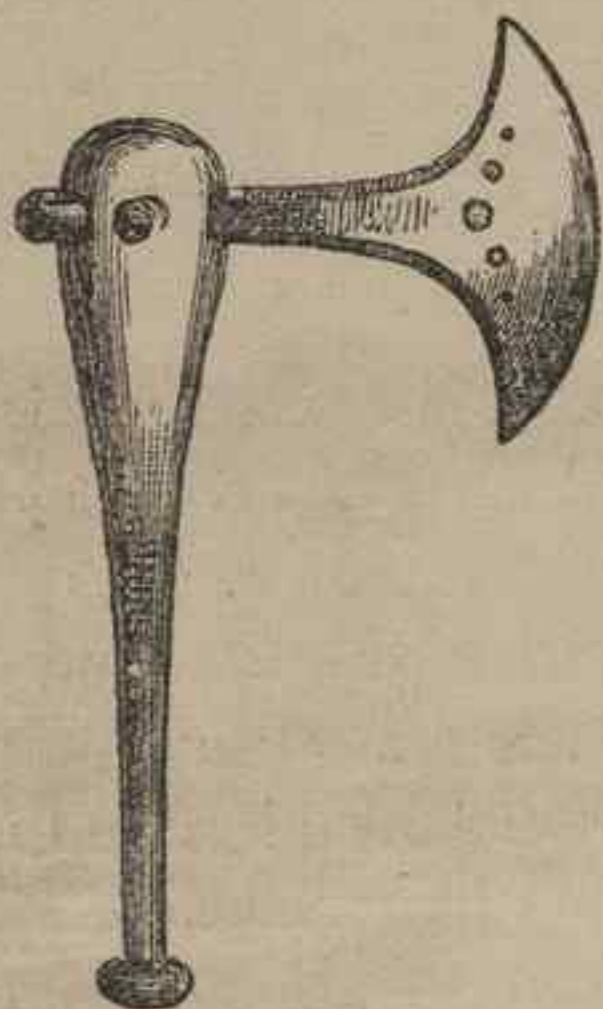
Early on the 24th, no news having as yet arrived of our friends, I manned the boat and rowed some ten miles up the Ruiki river, hoping to find them encamped on the bank waiting for us. The general course of the river, though very winding, was from south-west to north-east. A few miles above its mouth it is filled with snags, and becomes narrow, crooked, and swift, and of an inky colour, from a particular tree, whose branches droop in dense masses into the stream.

About 2 P.M. we began to return, and, after rowing hard for about an hour

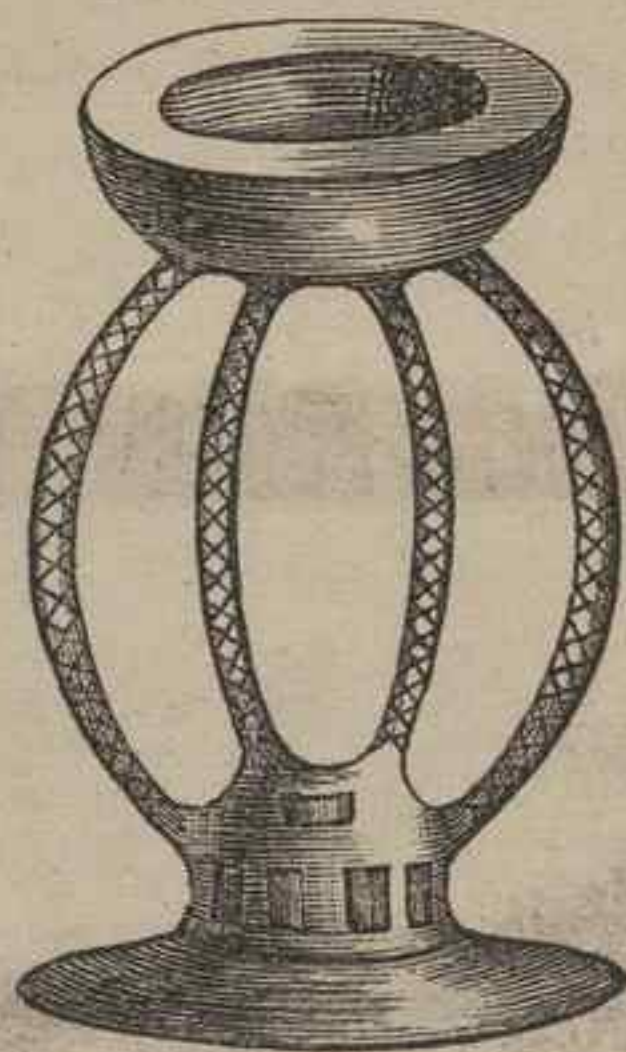
and a half, were approaching our lonely camp when we heard guns being fired rapidly. Unless as a measure of defence there could be no earthly reason why the men in the camp should fire their guns. We therefore urged the crew to full speed, and in a short time were astonished to see the mouth of the Ruiki blocked with canoes filled with savages, launching spears and shooting arrows.

With a loud shout we dashed down the last straight reach of the Ruiki, which attracted the attention of the savages, who immediately turned and fled down stream uttering in harmonious but weird concord their strange war-cries.

After first learning that no one was wounded, though there were several sheaves of iron-headed and wooden spears, besides reed arrows, in the camp, we inquired the cause of the attack, and heard with astonishment that the people of Kasongo's had signalled to all the neighbouring villages that the



WAR HATCHET OF UKUSU.



STOOL OF UKUSU.

“Nwema” (white chief) was gone away, and had invited them to arm and man their canoes to get meat before he should return. About thirty canoes, manned by a great number of savages, had entered the Ruiki, and, without listening to warning, had persisted in advancing on the camp, until fired upon. They had been engaged only a few minutes before I appeared.

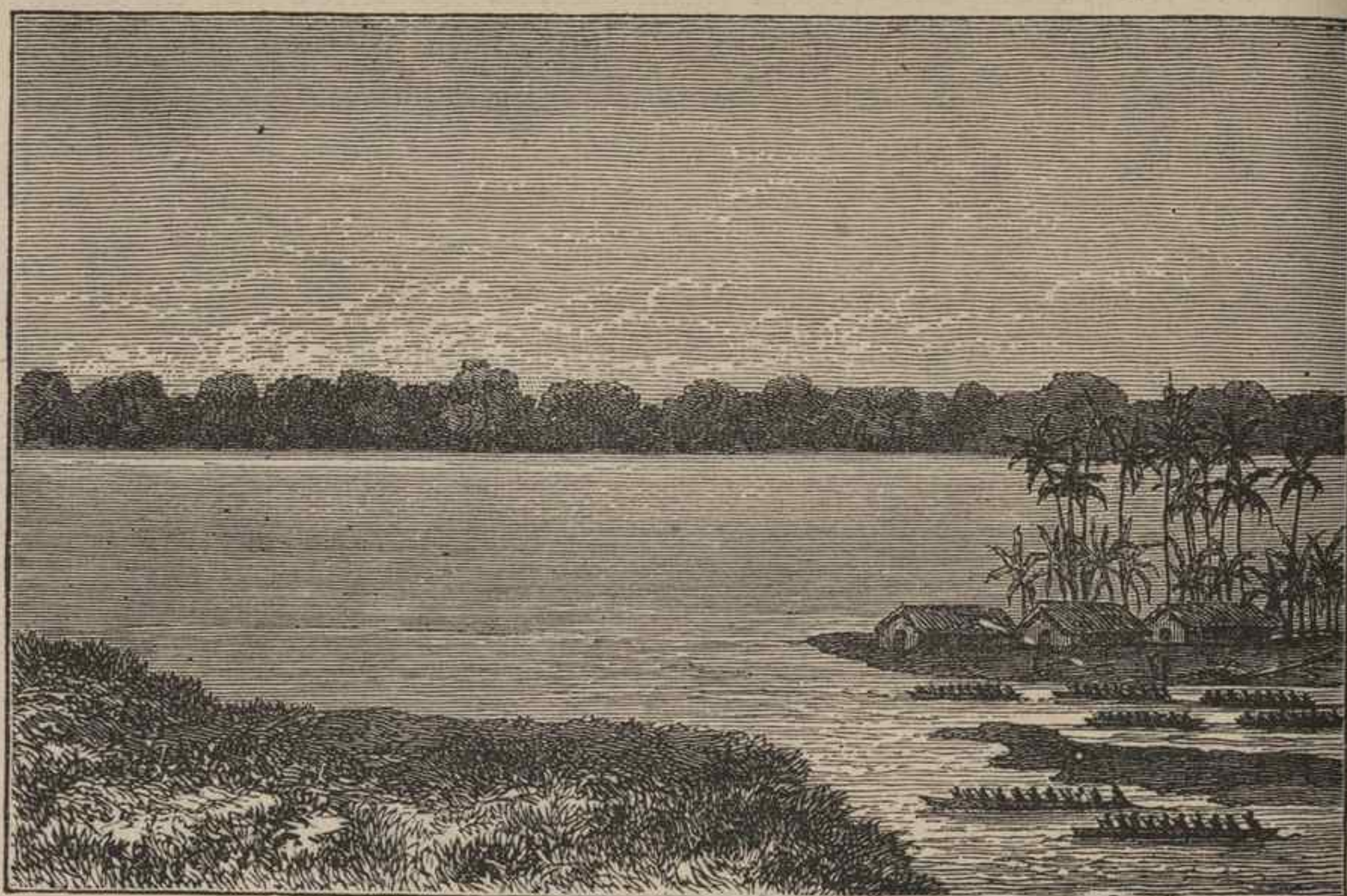
Billali, the youth in charge of the heavy rifle, and my factotum on hunting excursions, had shot a man, who lay dead in the stream. When asked how he dared to use my guns to shoot people, he replied with alarm, “I could not help it, sir, indeed I could not. If I had waited but a little minute, he would have killed me, for he was aiming with his spear only a few feet off!”

Night came, but with it no tidings of the land party. We listened all through the dark hours for the sound of signal gun-shots, but none cheered us. In the early morning I despatched Uledi, the coxswain, and five of the younger boatmen, through the jungles, with a caution to observe the villages, and by

no means to risk an unequal contest with people, who would dog them through the bushes like leopards. Uledi, with a calm smile, bade me rest assured: he was confident he would soon find them. They set out, leaving us alone to indulge in gloomy thoughts.

At 4 P.M. we heard the roar of a musket-shot through the forest, and soon Uledi emerged from the jungle behind us, his face all aglow with triumph, "They are coming, master, close by," he said.

True enough, the advance-guard appeared in a few seconds, and presently the column, weary, haggard, sick and low spirited. The people had been wandering. Having found a road, they followed it, till they came upon a tribe, who attacked them with arrows, and killed three of them. They retaliated,



VIEW BETWEEN THE RUIKI AND NAKANPEMBA.

and the advanced-guard captured one of the assailants, and asked what tribe he belonged to. "The Bakusu," he had said, "and the great river is a long way east of you."

They compelled him to show the way, and after some fifteen hours' marching from the place of the fight, they had met with gallant Uledi and his scouting party, and had hurried after him.

Within four hours the boat had transported the entire party to the left bank of the Ruiki. I was here compelled to relax the rigour of the command that no one should appropriate food without payment, for the suffering of the people was excessive.

On the 26th, we floated down river to Nakanpemba, the land division on

this day keeping close to the river, and though it was buried frequently in profound depths of jungle, we were able to communicate with it occasionally by means of drum-taps.

The river had widened gradually to 1700 yards, and was studded with large tree-clad islands, both banks presenting dense masses of tall woods and undergrowth.

Not a soul had been seen in any of the villages passed through; now and then we heard screams of "Wasambye! Wasambye!" and sometimes we heard voices crying out something about Bwana Muhala, or Mtagamoyo, the notorious land-pirate and kidnapper. Nakanpemba possessed also its dreadful relics, arranged in ghastly lines along the streets—relics of many a feast, as Professor Huxley has now taught us, on dead humanity.

The march through the jungles and forests, the scant fare, fatigue, and consequent suffering, resulted in sickness. Small-pox and dysentery attacked the land division. Thorns had also penetrated the feet and wounded the legs of many of the people, until dreadful ulcers had been formed, disabling them from travel. In the course of two days' journey we found six abandoned canoes, which, though unsound, we appropriated and repaired, and, lashing, them together, formed a floating hospital.

Four miles below Nakanpemba, as we were gliding down at the rate of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  knot per hour, we heard the dull murmur of rapids, and from the opposite bank eight canoes were seen to dash swiftly down river, disappearing most mysteriously from view. There being no necessity for us to seek acquaintance with people who appeared to think it undesirable, we did not attempt to disturb them, but, clinging to the left bank, cautiously approached the rapids of Ukassa. These were caused by a ledge of greenish shale, mixed with ironstone and pudding rock, projecting from the Ukassa Hills on the right bank.

The hospital was warned in-shore, while I dropped down, as near as possible, to the rapids and there landed.

The land division was requested to encamp for the day abreast the rapids while, selecting ten stout young fellows, in addition to the boat's crew, I proceeded to explore along the river; but before departing, I gave the strictest orders to Frank and Manwa Sera that upon no account should any one be permitted to move from the camp until I returned.

The rapids were parted by a couple of two long rocky islets running parallel and separated from each other and the left bank by two narrow streams, which descended into a quiet, creek-like portion of the river after a fall of 10 feet within half a mile, but on the eastern side the river was of a breadth of 800 yards, and descended with a furious whirl for the distance of a mile and a half, where it was joined by the quiet flowing creek on the left or western side.

We continued our inspection of the shore and river for about two miles, where we very nearly fell into an ambushade. In a little creek, hidden by high overhanging banks, densely clothed, were some forty or fifty small caoues

the crews all seated, silent, and watching the river. We instantly retreated without disturbing their watchful attitude, and hurried to camp.

On arriving at the boat I was alarmed at hearing that Frank had permitted Manwa Sera, the chief, and five others, to detach two of the hospital canoes, and to descend the great rapids. As this was a suicidal act, I felt my blood run cold, and then recollecting the ambushade in the creek, I lost no time in selecting fifty men and retracing our steps.

When we reached the creek, we ascertained it to be empty. I then offered high rewards to the first scout who sighted the Wangwana. Uledi and Shumari, his brother, gave wild yells, and dashed forward like antelopes through the jungle, Saywa (their cousin) and Murabo hard after them. With startling echoes some gun-shots soon rang through the forest. Away we tore through the jungle in the direction of the sounds. We came in sight of the river, and heard the rifles close to us. In mid-stream were the five Wangwana riding on the keels of the upset canoes, attacked by half-a-dozen native canoes. Uledi and his comrades had without hesitation opened fire upon them, and thus saved the doomed men. We soon had the gratification of receiving them on shore, but four Snider rifles were lost. The party, it appeared, had been swept into a whirlpool, drawn down, and ejected out of it several feet below the dreadful whirl. This disobedience to orders, which had entailed on me such a loss of valuable rifles, when I was already so weakly armed, on themselves such a narrow escape, besides bringing us into collision with the natives, was punished by well-merited reproaches—so keenly felt moreover that Manwa Sera proceeded to Tippu-Tib's camp, and sent word to me that he would not serve me any longer. I laughed, and returned word to him that I was sure he would. To Frank I solemnly protested against such breach of duty, as life or death now depended on the faithful execution of instructions.

Tippu-Tib and the Arabs advanced to me for a shauri. They wished to know whether I would not now abandon the project of continuing down the river—now that things appeared so gloomy, with rapids before us, natives hostile, cannibalism rampant, small-pox raging, people dispirited, and Manwa Sera sulky. "What prospects," they asked, "lie before us but terrors, and fatal collapse and ruin? Better turn back in time." I told them to be resigned until the morning. They returned to their camp, which was about half a mile from the vicinity of the rapids.

Early next day the Wangwana were mustered. They lifted the boat out of the water above their heads, and cautiously conveyed her in about an hour below the rapids, and launched her on the quiet waters of the creek. Then a messenger was despatched to order Safeni to push the four remaining canoes into the rapids. Within an hour the rapids of Ukassa had been passed.

As there was abundance of time yet, it being only three in the afternoon, and I burned to know whether any more falls were below the rocky islets, I started down river with twenty men in the four canoes to explore. In about



an hour we came to exceedingly swift rough water, much whirling and eddying, but no rapids; then, satisfied that there was no immediate prospect of meeting impediments to navigation, we started on our return, and arrived at camp at sunset, after an exceedingly eventful day.

On the 29th we moved down river four miles to Mburri, on the left bank, which is opposite Vinarunga, which is a large settlement of Wenya villages on the right bank. From our camp compass bearings showed Ukassa or Ussi Hills on right bank to be south-south-west (magnetic).

Just as we were retiring for the night, a canoe came down river, and cautiously made its way towards the boat. Shumari, the young brother of Uledi, who was on guard, waited until it was well within shore, and then suddenly seized the canoe-man, calling for assistance on the ever-ready boat's crew. The native was secured, and carried in before me; and when lights were brought we saw he was an old man bent almost double with age. His face was one of the most vicious my memory can recall. I presented him with about a dozen cowries, which he snatched from me as a surly dog might bite at a piece of meat from a stranger's hand. He was a true savage, hardened by wildness, and too old to learn. We put him back into his canoe, and set him adrift to find his way home.

An hour later, another stranger was found in the camp. He was also caught and brought to me. He was a lad of sixteen or seventeen years of age, a facsimile in miniature of the older savage. I smiled kindly, and conversed softly. I presented him with a string of bright red beads, and filled one of his hands with shells, and then I had him asked some questions. He replied to five, when he said he was tired, and would answer no more. We set a guard over him for the night, and in the morning permitted him to depart. I confessed my impotence to charm the savage soul.

As we were about to leave camp, three canoes advanced towards us from the Ukassa side of the river. Through our interpreters we spoke to them mildly, requested to know what offence we had committed, or whom we had harmed to inspire them with such mortal hatred of strangers. Would they not make a bond of friendship with us? We had beads, cloth, brass, copper, iron, with which to buy food, goats, bananas, corn.

They listened attentively, and nodded their heads in approval. They asked if we would beat our drum for their amusement. Kadu, one of Mtesa's pages, who was an expert at the art, was called and commanded to entertain them after the best Kiganda fashion. Kadu seized his drum-sticks and drum, and after a few preliminary taps dashed out a volume of sound that must have been listened to with unbounded admiration by many hundreds of savages crouching in the woods.

"Ah," said the poor naked, mop-headed wretches, "it is delightful!" and they clapped their hands gleefully—and paddled away rapidly down river, steering for the right bank.

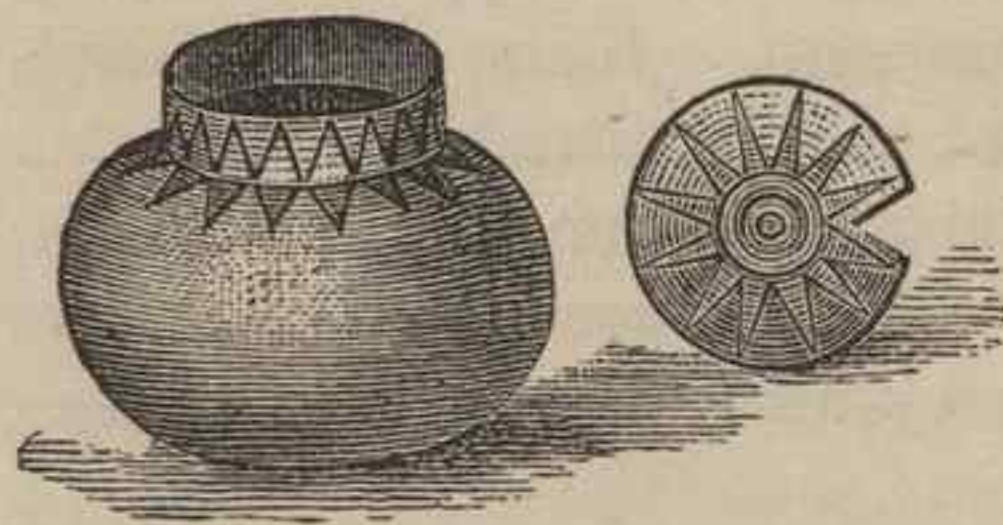
On the 30th the journey was resumed. The river ran with sharp bends, with many dangerous whirls, and broad patches of foam on its face, and was narrow, not above eight hundred yards in width, for a distance of three miles and a half, when it suddenly widened to 1700 yards. Two fine wooded islands stood in mid-stream. On the northern side of a little tributary we camped at the market-place of Usako Ngongo, Ukassa Hills bearing south-south-west. The southern end of the largest of the two islands, Nionga, bore east by north from camp.

These market-places on the banks of the Livingstone, at intervals of three or four miles, are central resorts of the aborigines from either bank, and considered as neutral ground, which no chief may claim, nor any individual assert claims or tribute for its use. Many of them are wide grassy spaces under the shade of mighty spreading trees, affording admirable river scenes for an artist. In the background is the deeply black forest, apparently impenetrable in its density; here and there a taller giant, having released itself from acquaintance and familiarity, overlooks its neighbours. Its branches are favoured by the white-collared eagle and the screaming ibis. Here and there rise the feathery and graceful fronds of the elais palm. In the foreground flows the broad brown river.

In the morning, on market days, the grassy plots are thronged. From the depths of the forest, and from isolated clearings, from lonely islands, and from the open country of the Bakusu, come together the aborigines with their baskets of cassava, their mats of palm-fibre and sedge, their gourds of palm-wine, their beans and maize, millet and sugar-cane, crockery and the handiwork of their artisans in copper and iron and wood, the vermilion camwood, their vegetables, and fruit of banana and plaintain, their tobacco and pipes and bangles, their fish-nets and baskets, fish, and a multitude of things which their wants and tastes have taught them to produce. All is animation and eager chaffer, until noon, when the place becomes silent again and untenanted, a prey to gloom and shade, where the hawk and the eagle, the ibis, the grey parrot, and the monkey, may fly and scream and howl, undisturbed.

On the 1st of December we floated down to the market-place of Ukongeh, opposite Mitandeh Island, in south latitude  $3^{\circ} 6'$ .

On this day we found ourselves in the vicinity of a place, of which a whisper had reached Livingstone on the 10th of March, 1871, who, while at Nyangwé, busied himself in noting down the reports of Wangwana and natives. Ukongeh market-place is the resort of the Wahika, whose chief, Luapanya, was killed by Mohammed bin Gharib's men. Behind the Wahika villages, about ten miles, lies the territory of the belligerent and can-



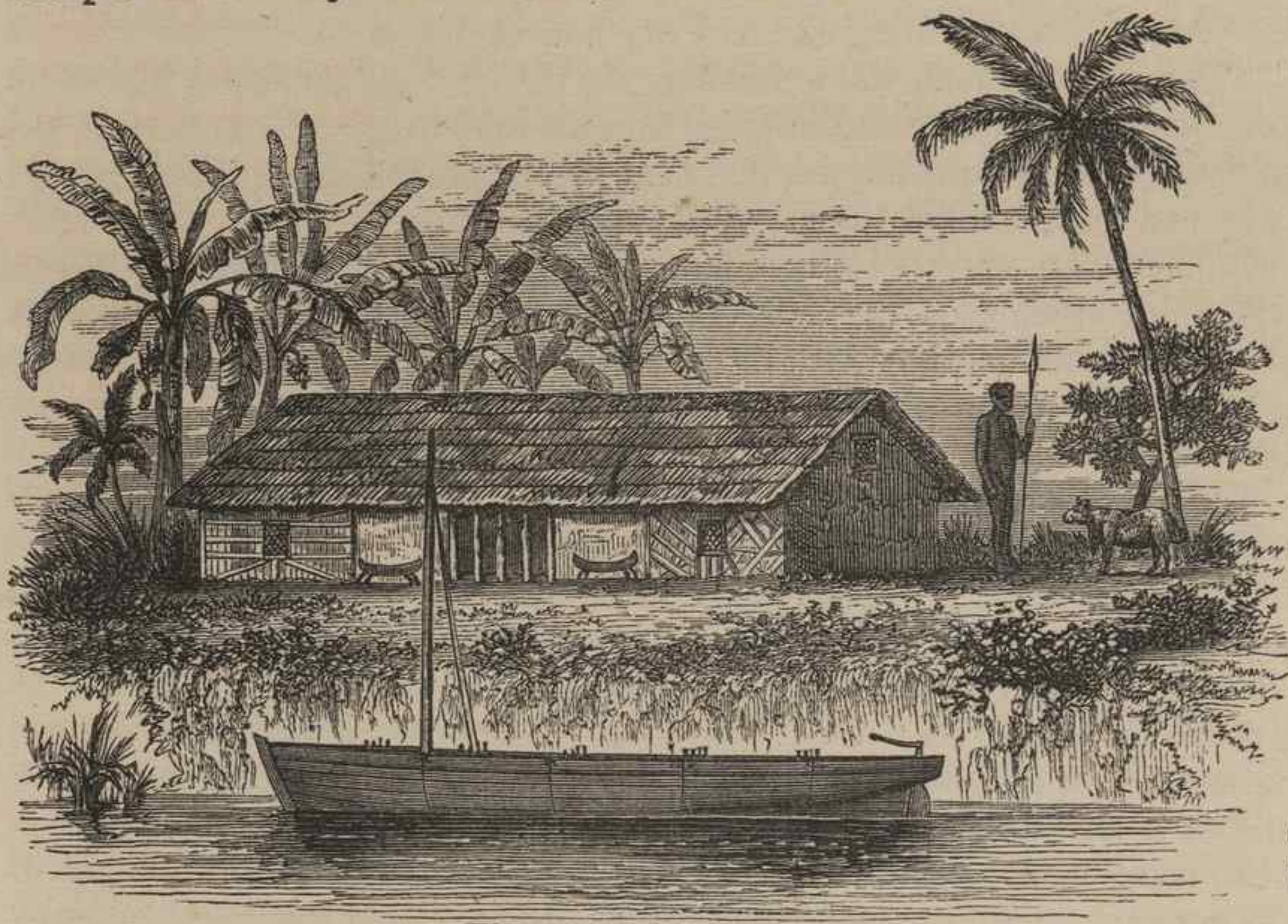
STEW-POT OF THE WAHIKA.

nibalistic Bakusu, an open and palm-growing country. The Arabs, each time

they have attempted to penetrate Ukusu, have been repulsed with slaughter. On the right bank, opposite Mitandeh Island, is the territory of the Waziri.

By several islands of great beauty, and well-wooded with all varieties of tropical trees, we floated down to the market-place of Mivari, opposite the northern end of the island of Mitangi. Uvitera village is a mile south, and opposite it is the settlement of Chabogwé.

The river here ran in two broad streams, each 1000 yards wide, on either side of a series of islands remarkable for their fertility. Where the islands are large, the mainland is but thinly populated, though a dense population occupies the country about two miles back from the river. On these neutral



A HOUSE IN IKONDU.

market-places, the islander and the backwoods people meet on equal terms for the purpose of bartering their various productions.

On the 4th of December we halted, because of a rain-storm and, also, to forage for food, in which we were only partially successful. No conflicts resulted, fortunately.

The next day, the river flowing a little east of north, we came to Muriwa Creek, on the northern bank of which was a remarkably long village, or rather a series of villages, from fifty to a hundred yards apart, and a broad, uniform street, thirty feet wide, and two miles in length! Behind the village were the banana and the palm groves, which supplied the inhabitants with fruit, wine, and oil.

This remarkable town was called Ikondu, and was situated in south latitude  $2^{\circ} 53'$ . The huts were mere double cages, made very elegantly of the Panicum grass cane, 7 feet long by 5 feet wide and 6 feet high, separated, as regards the main building, but connected by the roof, so that the central apartments were common to both cages, and in these the families meet and perform their household duties, or receive their friends for social chat. Between each village was the burial-place or vault of their preceding kings, roofed over with the leaves of the *Phrynium ramosissimum*, which appears to be as useful a plant for many reasons as the banana to the Waganda. These cane cages as are cosy, comfortable, and dry as ships' cabins, as we found in the tempests of rain that every alternate day now visited us.

The town of Ikondu was quite deserted, but food was abundant; the wine-pots were attached to the palm-trees, bananas were hanging in clusters, in the gardens were fine large melons, luxuriant plantations of cassava, extensive plots of ground-nuts, and great tracts of waving sugar-cane.

We were very much dispirited, however. This desertion of their villages, without an attempt on the part of the natives to make terms, or the least chance of communicating with them, showed a stern contempt for the things of this life that approached the sublime. Whither had such a large population fled? For assuredly the population must have exceeded two thousand.

We were dispirited for other reasons. The small-pox was raging, dysentery had many victims, over fifty were infected with the itch, some twenty suffered from ulcers, many complained of chest-diseases, pneumonic fever, and pleuritis: there was a case or two of typhoid fever, and others suffered from prolapsus ani and umbilical pains; in short, there was work enough in the stricken Expedition for a dozen physicians. Every day we tossed two or three bodies into the deep waters of the Livingstone. Frank and I endeavoured our utmost to alleviate the misery, but when the long caravan was entering camp I had many times to turn my face away lest the tears should rise at sight of the miserable victims of disease who reeled and staggered through the streets. Poor creatures, what a life! wandering, ever wandering, in search of graves.

At Ikondu, left high and dry by some mighty flood years ago, there was a large condemned canoe with great holes in its keel, and the traces of decay both at bow and stern, yet it was capacious enough to carry sixty sick people, and by fastening cables to it the boat might easily take it in tow. I, therefore, called my carpenters, Uledi the coxswain, Saywa, his cousin, and Salaam Allah, and offered twelve yards of cloth to each if they would repair it within two days. They required twelve men and axes. The men were detailed, and day and night the axes and hatchets were at work trimming poles into narrow planking. The carpenters fitted the boards, and secured them with wooden pins, and with the bruised pulp of banana and bark cloth they caulked it. Then the Wangwana were called to launch the monster, and we presently had the satisfaction of seeing it float. It leaked a good deal, but some of the sick

were not so ailing but that they might bale it sufficiently to keep themselves afloat.

The success of the repairs which we had made in this ancient craft proved to me that we possessed the means to construct a flotilla of canoes of sufficient capacity to float the entire Expedition. I resolved, therefore, should Tippu-Tib still persist in his refusal to proceed with us, to bribe him to stay with us until we should have constructed at least a means of escape.

About noon of the next day, while we were busy repairing the canoe, a native was found in the bushes close to the town with a small bow and a quiver of miniature arrows in his hand, and, it being a suspicious circumstance, he was secured and brought to me. He was a most remarkable specimen for a warrior, I thought, as I looked at the trembling diminutive figure. He stood, when measured, 4 feet 6½ inches, round the chest 30 inches, and at the waist 24 inches. His head was large, his face decked with a scraggy fringe of whiskers, and his complexion light chocolate. As he was exceedingly bow-legged and thin shanked, I at first supposed him to be a miserable abortion cast out by some tribe, and driven to wander through the forest, until he mentioned the word "Watwa." Recollecting that the Watwa were well known to be dwarfs, I asked Bwana Abed, the guide, if this man resembled those Watwa dwarfs Muhala's people had fought with. He replied that the Watwa he had met were at least a head shorter, though the man might be a member of some tribe related to those he had seen! His complexion was similar, but the dwarfs west of Ukuna, in the West Lumami country, had very long beards, and bushy whiskers. His weapons were also the same—the short bow, and tiny reed arrows, a foot long, with points smeared over with a dark substance, with an odour resembling that of cantharides. Everybody seemed to be particularly careful, as they examined the arrows, not to touch the points, and, as many of them were folded in leaves, it appeared to me that the native had some reason for this precaution. In order to verify this opinion, I uncovered one of the leaf-guarded points, and, taking hold of one of his arms I gravely pretended to be about to inoculate the muscle with the dark substance on the arrow. His loud screams, visible terror, and cries of "Mabi! Mabi!" ("Bad, bad,") with a persuasive eloquence of gesture, left no doubt in my mind that the arrows were poisoned.

But the native possessed the talent of pronunciation in an eminent degree. For the first time I heard the native name of the Livingstone, as known to the Manyema and Wenya, pronounced as distinctly and deliberately as though Haji Abdallah himself was endeavouring to convey to my interested ears the true word RU-A'R-OW-A, emphasizing the ante-penultimate syllable. I requested several Wangwana, Wanyamwezi, and Arabs to pronounce the word after him. Only the principal Arabs were able to articulate distinctly "Rua'rowa"; the black people transformed the word instantly into "Lualawa."

The ugly, prognathous-jawed creature, among other information he gave us, related that just below Ikondú there was an island called Maturu, whose people the "Kirembo-rembo" (lightning) had completely destroyed.

"Who sent the Kirembo-rembo, my friend?" I asked.

"Ah, who knows? Perhaps 'Firi Niambi'—the deity.

"Were they all killed?"

"All—men, women, children, goats, bananas, everything."

He also told us that the chief of Ikondú, with all his people, was on the opposite side; that from the wooded bluffs fronting the Urindi river extended the powerful tribe of the Wabwiré, or Wasongora Meno ("the people of the filed teeth").

On the 8th of December we moved down river to Unya-N'singé, another large town, a mile in length, on the north side of a creek, about thirty yards wide. On the south side, on the summit of bluffs, 125 feet high, was a similar town called Kisui-cha-Uriko.

About four miles up the river from Unya-N'singé, the Lira river entered the Livingstone. At the mouth it was 300 yards wide and 30 feet deep, but two miles above it narrowed to 250 yards, of deep and tolerably clear water. A hostile movement on the part of the natives, accompanied by fierce demonstrations on shore, compelled us, however, to relinquish the design of penetrating farther up and to hurry back to camp at Unya-N'singé.

We had not been long there before we heard the war-horns sounding on the right bank, and about 4 P.M. we saw eight large canoes coming up river along the islands in mid-stream, and six along the left bank. On approaching the camp they formed in line of battle near a small grassy island about four hundred yards from us, and shouted to us to come and meet them in mid-river. Our interpreters were told to tell them that we had but one boat, and five canoes loaded with sick people; and that as we had not come for the purpose of fighting, we would not fight.

A jeering laugh greeted the announcement, and the next minute the fourteen canoes dashed towards us with wild yells. I disposed my people along the banks, and waited. When they came within thirty yards, half of the men in each canoe began to shoot their poisoned arrows, while the other half continued to paddle in-shore. Just as they were about to land, the command to fire was given to about thirty muskets, and the savages fell back, retiring to the distance of about a hundred and fifty yards, whence they maintained the fight. Directing the people on shore to keep firing, I chose the boat's crew, including Tippu-Tib, and Bwana Abdallah, and dashed out into mid-stream. The savages appeared to be delighted, for they yelled triumphantly as they came towards us; only for a short time, however, for we were now only some fifty yards from them and our guns were doing terrible execution. In about a minute the fight was over, and our wild foes were paddling down river; and we returned to our camp, glad that this first affair with the Wasongora Meno

had terminated so quickly. Three of our people had been struck by arrows, but a timely application of caustic neutralized the poison and, excepting painful swellings, nothing serious occurred.

Unya-N'singé is in south latitude  $2^{\circ} 49'$ . Nearly opposite it is Urangi, another series of small villages; while on the north bank of the Lira river, at the confluence, is the village of Uranja, and opposite to it is Kisui Kachamba. The town of Meginna is said to be about twenty miles south-east (magnetic) from Unya-N'singé. All this portion is reported to have been the scene of Muini Muhala's exploits.

On the 9th and the 10th we halted, waiting for the land division under Frank. On the morning of the 11th, as our friends had not arrived, I set out in my boat up river, and four miles above Unya-N'singé entered a creek, about forty yards wide, where I discovered them endeavouring to cross the stream. The boat was heartily welcomed, and in a few hours all were safely across.

They had, it appeared, again gone astray, and had entered Ukusu, where they were again obliged to fight. Four had received grievous wounds, and one had been killed. Three Wanyamwezi, moreover, had died of small-pox *en route* from Ikundu.

This creek, like all the rest in the neighbourhood, was half-choked with the *Pistia stratiotes*, which the aborigines had enclosed with logs of wood, as a considerable quantity of salt is obtained from these asparagus-like plants. When the log-enclosed spaces are full, the plants are taken out, exposed to the sun until they are withered, dried, and then burnt. The ashes are collected in pots with punctured bottoms, and the pots filled with water which is left to drip through into shallow basins. After the evaporation by fire of this liquid, a dark grey sediment of a nitrous flavour is left, which, recleansed, produces salt.

At the head of this creek the land division reported a hot-water spring, but I did not see it. On the bluffs, overhanging the creek, the Rubiaceæ, bombax, red-wood, iron-wood, and stink-wood, with various palms, flourished.

The bed of the river consists of shale. Twenty yards from the bank the river was about 12 feet deep; at 100 yards I obtained 23 feet soundings. The bluffs exhibit at the water-line horizontal strata of greenish shale; above, near the summit, the rock is grey with age and weather.

Here we dismissed our dwarf to his home, with a handful of shells and four necklaces of beads for his very intelligent geographical knowledge and his civilized pronunciation. He could not comprehend why we did not eat him; and though we shook hands with him and smiled, and patted him on the shoulder, I doubt whether he felt himself perfectly safe until he had plunged out of sight into his native woods once more.

Tippu-Tib determined to journey on land, and Frank and Sheikh Abdallah were invited to the boat. Eight more victims to small-pox were admitted

into the hospital canoes, among them being three young girls, the favourites of Tippu-Tib's harem. For the accommodation of the raving and delirious sick, we constructed a shed over the hospital-canoes. Before we moved from Unya-N'singé, we had thrown eight corpses into the Livingstone.

On the 14th, gliding down river without an effort on our part, we reached Kisui Kachiambi, another large town about a mile in length, and consisting of about three hundred long houses—situated on the left bank, in south latitude  $2^{\circ} 35'$ . Opposite Mutako the natives made a brilliant and well-planned attack on us, by suddenly dashing upon us from a creek; and had not the ferocious nature of the people whom we daily encountered taught us to be prepared at all times against assault, we might have suffered considerable injury. Fortunately, only one man was slightly punctured with a poisoned arrow, and an immediate and plentiful application of nitrate of silver nullified all evil effects.

During our halt at Kisui-Kachiambi, two of the favourite women of Tippu-Tib died of small-pox, and three youths also fell victims; of the land division only one perished.

On the 18th, after floating down a few miles, we came to a broad channel which ran between the populous island of Mpika and the left bank, and arriving at a market green, under the shade of fine old trees, halted for breakfast. The aborigines of Mpika at once gathered opposite, blew war-horns, and mustered a large party, preparing to attack us with canoes. To prevent surprise from the forest while the porridge for the sick was being cooked, I had placed scouts on either side of each of the roads that penetrated inland from the market green, at about a couple of hundred yards' distance from the camp. It happened that, while drums were beating and horns were blowing on the island, and everybody seemed mustering for a grand attack on us, a party of ten people (among whom were three very fine-looking women), who had been on a trading excursion to a village inland, and were returning to their island home, had been waiting to be ferried across from the market-place when we occupied it. The scouts surrounded them, and, seeing there was no escape, they came into the market-place. The interpreters were called to calm their fears, and to tell them that we were simply travellers going down river, with no intention of hurting anybody.

By means of these people we succeeded in checking the warlike demonstrations of the islanders, and in finally persuading them to make blood-brotherhood, after which we invited canoes to come and receive their friends. As they hesitated to do so, we embarked them in our own boat, and conveyed them across to the island.

The news then spread quickly along the whole length of the island that we were friends, and as we resumed our journey, crowds from the shore cried out to us, "Mwendé Kivuké-vuké." ("Go in peace!")

The crest of the island was about eighty feet above the river, and was a



marvel of vegetation, chiefly of plantain and banana plantations. On our left, rose the other bank with similar wooded heights, dipping occasionally into small creeks and again rising into ridges, with slopes though steep, clothed with a perfect tangle of shrubs and plants.

After a descent of ten miles by this channel, we found the river increased in width to 2000 yards. While rowing down, close to the left bank, we were suddenly surprised by hearing a cry from one of the guards of the hospital canoes, and, turning round, saw an arrow fixed in his chest. The next instant, looking towards the bank, we saw the forms of many men in the jungle, and several arrows flew past my head in extremely unpleasant proximity.

We sheered off instantly, and, pulling hard down stream, came near the landing-place of an untenanted market-green. Here we drew in-shore, and, sending out ten scouts to lie in wait in the jungle, I mustered all the healthy men, about thirty in number, and proceeded to construct a fence of brush wood inspired to unwonted activity by a knowledge of our lonely, defenceless state.

Presently a shriek of agony from another of my men rang out through the jungle, followed immediately by the sharp crack of the scouts' Sniders, which again was responded to by an infernal din of war-horns and yells, while arrows flew past us from all directions. Twenty more men were at once sent into the jungle to assist the scouts, while, with might and main, we laboured to surround our intended camp with tall and dense hedges of brushwood, with sheltered nooks for riflemen.

After an hour's labour the camp was deemed sufficiently tenable, and the recall was sounded. The scouts retreated on the run, shouting as they approached, "Prepare! prepare! they are coming!"

About fifty yards of ground outside our camp had been cleared, which, upon the retreat of the scouts who had been keeping them in check, was soon filled by hundreds of savages, who pressed upon us from all sides but the river, in the full expectation that we were flying in fear. But they were mistaken, for we were at bay, and desperate in our resolve not to die without fighting. Accordingly, at such close quarters the contest soon became terrific. Again and again the savages hurled themselves upon our stockade, launching spear after spear with deadly force into the camp, to be each time repulsed. Sometimes the muzzles of our guns almost touched their breasts. The shrieks, cries, shouts of encouragement, the rattling volleys of musketry, the booming war-horns, the yells and defiance of the combatants, the groans and screams of the women and children in the hospital camp, made together such a medley of hideous noises as can never be effaced from my memory. For two hours this desperate conflict lasted. More than once, some of the Wangwana were about to abandon the struggle and run to the canoes, but Uledi, the coxswain, and Frank threatened them with clubbed muskets, and with the muzzles of their rifles drove them back to the stockade. At dusk the enemy retreated from the vicinity of the clearing; but the hideous alarums produced from their

ivory horns, and increased by the echoes of the close forest, still continued; and now and again a vengeful poison-laden arrow flew by with an ominous whizz to quiver in the earth at our feet, or fall harmlessly into the river behind us.

Sleep, under such circumstances, was out of the question; yet there were many weak, despairing souls whom even the fear of being eaten could not rouse to a sense of manliness and the necessity for resistance. Aware of this, I entrusted the task of keeping the people awake to Frank Pocock, Sheikh Abdallah, and Wadi Rehani, the "treasurer" of the Expedition, who were ordered to pour kettles of cold water over their heads upon the least disposition to go to sleep.

About 11 P.M. a dark form was seen creeping from the bush on all fours towards our stockade. I moved quietly to where vigilant Uledi was maintaining watch and ward, and whispered to him to take two men and endeavour to catch him. Uledi willingly consented, and burrowed out through a slight opening in the fence. The eyes of those in the secret became fastened upon the dim shadows of the hostile forms so similar, it seemed to me, in their motions to a crocodile which I had seen on a rock near Kisorya in Ukerewé, as it endeavoured to deceive a large diver into the belief that it was asleep while actually meditating its murder.

Soon we saw Uledi's form leap upon that of the prostrate savage and heard him call out for help, which was at once given him by his two assistants; but an ominous rustling in the bushes behind announced that the cunning enemy were also on the alert, and as they rushed to the rescue, Uledi snatched his captive's spears, and with his two friends retreated into the camp, while our guns again awoke the echoes of the forest and the drowsy men in the camp to a midnight action as brisk as it was short.

Twit, twit, fell the arrows once more in showers, piercing the brush fence, perforating the foliage, or smartly tapping the trunks and branches, while we, crouching down on the ground, under the thick shadows of the brushwood, replied with shot, slugs, and bullets, that swept the base of the jungle.

Silence was soon again restored and the strict watch renewed. From a distance the poisoned reeds still pattered about us, but, protected by our snug stockade and lying low in our covert, they were harmless, though they kept us awake listening to the low whizz and reminding one another that the foe was still near.

Morning dawned upon the strange scene. The cooks proceeded to make fires, to cook some food, under the shelter of the high banks, that we might break our long fasts. Frank and I made a sufficient meal out of six roasted bananas and a few cups of sugarless coffee.

After which, giving strict orders to Frank and Sheikh Abdallah to be vigilant in my absence, the boat was manned, and I was rowed to a distance of 500 yards from the camp towards the right bank. There stopping to

examine the shores, I was surprised to see, only a quarter of a mile below our camp, a large town, consisting, like those above, of a series of villages, in a uniform line along the high bank, while a perfect wealth of palm-trees and banana plantations proved unquestionably the prosperity of the populous district. I recollected then that the intelligent dwarf already mentioned had spoken of a powerful chief, whose district, called Vinya-Njara, possessed so many men that it would be utterly impossible to pass him.

My plans were soon made. It was necessary that we should occupy the southernmost village in order to house the sick, to obtain food for ourselves, and to keep up communication with the land division when it should announce its presence.

We rowed back to the camp, by this time the observed of a thousand heads which projected from the jungle between our camp and the first village. As nothing had been unpacked from the boat and the hospital-canoes, and only the defenders of the camp had disembarked, every soul was in a few seconds seated in his place, and pulling swiftly over that intervening quarter of a mile down to the landing of the first village—targets, it is true, for several arrows for a short time, but no one could stop to reply. Arriving at the landing, two men were detailed off to each canoe and the boat, and we rushed up the high and steep bank. The village was empty, and, by cutting some trees down to block up each end, became at once perfectly defensible.

We were not long left unmolested. The savages recovered their wits, and strove desperately to dislodge us, but at each end of the village, which was about three hundred yards long, our muskets blazed incessantly. I also caused three or four sharpshooters to ascend tall trees along the river banks, which permitted them, though unseen, to overlook the tall grasses and rear of the village, and to defend us from fire. Meanwhile, for the first time for twenty-four hours, the sick (seventy-two in number) were allotted one-fourth of the village for themselves, as over one-half of them were victims of the pest, of which three had died in the canoes during the fearful hours of the previous night.

The combat lasted until noon, when, mustering twenty-five men, we made a sally, and succeeded in clearing the skirts of the village for the day. Uledi caught one of the natives by the foot, and succeeded in conveying him within the village, where he was secured as a most welcome prize, through whom we might possibly, if opportunities offered, bring this determined people to reason.

Then while the scouts deployed in a crescent form from beyond the ends of the village into the forest, the rest of our force formed in line, and commenced to cut down all weeds and grass within a distance of a hundred yards. This work consumed three hours, after which the scouts were withdrawn, and we rested half an hour for another scant meal of bananas. Thus refreshed after our arduous toil, we set about building marksmen's nests at each end of the

village 15 feet high, which, manned with ten men each, commanded all approaches. For our purpose there were a number of soft-wood logs, already prepared in the village, and bark rope and cane-fibre were abundant in every hut, for the inhabitants of Vinya-Njara devoted themselves, among other occupations, to fishing, and the manufacture of salt from the Pistia plants.

By evening our labours were nearly completed. During the night there was a slight alarm, and now and then the tapping on the roofs and the pattering among the leaves informed us that our enemies were still about, but we did not reply to them.

The next morning an assault was attempted, for the enemy emerged from the bush on the run into the clearing; but our arrangements seemed to surprise them, for they retreated again almost immediately into the gloomy obscurities of the jungle, where they maintained, with indomitable spirit, horn-blowing and a terrific "bo-bo-boing."

We had, it seems—though I have not had time to mention it before—passed the tribes which emitted cries of "Ooh-hu-hu, ooh-hu, ooh-hu-hu," for ever since our arrival at Vinya-Njara we had listened with varied feelings to the remarkable war-strains of "Bo-bo, bo-bo, bo-bo-o-o-oh," uttered in tones so singular as to impress even my African comrades with a sense of its eccentricity.

About noon a large flotilla of canoes was observed ascending the river close to the left bank, manned by such a dense mass of men that any number between five hundred and eight hundred would be within the mark. We watched them very carefully until they had ascended the river about half a mile above us, when, taking advantage of the current, they bore down towards us, blowing their war-horns, and drumming vigorously. At the same moment, as though this were a signal in concert with those on land, war-horns responded from the forest, and I had scarcely time to order every man to look out when the battle-tempest of arrows broke upon us from the woods. But the twenty men in the nests at the corners of the village proved sufficient to resist the attack from the forest side, Frank Pocock being in charge of one, and Sheikh Abdallah of the other, while I, with twenty men lining the bushes along the water line, defended the river side.

This was a period when every man felt that he must either fight or resign himself to the only other alternative, that of being heaved a headless corpse into the river. Our many successful struggles for a precarious existence had begun to animate even the most cowardly with that pride of life that superiority creates, and that feeling of invulnerability that frequent lucky escapes foster. I was conscious, as I cast my eyes about, that my followers were conspicuously distinguishing themselves, and were at last emerging from that low level of undeveloped manhood which is the general state of mer-untried and inexperienced. With a number of intelligent whites, that acquisition of courageous qualities would have been assisted by natural good-

sense, and a few months' hard service such as we had undergone would have sufficed to render them calm and steady in critical times; but with such people as I had, who had long shown—with the exception of a few—a wonderful inaptitude for steadiness, the lesson had taken two years. These last few days on the Livingstone river had been rapidly perfecting that compact band for the yet more dangerous times and periods to come.

Therefore, though the notes of the war-horns were dreadful, our foe numerous and pertinacious, and evidently accustomed to victory, I failed to observe one man amongst my people then fighting who did not seem desirous to excel even Uledi, the coxswain.

The battle had continued half an hour with a desperate energy, only qualified by our desperate state. Ammunition we possessed in abundance, and we made use of it with deadly effect, yet what might have become of us is doubtful, had not the advanced-guard of Tippu-Tib and our land division arrived at this critical juncture, causing dismay to the savages in the forest, who announced the reinforcement by war-horns to the savages in the canoes, many of whom were, at the moment, making most strenuous efforts to effect a landing. The river savages, upon hearing these signals, withdrew, but as they were paddling away they proclaimed their intention of preventing all escape, either up river or down river, and expressed their enormous contempt for us by throwing water towards us with their paddles. We saw all the canoes mysteriously disappear behind an island, situated about 1600 yards off, and opposite to our camp.

It was a great pleasure to greet all our people once more, though they were in a wretched plight. Bad food, and a scarcity of even that during three days in the jungle, constantly losing the road, wandering aimlessly about, searching for thinly grown spots through which they might creep more easily, had reduced their physical strength so much that it was clear at a glance that several days must elapse before they would be able to resume their journey.

When all had arrived, I called the forty defenders of the camp together, and distributing cloth to each of them, told them that as the enemy had taken their canoes behind the island opposite, they very probably intended to resume the fight; that it was, therefore, our duty to prevent that if possible, by making a night expedition, and cutting the canoes adrift, which would leave them under the necessity of abandoning the project of attacking us; "besides," said I, "if we can do the job in a complete way, the enormous loss of canoes will have such an effect on them that it will clear our progress down river."

Frank Pocock was requested to take his choice of crews and man the four little canoes, which would carry about twenty men and, proceeding to the south end of the islet, to spread his canoes across the mouth of the channel, between the islet and the right bank, while I proceeded in the boat to the north end of the islet, and, bearing down the channel sought out the enemy's

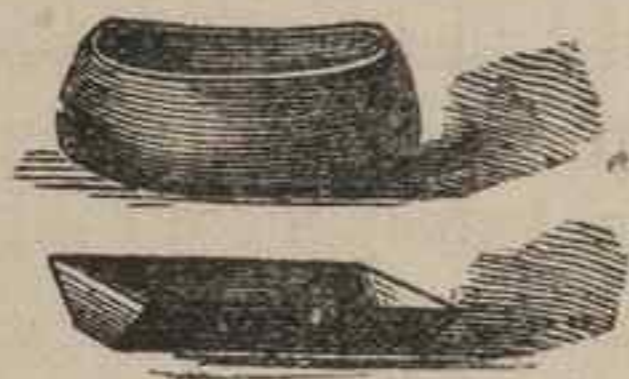
canoes, and cut them adrift, which floating down were to be picked up by him.

It was a rainy, gusty night, and dark; but at 10 P.M., the hour of deepest sleep, we set out with muffled oars, Frank to his appointed position, and I up river, along the left bank, until, having ascended nearly opposite the lower end of Mpika Island, we cut rapidly across river to the right bank. Then, resting on our oars, we searched the bank narrowly, until seeing a fire on the bank we rowed cautiously in, and discovered eight large canoes, each tied by a short cable of rattan to a stake, driven deep into the clay. Uledi, Bwana Hamadi, and myself, soon set these free, and giving each a push successively far into the stream, waited a short time, and then followed them in our boat. Four other canoes were cut adrift a few hundred yards below. On coming into the channel between the islet and the bank, numerous bright fires informed us that the largest number of the enemy was encamped on it, and



CANOE SCOOP.

that their canoes must be fastened below the several camps. We distinctly heard the murmur of voices, and the coughing of shivering people, or of those who indulged in the pernicious *bhong*; but gliding under the shadows of the tall banks and in the solemn blackness of the trees, we were unperceived, and canoe after canoe, each with its paddles and scoops within, was pushed into the swift stream, which conveyed it down river to where we felt assured Frank was ready with his sharp and quick-eyed assistants. In this manner



SCOOPS.

thirty-six canoes, some of great size, were sent adrift; and not being able to discover more, we also followed them noiselessly down stream, until we came to Frank's canoes, which were being borne down stream by the weight of so many. However, casting the great stone anchor of the boat, canoe after canoe was attached to us, and leaving twenty-six in charge of

Frank, we hoisted sail and rowed up stream, with twelve canoes in tow. Arriving at camp, the canoes were delivered in charge to the Wangwana, and then the boat hastily returned to lend assistance to Frank, who made his presence known to us by occasionally blowing the trumpet. After relieving him of eight more canoes, he was able almost to keep up with us to camp, where we all arrived at 5 A.M., after a most successful night expedition.

At 9 A.M. the boat was manned again, and we rowed to the scene of our midnight labours. The island was all but abandoned! Only a few persons were left, and to them, with the aid of our interpreters, we communicated our terms, viz., that we would occupy Vinya-Njara, and retain all the canoes unless they made peace. We also informed them that we had one prisoner, who would be surrendered to them if they availed themselves of our offer of peace: that we had suffered heavily, and they had also suffered; that war

was an evil which wise men avoided; that if they came with two canoes with their chiefs, two canoes with our chiefs should meet them in mid-stream, and make blood-brotherhood; and that on that condition some of their canoes should be restored, and we would purchase the rest.

They replied that what we had spoken was quite true, but as their chiefs were some distance away in the woods they must have time to communicate with them, but that they would announce their decision next day. We then left them, not, however, without throwing packets of shells towards them, as an earnest of our wish to be friends, and rowed to our camp at Vinya-Njara.

The forests for a distance of ten miles around Vinya-Njara were clear of enemies. The friendly natives of Mpika Island came down to our assistance in negotiating a peace between us and the surly chiefs, who had all withdrawn into the forests on the right bank.

On the 22nd of December, the ceremony of blood-brotherhood having been formally concluded, in mid-river, between Safeni and the chief of Vinya-Njara, our captive and fifteen canoes were returned, and twenty-three canoes were retained by us for a satisfactory equivalent, and thus our desperate struggle terminated. Our losses at Vinya-Njara were four killed and thirteen wounded.

In the afternoon, Tippu-Tib, Sheikh Abdallah, and Muini Ibrahim declared their intention of returning to Nyangwé by another route, and with such firmness of tone that I renounced the idea of attempting to persuade them to change their decision. Indeed, the awful condition of the sick, the high daily mortality, the constant attacks on us during each journey, and the last terrible struggle with Vinya-Njara, had produced such dismal impressions on the minds of the escort that no amount of money would have bribed the undisciplined people of Tippu-Tib to have entertained for a moment the idea of continuing the journey.

Though eight marches were still wanting to complete the twenty camps from Wané-Kirumbu, in Uregga, I felt that their courage was exhausted. I therefore consented to release Tippu-Tib from his engagement, on condition that he used his influence with the people of the Expedition to follow me. He consented to do so, and in consideration for his services thus far and the calamities that his people had undergone, I distributed the following gifts:—

- To Tippu-Tib, a draft for 2600 dollars, 1 riding-ass, 1 trunk, 1 gold chain, 30 doti of fine cloth, 150 lbs. of beads, 16,300 shells, 1 revolver, 200 rounds of ammunition, 50 lbs. of brass wire.
- „ Sheikh Abdallah, 20 doti of cloth.
- „ Muini Ibrahim, 10 doti of cloth.
- „ Bwana Abed, the guide, 10 doti of cloth.
- „ „ Hamadi, 5 doti of cloth.
- „ „ Cheché, 5 doti of cloth.
- „ „ Khamis, 5 doti of cloth.

- To 50 of his principal men, 2 doti of cloth.
- „ 90 of his escort, 1 doti of cloth.
- „ each of the Wangwana chiefs,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  doti of cloth.
- „ each of the Wanyamwezi and Wangwana of the Expedition,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  doti of cloth.
- „ each woman and boy, 1 doti of cloth.

It was then announced that—inasmuch as my duty compelled me to endeavour to do my utmost to trace the great river to the sea and as the chiefs and the principal men of the Expedition were resolved to follow me wherever I should lead them—on the fifth day from then we should strike our camp, and form a new and separate camp, and that on the sixth day we should embark, and begin our journey down the river to the ocean—or to death.

Said I: “Into whichever sea this great river empties, there shall we follow it. You have seen that I have saved you a score of times, when everything looked black and dismal for us. That care of you to which you owe your safety hitherto, I shall maintain, until I have seen you safe and sound in your own homes, and under your own palm-trees. All I ask of you is, perfect trust in whatever I say. On your lives depends my own; if I risk yours, I risk mine. As a father looks after his children, I will look after you. It is true we are not so strong as when the Wanyaturu attacked us, or when we marched through Unyoro to Muta Nzigé, but we are of the same band of men, and we are still of the same spirit. Many of our party have already died, but death is the end of all; and if they died earlier than we, it was the will of God, and who shall rebel against His will? It may be we shall meet a hundred wild tribes yet, who, for the sake of eating us, will rush to meet and fight us. We have no wish to molest them. We have moneys with us, and are, therefore, not poor. If they fight us, we must accept it as an evil, like disease, which we cannot help. We shall continue to do our utmost to make friends, and the river is wide and deep. If we fight, we fight for our lives. It may be that we shall be distressed by famine and want. It may be that we shall meet with many more cataracts, or find ourselves before a great lake, whose wild waves we cannot cross with these canoes; but we are not children, we have heads, and arms, and are we not always under the eye of God, who will do with us as He sees fit? Therefore, my children, make up your minds as I have made up mine, that, as we are now in the very middle of this continent, and it would be just as bad to return as to go on, we shall continue our journey, that we shall toil on, and on, by this river and no other, to the salt sea.”\*

\* A poetical friend on hearing this address brought to my notice a remarkable coincidence. In one of Tennyson’s poems, Ulysses addresses his followers thus:—

“ My mariners,  
Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with me,  
That ever with a frolic welcome took



A loud shout of applause greeted me as I concluded, and Manwa Sera followed it up, and in a few spirited words said that they were bound to let the Wanyamwezi see of what stuff the sea children were made, and, turning to the Arabs, he asked them to look at the black men who were about to perform what they dreaded. Uledi, the coxswain, on behalf of the boat-boys, said that I was their father, and though every one else should refuse to move farther, Frank and I might step into the boat, and he and his friends would dare the long journey that very day!

There was ample work for us all before setting out on our adventurous journey. Food had to be procured and prepared for at least twenty days. Several of the canoes required to be repaired and all to be lashed in couples, to prevent them from capsizing; and special arrangements required to be made for the transport of three riding-asses, which we had resolved upon taking with us, as a precaution in the event of our being compelled to abandon the canoes and to journey along the banks.

Christmas Day we passed most pleasantly and happily, like men determined to enjoy life while it lasted. In the morning we mustered all the men, and appointed them to their respective canoes. Names taken from those British cruisers which had become familiar to the east coast people were also given to them by the Zanzibaris, amid loud laughter, except to half-a-dozen which Frank and I reserved to bear such names as we selected for them.

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|------------------------------------|--|
| 1. The exploring boat, Lady Alice. | 8. Argo.   |
| 2. Ocean, commanded by Frank.      | 9. Penguin.  |
| 3. Livingstone.                    | 10. Wolverine.                                       |
| 4. Stanley.                        | 11. Fawn.  |
| 5. Telegraph.                      | 12. Glasgow (flag-ship, commanded<br>by Manwa Sera). |
| 6. Herald.                         | 13. London Town.                                     |
| 7. Jason.                          |  |

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The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed  
 Free hearts, free foreheads: come, my friends,  
 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.  
 Push off, and sitting well in order smite  
 The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds  
 To sail beyond the sunset until I die.  
 It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;  
 It may be we shall touch the happy isles  
 And see the great Achilles whom we knew.  
 Though much is taken, much abides; and tho'  
 We are not now that strength which in old days  
 Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are  
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,  
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will  
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

- |              |              |
|--------------|--------------|
| 14. America. | 19. Vulture. |
| 15. Hart.    | 20. Shark.   |
| 16. Daphne.  | 21. Arab.    |
| 17. Lynx.    | 22. Mirambo. |
| 18. Nymph.   | 23. Mtesa.   |

Canoe races were afterwards instituted between the various vessels, and to the crews who excelled were awarded gifts of cloth. The afternoon was celebrated by foot-races, in which, for the sake of the prizes offered, the Arabs joined, occasioning much amusement to the people. The great event was the race between the famous Tippu-Tib and Francis Pocock. The Arab prepared himself with unusual determination to compete for the prize, a richly chased silver goblet and cup, one of the presents bestowed on me before leaving England. The course was 300 yards, from end to end of the village street. Though Frank exerted himself to the utmost, the sinews of the muscular Arab carried him to the front at the finish by 15 yards. Then the little boys of the Expedition competed with the little boys of the escort, and finally ten young women were induced to attempt to compete for a prize, and their presence on the racecourse convulsed the hundreds assembled to witness the unusual scene. Some were very ungainly and elephantine in their movements, especially Muscati, the wife of the chief Safeni, but others were most graceful of body and lithe of limb, and raced with the swiftness of Atalanta. But the girl Khamisi of Zanzibar was declared the winner.

A dance, by a hundred Wanyamwezi, adorned in all the feathered glory and terror of war, with sounding drums and melodious blasts from ivory horns, terminated the extraordinary festivities.

On the 26th Tippu-Tib gave a banquet of rice and roasted sheep to the Expedition, and malofu, or palm-wine, from Mpika Island, assisted to maintain the high spirits and sanguine prospects of success with which these cheery proceedings, festivities, and sports inspired us.

The next day at dawn we embarked all the men, women, and children, 149 souls in all, and the riding-asses of the Expedition, and, telling Tippu-Tib we should on the morrow pull up stream and descend the river close to the village of Vinya-Njara for a last farewell, we pulled across to the islet near the right bank, where we constructed a rude camp for the only night we should remain.

When I ascertained, after arrival, that every soul connected with the Expedition was present, my heart was filled with a sense of confidence and trust such as I had not enjoyed since leaving Zanzibar.

In the evening, while sleep had fallen upon all save the watchful sentries in charge of the boat and canoes, Frank and I spent a serious time.

Frank was at heart as sanguine as I that we should finally emerge somewhere, but, on account of the persistent course of the great river towards the north, a little uneasiness was evident in his remarks.

"Before we finally depart, sir," said he, "do you really believe, in your

inmost soul, that we shall succeed? I ask this because there are such odds against us—not that I for a moment think it would be best to return, having proceeded so far.”

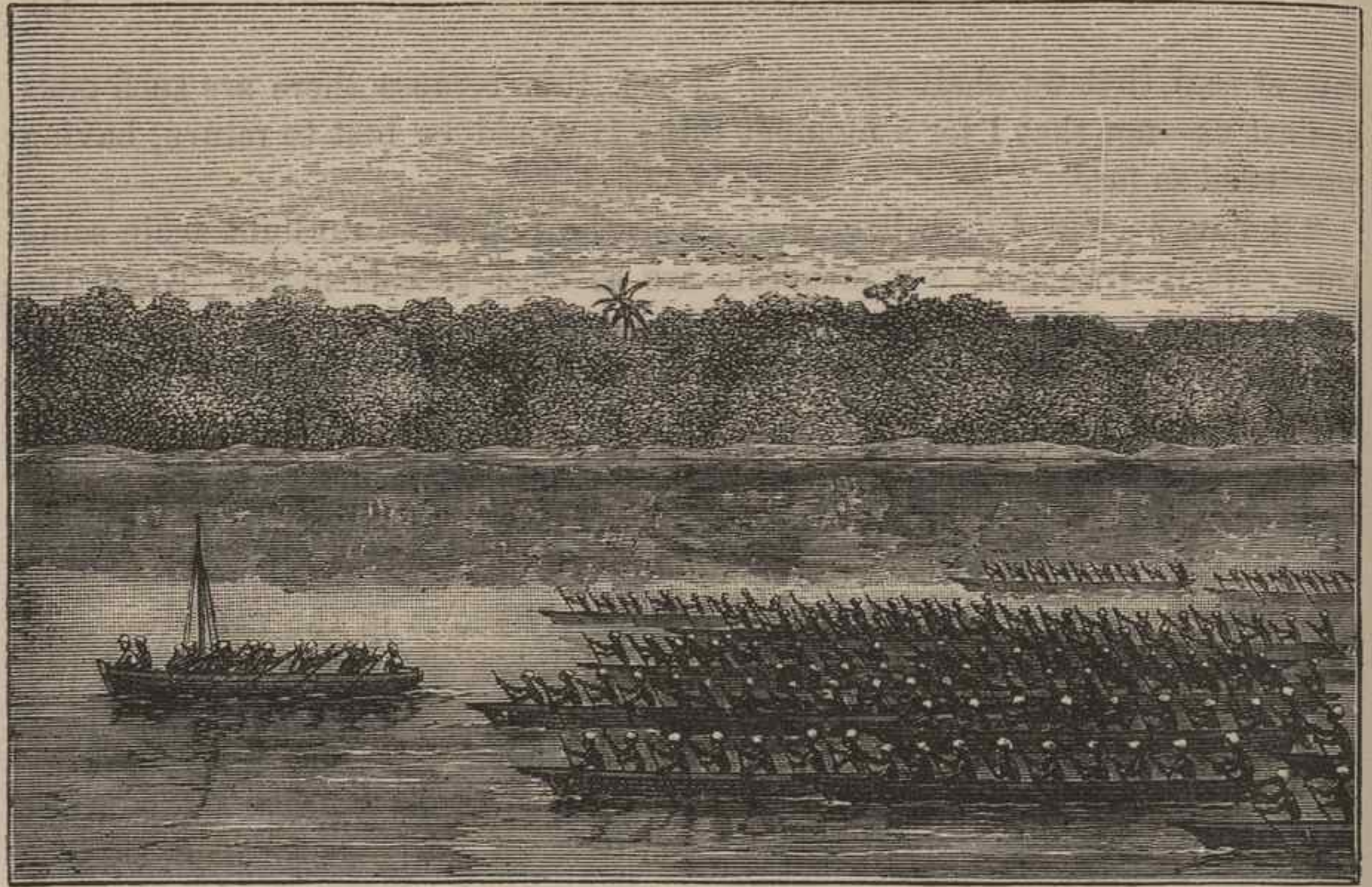
“Believe? Yes, I do believe that we shall all emerge into light again some time. It is true that our prospects are as dark as this night. Even the Mississippi presented no such obstacles to De Soto as this river will necessarily present to us. Possibly its islands and its forests possessed much of the same aspect, but here we are at an altitude of sixteen hundred and fifty feet above the sea. What conclusions can we arrive at? Either that this river penetrates a great distance north of the Equator, and, taking a mighty sweep round, descends into the Congo—this, by the way, would lessen the chances of there being many cataracts in the river;—or that we shall shortly see it in the neighbourhood of the Equator, take a direct cut towards the Congo, and precipitate itself, like our Colorado river, through a deep cañon, or down great cataracts; or that it is either the Niger or the Nile. I believe it will prove to be the Congo; if the Congo then, there must be many cataracts. Let us only hope that the cataracts are all in a lump, close together.

“Any way, whether the Congo, the Niger, or the Nile, I am prepared, otherwise I should not be so confident. Though I love life as much as you do, or any other man does, yet on the success of this effort I am about to stake my life, my all. To prevent its sacrifice foolishly I have devised numerous expedients with which to defy wild men, wild nature, and unknown terrors. There is an enormous risk, but you know the adage, ‘Nothing risked, nothing won.’

\* \* \* \* \*

“Now look at this, the latest chart which Europeans have drawn of this region. It is a blank, perfectly white. We will draw two curves just to illustrate what I mean. One shows the river reaching the Equator and turning westward. Supposing there are no cataracts, we ought to reach ‘Tuckey’s Furthest’ by the 15th of February; but if the river takes that wider sweep from 2° north of the Equator, we may hope to reach by the 15th of March, and, if we allow a month for cataracts or rapids, we have a right to think that we ought to see the ocean by either the middle or the end of April 1877.

“I assure you, Frank, this enormous void is about to be filled up. Blank as it is, it has a singular fascination for me. Never has white paper possessed such a charm for me as this has, and I have already mentally peopled it, filled it with most wonderful pictures of towns, villages, rivers, countries, and tribes—all in the imagination—and I am burning to see whether I am correct or not. *Believe?* I see us gliding down by tower and town, and my mind will not permit a shadow of doubt. Good-night, my boy! Good-night! and may happy dreams of the sea, and ships, and pleasure, and comfort, and success attend you in your sleep! To-morrow, my lad, is the day we shall cry—‘Victory or death!’”



“TOWARDS THE UNKNOWN.”

## CHAPTER XXV.

Farewell to Tippu-Tib—Attacked from both banks—The fat savage takes a bad shot at me—In the home of the elephants—Insect life—Under covert—The Lowwa river—A storm on the river—New Year's Day—Bullets against spears—“Sennenneh!”—Tempting the female mind—The reward of a good deed—A river armada: crocodile boats—Betwixt cataracts and cannibals.

THE crisis drew nigh when the 28th of December dawned. A grey mist hung over the river, so dense that we could not see even the palmy banks on which Vinya-Njara was situated. It would have been suicidal to begin our journey on such a gloomy morning. The people appeared as cheerless and dismal as the foggy day. We cooked our breakfasts in order to see if, by the time we had fortified the soul by satisfying the cravings of the stomach, the river and its shores might not have resumed their usual beautiful outlines, and their striking contrasts of light and shadow.

Slowly the breeze wafted the dull and heavy mists away until the sun appeared, and bit by bit the luxuriantly wooded banks rose up solemn and sad. Finally the grey river was seen, and at 9 A.M. its face gleamed with the brightness of a mirror.

“Embark, my friends! Let us at once away! and a happy voyage to us.”

The drum and trumpet proclaimed to Tippu-Tib's expectant ears that we were ascending the river. In half an hour we were pulling across to the left bank,

and when we reached it a mile above Vinya-Njara we rested on our oars. The strong brown current soon bore us down within hearing of a deep and melodious diapason of musical voices chanting the farewell song. How beautiful it sounded to us as we approached them! The dense jungle and forests seemed to be penetrated with the vocal notes, and the river to bear them tenderly towards us. Louder the sad notes swelled on our ears, full of a pathetic and mournful meaning. With bated breath we listened to the rich music which spoke to us unmistakably of parting, of sundered friendship, a long, perhaps an eternal, farewell. We came in view of them, as ranged along the bank in picturesque costume the sons of Unyamwezi sang their last song. We waved our hands to them. Our hearts were so full of grief that we could not speak. Steadily the brown flood bore us by, and fainter and fainter came the notes down the water, till finally they died away, leaving us all alone in our loneliness.

But, looking up, I saw the gleaming portal to the Unknown: wide open to us and away down, for miles and miles, the river lay stretched with all the fascination of its mystery. I stood up and looked at the people. How few they appeared to dare the region of fable and darkness! They were nearly all sobbing. They were leaning forward, bowed, as it seemed, with grief and heavy hearts.

"Sons of Zanzibar," I shouted, "the Arabs and the Wanyamwezi are looking at you. They are now telling one another what brave fellows you are. Lift up your heads and be men. What is there to fear? All the world is smiling with joy. Here we are altogether like one family, with hearts united, all strong with the purpose to reach our homes. See this river; it is the road to Zanzibar. When saw you a road so wide? When did you journey along a path like this? Strike your paddles deep, cry out Bismillah! and let us forward."

Poor fellows! with what wan smiles they responded to my words! How feebly they paddled! But the strong flood was itself bearing us along, and the Vinya-Njara villages were fast receding into distance.

Then I urged my boat's crew, knowing that thus we should tempt the canoes to quicker pace. Three or four times Uledi, the coxswain, gallantly attempted to sing, in order to invite a cheery chorus, but his voice soon died into such piteous hoarseness that the very ludicrousness of the tones caused his young friends to smile even in the midst of their grief.

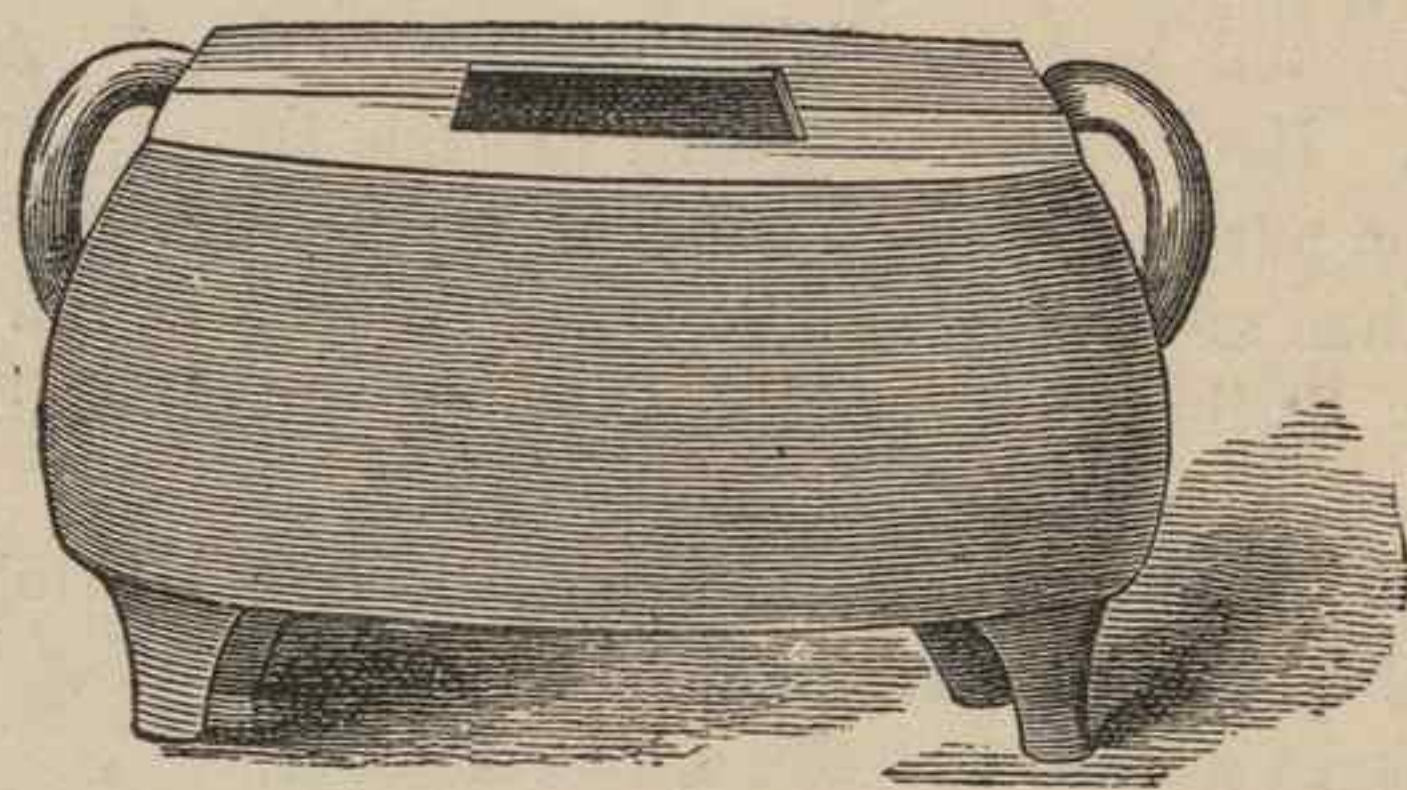
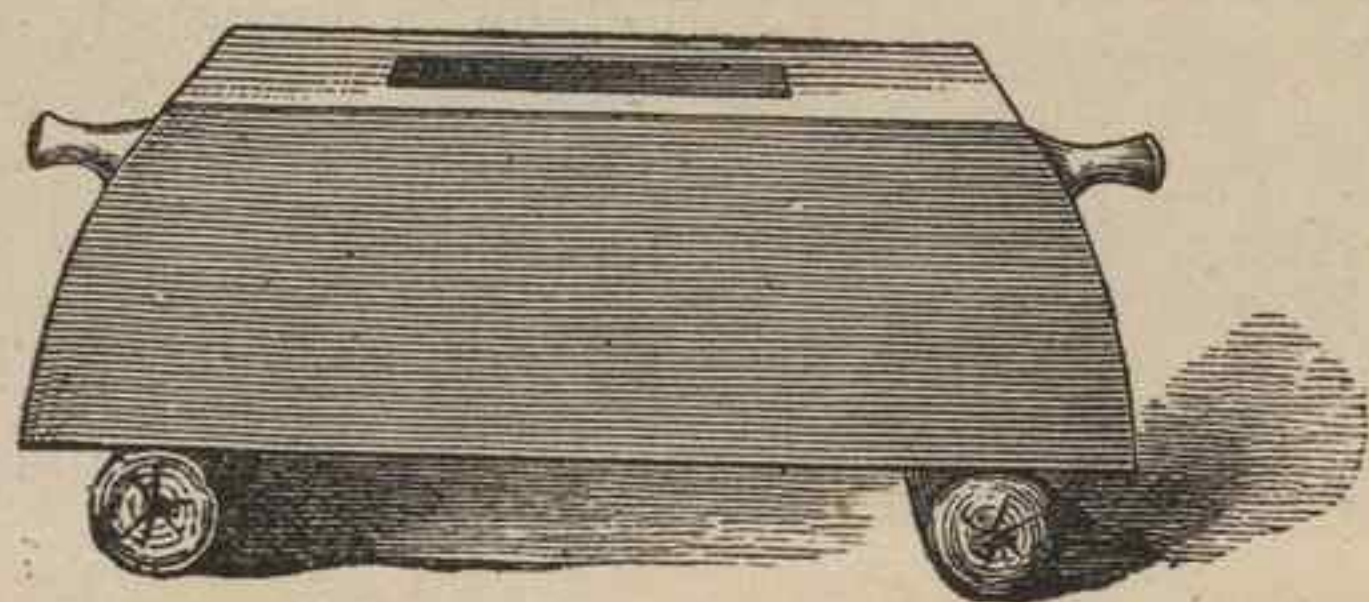
We knew that the Vinya-Njara district was populous from the numbers of natives that fought with us by land and water, but we had no conception that it was so thickly populated as the long row of villages we now saw indicated. I counted fourteen separate villages, each with its respective growth of elais palm and banana, and each separated from the other by thick bush.

Every three or four miles after passing Vinya-Njara, there were small villages visible on either bank, but we met with no disturbance, fortunately. At 5 P.M. we made for a small village called Kali-Karero, and camped there,

the natives having retired peacefully. In half an hour they returned, and the ceremony of brotherhood was entered upon, which insured a peaceful night. The inhabitants of Rukura, opposite us, also approached us with confidence, and an interchange of small gifts served us as a healthy augury for the future.

On the morning of the 29th, accompanied by a couple of natives in a small fishing-canoe, we descended the river along the left bank, and, after about four miles, arrived at the confluence of the Kasuku, a dark-water stream of a hundred yards' width at the mouth. Opposite the mouth, at the southern end of Kaimba—a long wooded island on the right bank, and a little above the confluence—stands the important village of Kisanga-Sanga.

Below Kaimba Island and its neighbour, the Livingstone assumes a breadth



WAR-DRUMS OF THE TRIBES OF THE UPPER LIVINGSTONE.

of 1800 yards. The banks are very populous: the villages of the left bank comprise the district of Luavala. We thought for some time we should be permitted to pass by quietly, but soon the great wooden drums, hollowed out of huge trees, thundered the signal along the river that there were strangers. In order to lessen all chances of a rupture between us, we sheered off to the middle of the river, and quietly lay on our paddles. But from both banks at once, in fierce concert, the natives, with their heads gaily feathered, and armed with broad black wooden shields and long spears, dashed out towards us.

Tippu-Tib before our departure had hired to me two young men of Ukusu—cannibals—as interpreters. These were now instructed to cry out the word “Sennenneh!” (“Peace!”), and to say that we were friends.

But they would not reply to our greeting, and in a bold peremptory manner told us to return.

"But we are doing no harm, friends. It is the river that takes us down, and the river will not stop, or go back."

"This is our river."

"Good. Tell it to take us back, and we will go."

"If you do not go back, we will fight you."

"No, don't; we are friends."

"We don't want you for our friends; we will eat you."

But we persisted in talking to them, and as their curiosity was so great they persisted in listening, and the consequence was that the current conveyed us near to the right bank; and in such near neighbourhood to another district, that our discourteous escort had to think of themselves, and began to skurry hastily up river, leaving us unattacked.

The villages on the right bank also maintained a tremendous drumming and blowing of war-horns, and their wild men hurried up with menace towards us, urging their sharp-prowed canoes so swiftly that they seemed to skim over the water like flying-fish. Unlike the Luavala villagers, they did not wait to be addressed, but as soon as they came within fifty or sixty yards they shot out their spears, crying out, "Meat! meat! Ah! ha! We shall have plenty of meat! Bo-bo-bo-bo, Bo-bo-bo-bo-o-o!"

Undoubtedly these must be relatives of the terrible "Bo-bo-bo's" above, we thought, as with one mind we rose to respond to this rabid man-eating tribe. Anger we had none for them. It seemed to me so absurd to be angry with people who looked upon one only as an epicure would regard a fat capon. Sometimes also a faint suspicion came to my mind that this was all but a part of a hideous dream. Why was it that I should be haunted with the idea that there were human beings who regarded me and my friends only in the light of meat! Meat! *We?* Heavens! what an atrocious idea!

"Meat! Ah! we shall have meat to-day. Meat! meat! meat!"

There was a fat-bodied wretch in a canoe, whom I allowed to crawl within spear-throw of me; who, while he swayed the spear with a vigour far from assuring to one who stood within reach of it, leered with such a clever hideousness of feature that I felt, if only within arm's length of him, I could have bestowed upon him a hearty thump on the back, and cried out applaudingly, "Bravo, old boy! You do it capitally!"

Yet not being able to reach him, I was rapidly being fascinated by him. The rapid movements of the swaying spear, the steady wide-mouthed grin, the big square teeth, the head poised on one side with the confident pose of a practised spear-thrower, the short brow and square face, hair short and thick. Shall I ever forget him? It appeared to me as if the spear partook of the same cruel inexorable look as the grinning savage. Finally, I saw him draw his right arm back, and his body incline backwards, with still that same grin

on his face, and I felt myself begin to count, one, two, three, four—and *whizz!* The spear flew over my back, and hissed as it pierced the water. The spell was broken.

It was only five minutes' work clearing the river. We picked up several shields, and I gave orders that all shields should be henceforth religiously preserved, for the idea had entered my head that they would answer capitally as bulwarks for our canoes. An hour after this we passed close to the confluence of the Urindi—a stream 400 yards in width at the mouth, and deep with water of a light colour, and tolerably clear.

We continued down river along the right bank, and at 4 P.M. camped in a dense low jungle, the haunt of the hippopotamus and elephant during the dry season. When the river is in flood a much larger tract must be under water.

The left bank was between seventy and eighty feet high; and a point bearing from camp north-west was about one hundred and fifty feet high.

The traveller's first duty in lands infested by lions and leopards, is to build a safe corral, kraal, or boma, for himself, his oxen, horses, servants; and in lands infested like Usongora Meno and Kasera—wherein we now were—by human lions and leopards, the duty became still more imperative. We drew our canoes, therefore, half-way upon the banks, and our camp was in the midst of an impenetrable jungle.

On the high bluffs opposite was situated Vina-Kya. The inhabitants at once manned their drums and canoes, and advanced towards our camp. We could not help it. Here we were camped in a low jungle. How could the most captious, or the most cruel, of men find any cause or heart to blame us for resting on this utterly uninhabitable spot? Yet the savages of Vina-Kya did. Our interpreters were urged to be eloquent. And indeed they were, if I may judge by the gestures, which was the only language that was comprehensible to me. I was affected with a strange, envious admiration for those two young fellows, cannibals it is true, but endowed, none the less, with a talent for making even senseless limbs speak—and they appeared to have affected the savages of Vina-Kya also. At any rate, the wild natures relented for that day; but they promised to decapitate us early in the morning, for the sake of a horrid barbecue they intended to hold. We resolved not to wait for the entertainment.

At dawn we embarked, and descended about two miles, close to the right bank, when, lo! the broad mouth of the magnificent Lowwa, or Rowwa river burst upon the view. It was over a thousand yards wide, and its course by compass was from the south-east, or east-south-east true. A sudden rain-storm compelled us to camp on the north bank, and here we found ourselves under the shadows of the primeval forest.

Judging from the height and size of these trees, I doubt whether the right bank of the Livingstone at the mouth of the Lowwa river was ever at any time inhabited. An impenetrable undergrowth consisting of a heterogeneous



variety of ferns, young palms, date, doum, *Raphia vinifera*, and the *Mucuna pruriens*—the dread of the naked native for the tenacity with which its stinging sharp-pointed bristles attach themselves to the skin—masses of the capsicum plant, a hundred species of clambering vines, caoutchouc creepers, lianes, and endless lengths of rattan-cane intermeshed and entangled, was jealously sheltered from sunlight by high, over-arching, and interlacing branches of fine grey-stemmed Rubiaceæ, camwood and bombax, teak, elais palms, ficus, with thick fleshy leaves, and tall gum-trees. Such is the home of the elephants which through this undergrowth have trodden the only paths available. In the forks of trees were seen large lumps, a spongy excrescence which fosters orchids and tender ferns, and from many of the branches depended the Usneæ moss in graceful and delicate fringes. Along the brown clayey shores, wherever there is the slightest indentation in the banks and still water, were to be found the Cyperaceæ sedge, and in deeper recesses and shallow water the papyrus.

In such cool, damp localities as the low banks near the confluence of these two important streams, entomologists might revel. The Myriapedes, with their lengthy sinuous bodies of bright shiny chocolate or deep black colour, are always one of the first species to attract one's attention. Next come the crowded lines of brown, black, or yellow ants, and the termites, which, with an insatiable appetite for destruction, are ever nibbling, gnawing, and prowling. If the mantis does not arrest the eye next, it most assuredly will be an unctuous earth caterpillar, with its polished and flexible armour, suggestive of slime and nausea. The mantis among insects is like the python among serpents. Its strange figure, trance-like attitudes, and mysterious ways have in all countries appealed to the imagination of the people. Though sometimes five inches in length, its waist is only about the thickness of its leg. Gaunt, weird, and mysterious in its action, it is as much a wonder among insects as a mastodon would be in a farmyard. The ladybird attracts the careless eye, as it slowly wanders about, by its brilliant red, spotted with black—but if I were to enter into details of the insect life I saw within the area of a square foot, an entire chapter might readily be filled. But to write upon the natural wonders of the tropics seems nowadays almost superfluous; it is so well understood that in these humid shades the earth seethes with life, that in these undrained recesses the primitive laboratory of nature is located, for disturbing which the unacclimatized will have to pay the bitter penalty of malarial fever.

One hears much about "the silence of the forest"—but the tropical forest is not silent to the keen observer. The hum and murmur of hundreds of busy insect tribes make populous the twilight shadows that reign under the primeval growth. I hear the grinding of millions of mandibles, the furious hiss of a tribe just alarmed or about to rush to battle, millions of tiny wings rustling through the nether air, the march of an insect tribe under the leaves,

the startling leap of an awakened mantis, the chirp of some eager and garrulous cricket, the buzz of an ant-lion, the roar of a bull-frog. Add to these the crackle of twigs, the fall of leaves, the dropping of nut and berry, the occasional crash of a branch, or the constant creaking and swaying of the forest tops as the strong wind brushes them or the gentle breezes awake them to whispers. Though one were blind and alone in the midst of a real tropical forest, one's sense of hearing would be painfully alive to the fact that an incredible number of minute industries, whose number one could never hope to estimate, were active in the shades. Silence is impossible in a tropical forest.

About ten o'clock, as we cowered in most miserable condition under the rude, leafy shelters we had hastily thrown up, the people of the wooded bluffs of Iryamba, opposite the Lowwa confluence, came over to see what strange beings were those who had preferred the secrecy of the uninhabited grove to their own loud roosting society. Stock still we sat cowering in our leafy coverts, but the mild reproachful voice of Katembo, our cannibal interpreter, was heard labouring in the interests of peace, brotherhood, and goodwill. The rain pattered so incessantly that I could from my position only faintly hear Katembo's voice pleading, earnestly yet mildly, with his unsophisticated brothers of Iryamba, but I felt convinced from the angelic tones that they would act as a sedative on any living creature except a rhinoceros or a crocodile. The long-drawn bleating sound of the word "Sen-nen-neh," which I heard frequently uttered by Katembo, I studied until I became quite as proficient in it as he himself.

Peace was finally made between Katembo on the one hand and the canoe-men of Iryamba on the other, and they drew near to gaze at their leisure at one of the sallow white men, who with great hollow eyes peered, from under the visor of his cap, on the well-fed bronze-skinned aborigines.

After selling us ten gigantic plantains, 13 inches long and 3 inches in diameter, they informed us that we had halted on the shore of Luru, or Lulu, in the uninhabited portion of the territory of Wanpuma, a tribe which lived inland; that the Lowwa came from the east, and was formed of two rivers, called the Lulu from the north-east, and the Lowwa from the south-east; that about a day's journey up the Lowwa river was a great cataract, which was "very loud."

The Livingstone, from the base of Iryamba bluffs on the left bank to our camp on the right bank, a mile below the confluence, was about two thousand yards in width. By dead reckoning we ascertained the latitude to be south  $1^{\circ} 28'$ , or 24 miles north of the Urindi affluent of the Livingstone, 95 miles north of the Lira, and 199 geographical miles north of the mouth of the Luama affluent.

The relative rank of these four great tributaries may be estimated by their width, at or near the confluence. The Luama was 400 yards wide; the Lira

300 yards, but deep; the Urindi, 500 yards; the Lowwa, 1000 yards. The parallel of latitude in which the Lowwa mouth is situated is fifty miles north of the extreme north end of Lake Tanganika. From all I could gather by a comparison of names and the relative authenticity of my informants, I am inclined to believe that the sources of this last great river may be placed near the south-west corner of Lake Muta-Nzigé; also, that the Urindi's head streams must approach the sources of the Luanda, which joins the Rusizi, and flows into Lake Tanganika, and that the Lira must drain the country west of Uvira.

The length of the Urindi river, which empties into the Livingstone only fifteen miles south of the Lowwa, may be estimated by a glance at the course of the Luama, which I followed from its source to its confluence with the Lualaba. In the same manner, the Lira's course and length may be judged.

The growing importance and volume of the tributaries as we proceed north also proves a northern prolongation of the mountain chain, which shuts in Tanganika on the west, and probably a slight deflection to the eastward. It will be observed also that while the Luama, the Lulindi, the Kunda, the Kariba, the Rumuna, the Kipembwé, the Lira, Urindi, and Lowwa rivers all issue from the country east, within a length of about two hundred miles of the Livingstone, we have only discovered two comparatively small rivers, the Ruiki and the Kasuku, issuing from the west side during the same course. The nature of the eastern country may be judged after a study of the chapter descriptive of our journey from Lake Tanganika to the mouth of the Luama.

At 2 P.M. we left our camp in the forest of Luru, and pulled across to the Iryamba side of the Livingstone. But as soon as the rain had ceased, a strong breeze had risen, which, when we were in mid-river, increased to a tempest from the north, and created great heavy waves, which caused the foundering of two of our canoes, the drowning of two of our men, Farjalla Baraka and Nasib, and the loss of four muskets and one sack of beads. Half-a-dozen other canoes were in great danger for a time, but no more fatal accidents occurred.

I feared lest this disaster might cause the people to rebel and compel me to return, for it had shocked them greatly; but I was cheered to hear them remark that the sudden loss of their comrades had been ordained by fate, and that no precautions would have availed to save them. But though omens and auguries were delivered by the pessimists among us, not one hazarded aloud the belief that we ought to relinquish our projects; yet they were all evidently cowed by our sudden misfortune.

On the 31st, the last day of the year 1876, we resumed our voyage. The morning was beautiful, the sky blue and clear, the tall forest still and dark, the river flowed without a ripple, like a solid mass of polished silver. Everything promised fair. But from the island below, the confluence of the Lowwa

and the Livingstone, the warning drum sounded loudly over the river, and other drums soon echoed the dull boom.

"Keep together, my men," I cried, "there may be hot work for us below."

We resolved to keep in mid-stream, because both the island and the left bank appeared to be extremely populous, and to paddle slowly and steadily down river. The canoes of the natives darted from either shore, and there seemed to be every disposition made for a furious attack; but as we drew near, we shouted out to them, "Friends, Sennenneh! Keep away from us. We shall not hurt you; but don't lift your spears, or we'll fight."

There was a moment's hesitation, wherein spears were clashed against shields, and some fierce words uttered, but finally the canoes drew back, and as we continued to paddle, the river with its stiff current soon bore us down rapidly past the populous district and island.

Before we finally passed by the latter, we came to another island which was uninhabited, and, after descending by a narrow channel, we crossed the mouth of a stream about twenty-five yards wide, flowing from the west side, in which were several small canoes and some dozen fishermen, lifting their nets from among the sedge.

At noon of this day we came to the southern end of an uninhabited low and sandy island, where I ascertained the latitude to be south  $1^{\circ} 20' 3''$ . The altitude, above sea-level, of the river at this place is 1729 feet.

South of this position we struck across to the right bank again and discovered a small river 40 yards wide at the mouth, nearly opposite which, about mid-stream, are five low and bush-covered islets. After descending some five miles we formed our camp in the woods on the right bank.

The beginning of the new year, 1877, commenced, the first three hours after sunrise, with a delicious journey past an uninhabited tract, when my mind, wearied with daily solicitude, found repose in dwelling musingly upon the deep slumber of Nature. Outwardly the forest was all beauty, solemn peace, and soft dreamy rest, tempting one to sentiment and mild melancholy. Though it was vain to endeavour to penetrate with our eyes into the dense wall of forest—black and impervious to the sunlight which almost seemed to burn up the river—what could restrain the imagination? These were my calm hours, periods when my heart, oblivious of the dark and evil days we had passed, resolutely closed itself against all dismal forebodings, and revelled in the exquisite stillness of the uninhabited wilderness.

But soon after nine o'clock we discovered we were approaching settlements, both on islands and on the banks, and again the hoarse war-drums awaked the echoes of the forest, boomed along the river, and quickened our pulses.

We descend in close order as before, and steadily pursue our way. But, heading us off, about ten long canoes dart out from the shadow of palmy banks, and the wild crews begin to chant their war-songs, and now and then, in

attitudes of bravado and defiance, raise spears and shields aloft and bring them downward with sounding clash.

As we approached them, we shouted out "Sen-nen-neh"—our Sesame and Shibboleth, our watchword and countersign. But they would not respond.

Hitherto they had called us Wasambye; we were now called Wajiwa (people of the sun?); our guns were called Katadzi, while before they were styled Kibongeh, or lightning. Katembo was implored to be eloquent, mild of voice, pacific in gesture.

They replied, "We shall eat Wajiwa meat to-day, Oho, we shall eat Wajiwa meat!" and then an old chief gave some word of command, and at once 100 paddles beat the water into foam, and the canoes darted at us. But the contest was short, and we were permitted to pursue our voyage.

The river, beyond these islands, expanded to a breadth of 3000 yards: the left bank being high, and the right low. At noon we were in south latitude  $1^{\circ} 10'$ .

Five miles below, the river narrowed to about 2800 yards, and then we floated down past an uninhabited stretch, the interval affording us rest, until, reaching the southern end of a large island, we camped, lest we might be plunged into hostilities once more.

The 2nd of January was a lively day. We first ran the gauntlet past Kirembuka, an exciting affair, and next we were challenged by Mwana-Mara's fierce sons, who were soon joined by Mwana Vibondo's people, and about 10.30 A.M. we had to repulse an attack made by the natives of Lombo a Kiriro. We had fought for three hours almost without a pause, for the Kewanjawa and Watomba tribe from the left bank had joined in the savage mêlée, and had assisted the tribes of the right bank. Then for an hour we had rest; but after that we came to islands, which we afterwards discovered were called Kibombo, and, finding the tribe of Amu Nyam preparing for battle with animation, we took advantage of one of the group to see if we could not negotiate a peaceful passage before risking another fight. The latitude of this island was south  $0^{\circ} 52' 0''$ .

Katembo, our interpreter, and his friend, were despatched in a canoe manned by eight men, halfway to the shore, to speak fair and sweet words of peace to the Amu Nyam. No verbal answer was given to them, but they had to retreat in a desperate hurry before a rapidly advancing crowd of canoes. The Amu Nyams had evidently not had time to be undeceived by their friends above, for they came up with a dauntless bearing, as though accustomed to victory. Yet we held out copper armlets and long strings of shells to them, vociferously shouting out "Sen-nen-neh," with appropriate and plausible gestures. They laughed at us; and one fellow, who had a mighty door-like shield painted black with soot, using his long spear as an index finger, asked us—if Katembo spoke correctly—if we thought we could disappoint them of so much meat by the presents of a few shells and a little copper.

Our canoes were lying broadside along the reedy island, and as soon as the first spears were thrown, the Wangwana received orders to reply to them with brass slugs, which created such a panic that a couple of shots from each man sufficed to drive them back in confusion. After a while they recovered, and from a distance began to fly their poisoned arrows; but the Sniders responded to them so effectually that they finally desisted, and we were again free from our meat-loving antagonists.

About 2 P.M. we dropped down river again a few miles, and at 4.30 P.M. halted to camp at an old clearing on the right bank. Had we dared, we might have continued our journey by night, but prudence forbade the attempt, as cataracts might have been more disastrous than cannibals.

Near sunset we were once more alarmed by finding arrows dropping into the camp. Of course there was a general rush to the guns; but, upon noting the direction whence the arrows came, I ordered the people simply to go on about their duties as though nothing had occurred, while I sent twenty men in two canoes down the river with instructions to advance upon the enemy from behind, but by no means to fire unless they were overwhelmed in numbers.

Just at dark our canoes came back with three prisoners bound hand and foot. Except the poor dwarf at Ikundu up river, I had not seen any human creatures so unlovable to look at. There was no one feature about them that even extravagant charity could indicate as elevating them into the category of noble savages. I do not think I was prejudiced; I examined their faces with eyes that up to that time had gazed into the eyes of over five hundred thousand black men. They were intolerably ugly. I would not disturb them, however, that evening, but releasing their feet, and relaxing the bonds on their arms, appointed Katembo and his friend to keep them company and feed them, and Wadi Rehani to stimulate the keepers to be hospitable.

By the morning they were sociable, and replied readily to our questions. They were of the Wanongi—an inland tribe—but they had a small fishing village about an hour's journey below our camp called Katumbi. A powerful tribe called the Mwana Ntaba occupied a country below Katumbi, near some falls, which they warned us would be our destruction. On the left side of the river, opposite the Mwana Ntaba, were the Wavinza, south of a large river called the Rumami, or Lumami. The great river on which we had voyaged was known to them as the Lowwa.

As we stepped into our canoes we cut their bonds and permitted the unlovable and unsympathetic creatures to depart, a permission of which they availed themselves gladly.

The banks were from 10 to 30 feet high, of a grey-brown clay, and steep with old clearings, which were frequent at this part until below Katumbi. Half an hour afterwards we arrived at a channel which flowed in a sudden bend to the north-east, and, following it, we found ourselves abreast of a most populous shore, close to which we glided. Presently several large canoes

appeared from behind an island to our right, and seemed to be hesitating as to whether they should retreat or advance.

The "Open Sesame"—"Sen-nen-neh!"—was loudly uttered by Katembo with his usual pathetic, bleating accent, and to our joy the word was repeated by over a hundred voices. "Sen-nen-neh! Sennenneh! Sennenneh!"—each voice apparently vying with the other in loudness. The river bore us down, and as they would not shorten the distance, we thought it better to keep this condition of things, lest the movement might be misconstrued, and we might be precipitated into hostilities.

For half an hour we glided down in this manner, keeping up a constant fire of smiling compliments and pathetic Sennennehs. Indeed, we were discovering that there was much virtue in a protracted and sentimental pronunciation of Sen-nen-neh! The men of the Expedition, who had previously ridiculed with mocking Ba-a-a-a-as, the absurd moan and plaintive accents of Sen-nen-neh, which Katembo had employed, now admired him for his tact. The good natives with whom we were now exchanging these suave, bleating courtesies proved to us that the true shibboleth of peace was to prolong each word with a quavering moan and melancholic plaint.

We came to a banana grove of a delicious and luxuriant greenness, which the shadowy black green of the antique forest behind it only made more agreeable and pleasant. Beyond this grove, the bank was lined by hundreds of men and women, standing or sitting down, their eyes directed towards our approaching flotilla.

"Sen-nen-neh!" was delivered with happy effect by one of the boat-boys. A chorus of Sen-nen-nehs, long-drawn, loud, and harmonious, quickly following the notes of the last syllable, burst from the large assembly, until both banks of the great river re-echoed it with all its indescribable and ludicrous pathos.

The accents were peaceful, the bearing of the people and the presence of the women were unmistakably pacific, so the word was given to drop anchor.

The natives in the canoes, who had hitherto preceded us, were invited to draw near, but they shrugged their shoulders, and declined the responsibility of beginning any intercourse with the strangers. We appealed to the concourse on the banks, for we were not a hundred feet from them. They burst out into a loud laughter, yet with nothing of scorn or contempt in it, for we had been so long accustomed to the subtle differences of passion that we were by this time adepts in discovering the nicest shades of feeling which wild humanity is capable of expressing. We held out our hands to them with palms upturned, heads sentimentally leaning on one side, and, with a captivating earnestness of manner, begged them to regard us as friends, strangers far from their homes, who had lost their way, but were endeavouring to find it by going down the river.

The effect is manifest. A kind of convulsion of tenderness appears to

animate the entire host. Expressions of pity break from them, and there is a quick interchange of sympathetic opinions.

"Ah," thought I, "how delighted Livingstone would have been had he been here to regard this scene! Assuredly he would have been enraptured, and become more firmly impressed than ever with the innocence and guilelessness of true aborigines," and I am forced to admit it is exceedingly pleasant, but—I wait.

We hold up long necklaces of beads of various colours to view: blue, red, white, yellow, and black.

"Ah-h-h," sigh a great many, admiringly, and heads bend towards heads in praise and delight of them.

"Come, my friends, let us talk. Bring one canoe here. These to those who dare to approach us." There is a short moment of hesitation, and then some forms disappear, and presently come out again bearing gourds, chickens, bananas, and vegetables, &c., which they place carefully in a small canoe. Two women step in and boldly paddle towards us, while a deathly silence prevails among my people as well as among the aborigines on the bank.

I observed one or two coquettish airs on the part of the two women, but though my arm was getting tired with holding out so long in one position those necklaces of glorious beads, I dared not withdraw them, lest the fascination might be broken. I felt myself a martyr in the cause of public peace, and the sentiment made me bear up stoically.

"Boy," I muttered, in an undertone, to Mabruki, my gun-bearer, "when the canoe is alongside, seize it firmly and do not let it escape."

"Inshallah, my master."

Nearer the canoe came, and with its approach my blandness increased, and further I projected my arm with those beads of tempting colours.

At last the canoe was paddled alongside. Mabruki quietly grasped it. I then divided the beads into sets, talking the while to Katembo—who translated for me—of the happiness I felt at the sight of two such beautiful women coming out to see the white chief, who was so good, and who loved to talk to beautiful women. "There! these are for you—and these are for you," I said to the steerswoman and her mate.

They clapped their hands in glee, and each woman held out her presents in view of the shore people; and hearty hand-claps from all testified to their grateful feelings.

The women then presented me with the gourds of malofu—palm-wine—the chickens, bananas, potatoes, and cassava they had brought, which were received by the boat's crew and the interested members of the Expedition with such a hearty clapping of hands that it sent the shore people into convulsions of laughter. Mabruki was told now to withdraw his hand, as the women were clinging to the boats themselves, and peace was assured. Pre-



sently the great native canoes drew near and alongside the boat, forming dense walls of strange humanity on either side.

"Tell us, friends," we asked, "why it is you are so friendly, when those up the river are so wicked?"

Then a chief said, "Because yesterday some of our fishermen were up the river on some islets near Kibombo Island, opposite the Amu-Nyam villages; and when we heard the war-drums of the Amu-Nyam we looked up, and saw your canoes coming down. You stopped at Kibombo Island, and we heard you speak to them, saying you were friends. But the Amu-Nyam are bad; they eat people, we don't. They fight with us frequently, and whomsoever they catch they eat. They fought with you, and while you were fighting our fishermen came down and told us that the Wajiwa" (we) "were coming; but they said that they heard the Wajiwa say that they came as friends, and that they did not want to fight. To-day we sent a canoe, with a woman and a boy up the river, with plenty of provisions in it. If you had been bad people, you would have taken that canoe. We were behind the bushes of that island watching you; but you said 'Sen-nen-neh' to them, and passed into the channel between the island and our villages. Had you seized that canoe, our drums would have sounded for war, and you would have had to fight us, as you fought the Amu-Nyam. We have left our spears on one of those islands. See, we have nothing."

It was true, as I had already seen, to my wonder and admiration. Here, then, I had opportunities for noting what thin barriers separated ferocity from amiability. Only a couple of leagues above lived the cannibals of Amu-Nyam, who had advanced towards us with evil and nauseous intentions; but next to them was a tribe which detested the unnatural custom of eating their own species, with whom we had readily formed a pact of peace and goodwill!

They said their country was called Kankoré, the chief of which was Sangarika, and that the village opposite to us was Maringa; and that three miles below was Simba-Simba; that their country was small, and only reached to the end of the islands; that after we had passed the islands we should come to the territory of the Mwana Ntaba, with whom we should have to fight; that the Mwana Ntaba people occupied the country as far as the falls; that below the falls were several islands inhabited by the Baswa, who were friends of the Mwana Ntaba. It would be impossible, they said, to go over the falls, as the river swept against a hill, and rolled over it, and tumbled down, down, down, with whirl and uproar, and we should inevitably get lost. It would be far better, they said, for us to return.

The strange disposition to rechristen the great river with the name of its last great affluent, was here again exemplified, for the Kankoré tribe called the river at the falls the Rumami, or Lumami, and it became known no more as the Lowwa.

Other information we received was that the Watwa and Waringa tribes lived

on the other side of the Lumami. The dwarfs, called Wakwanga, were said to be in a south-west direction. The Wavinza occupied the tract between the Lumami and the Lowwa opposite to us. The Bakutzi, or Wakuti, live west across the Lumami, which agrees with Abed the guide's story. On the right bank are situate Kankura, Mpassi, and Mburri; the chief of the last-mentioned country being Mungamba. There is also a tribe called the Ba-ama, whose chief, Subiri, trades in dogs and shells. Dogs are considered by the Ba-ama as greater delicacies than sheep and goats. But we were specially instructed to beware of the Bakumu, a powerful tribe of light-complexioned cannibals, who came originally from the north-east, and who, armed with bows and arrows, had conquered a considerable section of Uregga, and had even crossed the great river. They would undoubtedly, we were told, seek us out and massacre us all.

The Kankoré men were similar in dress and tattooing to the Waregga, through whose forests we had passed. The women wore bits of carved wood and necklaces of the Achatina fossil shell around their necks, while iron rings, brightly polished, were worn as armlets and leg ornaments.

Having obtained so much information from the amiable Kankoré, we lifted our stone anchors and moved gently down stream. Before each village we passed groups of men and women seated on the banks, who gave a genial response to our peaceful greeting.

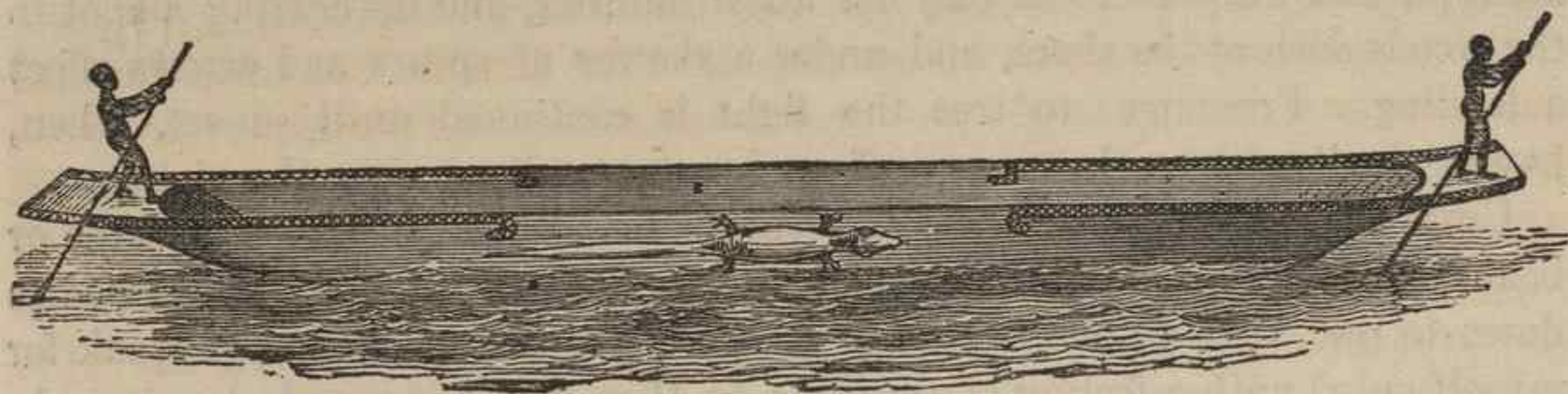
We were soon below the islands on our left, and from a course north by west the river gradually swerved to north by east, and the high banks on our right, which rose from 80 to 150 feet, towered above us, with grassy breaks here and there agreeably relieving the sombre foliage of groves.

About 2 P.M., as we were proceeding quietly and listening with all our ears for the terrible falls of which we had been warned, our vessels being only about thirty yards from the right bank, eight men with shields darted into view from behind a bush-clump, and shouting their war-cries, launched their wooden spears. Some of them struck and dented the boat deeply, others flew over it. We shoved off instantly, and getting into mid-stream found that we had heedlessly exposed ourselves to the watchful tribe of Mwana Ntaba, who immediately sounded their great drums, and prepared their numerous canoes for battle.

Up to this time we had met with no canoes over fifty feet long, except that antique century-old vessel which we had repaired as a hospital for our small-pox patients; but those which now issued from the banks and the shelter of bends in the banks were monstrous. The natives were in full war-paint, one-half of their bodies being daubed white, the other half red, with broad black bars, the *tout ensemble* being unique and diabolical. There was a crocodilian aspect about these lengthy vessels which was far from assuring, while the fighting men, standing up alternately with the paddlers, appeared to be animated with a most ferocious cat-o'-mountain spirit. Horn-blasts which

reverberated from bank to bank, sonorous drums, and a chorus of loud yells, lent a fierce éclat to the fight in which we were now about to be engaged.

We formed line, and having arranged all our shields as bulwarks for the non-combatants, awaited the first onset with apparent calmness. One of the largest canoes, which we afterwards found to be 85 feet 3 inches in length, rashly made the mistake of singling out the boat for its victim; but we reserved our fire until it was within fifty feet of us, and after pouring a volley into the crew, charged the canoe with the boat, and the crew, unable to turn her round sufficiently soon to escape, precipitated themselves into the river and swam to their friends, while we made ourselves masters of the *Great Eastern* of the Livingstone. We soon exchanged two of our smaller canoes and manned the monster with thirty men, and resumed our journey in line, the boat in front acting as a guide. This early disaster to the Mwana Ntaba caused them to hurry down river, blowing their horns, and alarming with their drums both shores of the river, until about forty canoes were seen furiously dashing down stream, no doubt bent on mischief.



MWANA NTABA CANOE (THE "CROCODILE").

At 4 P.M. we came opposite a river about 200 yards wide, which I have called the Leopold River, in honour of his Majesty Leopold II., King of the Belgians, and which the natives called either the Kankora, Mikonju, or Munduku. Perhaps the natives were misleading me, or perhaps they really possessed a superfluity of names, but I think that whatever name they give it should be mentioned in connection with each stream.

Soon after passing by the confluence, the Livingstone, which above had been 2500 yards wide, perceptibly contracted, and turned sharply to the east-north-east, because of a hill which rose on the left bank about 300 feet above the river. Close to the elbow of the bend on the right bank we passed by some white granite rocks, from one to six feet above the water, and just below these we heard the roar of the First Cataract of the Stanley Falls series.

But louder than the noise of the falls rose the piercing yells of the savage Mwana Ntaba from both sides of the great river. We now found ourselves confronted by the inevitable necessity of putting into practice the resolution which we had formed before setting out on the wild voyage—to conquer or die. What should we do? Shall we turn and face the fierce cannibals, who

with hideous noise drown the solemn roar of the cataract, or shall we cry out "Mambu Kwa Mungu"—"Our fate is in the hands of God"—and risk the cataract with its terrors!

Meanwhile, we are sliding smoothly to our destruction, and a decision must therefore be arrived at instantly. God knows, I and my fellows would rather have it not to do, because possibly it is only a choice of deaths, by cruel knives or drowning. If we do not choose the knives, which are already sharpened for our throats, death by drowning is certain. So finding ourselves face to face with the inevitable, we turn to the right bank upon the savages, who are in the woods and on the water. We drop our anchors and begin the fight, but after fifteen minutes of it find that we cannot force them away. We then pull up anchors and ascend stream again, until, arriving at the elbow above mentioned, we strike across the river and divide our forces. Manwa Sera is to take four canoes and to continue up stream a little distance, and, while we occupy the attention of the savages in front, is to lead his men through the woods and set upon them in rear. At 5.30 P.M. we make the attempt, and keep them in play for a few minutes, and on hearing a shot in the woods dash at the shore, and under a shower of spears and arrows effect a landing. From tree to tree the fight is continued until sunset, when, having finally driven the enemy off, we have earned peace for the night.

Until about 10 P.M. we are busy constructing an impenetrable stockade or boma of brushwood, and then at length, we lay our sorely fatigued bodies down to rest, without comforts of any kind and without fires, but (I speak for myself only) with a feeling of gratitude to Him who had watched over us in our trouble, and a humble prayer that His protection may be extended to us, for the terrible days that may yet be to come.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

**Fighting betimes—Blazing a path—We take an island by storm—A desperate dilemma—Road-making under fire—A miraculous escape—A terrible march—Peace by stratagem—Below the Fifth Cataract—Our cannibal captives—Fighting the Wana-Rukura—The Wana-Rukura islanders—Approaching the Seventh Cataract—A deserted island—The Seventh Cataract of the Stanley Falls—The first of the cataracts—Clear of the Stanley Falls.**

AT 4 A.M. of the 5th of January we were awake, cooking betimes the food that was to strengthen us for the task that lay before us, while the screaming lemur and the soko still alarmed the dark forest with their weird cries.

We were left undisturbed until 8 A.M. when the canoes of the Mwana Ntaba were observed to cross over to the left bank, and in response to their signals the forest behind our camp was soon alive with wild men. Frank distributed thirty rounds to each of the forty-three guns which now remained to us. Including my own guns, we possessed only forty-eight altogether, as Manwa Sera had lost four Sniders in the Ukassa Rapid, and by the capsizing of the two canoes in the tempest, which struck us as we crossed the Livingstone below its confluence with the Lowwa, we had lost four muskets. But more terrible for our enemies than Sniders or muskets was the courage of despair that now nerved every heart and kept cool and resolute every head.

By river the cannibals had but little chance of success, and this the Mwana Ntaba after a very few rounds from our guns discovered; they therefore allied themselves with the Baswa tribe, which during the night had crossed over from its islands, below the first falls. Until 10 A.M. we held our own safely in the camp but then breaking out of it, we charged on the foe, and until 3 P.M. were incessantly at work. Ten of our men received wounds, and two were killed. To prevent them becoming food for the cannibals, we consigned them to the swift brown flood of the Livingstone.

The Mwana Ntaba and the Baswas at length retired, and though we momentarily expected a visit from them each day, for the next two or three days we were unmolested.

Early on the morning of the 6th I began to explore the First Cataract of the Stanley Falls. I found a small stream about two hundred yards wide, separated by a lateral dyke of igneous rocks from the main stream, which took the boat safely down for a couple of miles. Then presently other dykes

appeared, some mere low narrow ridges of rock and others, much larger and producing tall trees, inhabited by the Baswa tribe. Among these islets the left stream rushed down in cascades or foamy sheets, over low terraces, with a fall of from one foot to ten feet. The Baswas, no doubt, have recently fled to these islets to seek refuge from some powerful tribe situated inland west of the river.

The main stream, 900 yards wide, rushed towards the east-north-east, and, after a mile of rapids, tilted itself against a hilly ridge that lay north and south, the crest of which was probably 300 feet above the river. With my glass, from the fork of a tree twenty feet above the ground, I saw at once that a descent by the right side was an impossibility, as the waves were enormous, and the slope so great that the river's face was all a foam; and that at the base of the hilly ridge which obstructed its course the river seemed piling itself into a watery bank, whence it escaped into a scene of indescribable confusion down to the horror of whirling pools, and a mad confluence of tumbling rushing waters. It was now quite easy to understand why our friends the Kankoré people, in attempting to illustrate the scene at the First Cataract, placed one hand overlapping the other—they meant to say that the water, driven with impetuosity against the hill, rose up and overlapped the constant flow from the steep slope.

I decided, therefore, to go down along the left stream, overland, and, to ascertain the best route, I took eight men with me, leaving five men to guard the boat. Within two hours we had explored the jungle, and "blazed" a path below the falls—a distance of two miles.

Then returning to camp I sent Frank off with a detachment of fifty men with axes, to clear the path, and a musket-armed guard of fifteen men, to be stationed in the woods parallel with the projected land route, and, leaving a guard of twenty men to protect the camp, I myself rowed up river along the left bank, a distance of three miles. Within a bend, a mile above our camp, I discovered a small black-water river, about forty yards wide, issuing from the south-west, which I named Black River, from the colour of its water. Two miles above this, the affluent Lumami, which Livingstone calls "Young's River," entered the great stream, by a mouth 600 yards wide, between low banks densely covered with trees. At noon I took an observation of the sun—the declination of which being south gave me a clear water horizon—and ascertained it to be south latitude  $0^{\circ} 32' 0''$ .

By noon of the 7th, having descended with the canoes as near as prudence would permit to the first fall of the left stream, we were ready for hauling the canoes overland. A road, fifteen feet in width, had been cut through the tangle of rattan, palms, vines, creepers and brushwood, tolerably straight except where great forest monarchs stood untouched, and whatever brushwood had been cut from the jungle had been laid across the road in thick piles. A rude camp had also been constructed half-way on the river side of the road,

into which everything was conveyed. By 8 P.M. we had hauled the canoes over one mile of ground.

The next day while the people were still fresh, we buckled on to the canoes and by 3 P.M. of the 8th had passed the falls and rapids of the First Cataract, and were afloat in a calm creek between Baswa Island and the left bank!

Not wishing to stay in such a dangerous locality longer than was absolutely necessary, we re-embarked, and descending cautiously down the creek, came, in a short time to the great river, with every prospect of a good stretch of serene water. But soon we heard the roar of another cataract, and had to hug the left bank closely. Then we entered other creeks, which wound lazily by jungle-covered islets, and after two miles of meanderings among most dismal islands and banks, emerged in view of the great river, with the cataract's roar sounding solemnly and terribly near. As it was near evening, and our position was extremely unpleasant, we resolved to encamp for the night at an island which lay in mid-stream. Meanwhile, we heard drums and war-horns sounding on the left bank, and though the islanders also responded to them, of the two evils it was preferable to risk an encounter with the people of the island rather than with those of the main, until we could discover our whereabouts. We had no time for consultation, or even thought—the current was swift, and the hoarse roar of the Second Cataract was more sonorous than that of the first, thundering into our affrighted ears that, if we were swept over, destruction, sudden and utter, awaited us.

The islanders were hostilely alert and ready, but, spurred on by our terror of the falls, we drove our vessels straight on to the bank, about 500 feet above the falling water. In fifteen minutes we had formed a rude camp, and enclosed it by a slight brushwood fence, while the islanders, deserting the island, crossed over to their howling, yelling friends on the left bank. In a small village close to our camp we found an old lady, of perhaps sixty-five years of age, who was troubled with a large ulcer in her foot, and had therefore been unable to escape. She was a very decent creature, and we carried her to our camp, where, by dressing her foot and paying her kind attentions, we succeeded in making her very communicative. But Katembo could understand only very few words of her speech, which proved to me that we were rapidly approaching lands where no dialect that we knew would be available.

We managed to learn, however, that the name of the island was Cheandoah, or Kewandoah, of the Baswa tribe; that the howling savages on the left bank were the renowned Bakumu—cannibals, and most warlike; that the Bakumu used bows and arrows, and were the tribe that had driven the Baswa long ago to seek refuge on these islands. When we asked her the name of the river she said Lumami was the name of the left branch, and the Lowwa of the right branch. She gave the word Kukeya as indicating the left bank, and Ngyeyeh for the right bank. Waki-biano, she said, was the name of the large island which we had passed when we saw the villages of the Baswa below the first

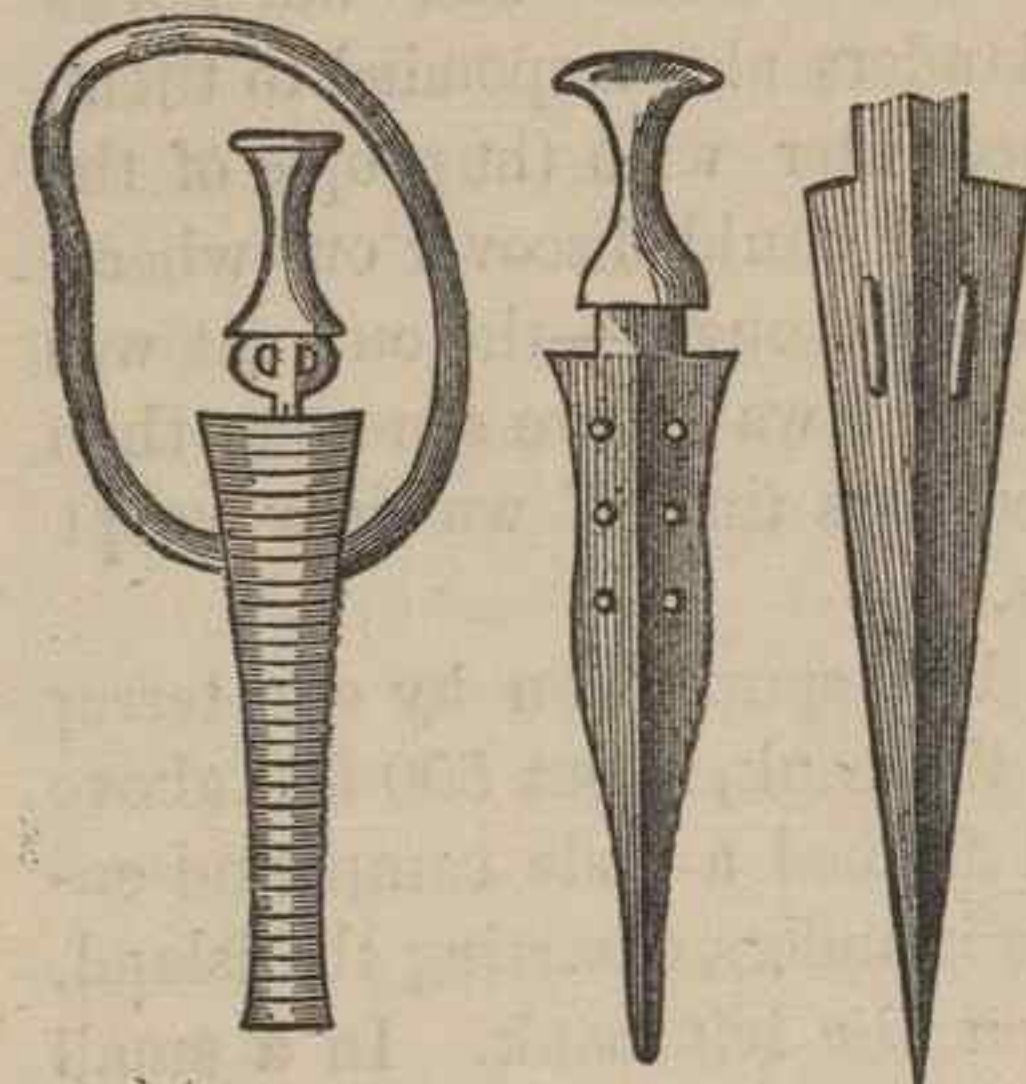
cataract. The words Ubi, or Eybiteri, we understood her to employ for the Falls as being utterly impassable.

During the morning of the 9th we explored the island of Cheandoah, which was much longer than we at first supposed. It was extremely populous, and contained five villages. We discovered an abundance of spears here and iron-

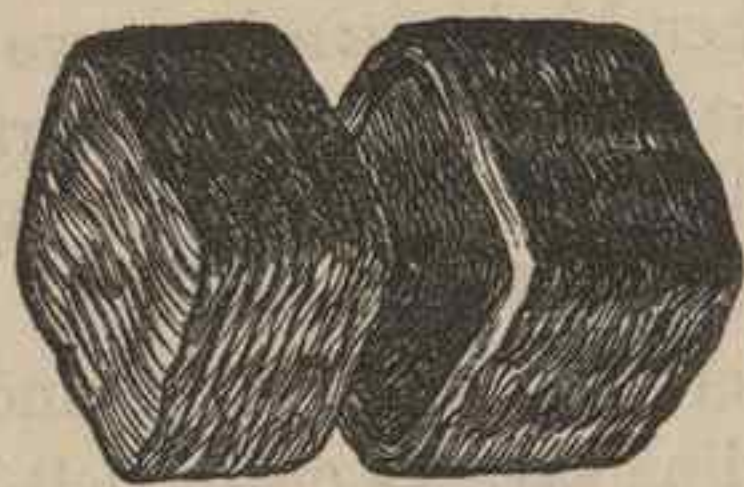


A BASWA KNIFE.

ware of all kinds used by the natives, such as knives, hammers, hatchets, tweezers, anvils of iron, or, in other words, inverted hammers, borers, hole-



STYLE OF KNIVES.



BASWA BASKET AND COVER.

burners, fish-hooks, darts, iron rods; all the spears possessed broad points, and were the first of this style I had seen. Almost all the knives, large and small, were encased in sheaths of wood covered with goat-skin, and ornamented with polished iron bands. They varied in size, from a butcher's cleaver to a lady's dirk, and belts of undressed goat-skin, of red buffalo or antelope hide, were attached to them for suspension from the shoulders. There were also seen here iron bells, like our cow and goat bells, curiously carved whistles, fetishes or idols of wood, uncouth and rudely cut figures of human beings, brightly painted in vermilion, alternating with black; baskets made of palm fibre, large wooden and dark clay pipes, iron rings for arms and legs, numerous treasures of necklaces of the *Achatina monentaria*, the black seeds of a species of plantain, and the crimson berries of the *Abrus precatorius*; copper, iron, and wooden pellets. The houses were all of the gable-roofed pattern which we had first noticed on the summit of the hills on which Riba-Riba, Manyema, is situate; the shields of the Baswa were also after the same type.

The vegetation of the island consisted of almost every variety of plant and tree found in this region, and the banana, plantain, castor-oil, sugar-cane, cassava, and maize

flourished; nor must the oil-palm be forgotten, for there were great jars of its dark-red butter in many houses.

The grand problem now before me was how to steer clear of the Bakumu savages of the left bank, whose shouts and fierce yells came pealing to our ears, and were heard even above the roar and tremendous crash of the cataract. As



I travelled round the island, many desperate ideas suggested themselves to me and if I had been followed by a hundred practised and daring men it might have been possible to have dragged the canoes the length of the island past the first terrace of the cataract, and, after dashing across to Ntunduru Island, to have dragged them through its jungle and risked the falls by Asama Island; but there were not thirty men in the entire Expedition capable of listening to orders and implicitly obeying instructions.

To the east of Cheandoah the right branch was again forked by another island, and the whole face of the river was wild beyond description, and the din of its furious waves stunning; while the western branch, such was its force, went rushing down a terrace, and then swept round in an extensive whirlpool with a central depression quite eighteen inches below the outer rim. We pushed a rotten and condemned canoe above the fall, watched it shoot down like an arrow, and circle round that terrible whirling pool, and the next instant saw it drawn in by that dreadful suction, and presently ejected stern foremost 30 yards below. Close to the bank were nooks and basin-like formations in the trap rocks, in which every now and again the water became strongly agitated, and receding about twelve inches, would heave upwards with a rushing and gurgling that was awful.

There was only one way to resolve the problem, and that was to meet the Bakumu and dare their worst, and then to drag the canoes through the dense forest on the left bank. Accordingly, we prepared for what we felt assured would be a stubborn contest. At early dawn of the 10th of January, with quick throbbing pulses, we stole up river for about a mile, and then with desperate haste dashed across to the shore, where we became immediately engaged. We floated down to the bend just above the cataract, and there secured our boats and canoes out of the influence of the stream. Leaving Frank with eight musketeers and sixty axes to form a stockade, I led thirty-six men in a line through the bushes, and drove the united Baswa and Bakumu backward to their villages, the first of which were situated a mile from the river. Here a most determined stand was made by them, for they had piled up heaps of brushwood, and cut down great trees to form defences, leaving only a few men in front. We crept through the jungle on the south side and succeeded in forcing an entrance, and driving them out. We had thus won peace for this day, and retreated to our camp. We then divided the Expedition into two parties, or relays, one to work by night, the other by day, after which I took a picked body of pioneers with axes and guns and cut a narrow path three miles in length, which brought us opposite Ntunduru Island, blazing the trees as a guide, and forming rude camps at intervals of half a mile. Material—dried palm branches and bundles of cane smeared over with gum frankincense—was also brought from the village to form lights for the working parties at night: these were to be fastened at elevated positions on trees to illuminate the jungle.

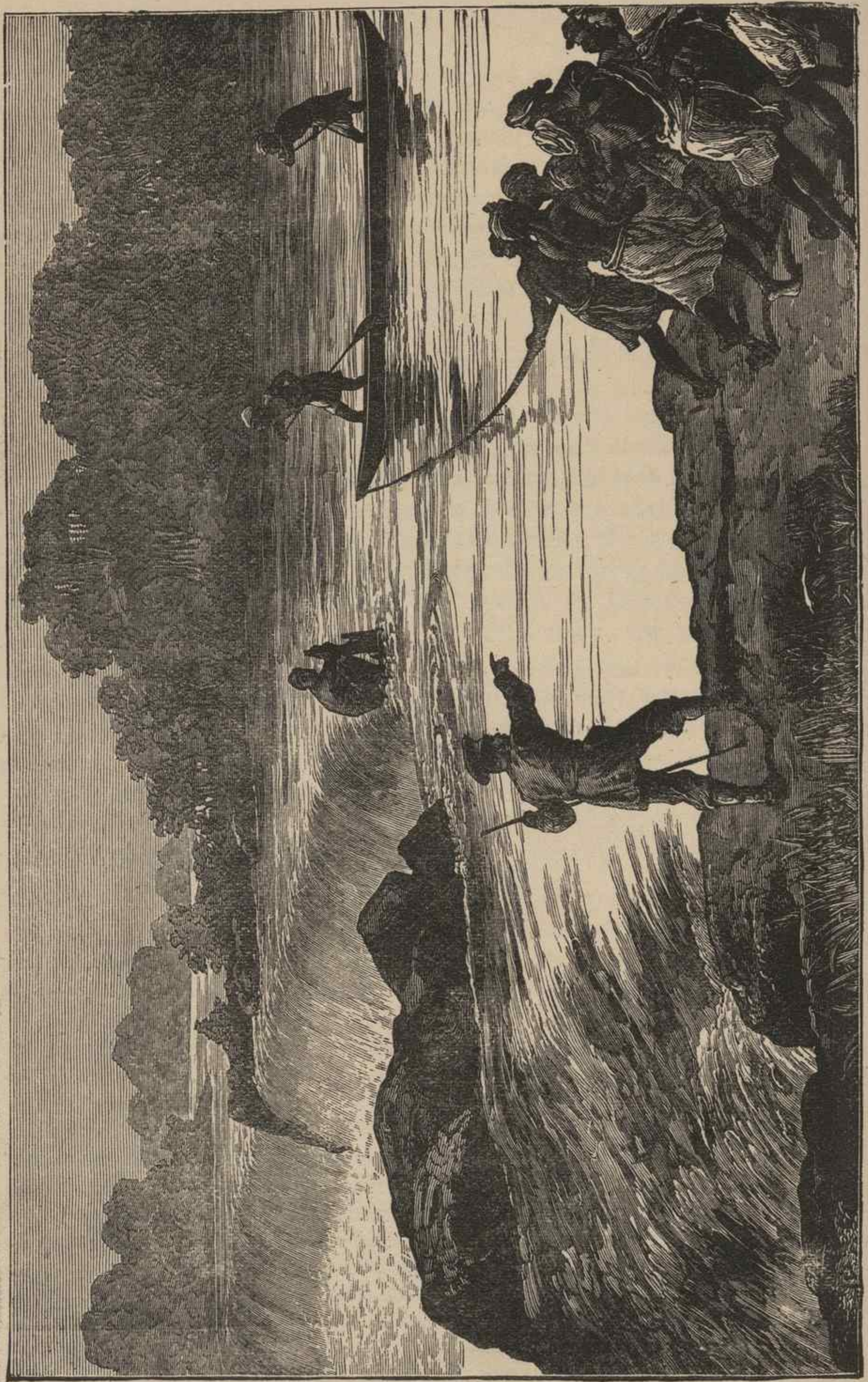
We were not further disturbed during this day. In the evening Frank began his work with fifty axe-men, and ten men as scouts deployed in the bushes in front of the working parties. Before dawn we were all awakened, and, making a rush with the canoes, succeeded in safely reaching our first camp by 9 A.M. with all canoes and baggage. During the passage of the rear-guard the Bakumu made their presence known to us by a startling and sudden outburst of cries; but the scouts immediately replied to them with their rifles, and maintained their position until they were supported by the other armed men, who were now led forward as on the day before. We chased the savages two miles inland, to other villages which we had not hitherto seen, and these also we compelled them to abandon.

In the evening, Frank, who had enjoyed but a short rest during the day, manfully set to work again, and by dawn had prepared another three-quarters of a mile of road. At 10 A.M. of the 12th, by another rush forward, we were in our second camp. During this day also there was a slight interchange of hostilities, but, being soon released from the savages, the day party was able to prepare half a mile of good road, which Frank during the night was able to extend to a mile and a quarter. By 5 P.M. of the 13th therefore we were safe in our third camp. Excepting Kachéché and a few men detailed as sentries, we all rested for this night, but in the morning, refreshed from our labours, made the fourth and final rush, and thus, after seventy-eight hours' terrific exertion, succeeded in reaching the welcome river and launching our canoes.

The Bakumu, utterly disheartened by their successive punishments and bad success, left us alone to try our hands at the river, which, though dangerous, promised greater progress than on land. The following two days' accounts of our journey are extracted from my journal:—

*“January 14.—As soon as we reached the river we began to float the canoes down a two-mile stretch of rapids to a camp opposite the south end of Ntunduru Island. Six canoes were taken safely down by the gallant boat's crew. The seventh canoe was manned by Muscati, Uledi Muscati, and Zaidi, a chief. Muscati, the steersman, lost his presence of mind, and soon upset his canoe in a piece of bad water. Muscati and his friend Uledi swam down the furious stream to Ntunduru Island, whence they were saved by the eighth canoe, manned by stout-hearted Manwa Sera, and Uledi the coxswain of the Lady Alice; but poor Zaidi, the chief, paralysed by the roar of the stream, unfortunately thought his safety was assured by clinging to his canoe, which was soon swept past our new camp, in full view of those who had been deputed with Frank to form it, to what seemed inevitable death. But a kindly Providence (which he has since, himself gratefully acknowledged) saved him even on the brink of eternity. The great fall at the north end of Ntunduru Island happens to be disparted by a single pointed rock, and on this the canoe was driven, and, borne down by the weight of the waters, was soon split in two, one side of which got jammed below, and the other was tilted upward. To this the almost drowned man clung, while perched on the rocky point, with his ankles washed by the stream. To his left, as he faced*

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THE DESPERATE SITUATION OF ZAIDI, AND HIS RESCUE BY ULEDI, THE COXSWAIN OF THE BOAT

up-stream, there was a stretch of 50 yards of falling water; to his right were nearly fifty yards of leaping brown waves, while close behind him the water fell down sheer six to eight feet, through a gap 10 yards wide, between the rocky point on which he was perched and a rocky islet 30 yards long.

"When called to the scene by his weeping friends, from my labours up-river, I could scarcely believe my eyes, or realise the strange chance which placed him there, and, certainly, a more-critical position than the poor fellow was in cannot be imagined. The words 'there is only a step between me and the grave' would have been very appropriate coming from him. But the solitary man on that narrow-pointed rock, whose knees were sometimes washed by rising waves, was apparently calmer than any of us; though we could approach him within fifty yards he could not hear a word we said; he could see us, and feel assured that we sympathised with him in his terrible position.

"We then, after collecting our faculties, began to prepare means to save him. After sending men to collect rattans, we formed a cable, by which we attempted to lower a small canoe, but the instant it seemed to reach him the force of the current hurrying to the fall was so great that the cable snapped like pack-thread, and the canoe swept by him like an arrow, and was engulfed, shattered, split, and pounded into fragments. Then we endeavoured to toss towards him poles tied to creepers, but the vagaries of the current and its convulsive heaving made it impossible to reach him with them, while the man dared not move a hand, but sat silent, watching our futile efforts, while the conviction gradually settled on our minds that his doom, though protracted, was certain.

"Then, after anxious deliberation with myself, I called for another canoe, and lashed to the bow of it a cable consisting of three one-inch rattans twisted together and strengthened by all the tent ropes. A similar cable was lashed to the side, and a third was fastened to the stern, each of these cables being 90 yards in length. A shorter cable, 30 yards long, was lashed to the stern of the canoe, which was to be guided within reach of him by a man in the canoe.

"Two volunteers were called for. No one would step forward. I offered rewards. Still no one would respond. But when I began to speak to them, asking them how they would like to be in such a position without a single friend offering to assist in saving them, Uledi, the coxswain, came forward and said, 'Enough, master, I will go. Mambu Kwa Mungu'—'My fate is in the hands of God'—and immediately began preparing himself, by binding his loin-cloth firmly about his waist. Then Marzouk, a boat-boy, said, 'Since Uledi goes, I will go too.' Other boat-boys, young Shumari and Saywa, offered their services, but I checked them, and said, 'You surely are not tired of me, are you, that you all wish to die? If all my brave boat-boys are lost, what shall we do?'

"Uledi and his friend Marzouk stepped into the canoe with the air of gladiators, and we applauded them heartily, but enjoined on them to be careful. Then I turned to the crowd on the shore who were manning the cables, and bade them beware of the least carelessness, as the lives of the three young men depended on their attention to the orders that would be given.

"The two young volunteers were requested to paddle across river, so that the stern might be guided by those on shore. The bow and side cables were slackened until the canoe was within twenty yards of the roaring falls, and Uledi endeavoured to guide the cable to Zaidi, but the convulsive heaving of the river swept the canoe

instantly to one side, where it hovered over the steep slope and brown waves of the left branch, from the swirl of which we were compelled to draw it. Five times the attempt was made, but at last, the sixth time, encouraged by the safety of the cables we lowered the canoe until it was within ten yards of Zaidi, and Uledi lifted the short cable and threw it over to him and struck his arm. He had just time to grasp it before he was carried over into the chasm below. For thirty seconds we saw nothing of him, and thought him lost, when his head rose above the edge of the falling waters. Instantly the word was given to 'haul away,' but at the first pull the bow and side cables parted, and the canoe began to glide down the left branch with my two boat-boys on board! The stern cable next parted, and, horrified at the result, we stood muttering 'La il Allah, il Allah,' watching the canoe severed from us drifting to certain destruction, when we suddenly observed it halted. Zaidi in the chasm clinging to his cable was acting as a kedge-anchor, which swept the canoe, against the rocky islet. Uledi and Marzouk sprang out of the canoe, and leaning over assisted Zaidi out of the falls, and the three, working with desperate energy, succeeded in securing the canoe on the islet.

"But though we hurrahed and were exceedingly rejoiced, their position was still but a short reprieve from death. There were fifty yards of wild waves, and a resistless rush of water, between them and safety, and to the right of them was a fall 300 yards in width, and below was a mile of falls and rapids, and great whirlpools, and waves rising like little hills in the middle of the terrible stream, and below these were the fell cannibals of Wane-Mukwa and Asama.

"How to reach the islet was a question which now perplexed me. We tied a stone to about a hundred yards of whiplcord, and after the twentieth attempt they managed to catch it. To the end of the whiplcord they tied the tent rope which had parted before, and drawing it to our side we tied the stout rattan creeper, which they drew across taut, and fastened to a rock, by which we thought we had begun to bridge the stream. But night drawing nigh, we said to them that we would defer, further experiment until morning.

"Meantime the ninth canoe, whose steersman was a supernumerary of the boat, had likewise got upset, and he out of six men was drowned, to our great regret, but the canoe was saved. All other vessels were brought down safely, but so long as my poor faithful Uledi and his friends are on the islet, and still in the arms of death, the night finds us gloomy, sorrowing, and anxious.

"*January 15.*—My first duty this morning was to send greetings to the three brave lads on the islet, and to assure them that they should be saved before they were many hours older. Thirty men with guns were sent to protect thirty other men searching for rattans in the forest, and by nine o'clock we possessed over sixty strong canes, besides other long climbers, and as fast as we were able to twist them together they were drawn across by Uledi and his friends. Besides, we sent light cables to be lashed round the waist of each man, after which we felt trebly assured that all accidents were guarded against. Then hailing them I motioned to Uledi to begin, while ten men seized the cable, one end of which he had fastened round his waist. Uledi was seen to lift his hands up to heaven, and waving his hand to us he leapt into the wild flood, seizing the bridge cable as he fell into the depths. Soon he rose, hauling himself hand over hand, the waves brushing his face, and sometimes rising over his head, until it seemed as if he scarcely would be able to breathe, but by jerking his body occasionally upward with a desperate effort, he so managed to

survive the waves and to approach us, where a dozen willing hands were stretched out to snatch the half-smothered man. Zaidi next followed, but after the tremendous proofs he had given of his courage and tenacious hold we did not much fear for his safety, and he also landed, to be warmly congratulated for his double escape from death. Marzouk, the youngest, was the last, and we held our breaths while the gallant boy was struggling out of the fierce grasp of death. While yet midway the pressure of water was so great that he lost his hold of two cables, at which the men screamed in terror lest he should relax his hold altogether from despair, but I shouted harshly to him, 'Pull away, you fool. Be a man,' at which with three hauls he approached within reach of our willing hands, to be embraced and applauded by all. The cheers we gave were so loud and hearty that the cannibal Wane-Mukwa must have known, despite the roar of the waters, that we had passed through a great and thrilling scene."

At the northern end of Ntunduru Island four separate branches rushing down from between Cheandoah and its neighbours unite, and their united waters tumble into one huge boiling, heaving cauldron, wherein mounds of water are sometimes lifted upward, and are hurled down several feet with tremendous uproar, along an island between Ntunduru and Asama. The distance is only about a mile and a half, and the breadth is but 500 yards, but it presents one of the wildest water scenes conceivable.

To avoid this terrific locality, it was now necessary to cut a road, nearly three miles in length, to the quiet creek flowing between Asama Island and the left bank. Spurs from inland, like "hogs' backs," which projected into that boiling gulf, compelled us to make detours, which, though they lengthened our toil, rendered the transport of our vessels overland much easier. Minute red ants covered every leaf of the shrubby *Asclepiadæ*, and attacked the pioneers so furiously that their backs were soon blistered, while my scalp smarted, as though wounded with a steel comb. A species of burr-bearing and tall spear-grass, which covered what formerly must have been inhabited ground, also tormented us. The men, however, on approaching this ground, armed themselves with heavy sticks, and marched steadily in line, beat down the growth before them, thus forming a road 30 feet in width. By night we were only a few hundred yards from the creek.

In order to prevent the cannibals of Asama Island and the Wané-Mukwa from being aware of our purpose, we returned to our camp opposite Ntunduru Island, and during the 16th and 17th of January were employed in dragging our canoes to the end of the road, perfectly screened from observation by the tall wild grass and shrubs. Though fearfully tired after this steady strain on our energies, an hour before dawn we rose, and, arming ourselves with poles, crushed through the remaining 300 yards of grass by sunrise.

The people of Asama Island soon roused one another with most heroic and stunning crashes on their huge drums, and launched their war-canoes, of which they had a great number, excellently built; but as our existence

depended upon our dash, twenty men only were reserved to guard the road, while Frank and Manwa Sera, with the assistance of every other healthy man, woman, and child, hauled the canoes to the landing-place. Though the Asamas made but little resistance to our embarking, they attacked us as soon as we began to move with a frenzy which, had it not been so perilous to our poor hunted selves, I might have heartily applauded. I had recourse to a little strategy. Manwa Sera was told to loiter behind with one-half of the canoes and land his party on the island above, while I made a bold push at the savages and landed below. We in the advance at once charged on the war-canoes, shouting and drumming, and making up in noise what we lacked in numbers, and having descended a mile, suddenly made for the island at a low landing-place, and while the savages were confused at this manœuvre I detached twenty men and sent them up to meet Manwa Sera and his party, and in a short time they had captured two villages, with all the non-combatant inhabitants, besides a large herd of goats and sheep. When these were brought to the landing-place where the war-canoes were still engaged with us, they were shown to the warriors, and out of sheer surprise hostilities ceased, and the war-canoes retired to the left bank of the stream to consider what they should do. Meantime Katembo was industrious in making himself understood by the women, and we made great progress in calming their fears, but we did not quite succeed until I opened a bag of shells, and distributed a few to each person with appropriate soothing tones. The Asamas opposite, though still sullen in their canoes, were not disinterested spectators of what was transpiring, and they were soon communicating with their relatives and children, asking what we were doing. While my people were busy surrounding the landing-place with a brushwood fence, the negotiations for peace and goodwill proceeded. At noon a canoe with two men cautiously approached us, and while it was still hesitating to comply with our request to come alongside, one of my boat-boys dexterously grasped it and brought it near, while the word "Sennenneh" was loudly repeated. Into this as a beginning we put six women, three children, and some goats, and shoved it off towards the cannibal warriors, who could scarcely believe their senses until the canoe was safe in their hands. Then it seemed as though their sullenness was conquered, for presently five men and a chief approached, who likewise, receiving presents of shells and a few pieces of cloth, entered zealously into the strangely formed compact of peace, and sealed it by permitting themselves to be inoculated with the blood of the Wangwana in small incisions made in the arms. Every captive, every goat, and fowl was religiously surrendered, while shouts of applause from both parties rent the air.

It could not be expected, of course, that they should feel at once like old friends after the fury of the early morning, but sunset found some dozens of men in our camp without arms in their hands, responding as well as they were able to our numerous queries about the geography of the country. Our people



also traversed the southern end of the island with perfect confidence, and neither side had cause to regret having become friends.

Human skulls ornamented the village streets of the island, while a great many thigh-bones and ribs and vertebræ lay piled at a garbage corner, bleached witnesses of their hideous carnivorous tastes. Like the Waregga, the Asama wore caps of lemur, monkey, otter, goat, red buffalo and antelope skin, with long strips of fur or the tails dropped behind. Palms, bananas, cassava, red pepper, maize, and sugar-cane flourished; their houses were large, though not so neat as those at Vinya-Njara. Fish-nets and baskets lay scattered around in abundance, while great bundles of iron and wooden spears proved that the Asamas were as warlike as they were industrious.

The islanders were not ungrateful, for they supplied us, by order of the chief, with sufficient bananas to settle our canoes deeply in the water, which proved that, provided one were well able to defend oneself, and were his superior in force, even a cannibal could show that he was possessed of human qualities.

On the 19th we resumed our voyage, gliding down the stream that flowed between Asama Island and the left bank. The river's course had continued a (magnetic) north-north-easterly course ever since we had left the confluence of the Leopold with the Livingstone, which caused serious doubts in my mind for a time as to whether my boiling-points might not be in error. It certainly caused me to believe that Livingstone's hypothesis is correct after all, though the great river itself, by its vast magnitude, breadth, and depth, was a decided protest against such a proposition.

At the foot of the Fifth Cataract, which fell at the south end of Asama Island, the altitude of the river was about 1630 feet above the ocean—after Kew corrections—and we were in about south latitude  $0^{\circ} 23' 0''$ , just 270 geographical miles south of where the Nile was known to have an altitude of 1525 feet above the sea. The river, at a stage where I expected to see it at least incline to the west, ran due north-north-east.

Four soundings were obtained during the forenoon of the 19th, 33 feet, 40 feet, 47 feet, and 41 feet respectively, where the left branch flowed at the rate of about two knots an hour past Asama.

The left bank rose from the low swampy level to beautiful bluffs, 60, 80, and 100 feet high, garnished with a magnificent forest of tall trees, amid which were frequently seen the Elais, wild date, and Hyphene palms.

North of Asama the river widened to the stately breadth of 2000 yards. On the right were the Wané-Mpungu and the Wané-Kipanga tribes, but I was told by one of the Asama islanders that they were inland people of Uregga. I have been struck with the similarity of some of these names with those given me by Rumanika of Karagwé. For instance, one of the native names—Mikonju—of the Leopold River. Might not the man who gave us the information have intended it for a tribe called Wakonju—people of Ukonju—

who, according to Rumanika, were cannibals, and occupied a country west of Muta-Nzigé? The "Wané-Mpungu" has a remarkable resemblance to the Mpundu, described by the same authority.

In about south latitude 14' we discovered a small river 40 yards wide at the mouth entering the Livingstone from the left bank, nearly opposite Kyya Kamba Island.

In the afternoon we passed several old settlements, which were probably abandoned because of the Wakumu, who are the great dread of this section on both banks. One of these old settlements is called Kyyo Kaba. Just below on the right bank, opposite Kanjebé Islands, is Aruko country, a district of Uregga, and on the left is Wandeiwa, separated from Kyyo Kaba by a small sluggish creek 20 yards wide.

We camped on the night of the 19th on the right bank in what we believed to be a market-place. The green was inviting, the trees were patriarchal, the forest at the hour approaching sunset was lonely, and we flattered ourselves that before the next sun was sufficiently high to cause the natives to appear at the market-place, we should have departed. I also flattered myself that I was tolerably well acquainted with the arts of savages, but my astonishment was very great to find myself but a novice after all, for in the morning one of my people came to inform me, with a grave face, that we were netted!

"Netted!" I said. "What do you mean?"

"True, master; there is a tall high net round the camp from above to below, and the net is made of cord."

"Ah, if there is a net, there must be men behind waiting to spear the game." I called Manwa Sera, and gave him thirty men, ordering him to pull up river half a mile or so, and after penetrating into the woods behind our camp, to lie in wait near some path which led to the market-place on which we were encamped. After waiting an hour to give the men time, we blew a loud blast on the horn as a signal, and sent four men with shields to cut the net, while ten men with guns, and thirty men with spears, stood by ready to observe what happened. While the net was being cut, four or five heavy spears came hurtling from the bushes. We fired at random into the bushes, and made a rush forward, and saw several forms run swiftly away from the vicinity of the camp. Soon I heard a few of my men utter sharp screams, and saw them hop away, with blood streaming from their feet, while they cried, "Keep away from the path"; "Get away from the road."

Upon examining the paths we discovered that each bristled with sharp-pointed splinters of the Pennisetum reed-cane which had pierced the men's feet to the bone. However, the ambushade had been very successful, and had captured eight of the Wané-Mpungu without an accident or the firing of a shot. The savages were not unpleasant to look at, though the prejudices of our people made them declare that they smelled the flesh of dead men when they caught hold of their legs and upset them in the road! Each man's upper

row of teeth was filed, and on their foreheads were two curved rows of tattoo-marks; the temples were also punctured.

Katembo questioned them, and they confessed that they lay in wait for man-meat. They informed us that the people inland were Waregga, but that the Wakumu, coming from the eastward, were constantly in the habit of fighting the Waregga; that the Waregga were black, like the Wané-Mpungu, but that the Bakumu were light-complexioned, like a light-coloured native of Zanzibar whom they pointed to. The captives also declared that their village was an hour's journey from the camp, that they ate old men and old women, as well as every stranger captured in the woods. Our three asses seemed to awe them greatly, and when one of them was led up to the asses he begged so imploringly that we would be merciful that we relented. We obtained considerable amusement from them; but at 9 A.M. we embarked them in our canoes to show us the falls, which they said we should meet after four hours' journey.

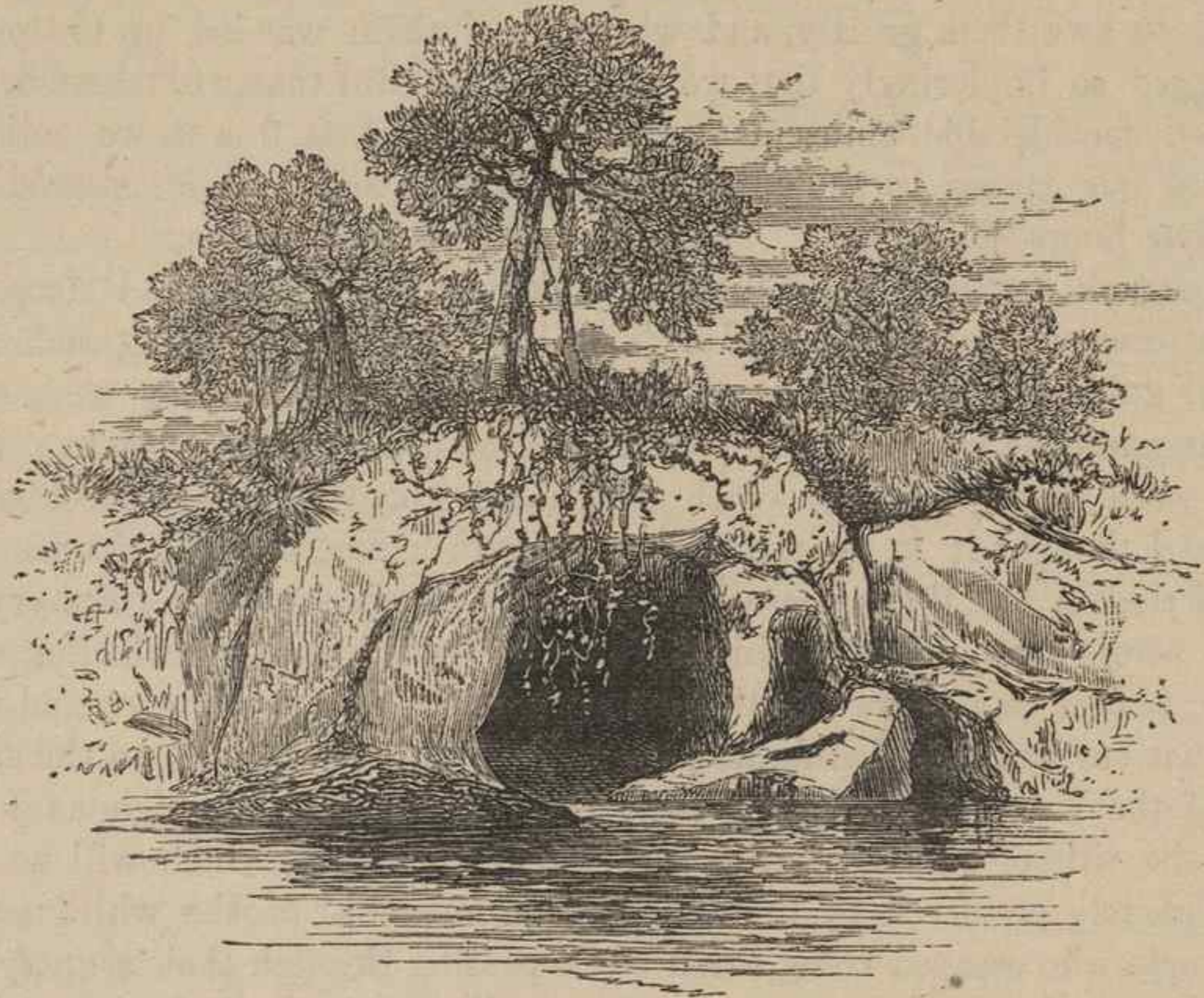
We struck across river to the left bank, which was high and steep. An hour afterwards we saw rounded hills on both banks approaching each other; but our guides said there was no danger at Kabombo, as they were called. Still hugging the left bank, we presently came to a curious cavern in a smooth water-worn porphyry rock, which penetrated about a hundred feet within. At first I thought it to be the work of human hands, but examination of it proved that in old times there had extended a ledge of this porphyry rock nearly across river, and that this cavern had been formed by whirling eddies. At the farther end there are three modes of exit to the high ground above. Some natives had scrawled fantastic designs, squares and cones, on the smooth face of the rock, and, following their example, I printed as high as I could reach the title of our Expedition and date of discovery, which will no doubt be religiously preserved by the natives as a memento of the white man and his people who escaped being eaten while passing through their country.

Two miles below we came to some rocky straits and the ten islets of Kabombo. The current ran through these at the rate of about five knots an hour, but, excepting a few eddies, there was nothing to render the passage difficult. Down to this point the course of the great river had been north-east, north-north-east, and east-north-east, but below it sheered to north. On our right now began the large country of Koruru, and on our left Yambarri.\*

We descended rapidly for two miles down the river, here about two thousand yards wide, after which the hoarse murmur of falls was again heard. Our cannibal guides warned us not to venture near the left bank, and, relying on their information, we approached the Sixth Cataract along the right bank, and camped not four hundred yards from an island densely inhabited by a tribe of the Waregga called Wana-Rukura.

\* Colonel Long, of the Egyptian army, on his way to the Nyam-Nyam country, in 1874, met with a tribe called the Yanbari, in about 5° north latitude.

We here released our cannibal guides, and surrendered their weapons to them. They availed themselves of their liberty by instantly running along the river bank up the river. We were not long left unmolested in our jungle camp, for while we were still engaged in constructing a stockade, war-cries, horns, and drums announced the approach of the ever-fierce aborigines; and in a short time we were hotly engaged. In an hour we had driven them away. Following them up rapidly a little distance we came to a large village, where we discovered three or four women well advanced in years, and, in order to obtain information of the country and its inhabitants, conveyed them to camp, where we began to practise such arts of conciliation and



CAVERN, NEAR KABOMBO ISLANDS.

kindness as calm and soothe the fears of excited captives, and which had been so successful up river.

We had hardly returned to camp before a larger force—the inhabitants of the islands—appeared in head-dresses of parrot-feathers, and skull-caps of civet, squirrel, goat, and “soko,” and with a bold confidence born of ignorance made a rush upon the stockade. The attack was promptly repelled, and in turn we attacked, driving the savages back step by step, and following them to a creek about fifty yards wide, into which they sprang to swim to their island. Two of the wounded warriors we caught and conveyed to our camp, where their wounds were dressed, and other attentions paid to them, which were much appreciated by them.

The pioneers were during the afternoon engaged in cutting a broad road to the creek past the first fall, and by sunset our canoes and boat were dragged out of the river into the stockade, ready for transport overland.

The morning of the 20th was occupied in hauling our vessels into the creek, which the flying Waregga islanders had first shown to us, and, by desperate labour, the whole Expedition was able to move from the right bank across the creek to the island.

During the night the Wana-Rukura had abandoned the large island at its northern end, and thus we were left happily undisturbed in our occupation of it to obtain a few hours' deserved rest.

The Sixth Cataract is caused by a broad dyke of greenish shale, projecting from the base of the tall bluffs on the left bank of the river. Being of many thin strata, the current has succeeded in quarrying frequent gaps through it, one of which on the left side, where the current is greatest, and the scene of raging waters wildest, is very deep and wide. Nearer the right bank the cataract has more the aspect of furious rapids; and a narrow branch has been formed between the numerous Wana-Rukura islets and the right bank, which drops over a dozen low terraces from 6 inches to 2 feet, and a series of shallow rapids for a distance of six miles, when it has reached the level of the main river below the Sixth Cataract. By noon of the 23rd we had succeeded in clearing this cataract without loss of life or serious accident.

We were very patient with our captives, and succeeded in inducing them to be communicative, but unhappily we understood but little of what they so volubly imparted to us. But what we did learn was interesting.

They had heard of Ruanda, and indicated for it an east-north-east direction; and also of the Wakombeh, or Wabembé, cannibals, who occupy the country between Goma and Uvira, and most certainly a large tract north-north-west from Tanganika. The Bakumu were the tribe that had first attacked us, of which the four middle-aged females from the village of Wati-Kytzya were representatives. They were much lighter-coloured than the Wana-Rukura islanders. I feel convinced that these Bakumu must be a branch of the Wanya-Ruanda, for they have a great many of those facial Ethiopic characteristics which elevate that great nation above the ordinary negroid type. Ukumu is said to extend very far to the east, and must therefore lie between Northern and Southern Uregga. The king is said to be called Sarindi, and his village was pointed out as being east. The negative "Nangu," which the women employed, is the same as that used by the natives of Ruanda, Unyoro, Usongora, Uzongora, Wanyambu, Watusi, and Wakerewé.

"Ubingi" signified rapid river with the Waregga, Bakumu, and Baswa tribes; and "Chare-reh" means the gentle flow of water. The word "Mavira" with the Waregga is used to denote rocks; while the Bakumu, Baswa, Southern Waregga, Wabwiré, and Wenya employ the word "Matari."

Two miles below the Sixth Cataract of the Stanley Falls we came to a bit

of bad water; but, after successfully passing it, we halted an hour on the right bank to discharge the captives who belonged to the Wana-Rukura tribe and the Bakumu. The two wounded warriors had behaved very patiently during their four days' stay with us, and were progressing favourably. Meanwhile we had employed every leisure hour in endeavouring to master the rudiments of their language, and I had obtained a list of nearly two hundred words from them, with which, if the people below spoke it, we might be able to communicate a little with them.

At noon of January 20, we landed on the first island of the Wana-Rukura, and found the south latitude, by solar observation,  $0^{\circ} 2' 0''$ . Noon of the 23rd, having meanwhile passed the Sixth Cataract, we found ourselves four miles north of the Equator by observation.

Three miles below the rapids we passed a small river about thirty yards wide entering the Livingstone between high banks, and soon after the right and left bank, rising up to hills, approached each other within seven hundred yards, and there seemed to be every prospect of another cataract. As we rushed through the straits, I dropped the lead with twenty fathoms of line into the river, but found no bottom, but I could not repeat the experiment, as the rapidity of the current compelled me to be mindful of my course, and everybody in the canoes was trusting to my guidance.

At ten miles north of the Equator, below the straits, we crossed to the left bank, and occupied the village of Utikera, the sole inhabitant remaining being one very reserved old man. Utikera is situated opposite the three rocky islands of Mikuna. I suspect this settlement was abandoned because of some war that had taken place between them and some more powerful tribes down river, for according to all appearance the people must have left several days previously. Indeed the old man as much as indicated this, though we were not certain that we understood him. The village was large, and constructed after the pattern of those up-river already described.

On the 24th we halted to repair the boat and canoes, and the next day resumed our journey. The course of the Livingstone from the Sixth Cataract to the straits near Utikera had been north-north-west; it now ran north-west by west, with a breadth of 2000 yards. We preferred the right bank again, and soon entered a deep branch between a long and exceedingly picturesque island and a low shore, edged with mangrove brushwood. When about halfway, we heard the hoarse rumble of rapids on the left branch, but the right was undisturbed. The island we discovered to be about ten miles in length, and soon after passing three small islands the roar of the seventh and last cataract of the Stanley Falls burst upon our ears with a tremendous crash.

It was soon evident that the vicinity of the last fall was as thickly peopled as any of the Stanley series, for the sonorous boom of the great war-drums was soon heard mustering every stray and loitering fisherman from the creeks, and every hunter from the woods that clothed the bank, to the war. While

I wondered at the senseless hate and ferocity which appeared to animate these primitive aborigines, we were compelled to adopt speedy measures for defence and security; for these people, if confident in numbers, do not require much time to snatch up their spears and shields and rush to the fight. Accordingly, dropping down as near to the first line of broken water as prudence would permit me, we seized upon a position in the dense forest, and, posting the riflemen in a crescent form in our front, busied ourselves as usual with axes in heaping up a high and dense wall of brushwood for our protection. By the time this had been completed, the Wenya were on us with a determined impetuosity that would have been fatal to us had we been taken unprepared. Again and again they tried to break through the concealed musketeers, but they were utterly unable to pierce within view of our camp. The loud notes of their war-horns, of which they seemed to possess an unusual number, rang through the forest with wailing notes, and the great drums at the numerous villages which commanded the narrows through which the great river precipitated itself, responded with energy to the signals transmitted to them.

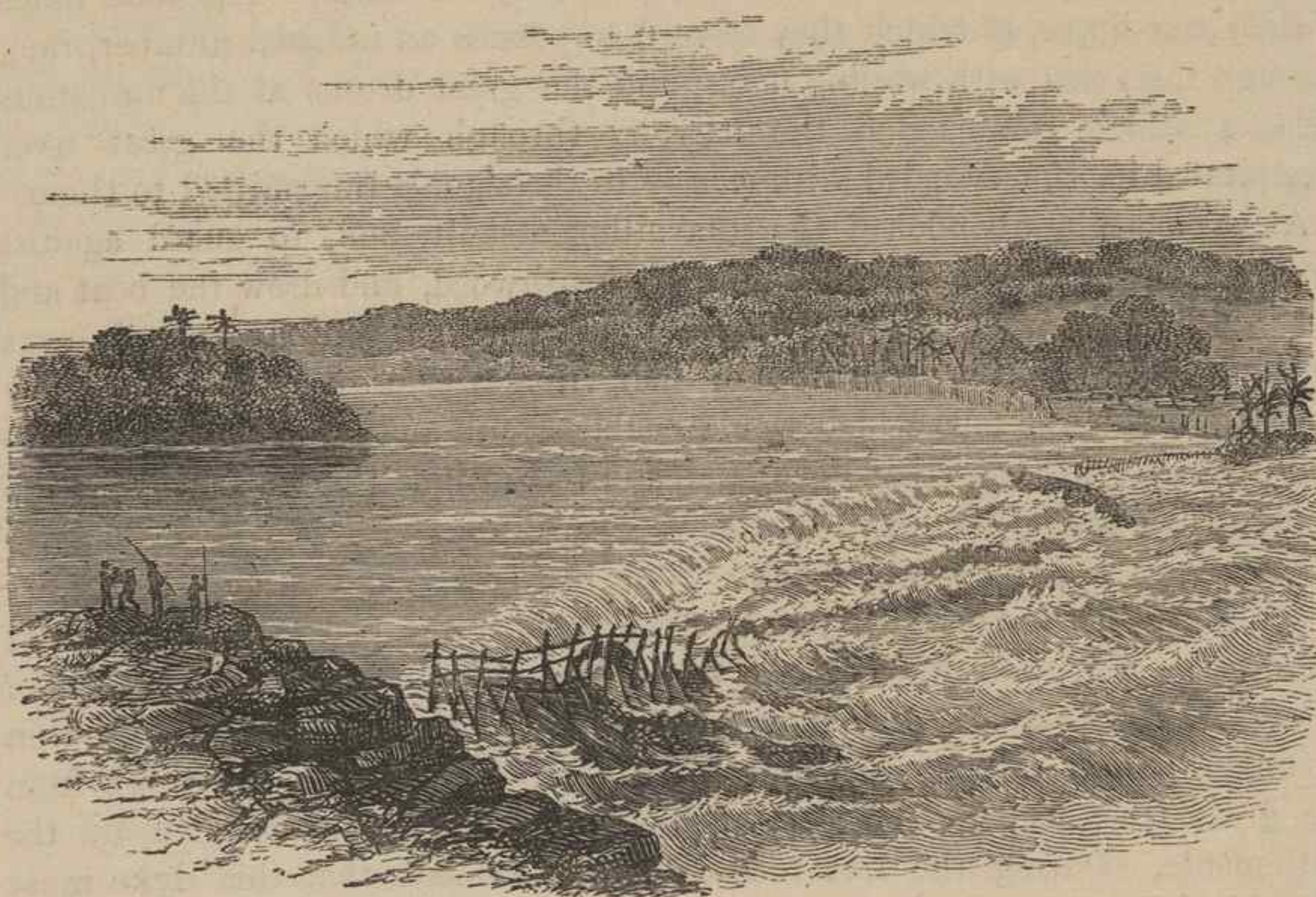
At sunset they abandoned the unavailing assault, and, to guard against any nocturnal surprise, we piled up more brushwood, and drew the boat and canoes out of the water on land. I resolved to make a bold stroke early next morning, and by appearing in front of their villages before cockcrow, to occupy some place near the falls which would enable Frank and a few of the chiefs to begin transporting the vessels overland, and to continue the work even though we might be actively engaged by the Wenya.

At 5 A.M. I led thirty-five men from the camp, and after a desperate struggle through the tangled jungle emerged near the place where the right bank swept round to the straits, over and above which a large number of villages were situated. A shallow branch, 40 yards wide, supplied by thin streams of water that poured down a dyke of loose rocks 20 feet high from the great river, separated the right bank from the point occupied by the settlements. During the wet months it was evident that this dyke must be washed by a furious cataract, and that the right branch is then almost impassable, and it is for this reason probably that the locality was chosen by the Wenya. At this season, however, we crossed over to the inhabited island without trouble, and resolved to guard the approach to this branch. From our camp to this point there was not the slightest danger to fear from the river; and Uledi and his boat-mates were therefore signalled to bring the boat and canoes near to the dyke.

After waiting until 9 A.M. for the islanders to begin their attack, I sent a few scouts through the brushwood to ascertain what the Wenya were doing, and within an hour they returned to say that nothing could be heard of them. Moving forwards by the path, we discovered to our good fortune that the people had abandoned the island apparently. The extent of the villages proved them to be a populous community, and the manner in which they were arranged

gave them an appearance resembling a town on the Upper Nile. Each village, however, was distinct from the next, though only short distances separated them, and each possessed four or five streets 30 feet wide, running in parallel lines, with cross alleys leading from one side of the village to the other. The entire population of this town or cluster of villages might be moderately estimated at 6000. On the opposite side was another large community, whose inhabitants manned every rock to gaze at us in perfect security, for, since they could not hurt us, we certainly entertained no designs against them.

The Livingstone from the right bank across the island to the left bank is about 1300 yards broad, of which width 40 yards is occupied by the right branch, 760 yards by the island of the Wenya, 500 yards by the great river.



THE SEVENTH CATARACT, STANLEY FALLS.

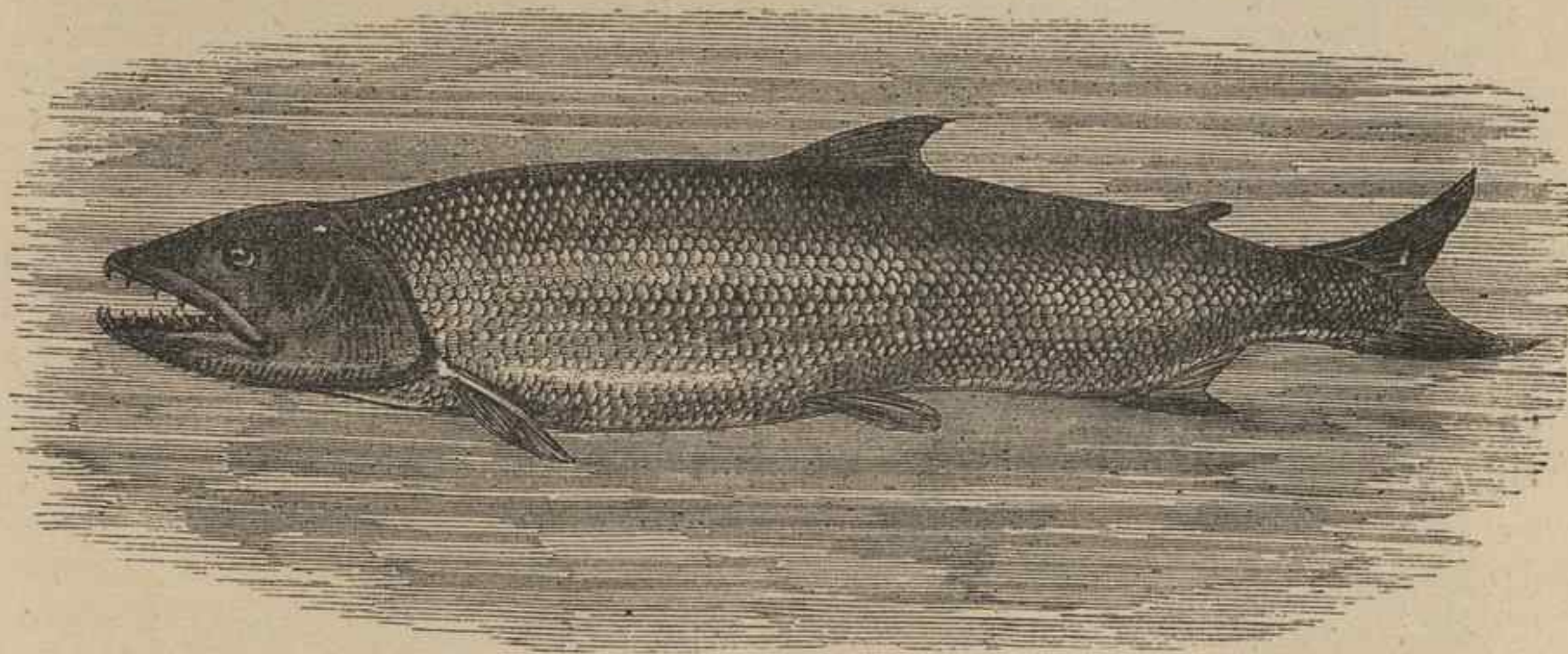
Contracted to this narrow space, between the rocky and perpendicular bluffs of the island and the steep banks opposite, the uproar, as may be imagined, is very great. As the calm river, which is 1300 yards wide one mile above the falls, becomes narrowed, the current quickens, and rushes with resistless speed for a few hundred yards, and then falls about 10 feet into a boiling and tumultuous gulf, wherein are lines of brown waves 6 feet high leaping with terrific bounds, and hurling themselves against each other in dreadful fury.

Until I realized the extent of the volume that was here precipitated, I could hardly believe that it was indeed a vast river that was passing before me through this narrowed channel. I have seen many waterfalls during my travels in various parts of the world, but here was a stupendous river flung in full volume over a waterfall only 500 yards across. The river at the last



cataract of the Stanley Falls does not merely *fall*: it is precipitated downwards. The Ripon Falls at the Victoria Lake outlet, compared to this swift descent and furious on-rush, were languid. The Victoria Nile, as it swept down the steep declivity of its bed towards Unyoro, is very pretty, picturesque, even a sufficiently exciting scene; but the Livingstone, with over ten times the volume of the Victoria Nile, though only occupying the same breadth of bed, conveys to the sense the character of irresistible force, and unites great depth with a tumultuous rush.

A solar observation taken opposite the last of the Stanley Falls proved the latitude to be north  $0^{\circ} 15' 0''$ , or seventeen miles north of the first broken water of the Sixth Cataract; and a few miles below the falls, on the 28th of January, we obtained north latitude  $0^{\circ} 20' 0''$ . By boiling point I ascertained that the declination was nearly 120 feet in these twenty-two miles, the



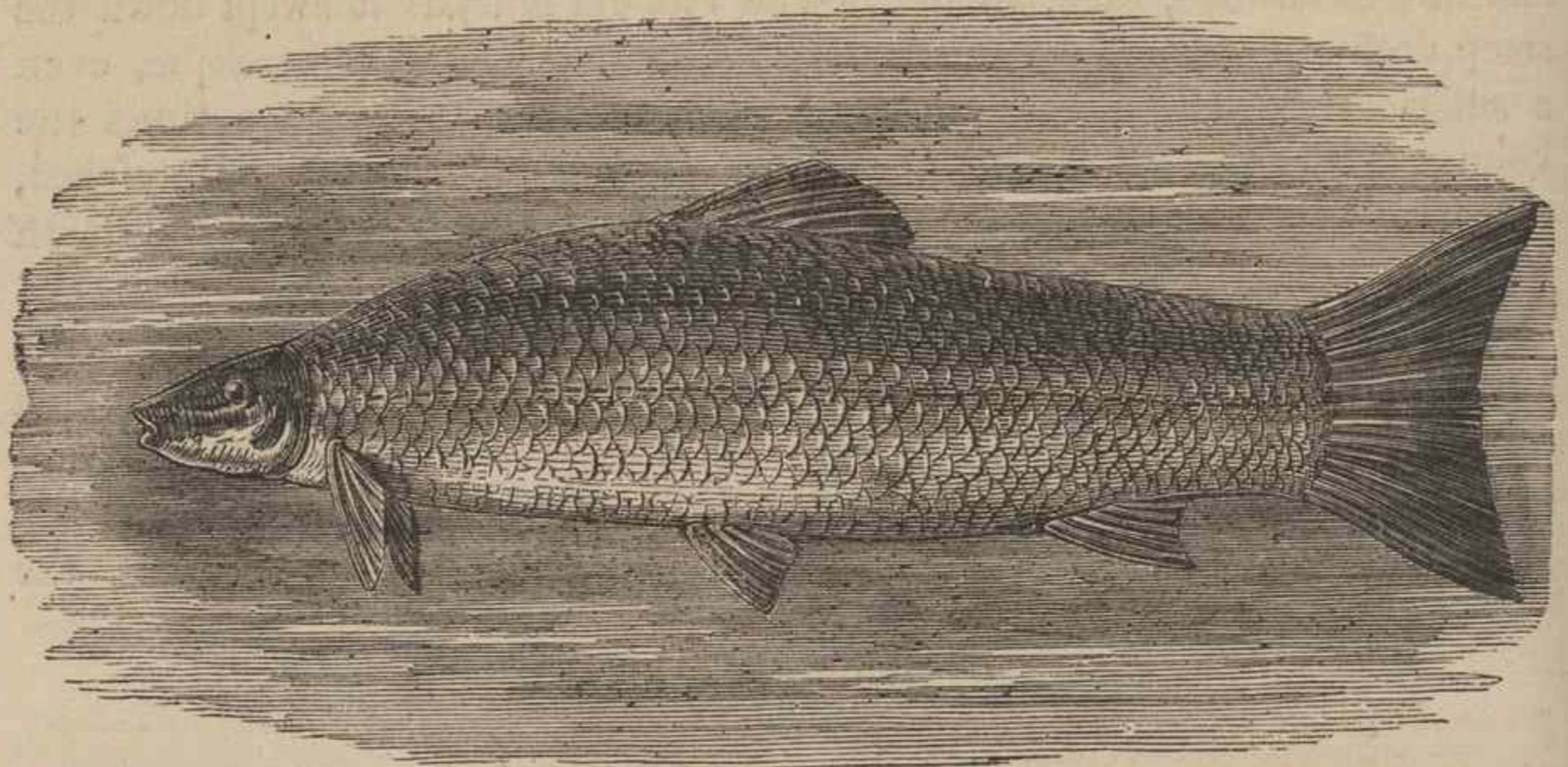
PIKE, STANLEY FALLS.

altitude above sea at the Seventh Cataract being 1511 feet. As there are only seven miles really occupied by the Sixth and Seventh Cataracts, the intermediate fifteen miles being calm flowing water, we may not be far wrong in giving the slope of the river at the two falls a declination of 17 feet to the mile.

The rocky point of the left bank was formerly connected with the rocky island of the Wenya by a ridge, which appears to have fallen southward, judging from the diagonal strata, but since that period the river has worn down this obstruction, and the cataract is now about three hundred yards south-east of the straits, pounding away at the ledge with the whole of its force.

A glance at the sketch of the Seventh Cataract of the Stanley Falls shows a line of tall poles planted below the falls, which assist us not only to form some estimate of the depth of the water, but also of the industry of the Wenya. A space of about 300 yards, in the middle of the falls, is unapproachable, but to a distance of 100 yards on each side, by taking advantage of the rocks, the

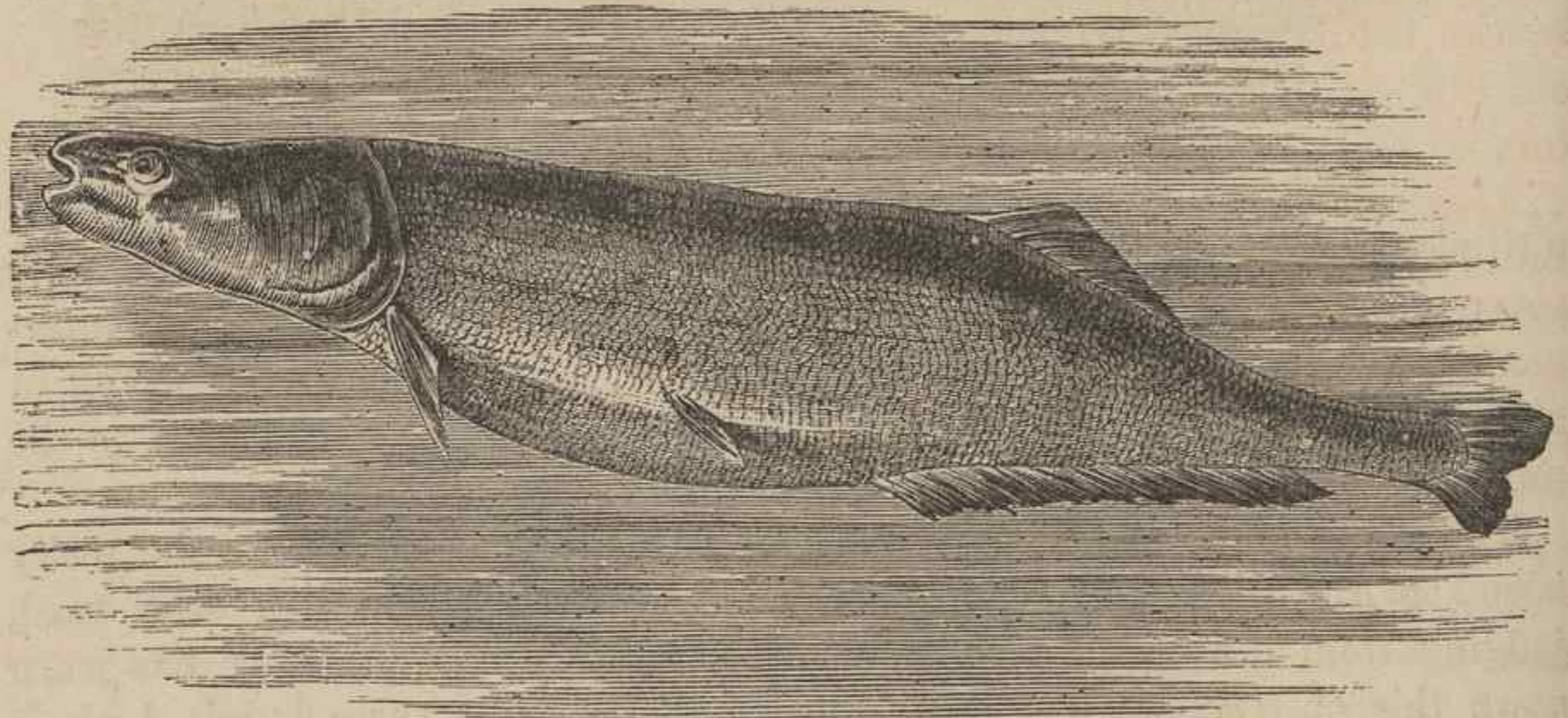
natives have been enabled to fix upright heavy poles, 6 inches in diameter, to each of which they attach enormous fish-baskets by means of rattan-cane



FISH, SEVENTH CATARACT, STANLEY FALLS.

28 inches long; 16 inches round body; round snout; no teeth; broad tail; large scales; colour, pale brown.

cables. There are probably sixty or seventy baskets laid in the river on each side, every day; and though some may be brought up empty, in general they



FISH, STANLEY FALLS.

Fine scales; weight, 23 lbs.; thick broad snout; 26 small teeth in upper jaw, 23 teeth in lower jaw; broad tongue; head, 11 inches long.

seem to be tolerably successful, for out of half-a-dozen baskets that my boatmen brought up next day for examination twenty-eight large fish were collected,

one of which—a pike—was 40 inches long, 24 inches round the body, and weighed 17 lbs.

Higher up the river we had also been accustomed to see piles of oysters and mussel-shells along the banks, especially while passing the lands of the Upper Wenya, between Rukombeh's landing near Ukusu and the First Cataract of Stanley Falls. These, in some instances, might be taken as the only remaining traces of departed generations of Wenya, settled here when, through internecine troubles, they had been ejected from some more favoured locality.

The Wenya of the Seventh Cataract struck me as being not only more industrious than the aboriginal Baswas, but also more inventive than any we had yet seen, for in their villages we discovered square wooden chests, as large as an ordinary portmanteau, wherein their treasures of beads and berries, large oyster and mussel-shells, were preserved. The paddles were beautiful specimens, made out of wood very much resembling mahogany; a vast quantity of half-inch cord made out of Hyphene palm and banana-fibre was also discovered. In almost every house, also, there were one or more ten-gallon earthenware jars filled with palm-butter, while ivory seemed to be a drug, for we found three large tusks entirely rotten and useless, besides numbers of ivory war-horns, and ivory pestles for pounding cassava into flour.



PALM-OIL JAR AND PALM-WINE COOLER.

After building another camp above the creek-like branch near the right bank, we availed ourselves of some of the numerous piles of poles which the Wenya had cut for sinking in the river to lay a roadway over the rocks, from the level of the great river down to the lower level of the creek, and by night the boat and canoes were in the water and out of danger.

The next day, while descending this creek, we were attacked both from front and rear, and almost the whole of the afternoon we were occupied in defending a rude camp we had hastily thrown up, while our non-combatants lay sheltered by a high bank and our canoes. Towards sunset the savages retired.

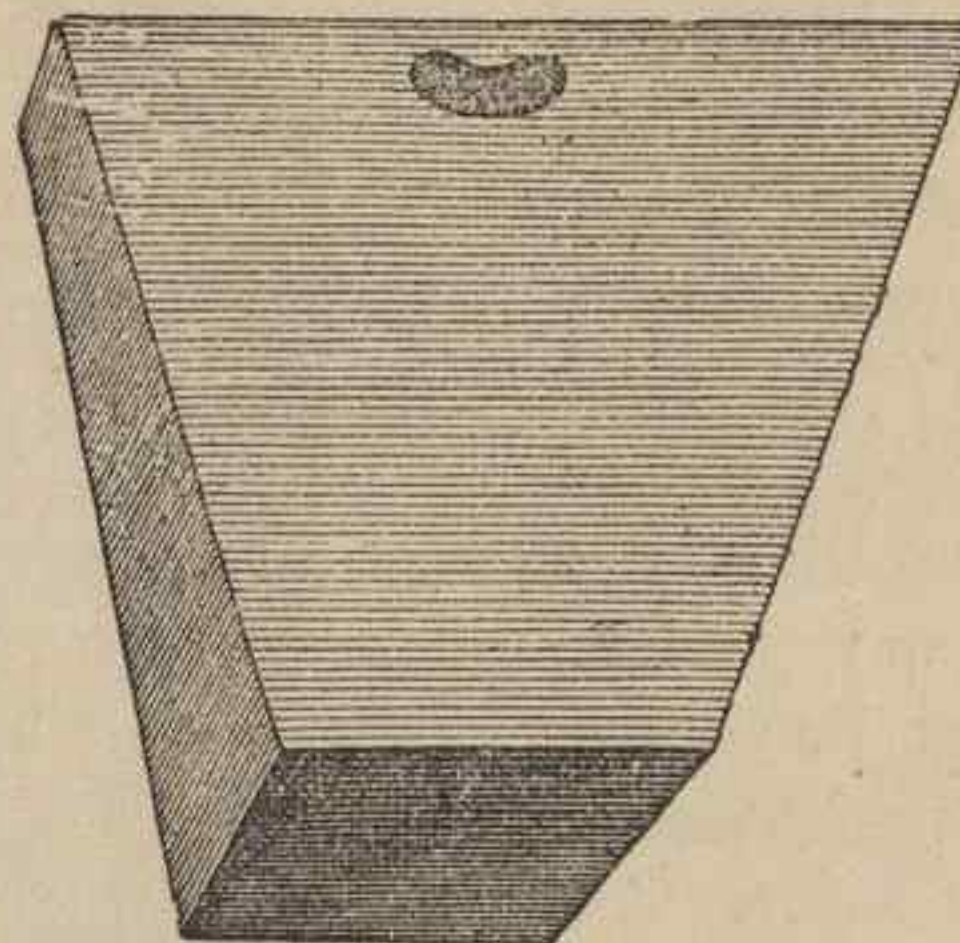
On the morning of the 28th we resumed our labours with greater energy, and by 10 A.M. we were clear of the last of the Stanley Falls, thus closing a series of desperate labours, which had occupied us from the 6th of January, a period of twenty-two days, during the nights and days of which we had been

beset by the perverse cannibals and insensate savages who have made the islands amid the cataracts their fastnesses, and now—

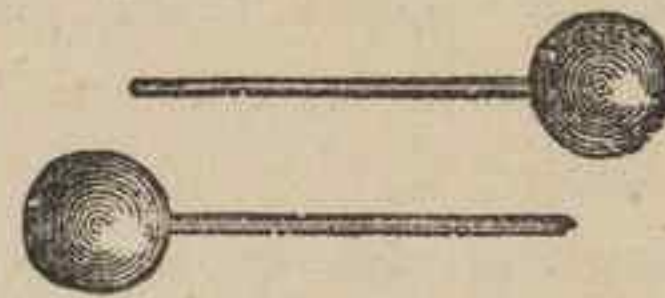
“Our troubled thoughts to distant prospects leap,  
Desirous still what flies us to o’ertake;  
For hope is but the dream of those that wake.  
But looking back we see the dreadful train  
Of woes anew, which, were we to sustain,  
We should refuse to tread the path again.”



MOUTH OF DRUM.



WOODEN SIGNAL DRUM OF THE WENYA OR WAGENYA AND THE TRIBES  
ON THE LIVINGSTONE.



DRUMSTICKS, KNOBS BEING OF INDIA-RUBBER.

## CHAPTER XXVII

Again in open water—Frank Pocock feels the position—The Mburra or Yaryembi—A running fight—“Ya-Mariwa! Ya-Mariwa!”—Our tactics of capture—Monster spears—Growing weary of fighting for life—The power of laughter—Fish creeks—A wasp swarm of canoes—Another invincible armada—A village of ivory—Relics of cannibal feasts—The Wellé of Schweinfurth—Hunted to despair—Their meat escapes the cannibals—Wild nature—Among friendly natives—The Congo!

We hastened away down river in a hurry, to escape the noise of the cataracts which, for many days and nights, had almost stunned us with their deafening sound.

The Livingstone now deflected to the west-north-west, between hilly banks—

“Where highest woods, impenetrable  
To star, or sunlight, spread their umbrage broad  
And brown as evening.”

We are once again afloat upon a magnificent stream, whose broad and grey-brown waters woo us with its mystery. We are not a whit dejected after our terrible experiences; we find our reward in being alive to look upon wild nature, and a strange elasticity comes over us. The boat-boys amuse me by singing their most animating song, to which every member of our Expedition responds with enthusiasm. The men, women, and children are roused to maintain that reckless, exuberant spirit which assisted me to drive through the cannibal region of the Stanley Falls, for otherwise they might lose that dash and vigour on which depends our success. They are apt, if permitted thinking-time, to brood upon our situation, to become disquieted and melancholy, to reflect on the fate of those who have already been lost, and to anticipate a like dolorous ending to their own lives.

I thought even Frank was half affected by the sudden cessation of trouble, and the sight of the now broad tranquil river to which we had been a stranger for some time; for after the boat-boys had become hoarse from chanting, his voice was heard in a doleful and sad strain, of which the words were as follows:—

“The home land, the fair land,  
Refuge for all distressed,  
Where pain and sin ne'er enter in,  
But all is peace and rest.

## THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT.

"The home land! I long to meet  
Those who have gone before;  
The weeping eyes and weary feet  
Rest on that happy shore.

"The home land, the bright land!  
My eyes are filled with tears,  
Remembering all the happy band,  
Passed from my sight for years.

"When will it dawn upon my soul?  
When shall I meet that strand?  
By night and day I watch and pray  
For thee, dear, blest home land."

I thought the voice trembled as the strain ended; and, lest I should be affected also, by no means a desirable thing, I said cheerily, "Frank, my dear fellow, you will make everybody cry with such tunes as those; they are too lachrymose altogether for our present state. The men are so weak and excited that mournfulness will derange their nerves, and make us all utterly unfit for the work before us. Choose some heroic tune, whose notes will make us all feel afire, and drive our canoes down stream as though we were driven by steam."

"All right, sir," he replied with a bright, cheerful face, and sang the following!

"Brightly gleams our banner,  
Pointing to the sky,  
Waving wanderers onward  
To their home on high.

"Journeying o'er the desert  
Gladly thus we pray,  
And with hearts united  
Take our heavenward way."

"Ah, Frank, it is not the heavenward way you mean, is it? I should think you would prefer the homeward way, for that is the way I pray to be permitted to lead you."

"How do you like this, sir?" he asked.

"My God, my Father, while I stray,  
Far from my home, in life's rough way,  
O teach me from my heart to say,  
Thy will be done.

"Though dark my path, and sad my lot,  
Let me be still and murmur not,  
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,  
Thy will be done.

“What though in lonely grief I sigh  
For friends beloved no longer nigh!  
Submissive would I still reply,  
Thy will be done.”

“Frank, you are thinking too much of the poor fellows we have lately lost. It is of no use, my son; we have taken the bit in our teeth, and must drive on—drive right through to the sea. The time for regret and sorrow will come by and by, but just now we are in the centre of Africa; savages before you, savages behind you, savages on either side of you. Onward, I say; onward to death, if it is to be. I will not listen to regrets now. Sing, my dear Frank, your best song.”

He responded by singing:—

“Onward, Christian soldiers,  
Marching as to war,  
With the cross of Jesus  
Going on before!”

This was too much for me. I saw that he was in a serious and religious vein of mind, and refrained therefore from disturbing him further. The boat-boys now resumed their barbarous but exhilarating chorus, and again the woods on either side re-echoed with the stirring notes of our boat-song.

At 3 P.M. we arrived at a fine river, 300 yards wide at the mouth, which flowed from the east-south-east, with low wooded banks on either side. After proceeding a mile, we discovered another branch of the same river, about 300 yards wide, the two branches joining at about two miles above. Subsequently we received two names for it—the Mburra and the Yaryembi—but I believe the Mburra is the correct title for the joint river.

The great stream a mile below the confluence opened out again into a breadth of 2000 yards, and was soon disparted by the broad and fertile island of Ukioba into two branches of equal breadth. We preferred the right branch, which had a course north-west by north for about two miles, when it again deflected to west-north-west. Much of the right bank showed a horizontal substructure of sandstone, with about 10 feet of alluvium above it, and ranged from 20 to 100 feet in height, wooded throughout, except at market-greens and old settlements.

We prepared to camp at one of these abandoned settlements, but a neighbouring community at Usimbi advanced to contest our right to remain on the soil of Koruru, and obliged us to continue our journey. We then chose the lower end of the Ukioba Island, nearly opposite Usimbi; but the stupid aborigines could not understand this forbearance, and, manning their canoes, called on the Wakioba to unite with them in expelling us. This compelled us to defend ourselves, which ended in the dispersion of the people of Koruru, and the capture of one of their war-vessels and five men.

Their canoes differed from those above the Stanley Falls, being capacious,

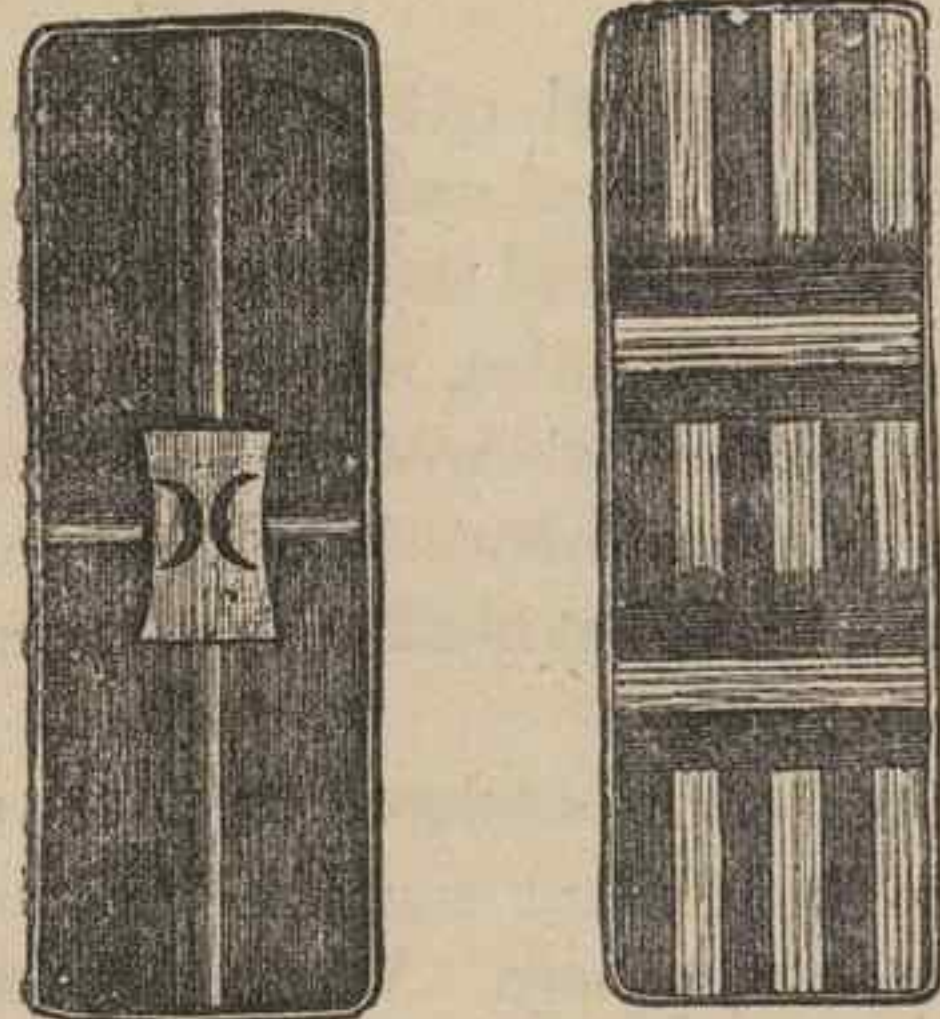
flat-bottomed scows, dug out of a fragrant gum-tree (probably of the genus *Boswellia*), which grows to very large dimensions in the forests.

On the morning of the 29th we crossed the river, and finding Usimbi abandoned, entered it. The arrangement of the villages was the same as with the Wenya at the Stanley Falls, possessing lateral and transverse streets at right angles, and not consisting, as those on the Upper Livingstone, of one long street. Each house also possessed a court, neatly surrounded with a fence of upright logs. Behind, or on the inland side, the village was protected by two deep ditches, the earth from the excavations being thrown inwards. In the middle of what seemed to be a principal street was a rude wooden figure of a bearded man, under a small conical-shaped roof, which was supported by nine ivory tusks, raised upon a platform of tamped clay, and carefully swept, showing that great care was bestowed upon it. The people appear to have considerable faith in a whitewash of cassava meal, with which they had sprinkled the fences, posts, and lintels of doors, and the stems of the ficus, planted for shade here and there in small plazas. Great drums, 6 feet long, 3 feet deep, and 2 feet wide, resting on broad and solid legs, and carved out of a single log, also stood in the plazas.

We released our captives, and then crying out "Bismillah!" continued our voyage down river, which had a breadth of 2500 yards below Ukioba Island. Both banks were high, steep, and wooded. The right bank showed a reddish and rippled sandstone up to a foot above the water-line for a few miles below Usimbi. But the substructure afterwards changed to a greyish calcareous rock, with a perpendicular face varying from 20 to 50 feet high. Numerous creeks, 20 and 25 yards wide, emptied into the great river from the right bank.

At noon, when approaching a large village, we were again assaulted by the aborigines. We drove them back, and obtained a peaceful passage past them, until 1 P.M. During this interval I obtained an observation for latitude, and ascertained we had reached north latitude  $0^{\circ} 22' 29''$ .

From 1 P.M. we were engaged with a new tribe, which possessed very large villages, and maintained a running fight with us until 4 P.M., when, observing the large village of Ituka below us, and several canoes cutting across river to head us off, we resolved to make our stand on the shore. Material for constructing



SHIELDS OF ITUKA PEOPLE.

a boma was soon discovered in the outlying houses of the village, and by five o'clock we were tolerably secure on the edge of the steep banks—all obstructions cleared away on the land side, and a perfect view of the river front and shore below us.



The savages were hideously be-painted for war, one-half of their bodies being white, the other ochreous. Their shields were oblong squares, beautifully made of rattan-cane, light, tough, and to spears and knives impenetrable. A square slab of ebony wood with a cleat, and one long thin board placed lengthways, and another crossways, sufficed to stiffen them. Shouting their war-cries — "Ya-Mariwa! Ya-Mariwa!" — they rushed on our boma fences like a herd of buffaloes several times, in one of which charges Muftah Rufiji was killed, a broad spear-blade sharp as a razor ripping nearly eight inches of his abdomen open; another man received a wound from a spear, which had glanced along his back. As the heavy spears hurtled through the boma, or flew over it, very many of us had extremely narrow escapes. Frank, for instance, avoided one by giving his body a slight jerk on one side. We, of course, had the advantage, being protected by doors, roofs of houses, poles, brushwood, and our great Mwana-Ntaba shields, which had been of invaluable use to us, and had often in the heat of fights saved us and made us almost invulnerable.

From the Ruiki river up to this afternoon of January 29th we had fought twenty-four times, and out of these struggles we had obtained sixty-five door-like shields, which upon the commencement of a fight on the river at all times had been raised by the women, children, and non-combatants as bulwarks before the riflemen, from behind which, cool and confident, the forty-three guns were of more avail than though there were 150 riflemen unprotected. The steersmen, likewise protected, were enabled to steer their vessels with the current while we were engaged in these running fights. Against the spears and arrows the shields were impervious.

At sunset our antagonists retired, leaving us to dress our wounds and bury our dead, and to prepare for the morrow by distributing a new store of cartridges; and, after waiting until 9 A.M. next day unattacked, we sailed out and embarked once more.

Below Ituka the river was deflected to north-west by west by a long ridge called Tugarambusa, from 300 to 500 feet high, with perpendicular red cliffs for four miles, until terminated by a point 300 feet high, the summit of which was crowned with a fine forest. Beyond the point we were sheltered by a sandstone bluff, and steep slopes covered by beautiful ferns, and shrubby trees with blossoms like lilacs, which exhaled a delightful fragrance. On the lower portions of the banks, where landslips had occurred, we observed a reddish sandstone capped by yellow clay.

After six miles of these high banks the river flowed west by north half west, while the high banks already mentioned became a ridge, running north-west, leaving a lower level at its base extending to the river, which was highly populous and cultivated.

About ten o'clock of the 30th another conflict began, in the usual way, by a determined assault on us in canoes. By charging under cover of our shields we captured one canoe and eight men, and withdrew to a low grassy islet

opposite Yangambi, a settlement consisting of five populous villages. We had discovered by this that nothing cowed the natives so much as a capture, and it was the most bloodless mode of settling what might have been a protracted affair, I had adopted it. Through our captives we were enabled to negotiate for an unmolested passage, though it involved delay and an expenditure of lung force that was very trying; still, as it ended satisfactorily in many ways, it was preferable to continued fighting. It also increased our opportunities of knowing who our antagonists were, and to begin an acquaintance with these long-buried peoples.

We understood a captive to say that the river here was called Izangi, that the settlements on the right bank were in the country of Koruru, and that on the left bank still extended the country of Yambarri, or Vambari.

When the natives observed us preparing to halt on the grassy islet directly opposite their villages, with their unfortunate friends in our power, they withdrew to their village to consult. The distance between our grassy islet and the right bank was only 500 yards, and as it was the eastern bank the sun shone direct on them, enabling me, with the aid of a field-glass, to perceive even the differences of feature between one man and another.

Though hostilities had ceased, the drumming continued with unabated fury; bass and kettle-drums gave out a thunderous sound, which must have been heard to an immense distance. The high ridge, which was three miles behind Yangambi, exhibited cultivated slopes and many villages, which discharged their hundreds to the large council-circle sitting down in view of us. Many of the aborigines paraded up and down the banks for our benefit, holding up to our view bright spear-blades, 6 feet in length and 6 inches broad! the sight of which drew curious remarks from my hard-pressed followers.

One, named Mpwapwa, cried out, "Oh, mother, those fellows mean to split a man in two with such spears as those!" Another said, "No, man, those are the spears from their idol temples, for mere show; for were a man to be carved with such a big spear, there would be nothing left of him." But Baraka, the humourist, opined they were intended to spit children on. A chorus of war-cries sometimes broke out from the immense concourse of people, wherein we could distinguish very plainly the words "Ya, Mariwa!"

While all this was at its height, and as we were unable to comprehend anything that the natives bawled out to us, we placed our captives in their canoe, and, giving each a few shells, motioned them to depart. As the warriors on the bank saw their friends return, they all gathered round the landing-place, and, as they landed, asked scores of questions, the replies to which elicited loud grunts of approval and wonder. The drumming gradually ceased, the war-cries were heard no more, the people left their processions to crowd round their countrymen, and the enormous spear-blades no longer flashed their brightness on us. We waited about an hour, and, taking it for granted that after such a signal instance of magnanimity they would not resume their

hostile demeanour, we quietly embarked, and glided down the river unopposed.

Not desirous of risking another encounter this day, we sought the shelter of a wooded island opposite an uninhabited forest, and arranged ourselves in the wild woods with due regard to safety. Yet we were not unobserved. Some stray fishermen gave notice to the populous settlements below, and a furious drumming at once began from each bank, which was maintained without intermission until morning.

The river was gradually increasing in breadth; from 3000 yards it grew to 4000 yards wide. Islands also were more numerous, with dense roofs of green foliage upheld by the trunks of the tall patriarchs. We were getting weary of fighting every day. The strain to which we were exposed had been too long, the incessant, long-lasting enmity shown to us was beginning to make us feel baited, harassed, and bitter. Dared we but dash down by night? Ah, but who could tell us what lay below! Whom could we ask, when everything in the shape of man raised his spear and screamed his rage at us as soon as we were observed!

So we emerged out of the covert and forest shades of the island with soured and embittered feelings. But we would cling to the islands, and close our ears against their infernal noise, and turn our eyes resolutely away from the advancing cannibals until they came within spear-throw of us, and then, why—we will fight again.

We did cling to the islands. An enormous breadth of river—on our right and on our left—separated us from either bank, but it was totally insufficient to win a free passage. We must either sacrifice a few men or women or children to their lust for human meat, or we must sacrifice a few cartridges. Fourteen canoes already lying in wait below Divari Island surprised us by their ferocious precipitancy, but we preferred to lose the cartridges, and after delivering over to them a sufficient number, we crossed the river again, lest there might be more canoes lying in wait, and followed the right bank, where we had a short tussle with a few more Wariwa canoes at Yavunga, which, fortunately for us was the last trouble we experienced on the 31st. The people of Irendé and Uganja on the left bank had behaved as boisterously as those of Yavunga, and had offended our ears with bold demands for our flesh, and had even affected a chase; but the defeated heroes of Yavunga advised them not to be absurd.

About 10 A.M. we approached, after quite an interval of peace—two hours!—another settlement on the right bank. We sheered off again to the islands. The river was evidently getting wider, and with its increased width the banks became lower, and no longer showed those picturesque hills, tall, wooded ridges, brown, red, or grey bluffs capped with the forest marvels of the tropics, which had so often elicited our admiration. Grassy islets, alternated with wooded ones, and these are the haunts of the salt-makers,

who extract salt out of the lye. Opposite a large palisaded village called Mawembé, which was holding a market even then, we came to a grassy islet, where were two women in a canoe. We ceased paddling at once. Our blandishments were most effectual on them. They laughed so loud that it appeared as if the market people at Mawembé, 1500 yards from us, must have heard them. Out of real sympathy we too laughed—but whether they were victims of our blandishments, or we of theirs, would be difficult to tell. I had heard of the power of negroes to laugh, but I had never realised their powers so thoroughly as when these two women lay back, opened their mouths, and gave forth those surprising volumes of laughter that so perfectly captivated us. They understood the value of beads, and we tossed ten necklaces to them; but all we could understand from them was that the great palisaded village was Mawembé and the country Koruru.

The current finally swept us out of sight of them, and three miles below we discovered another palisaded village, for which we could obtain no name. Grassy islets vomited smoke in dense clouds, but man was such an obnoxious animal in these regions that we dared not seek his acquaintance. At noon I obtained an altitude of the sun, and ascertained that we had reached north latitude  $0^{\circ} 35' 50''$ .

The right bank here rose again, high and steep, shadowed with a glorious forest, the islands were wooded to an intense blackness, and between them flowed the river in broad bands of silver. The left bank was so far off that we obtained no view of it! In a recess amid palms and vines and patriarchal trees, bound together by giant creepers of ficus and serpent-like lengths of *Calamus secundiflorus*, we sheltered our weary souls, and thought to do honour to the deity of those lonesome woods, who had reserved this loneliness to protect us in our outlawed state.

*February 1.*—The sun came out above the forest, round and large and bright, shooting broad gleams of light into the island shades, and lighting up their gloom until they seemed most envied retreats. Not for us, however. Destiny urged us on. There were no retreats for us. Man refused us, and the forest rejected us, for it had nothing to support us.

Almost straight the river flows—north-west half west. The right bank, to which we again cling, is steep and high, and crowned with solemn woods. At the water line is yellow clay; above it, alluvium and vegetable mould, on which a hundred varieties of tropical plants flourish. Presently we are made aware that we are approaching settlements, by a number of ditches excavated in the lower banks, at an obtuse angle to the course of the river, which during the flooding season will become filled by the full river and the resort of numerous fish. We had observed this before. The larger islands and banks ever since leaving the Stanley Falls, exhibited proofs of that love of the natives for fish which has stimulated them to undertake these laborious excavations, often over a hundred yards in length, to plait huge basket-traps and reedy fences at

the mouths of creeks, to manufacture coils of stout rope out of plantain and palm (Hyphene) fibre, large cord nets, to plant great poles in the middle of cataracts, and undeterred by its dangers, to risk their lives daily in fish-catching

About 8 P.M. we came in view of a market-place, near which there were scores of small canoes. The men at once rushed into them, and advanced all round us. We refrained a long time, but finally, as they began to get brave by our quiescence, and to launch their wooden spears, which they proceeded to do unanimously as soon as somebody cried out "Mutti"—sticks—we were obliged to reply to them with a few shots, which compelled them to scamper away ahead of us. Drums then awakened the whole country, and horns blew deafening blasts. Some canoes pertinaciously followed us. We came about 10 A.M. to another market-green. Here, too, warriors were ready, and the little canoes, like wasps, hovered round us, and again we had recourse to our weapons. The little canoes with loud threats disappeared quickly down river: the land warriors rushed away into the woods. We did not wish to hurry, because the faster we proceeded the quicker we found we were involved in trouble. We therefore loitered languidly: rest was so rare that it became precious when we obtained it.

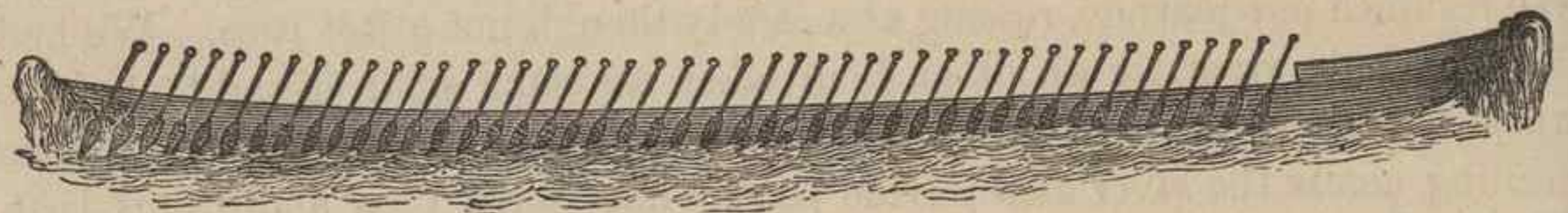
At noon I observed the sun, and found we were in north latitude  $0^{\circ} 50' 17''$ . We resumed our journey, rowing at a steady though not a fast pace. We had descended the river for about an hour when we came again in sight of those waspish little canoes, and from the left bank, 3000 yards off, canoes were seen heading across the river at a terrific pace, while horns blew and drums beat. We heard shouts of defiance, or threats, we knew not which—we had become indifferent to the incessant noise and continued fury.

In these wild regions our mere presence excited the most furious passions of hate and murder, just as in shallow waters a deep vessel stirs up muddy sediments. It appeared to be a necessity, then why should we regret it? Could a man contend with the inevitable?

At 2 P.M., heralded by savage shouts from the wasp swarm, which from some cause or other are unusually exultant, we emerge out of the shelter of the deeply wooded banks in presence of a vast affluent, nearly 2000 yards across at the mouth. As soon as we have fairly entered its waters, we see a great concourse of canoes hovering about some islets, which stud the middle of the stream. The canoe-men, standing up, give a loud shout as they discern us, and blow their horns louder than ever. We pull briskly on to gain the right bank, and come in view of the right branch of the affluent, when, looking up stream, we see a sight that sends the blood tingling through every nerve and fibre of the body, arouses not only our most lively interest, but also our most lively apprehensions—a flotilla of gigantic canoes bearing down upon us, which both in size and numbers utterly eclipse anything encountered hitherto! Instead of aiming for the right bank, we form in line, and keep straight down river, the boat taking position behind. Yet after a moment's reflection, as I note the

numbers of the savages, and the daring manner of the pursuit, and the desire of our canoes to abandon the steady compact line, I give the order to drop anchor. Four of our canoes affect not to listen, until I chase them, and threaten them with my guns. This compelled them to return to the line, which is formed of eleven double canoes, anchored 10 yards apart. The boat moves up to the front, and takes position 50 yards above them. The shields are next lifted by the non-combatants, men, women, and children, in the bows, and along the outer lines, as well as astern, and from behind these, the muskets and rifles are aimed.

We have sufficient time to take a view of the mighty force bearing down on us, and to count the number of the war-vessels which have been collected from the Livingstone and its great affluent. There are fifty-four of them! A monster canoe leads the way, with two rows of upstanding paddles, forty men on a side, their bodies bending and swaying in unison as with a swelling barbarous chorus they drive her down towards us. In the bow, standing on what appears to be a platform, are ten prime young warriors, their heads gay with feathers of the parrot, crimson and grey: at the stern, eight men, with long paddles, whose tops are decorated with ivory balls, guide the monster vessel;



MONSTER CANOE.

and dancing up and down from stem to stern are ten men, who appear to be chiefs. All the paddles are headed with ivory balls, every head bears a feather crown, every arm shows gleaming white ivory armlets. From the bow of the canoe streams a thick fringe of the long white fibre of the Hyphene palm. The crashing sound of large drums, a hundred blasts from ivory horns, and a thrilling chant from two thousand human throats, do not tend to soothe our nerves or to increase our confidence. However, it is "neck or nothing." We have no time to pray, or to take sentimental looks at the savage world, or even to breathe a sad farewell to it. So many other things have to be done speedily and well.

As the foremost canoe comes rushing down, and its consorts on either side beating the water into foam, and raising their jets of water with their sharp prows, I turn to take a last look at our people, and say to them:—

"Boys, be firm as iron; wait until you see the first spear, and then take good aim. Don't fire all at once. Keep aiming until you are sure of your man. Don't think of running away, for only your guns can save you."

Frank is with the *Ocean* on the right flank, and has a choice crew, and a good bulwark of black wooden shields. Manwa Sera has the *London Town*—

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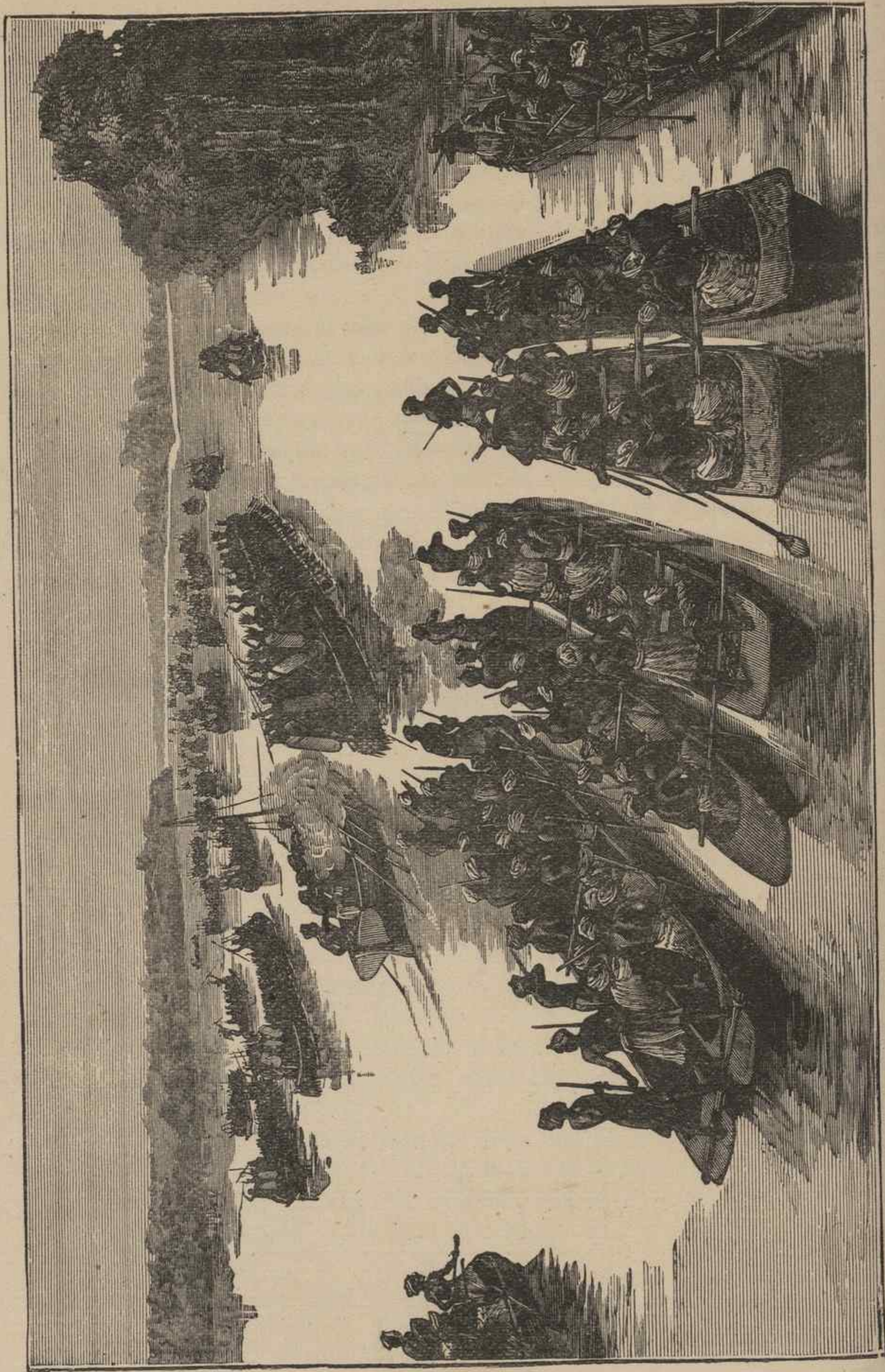
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THE FIGHT BELOW THE CONFLUENCE OF THE ARUWIMI AND THE LIVINGSTONE RIVERS.



which he has taken in charge instead of the *Glasgow*—on the left flank, the sides of the canoe bristling with guns, in the hands of tolerably steady men.

The monster canoe aims straight for my boat, as though it would run us down; but, when within fifty yards off, swerves aside, and, when nearly opposite, the warriors above the manned prow let fly their spears, and on either side there is a noise of rushing bodies. But every sound is soon lost in the ripping, crackling musketry. For five minutes we are so absorbed in firing that we take no note of anything else; but at the end of that time we are made aware that the enemy is reforming about 200 yards above us.

Our blood is up now. It is a murderous world, and we feel for the first time that we hate the filthy, vulturous ghouls who inhabit it. We therefore lift our anchors, and pursue them up-stream along the right bank, until rounding a point we see their villages. We make straight for the banks, and continue the fight in the village streets with those who have landed, hunt them out into the woods, and there only sound the retreat, having returned the daring cannibals the compliment of a visit.

While mustering my people for re-embarkation, one of the men came forward and said that in the principal village there was a "Meskiti," a "pembé"—a church, or temple, of ivory—and that ivory was "as abundant as fuel." In a few moments I stood before the ivory temple, which was merely a large circular roof supported by thirty-three tusks of ivory, erected over an idol 4 feet high, painted with camwood dye, a bright vermilion, with black eyes and beard and hair. The figure was very rude, still it was an unmistakable likeness of a man. The tusks being wanted by the Wangwana, they received permission to convey them into the canoes. One hundred other pieces of ivory were collected, in the shape of log wedges, long ivory war-horns, ivory pestles to pound cassava into meal and herbs for spinach, ivory armlets and balls, and ivory mallets to beat the fig-bark into cloth.

The stores of beautifully carved paddles, 10 feet in length, some of which were iron-pointed, the enormous six-foot-long spears, which were designed more for ornament than use, the splendid long knives, like Persian kummars, and bright iron-mounted sheaths with broad belts of red buffalo and antelope-hide, barbed spears, from the light assegai to the heavy double-handed sword-spear, the tweezers, hammers, pricklers, hole-burners, hairpins, fish-hooks, hammers, arm and leg-rings of iron and copper, iron beads and wrist-bands, iron bells, axes, war-hatchets, adzes, hoes, dibbers, &c., proved the people on the banks of this river to be clever, intelligent, and more advanced in the arts than any hitherto observed since we commenced our descent of the Livingstone. The architecture of their huts, however, was the same, except the conical structure they had erected over their idol. Their canoes were much larger than those of the Mwana Ntaba, above the Stanley Falls, which had crocodiles and lizards carved on them. Their skull-caps of basket-work, leopard, civet, and monkey skins, were similar to those that we had observed in Uregga.

Their shields were like those of the Wariwa. There were various specimens of African wood-carving in great and small idols, stools of ingenious pattern, double benches, walking-staffs, spear-staffs, flutes, grain-mortars, mallets, drums, clubs, troughs, scoops and canoe-balers, paddles, porridge spoons, &c. Gourds also exhibited taste in ornamentation. Their earthenware was very superior, their pipes of an unusual pattern—in short, everything that is of use to a well-found African village exhibited remarkable intelligence and prosperity.

Evidences of cannibalism were numerous in the human and "soko" skulls that grinned on many poles, and the bones that were freely scattered in the neighbourhood, near the village garbage heaps and the river banks, where one might suppose hungry canoe-men to have enjoyed a cold collation on an ancient matron's arm. As the most positive and downright evidence, in my opinion, of this hideous practice, was the thin forearm of a person that was picked up near a fire, with certain scorched ribs which might have been tossed into the fire after being gnawed. It is true that it is but circumstantial evidence, yet we accepted them as indubitable proofs. Besides, we had been taunted with remarks that we would furnish them with meat supplies—for the words *meat* and *to-day* have but slight dialectic difference in many languages.



PADDLE OF THE ARUWIMI CANNIBALS.

We embarked in our canoes at 5 P.M., and descending the affluent came to the confluence again, and then, hugging the right bank, appeared before other villages; but after our successful resistance to such a confederation of chiefs and the combined strength of three or four different tribes, it was not likely that one small settlement would risk an encounter. We anchored about 50 yards from the shore. Two old men advanced to the edge of the steep bank and rattled pebbles, which were enclosed in basket-work, towards us. We sat perfectly still for about five minutes regarding them, and then we endeavoured to open a conversation with them. We could understand but a few dozen words, which we had managed to pick up. We understood them, however, to say that the river where we had just had the fight was called the Aruwimi, that the right branch of the great river was called Irondo, and the left, Rinda; that the district between the confluence of the Aruwimi and the Livingstone was Isangi, in Koruru. The country on the left bank was still Yambarri, or Vambari, but ahead, or below Yambarri, were the Baonda and the Wakunga; on the right bank, below them, were the Bemberri.

The direction of the Aruwimi was from east-north-east magnetic, or north-east true. It emptied into the Livingstone at a point three hundred and forty geographical miles north of Nyangwé. Though comparatively shallow

and studded with islands, it is the most important affluent of the Livingstone from the countries east. I have no hesitation in pronouncing it to be the Wellé of Schweinfurth. The report that he received from the natives, that the Wellé at a long distance from the Monbuttu "widened into a boundless expanse of water," and that its general direction was west or north of west, ought not to receive greater credence than the report which the natives all along the Livingstone gave me, that the great river went "north, ever north." As we follow the Luama from its source to the great river, and know the utmost reach north of the Tanganika, and have touched more than once that central elevated region in whose bosom are found the Lakes Albert, Muta-Nzigé, Alexandra, and Tanganika, we may be supposed to have a rational idea of the eastern and western watershed of the central regions. If we continue our suppositions, which are founded upon a long study of the hydrographical system of this region, we may suppose the Wellé to drain the most extreme north-eastern corner of the Livingstone basin, and, imitating the curve of the mighty river, to maintain a north-westerly and westerly direction for a degree, or perhaps two degrees, and then, skirting closely the watershed that separates the basin of the Livingstone from that of the south-western Nile, the Benué, and the Shari basins, to meet some obstructing hill, and be deflected south-west into the Livingstone. In the same manner as we suppose the course of the Wellé to be, the Luama proceeds north from Southern Goma to Umené, then west, through Manyema to the Lualaba. The Urindi is reported to flow in the same manner, but the best example of this curious curve which belongs to the system of the Livingstone is the great river itself, which maintains a northerly course for over twelve degrees of latitude, a westerly course across three degrees of longitude, and a south-westerly or a diagonal course across ten degrees of longitude. The largest southern influent of the Livingstone flows 1100 miles northward before it turns west and south-west. The course of the Kwango and the Lumami are other evidences to prove that this extraordinary curve is a characteristic of the river system of the Livingstone and its feeders.

If other evidences were wanting to confirm this supposition, I might point to the cannibalistic propensities of the people, their superiority in the domestic arts of the African, the weapons and shields, their idols, their peculiar canoes, the stores of camwood, the prodigious height and girth of trees, the character of the vegetation—which resembles what the German traveller has written of the Monbuttu and Wellé valley.

At the same time one must not forget that there is a remarkable similarity between all the west coast tribes, from Lake Chad to Loanda, which proves, in my opinion, the non-existence of those Mountains of the Moon which have been drawn across Africa since Ptolemy's time. Schweinfurth crossed the watershed from the Nile side to the Wellé while scarcely observing the difference of altitude. In the same manner one might travel from Ituru to Unyan-

yembé without observing that he had crossed the water-parting that separates the extreme southern sources of the Nile from the extreme sources of Lake Tanganika's principal affluent.

We felt it to be unwise to stay long in the vicinity of such powerful, well equipped, and warlike tribes. We therefore lifted anchor, and began to descend the stream; but as we turned away the savages lined the banks, beat their drums, shouted their war-cries, and performed for our edification the gymnastics of a true aboriginal fight. It never entered their heads that they had given us provocation, and had but lately charged us in mid-river with the fell purpose of destroying every soul, that we had behaved kindly to them, or that we had attempted, though ineffectually, to make friends with them. Had their canoes not fled up river, I verily believe that our turning away would have been the signal for another attack on us.

This last of the twenty-eight desperate combats which we had had with the insensate furies of savage-land began to inspire us with a suspicion of everything bearing the least semblance of man, and to infuse into our hearts something of that feeling which possibly the hard-pressed stag feels when, after distancing the hounds many times, and having resorted to many stratagems to avoid them, wearied and bathed with perspiration, he hears with terror and trembling the hideous and startling yells of the ever-pursuing pack. We also had laboured strenuously through ranks upon ranks of savages, scattered over a score of flotillas, had endured persistent attacks night and day while straggling through them, had resorted to all modes of defence, and yet at every curve of this fearful river the yells of the savages broke loud on our ears, the snake-like canoes darted forward impetuously to the attack, while the drums and horns, and shouts raised fierce and deafening uproar. We were becoming exhausted. Yet we were still only on the middle line of the continent! We were also being weeded out by units and twos and threes. There were not thirty in the entire Expedition that had not received a wound. To continue this fearful life was not possible. Some day we should lie down, and offer our throats like lambs to the cannibal butchers.

It was getting near sunset, and, looking round for a suitable place to camp for the night, I observed that the river since the accession of the Aruwimi had spread to an immense width. Instead of consisting of a right and a left branch, separated by a single line of islands, there were now from three to six branches, separated from each other by series of long islands, densely clothed with woods, their ends overlapping one another. Common sense suggested that where there was such breadth there could be no cataracts. So, when almost inclined to despair, I pointed out the island channels to the people, and told them that Allah had provided means of escape. Near sunset we sheered off towards the islands, entered a dark channel about one hundred yards wide, and after an hour drew our canoes alongside, and, having fastened them, prepared to bivouac in the island forest.

Next day we clung to the channel; but as the islands lay sometimes diagonally across the stream, we finally emerged in view of the Bemberri, too late to return. Immediately they called up their people to war, with a terrible racket of drums; and about fifteen large canoes dashed out to meet us. But after the Aruwimi flotilla this number was contemptible; we drove them away, followed them to their villages, and compelled them to seek shelter in the woods. Then the word was given that every man should provide himself with bananas and cassava. This was done, and we re-embarked. Before, however, we could find another opening amongst the islands, other villages discovered us, and again a terrific dinning rose, which inspired even fishing-boys to acts of ferocious valour. These we permitted to exhibit for our benefit the utmost rage they were capable of, except actually to throw their spears. Whenever they threatened to launch their weapons, a furious demonstration with our long oars was sufficient to send them skimming away. They followed us three or four miles, sending out every now and then wailing notes, which, from the frequent recurrence of the word *meat*, we understood to be expressions of regret that they were unable to secure the "meat" which was running away from them.

Finally we discovered a channel flowing between a series of islands, which we gladly entered, and our young tormentors turned back and left us to pursue our way alone. From Bemberri the course of the great river varied from north-west by north half north, north-north-west, north by west, and north-west. I missed the latitude on February 2.

The following entries are from my note book:—

*February 3.*—General course of river from morning until noon, north-west. At noon ascertained our latitude to be north of the equator  $1^{\circ} 29' 1''$ .

"We endeavoured to do our best to avoid conflict with the savages, and this required great judgment and constant watching of the channels. We happily succeeded, though a little after noon it became extremely doubtful, for it seems that we edged a little too much to the left bank in our eagerness to avoid all channels that might take us to the right. The Barundu, of whom we heard yesterday, sighted us, as we passed a gap between the islands, and instantly manned eighteen large war-canoes. But as we had obtained a start of them we pulled desperately down river among the islands, leading them a chase of eight miles or so, when they returned.

"Livingstone called floating down the Lualaba a foolhardy feat. So it has proved, indeed, and I pen these lines with half a feeling that they will never be read by any man; still, as we persist in floating down according to our destiny, I persist in writing, leaving events to an all-gracious Providence. Day and night we are stunned with the dreadful drumming which announces our arrival and presence on their waters. Either bank is equally powerful. To go from the right bank to the left bank is like jumping from the frying-pan into the fire. As we row down amongst these islands, between the savage countries on either side of us, it may well be said that we are 'running the gauntlet.'

*February 4.*—We had a glimpse of numerous villages between the island gaps,

but we pushed rapidly through, and at noon had attained to north latitude  $1^{\circ} 45' 40''$ . The general course of the river since noon yesterday has been north-north-west.

"February 5.—At noon to-day we obtained by solar observation north latitude  $1^{\circ} 51' 17''$ . General course of the river was north-north-west.

"February 6.—A little before we sought our camp amid the islands, the river for the first time deflected west. All this morning its course was from west half south to west by north. Our observations at noon showed we had not made quite a mile of northing, for our north latitude was  $1^{\circ} 51' 59''$ . The Livingstone is now from four to seven miles across from bank to bank. So far as we can see through a glass, the banks are very low, from 6 to 10 feet high, capped with woods. The islands are also densely wooded.

"We have had in this extraordinary journey by river all the terrors as well as pleasures of river life. We now glide down narrow streams, between palmy and spicy islands, whose sweet fragrance and vernal colour causes us to forget at moments our dangerous life. We have before us the winding shores of islands crowned with eternal spring-life and verdure. Teak and cotton wood, the hyphene, borassus, wild date, and Guinea oil-palms, the tall serpent-like rattan, with its pretty, drooping feathery leaves; the bushy and many-rooted mangrove, the towering gum, the shea-butter tree, the *Ficus kotschyana*, the branchy *Tamar indica*, with an undergrowth of extraordinary variety. Along the banks, especially wherever there is a quiet nook, thrive dense growths of the *Arundo phragmites* grass, whose long, bright green leaves we hear rustle as we glide by before the breeze blowing up river; here and there the *Papyrus antiquorum*, or a specimen of the *Edemone mirabilis*, or *Eschinomenæ*. In the calm tepid waters of the little creeks that wind in mazy curves between low islands a wonderful variety of aquatic plants is discovered; various species of *Nymphæa*, with white or lavender-coloured flowers, and, woven with their slender stalks, the broad-leaved *Vallisneria*, and amongst them, modest and of a pretty green, the rosette-shaped *Pistia stratiotes*. In thick hedges bordering either side of the creeks are vigorous growths of ever-fresh-looking ferns.

"In the undergrowth, where the giant trees are wanting, we find the amoma flourish best, their clusters of crimson fruit, growing at the base of the stalk, serving me for a tartish dessert, and their grains, commonly called "grains of paradise," being sought after by the bhang smokers of my Expedition to sweeten their breath and increase saliva. The leaves are always of a fresh green, and give one a true idea of a tropical forest and moist, warm climate. Not far off from these is the *Phrynium ramosissimum*, whose broad and long fronds serve to thatch the natives' huts and fishers' sheds, or to fold their cassava bread, or for platters and salt-baskets, or for storing the minnows or whitebait for market. You may also see here the *Strelitzia vagina*, or the wild banana, or the violet-tree, and the oil-berry tree, the black ivory nut-tree, which might be made a valuable article of commerce; the *Semicarbus anacardium*, commonly called the marking-ink plant, the *Encephastos Aldensteini*, the ginger plant, the dragon's-blood tree, various species of the *Verbenacæ*, such as the *Vitex umbrosa*, the physic nut-tree (*Jatropha purgans*), which is frequently associated with *Muzimus*, especially by Wakerewé and Wajiji, and the brilliant bloom of a *Loranthus* or species of *Liliacæ* in flower, will not fail to be noted as one dreamily glides by these unknown islets, full of treasures to bewitch a botanist, and wherein the enterprising merchant might find profit.

"Some other pleasures we have are in watching a sunny bank, where we may rest assured the crocodile lies dreaming of fish banquets, and whence he will rise and plunge with a startling splash; or in watching the tricks of some suspicious and watchful behemoth, whose roar has its volume redoubled as it is reverberated from shore to shore in these eerie wilds.

"Our terrors are numerous. First, the rocks and rapids, the plunging cataract and whirling pool, which fortunately are passed, and which we pray we shall not have to encounter again. Then the sudden storm, which now blows each day up river, and, first wrinkling the face of the river, soon raises heavy brown waves, like those of a lake, which, having already suffered from, we are careful to avoid; but the greatest danger, an ever-recurring one, is that which we have to encounter each time the wild howling cannibal aborigines observe us. Indeed, the sense of security is short-lived, our pleasure evanescent; but the sense of danger is always present, and pervades our minds whether in our sleeping or our waking hours.

"February 7.—Obtained no latitude. It has been a tempestuous day. Great heavy swells rolled up river in our front, and the wind howled and shrieked so through the dismal glades that we became quite gloomy. To add to our troubles, our food is finished; we have no more, and to attempt to obtain it will cost human life. Empty stomachs serve to render the prospects in unknown and wild regions still darker. We have three asses with us; but then my people have grown to look at them as fellow-members of the Expedition. They say they will die first, but the faithful asses which have accompanied us so far the people say shall not be touched. So far so good; but what are we to do? Late at night the chiefs came to me and declared they must have food to-morrow. I told them they should have it, that from the first village we saw we should go and demand it.

"February 8.—Thank God! An anxious day has terminated with tranquillity to long-disturbed minds. We are camped on a small jungle-covered islet in north latitude  $1^{\circ} 40' 44''$  by observation, and east longitude  $21^{\circ} 4'$  by acct. Opposite, at 500 yards' distance, on the left bank, is the village of Rubunga, in Nganza. On the right bank, at 1700 yards' distance from us, is the large town of Gunji.

"Our course yesterday was west by south, and to-day west-south-west. We embarked at 7 A.M., and rowed past a very long wooded island, which lay on our left. At 8 A.M. we began to observe on the right bank a long hilly ridge, with cultivated slopes, and a dense population, which we later learned was called Upoto—or Mbapoto, as one man called it. I solemnly addressed my people, and, while telling them to prepare every weapon, gun, spear, axe, and knife, reminded them that it was an awful thing to commence hostilities, whether for food or anything else. They groaned in spirit, and asked me what they should do when their bowels yearned for something to satisfy its cravings; and though there was an abundance of copper, brass, iron, shells, beads, and cloth, nobody would sell even a small piece of cassava to them, or even look at them without manifesting a thirst for their blood.

"I had prepared the brightest and most showy wares close by me, and resolved to be as cunning and patient as a serpent in this intercourse. At 11 A.M. we sighted the village of Rubunga, and, giving instructions to Frank not to approach nearer to me than a quarter of a mile with the canoes, we rowed steadily down until within a few hundred yards of it, when we lay-to on our oars. Presently three canoes

advanced to meet us without the usual savage demonstrations. Not even a drum was beaten, a horn blown, or a cry uttered. This was promising. We tried the words 'Sen-nen-neh!' 'Cha-re-reh!' in soft, mild, melodious strains. They ran away. Things appeared gloomy again. However, patience!

"We had reserved one banana and a piece of cassava. We had our mouths and our stomachs with us. An appropriate gesture with the banana to the mouth, and a gentle fondling with a puckered stomach, would, we thought, be a manner of expressing extreme want, eloquent enough to penetrate the armoured body of a crocodile. We came opposite the village at 30 yards' distance, and dropped our stone anchor, and I stood up with my ragged old helmet pushed back far, that they might scrutinise my face, and the lines of suasion be properly seen. With the banana in one hand, and a gleaming armlet of copper and beads of various colours in the other, I began the pantomime. I once knew an idiot in Brusa, Asia Minor, who entreated me for a para in much the same dumb strain that I implored the assembled hundreds of Rubunga to relax that sullen sternness, that uncompromising aspect, that savage front, and yield to the captivating influence of fair and honest barter. I clashed the copper bracelets together, lovingly handled the bright gold-brown of the shining armlet, exposed with all my best grace of manner long necklaces of bright and clean *Cypræa moneta*, and allured their attention with beads of the brightest colours. Nor were the polished folds of yellow brass wire omitted; and again the banana was lifted to my open mouth. Then what suspense, what patience, what a saint-like air of resignation! Ah, yes! but I think I may be pardoned for all that degrading pantomime. I had a number of hungry, half wild children; and through a cannibal world we had ploughed to reach these unsophisticated children of nature.

"We waited, and at length an old chief came down the high bank to the lower landing near some rocks. Other elders of the people in head-dresses of leopard and civet skin joined him soon, and then all sat down. The old chief nodded with his head. We raised our anchor, and with two strokes of the oars had run our boat ashore, and, snatching a string or two of cowries, I sprang on land, followed by the coxswain Uledi, and in a second I had seized the skinny hand of the old chief, and was pressing it hard for joy. Warm-hearted Uledi, who the moment before was breathing furious hate of all savages, and of the procrastinating old chief in particular, embraced him with a filial warmth. Young Saywa, and Murabo, and Shumari, prompt as tinder upon all occasions, grasped the lesser chiefs' hands, and devoted themselves with smiles and jovial frank bearing to conquer the last remnants of savage sullenness, and succeeded so well that in an incredibly short time the blood-brotherhood ceremony between the suddenly formed friends was solemnly entered into, and the irrevocable pact of peace and goodwill had been accomplished!

"The old chief pointed with his finger to the face of Frank, which shone white amongst the dusky bodies of his comrades, and I beckoned to him. The canoes were all to anchor 100 yards off shore, but Frank was required to respond to the chief of Rubunga's wish for friendship. We distributed presents to each native, and in return we received great bunches of mellow, ripe, and green bananas, as well as of fish. It was agreed between us that we should encamp on this little islet, on which we find ourselves to-night, with a feeling as though we were approaching home.

"Before leaving the chief of Rubunga's presence, I asked him the name of the river, in a mongrel mixture of Ki-swahili, Kinyamwezi, Kijiji, Ki-regga, and Ki-Kusu.



He understood after a while, and replied it was 'Ibari.' But after he had quite comprehended the drift of the question, he replied in a sonorous voice, '*Ikutu ya Kongo!*'

"There had really been no doubt in my mind since we had left the Stanley Falls that the terrible river would prove eventually to be the river of Congo-land, but it was very agreeable to be told so.

"We have received food sufficient to last us for this day. The native women require a longer time to muster courage to make the acquaintance of the strangers, and have postponed their visit until to-morrow. A grand market for our special benefit is to be held on this island. The drums of Rubunga will be beaten to-morrow morning, not for war, but to summon the aborigines to come forward with provisions to sell. In the meantime hunger has been expelled, the gnawing emptiness has been banished, and our long-harassed minds are at rest. May this happy friendship be the first of many more!"

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

High art in tattooing—Suspicious friendliness—Friends or foes?—A treacherous attack—The fauna of the Livingstone—Among the "Houyhnyms"—The "Yaha-ha-has"—Frank's courage and narrow escape—Our fight with the Bangala—The mirage on the river—The great tributary of the Livingstone—Among friends.

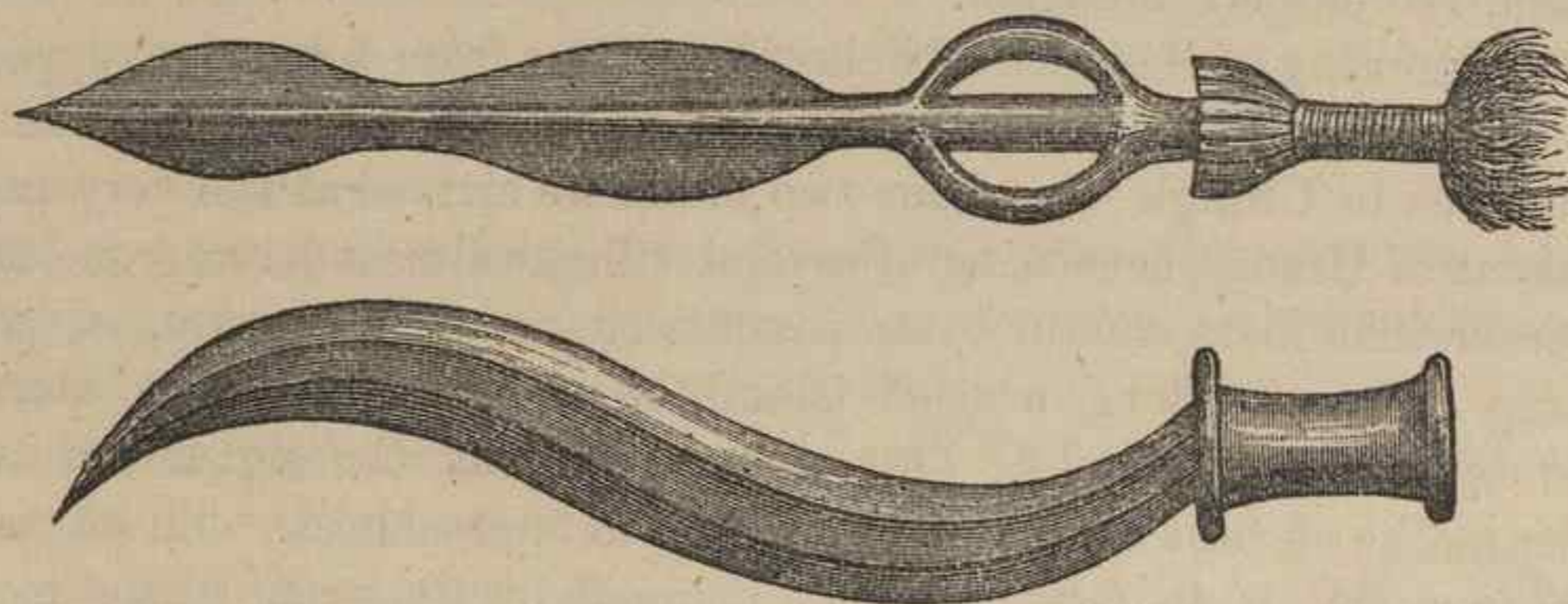
WHILE we rested on the jungle-covered islet opposite Rubunga, we experienced that repose of spirits which only the happy few who know neither care nor anxiety can enjoy. For the first time for many weeks we had slept well. There was no simulation in the cheerful morning greetings which were passed from one man to another. That wide-eyed suspicious look and the swift searching glance of distrust had toned down, and an unreserved geniality pervaded the camp.

About 9 A.M. the first canoe arrived, and its occupants received warm and hearty welcome. Soon others arrived, while the big market-drum continued to hasten the natives from both banks—from Rubunga and Urangi on the left, and Gunji and Upoto on the right. In light, swift elegant canoes, of the caique pattern, the people brought fresh and dried fish, snails, oysters, mussels, dried dogs'-meat, live dogs and goats, bananas, plantains, robes of grass cloth, cassava tubers, flour and bread of the consistence of sailor's "duff," spears, knives, axes, hatchets, bells, iron bracelets and girdles, in fact everything that is saleable or purchasable on the shores of the Livingstone. The knives were singular specimens of the African smith's art, being principally of a waving, sickle-shaped pattern, while the principal men carried brass-handled weapons, 18 inches long, double-edged, and rather wide-pointed, with two blood channels along the centre of the broad blade, while near the hilt the blade was pierced by two quarter-circular holes, while the top of the haft was ornamented with the fur of the otter.

The aborigines dress their hair with an art peculiar to the Warua and Waguha, which consists in wearing it in tufts on the back of the head, and fastening it with elegantly shaped iron hairpins—a fashion which also obtains among many kitchen maids in England. Tattooing is carried to excess, every portion of the skin bearing punctured marks, from the roots of the air down to the knees. Their breasts are like hieroglyphic parchment charts, marked with *raised* figures, ledges, squares, circles, wavy lines, tuberosity knots, rosettes,

and every conceivable design. No colouring substance had been introduced into these incisions and punctures; the cuticle had simply been tortured and irritated by the injection of some irritants or air. Indeed, some of the glossy tubercles, which contained air, were as large as hens' eggs. As many as six thin ledges marked the foreheads from temple to temple, as many ran down each cheek, while from lower eyelid to base of septum curved wavy lines; the chin showed rosettes, the neck seemed goitrous with the large vesicular protuberances, while the front parts of their bodies afforded broad fields upon which the native artist had displayed the exuberant fertility of his genius. To such an extent is this fashion carried that the people are hideously deformed, many of them having quite unnatural features and necks.

To add to the atrocious bad taste of these aborigines, their necklaces consisted of human, gorilla, and crocodile teeth, in such quantity in many cases that little or nothing could be seen of the neck. A few possessed polished boars' tusks, with the points made to meet from each side.



KNIVES, RUBUNGA.

Blood-brotherhood was a beastly cannibalistic ceremony with these people, yet much sought after, whether for the satisfaction of their thirst for blood, or that it involved an interchange of gifts, of which they must needs reap the most benefit. After an incision was made in each arm, both brothers bent their heads, and the aborigine was observed to suck with the greatest fervour, whether for love of blood or excess of friendship it would be difficult to say. Having discovered our liberality, they became arrant beggars, and difficult to satisfy. Copper was despised, but brass wire was gold—anything became purchasable with it except canoes.

The most curious objects we discovered at Rubunga were four ancient Portuguese muskets, at the sight of which the people of the Expedition raised a glad shout. These appeared to them certain signs that we had not lost the road, that the great river did really reach the sea, and that their master was not deluding them when he told them that some day they would see the sea.

In reply to our questions as to where they had obtained them, they said from men in canoes from Bankaro, Bangaro, Mangara, or, as the word finally

settled down, from Mangala, who came once a year to buy ivory. These traders were black men, and they had never heard of white men or of Arabs. One or two of their people had visited Mangala, and from these great travellers I obtained the following list of places—which geographers will do well to study—which they had heard of as being down river :

Iringi.	Mpungu (river enterin from left bank).
Mpakiwana.	Mangala.
Ukataraka.	Ibeko.
Marunja.	Iregweh.
Ikenogo.	Bateké.
Bubeka.	Ikumu.
Imemé.	Irebu.
Ikandawanda.	

The nations reported to be below Rubunga were Bakongo, Mberri, Wakomera, Wyyaka, Baurengeri, Mangala.

On the morning of the 10th of February natives from down river appeared to escort us, and our friends of Rubunga also despatched a canoe and five men to introduce us to Urangi. In about two hours we arrived at the very populous settlement of Urangi, consisting of several villages almost joining one another.

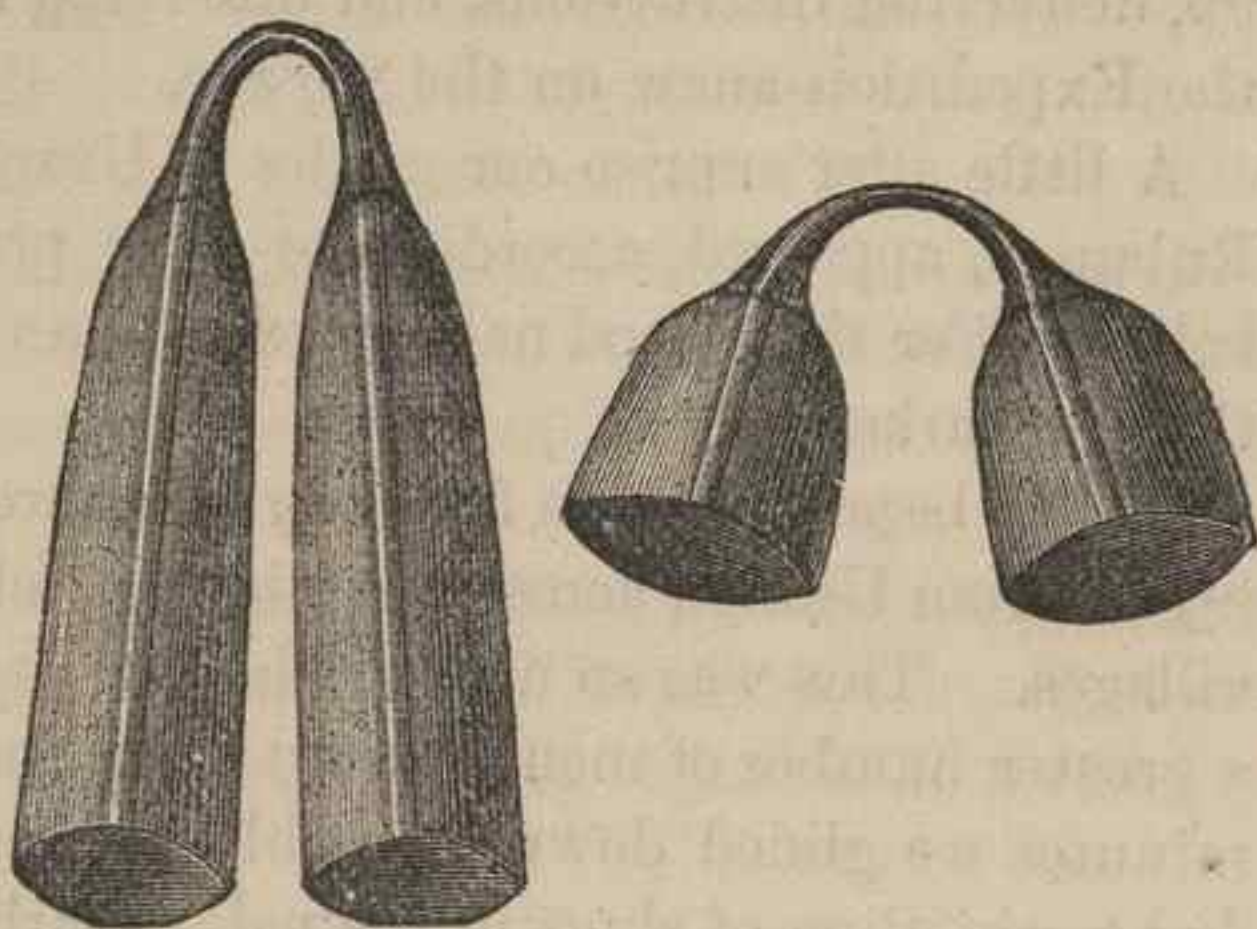
In order that there should be no possible chance of a rupture, we prepared to camp on a very long wooded island, on a beautiful green thoroughly shaded by forest patriarchs. Our appearance was the signal for a great number of the elegant canoes of this region to approach us. These ranged in length from 15 to 45 feet, and were manned by from one person to twenty men, according to their size. Beautifully carved and perfectly shaped, their crews, standing, and armed with powerful paddles of light wood, propelled them along at the rate of six knots an hour. They were as different in form and design from those monsters up river as the natives themselves were. It was very curious to watch this transition from one tribal peculiarity and custom to another. It was evident that these tribes never traded with those above. I doubt whether the people of Urangi and Rubunga are cannibals, though we obtained proof sufficient that human life is not a subject of concern with them, and the necklaces of human teeth which they wore were by no means assuring—they provoked morbid ideas.

We received a noisy and demonstrative welcome. They pressed on us in great numbers, which, considering our late eventful life, did not tend to promote that perfect feeling of security which we had briefly tasted at Rubunga. Still we bore it good-humouredly. If geniality, frankness, sociability are the best weapons with which to treat savage man, we showed ourselves adepts and practised professors of the art. I did not observe the least shadow of a frown, sulkiness, doubt, or suspicion on the face of any man, woman, or child connected with the Expedition. As for Frank and myself, our behaviour

was characterized by an angelic benignity worthy of canonization. I sat smiling in the midst of a tattooed group, remarkable for their filed teeth and ugly gashed bodies, and bearing in their hands fearfully dangerous-looking naked knives or swords, with which the crowd might have hacked me to pieces before I could have even divined their intentions.

But presently murmurs were heard, and finally the camp was in an uproar. One man complained of his mat being stolen, another of his knife, another of his cloth, another of his store of beads: three or four spears were next abstracted; and finally, the thieving culminated in two guns being stolen. Fortunately, however, the thieves were apprehended before they had succeeded in effecting their escape. Then a new order of things was determined upon. We fell back upon the old rule of never forgetting that an unsophisticated savage was not trustworthy, except when your eyes were on him. We built a boma, and refused admission to the camp, but a market was fixed in a special place without, where, the natives were told, those who possessed articles for sale would find purchasers. The chiefs agreed to this, and friendship and fraternity were apparently as much in demand as before the little disturbance, since no one had been injured, and the losses had been borne without reprisals.

At 5 P.M. the great chief of Urangi made his presence known by sounding his double iron gong. This gong consisted of two long iron bell-shaped instruments, connected above by an iron handle, which, when beaten with a short stick with a ball of indiarubber at the end, produced very agreeable musical sounds. He received a kindly reception; and though he manifested no desire or declared any intention of reciprocating our gift, he did not leave our camp dissatisfied with his present. He loudly proclaimed to the assembly on the river something to the effect that I was his brother; that peace and goodwill should prevail, and that everybody should behave, and "make plenty of trade." But on his departure his people became roguish and like wild children. Scores of canoes flitted here and there, up and down, along the front of the camp, which gave us opportunities of observing that every person was tattooed in the most abominable manner; that the coiffeur's art was carried to perfection; that human teeth were popular ornaments for the neck; that their own teeth were filed; that brass wire to an astonishing quantity had been brought to them by the Bangala; as they had coils of it upon their arms and legs, and ruffs of



DOUBLE IRON BELLS OF URANGI.

it resting on their shoulders; that while the men wore ample loin-coverings of grass cloth, their women went naked; that ivory was to be purchased here to any amount, and that palm-wine had affected the heads of a great many. We also discovered that Urangi possessed about a dozen muskets.

From a friend of mine, who paid me much attention, I ascertained that three hours from Urangi inland was a large market-town, called Ngombé, whither the Barangi frequently went with fish, dried and fresh, to purchase cassava, bananas, ground nuts, and palm-oil; that palm-trees were as thick as a forest inland; that on the right bank below Gunji are three districts, Umangi, Ukeré, and Mpisa; that the river on the right side is known as Ukeré, while that which rolls by Urangi is called Iringi.

At sunset our strange friends departed, and paddled across river to their villages, very amiably disposed, if one might judge from smiles and pleasant nods of the head. After 8 P.M. a terrific drumming and some half a dozen musket-shots were heard from the Urangi villages. We supposed them to be dancing and enjoying their palm-wine, the delicious and much-esteemed *malofu*. Sometimes we heard, amid a deathly silence, also the voice of a man, who might be reading a proclamation or delivering a lecture, for all we understood. The voice was clearly audible, but the words were not. Finally, about midnight I slept.

An hour before dawn we were alert, preparing our morning meal, packing up, delivering instructions, and observing other customs preparatory to starting the Expedition anew on the voyage.

A little after sunrise our guides of Urangi, who had shown us the way from Rubunga, appeared, according to their promise to escort us to another tribe below. For their good nature we gave an earnest of our liberal purpose. We then embarked.

As we began to move from our camp we observed scores of canoes approaching us from Urangi, across the wide branch that separated our island from the villages. This was so natural that we paid no attention to it, yet we thought a greater number of men manned them than on the previous day. But for ten minutes we glided down smoothly and agreeably. Suddenly I heard a shot and a whistling of slugs in the neighbourhood of the boat. I turned my head, and observed the smoke of gunpowder drifting away from a native canoe. Yet we could scarcely realise that our friends had so soon become enemies, until one of my people cried out, "Master, one of our men is killed. The people are firing at us." Simultaneously with the shot I observed our guides had darted away in their canoe, and it dawned on my mind that the whole was a preconcerted arrangement.

Anxious for the safety of the Expedition, I permitted my canoes to float by me, and then formed them in line, the boat in the rear, and thus we began the fight. The natives advanced on us in gallant style, and after firing their heavily charged guns withdrew rapidly again to reload, and in the meantime the

wooden assegais were launched with a marvellous dexterity, and the beautiful canoes skimmed about like flying fish here and there with bewildering evolutions and wonderful velocity and grace. Of course the shields were raised like bulwarks around our flotilla, and the fire from behind them was deadly: while though we in the boat were conspicuous marks, we could not be touched owing to our rapidity of fire. But they persistently followed us until the natives of the district of Mpakiwana heard the firing and rushed to the assault, and maintained it with a pertinacity that made us almost despair. About noon we discovered a channel leading among the islands, which we followed, soon becoming involved once more among the mazy labyrinths of the winding creeks.

Our course may be ascertained, if I state that a little above Urangi we were in north latitude  $1^{\circ} 36' 0''$ , and at noon of the 11th about twenty miles westward of the Urangi, we obtained north latitude  $1^{\circ} 41' 0''$ .

The islands are much more numerous below Rubunga, and are marvels of vegetation, producing greater varieties of the palm species than those above. Though gigantic trees of the class already mentioned are as numerous, they are much more shrouded by masses of palm-vegetation, vines, and creepers, from the observation of the river voyager. As the banks here rise only from 5 to 10 feet above the surface of the river, they are subject to inundation when the river is in flood, and in many parts there are swampy depressions, favourable to dense growths of rattan and young palms. These low islands are haunted by many pests. As we glided by them during the day, we were subject to the attacks of vicious gad-flies and the tsetse, and at night mosquitoes were so abundant that we obtained but little sleep. The murmur of the vast multitude of these insects sounded during the night to our half waked senses like the noise of advancing savages, and until the wee hours of the morning the continual flip-flap of branches of the fig-tree, with which the worried mortals had armed themselves, annoyed my drowsy ears.

We obtained just a glimpse of Ukatakura, or, as it is sometimes called Ukaturaka, as we hastened from one island channel to another. We were followed by five or six canoes for a distance of five miles, but we finally escaped them.

The 12th of February was passed without alarm; the islands were still increasing in number; the river was immensely wide, extending over seven miles. We obtained once a distant view of a village on the right bank. Low islands of alluvial sand, which shot forth rich crops of the *Arundo phragmites* grass, *Papyrus antiquorum*, and many other varieties of the Cyperaceæ, became more numerous. These were the haunts of Marabu storks, Balearic cranes, the short-legged *Balceniceps Rex*, flamingoes, spur-winged geese, flocks of wild duck, divers, kingfishers, egrets, black as well as white ibis, and snipe. Any number of birds for meat might easily have been obtained, were it not that a single shot would have entailed a combat with musket-armed men. Our only hope of escape from this region was by avoiding ferocious man.

On one of these islands we saw an elephant with a pair of magnificent tusks, but he was as safe from us as though we had been unarmed; and on a reedy island of considerable length we saw a herd of red buffalo, which are smaller and very different generally from the black buffalo of the eastern half of the continent. But though we pined for meat, and were accustomed, in countries where strangers are not hunted for their lives, to devote much time to hunting, still we dared not fire. The lives of many men—our own and the natives'—depended on our forbearance.

The higher and more wooded islands swarm with baboons, the *Cynocephalus porcarius*, the night-waking lemur, and diminutive long-tailed monkeys. Once a beating of the bushes caused me to look quickly up, and I had just a glimpse of a large species of monkey of a bearded kind, standing up; but the current was inexorable, and we were at that time rowing rapidly, so that it was useless to hope to be able to find him.

The channels swarmed with Amphibia—the hippopotamus, crocodile, and monitor. Frequently at the lower end of islands, spits of white gleaming sand were observed, with two or three bloated and monstrous crocodiles basking on them, while smaller ones, at a respectful distance from the sires, imitated their lifelessness, until the splash of our oars caused them, sires and young alike, to hurry waddling to their deep homes.

A remarkable feature of the river was its immunity from snags. A few gigantic trees, it is true, were seen stranded on a gleaming islet of sand, but those dangerous obstacles of navigation, so frequent in American rivers, are very rare on the Livingstone. This may be accounted for, perhaps, by the fact that its bed is harder and more compact, and contains a less tenacious alluvium than the river beds of North America. Yet landslips are frequent, and the banks of islands exhibit many prostrate forest monarchs; but by steering a few feet beyond these our descent was never interrupted by any obstructing branch or snag.

On the morning of the 13th we passed either the mouth of a channel 500 yards wide, or a river—the Sankuru (?)—to our left. We certainly thought it was a mere island channel, until we became surprised at its great length, and still more surprised when, turning round a bend, we discovered ourselves in the presence of a large number of villages. It was too late to return. The great war-drums and horns thundered through the woods, and startled the wild echoes of many a forested isle. With an intuitive feeling that we should again "catch it," and become soon engaged in all the horrors of savage warfare, we prepared with all the skill in our power to defend ourselves. The women and children were told to lie down in the bottom of the canoes, and the spearmen to "stand by shields" to protect the riflemen. At this time we possessed only thirty-nine guns—nineteen Sniders and twenty muskets—besides my own rifles. When within 300 yards of the first settlement, we sheered off into mid-river and paddled slowly down in close line, the boat in



the advance, with a vague sense that there would be no rest for us until we either sank into the grave or Providence should endow us with wings to enable us to vanish from this fearful savage world.

The first war-cries that rang out as the beautiful but cruel canoes skimmed towards us reminded me of the "Houyhnyms," for, to express correctly the neighing sounds of the warriors of Marunja, their cry ought to be spelled "Yaha-ha-ha." But in tone it was marvellously like a neighing chorus of several full-blooded stallions. Had I not been able to ascertain the names of these tribes, I should certainly have been justified in stating that after the "Ooh-hu-hus" we encountered the "Bo-bo-bos," and after a dire experience with the fierce "Bo-bo-bos" we met the terrible "Yaha-ha-has." Any traveller who should succeed me would be certain to remark upon the fidelity of the novel classification.

For my part I must confess to having been charmed into a dangerous inactivity by the novelty of the human cries, so much so that, before I was on the alert, there were three canoes in front of me, and over the gunwales I saw nine bright musket barrels aimed at me. As my position was in the bow of the boat while leading the Expedition down river, I soon became the target for a few more, as the swift gliding canoes were propelled in a crescent form in our front. But, as on several other occasions, I was saved, because my very appearance startled them. Had I been a black man I should have long before been slain; but even in the midst of a battle, curiosity, stronger than hate or bloodthirstiness, arrested the sinewy arm which drew the bow, and delayed the flying spear. And now, while their thin flint hammers were at full cock, and the fingers pressing the triggers of the deadly muskets, the savages became absorbed in contemplating the silent and still form of a kind of being which to them must have appeared as strange as any unreal being the traditions of their fathers had attempted to describe. "*White!*"

Of course the slightest movement on my part would have been instantly followed by my death. Though it was unpleasant to sit and feel oneself to be a target for so many guns, yet it was the wisest plan. While I was the object of curiosity to a large party, Frank was no less the centre of attraction to a number of men that hovered on our left flank, and our asses shared with us the honour of being wonders to the aborigines. Katembo attempted to open a conversation with them, and by surprising them with the question if they were Marunja we obtained a knowledge as to whom we were indebted for these unpleasant honours. And I believe it was to Katembo that we owed the rupture of the charm of curiosity, for five minutes afterwards, when we had descended nearly two miles in silence below their villages, a vicious black aborigine fired and killed Rehani, one of our finest men. Instinctively the Wangwana raised their shields, and, rowing up swiftly to meet them, to defend the people like a hen her chickens, the boat opened its battery of small arms to avenge the death of Rehani, and in thirty minutes the seventy

musket-armed canoes of the Marunja were retreating to a more respectful distance. After following us for five miles they abandoned the pursuit, and we happily saw no more of them.

At noon we obtained an observation, north latitude  $1^{\circ} 28' 0''$ , while at noon of the 12th we were in north latitude  $1^{\circ} 36' 0''$ . Our course among the islands had ranged from west half north to west-south-west.

After we had escaped the Marunja, we crept from channel to channel and creek to creek, which wound in and out between island groves, until night, when we encamped, to undergo the usual nightly tortures of the light-coloured mosquitoes of the Livingstone.

We had discovered on several islands, since leaving Urangi, small camps, consisting of, perhaps, a dozen small grass huts or sheds, which had, no doubt, been the temporary shelter erected by some trading tribe below, and, as we heard from the aborigines of Rubunga the power of the Mangala highly extolled, we came to the conclusion that upon arriving in the Bangala's country we should be freed from all strife and danger.

During the forenoon of the 14th of February, while anxiously looking out lest we should be taken by some erratic channels in view of other villages, we arrived at the end of an island, which, after some hesitation, we followed along the right. Two islands were to the right of us, and prevented us from observing the mainland. But after descending two miles we came in full view of a small settlement on the right bank. Too late to return, we crept along down river, hugging the island as closely as possible, in order to arrive at a channel before the natives should sight us. But, alas! even in the midst of our prayers for deliverance, sharp quick taps on a native kettledrum sent our blood bounding to the heart, and we listened in agony for the response. Presently one drum after another sounded the alarm, until the Titanic drums of war thundered the call to arms.

In very despair, I sprang to my feet, and, addressing my distressed and long-suffering followers, said, "It is of no use, my friends, to hope to escape these bloody pagans. Those drums mean war. Yet it is very possible these are the Bangala, in which case, being traders, they will have heard of the men by the sea, and a little present may satisfy the chiefs. Now, while I take the sun you prepare your guns, your powder and bullets, see that every shield is ready to lift at once, as soon as you see or hear one gun-shot. It is only in that way I can save you, for every pagan now, from here to the sea, is armed with a gun, and they are black like you, and they have a hundred guns to your one. If we must die, we will die with guns in our hands like men. While I am speaking, and trying to make friendship with them, let no one speak or move."

We drew ashore at the little island, opposite the highest village, and at noon I obtained my observation north latitude  $1^{\circ} 7' 0''$ . Meanwhile savage madness was being heated by the thunder of drums, canoes were mustering,

guns were being loaded, spears and broadswords were being sharpened, all against us, merely because we were strangers, and afloat on their waters. Yet we had the will and the means to purchase amity. We were ready to submit to any tax, imposition, or insolent demand for the privilege of a peaceful passage. Except life, or one drop of our blood, we would sacrifice anything.

Slowly and silently we withdrew from the shelter of the island and began the descent of the stream. The boat took position in front, Frank's canoe, the *Ocean*, on the right, Manwa Sera's, *London Town*, to the left. Beyond Manwa Sera's canoe was the uninhabited island, the great length of which had ensnared us, and hedged us in to the conflict. From our right the enemy would appear with muskets and spears, and an unquenchable ferocity, unless we could mollify him.

We had left Observation Island about half a mile behind us when the prows of many canoes were seen to emerge out of the creek. I stood up and edged towards them, holding a long piece of red cloth in one hand, and a coil of brass wire in another. We rested on our oars, and the men quietly placed their paddles in their canoes, and sat up, watchful, but ready for contingencies. As we floated down, numbers of canoes advanced.

I hailed the natives, who were the most brilliantly decorated of any yet seen. At a distance they all appeared to wear something like English University caps, though of a white colour. There was a great deal of glitter and flash of metal, shining brass, copper, and bright steel among them.

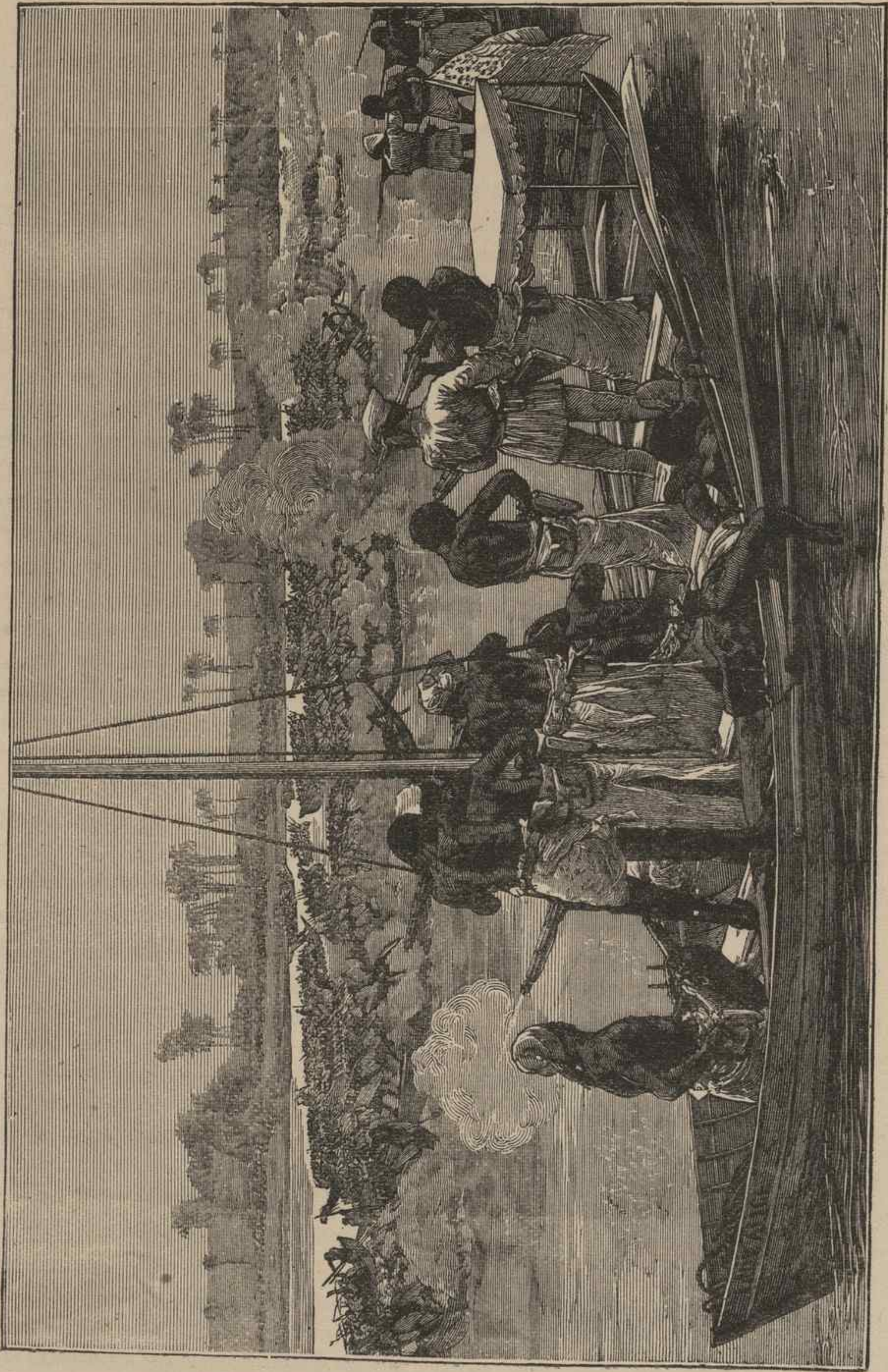
The natives returned no answer to my hail; still I persisted, with the same artfulness of manner that had been so successful at Rubunga. I observed three or four canoes approaching Frank's vessel with a most suspicious air about them, and several of their canoes menacing him, at which Frank stood up and menaced them with his weapon. I thought the act premature, and ordered him to sit down, and to look away from them. I again raised the crimson cloth and wire, and by pantomime offered to give it to those in front, whom I was previously addressing; but almost immediately those natives who had threatened Frank fired into my boat, wounding three of my young crew—Mambu, Murabo, and Jaffari—and two more natives fired into Frank's canoe, wounding two—Hatib and Muftah. The missiles fired into us were jagged pieces of iron and copper ore precisely similar to those which the Ashantees employed. After this murderous outrage there was no effort made to secure peace. The shields were lifted, and proved capital defences against the hail of slugs. Boat, shields, and canoes were pitted, but only a few shields were perforated.

The conflict began in earnest, and lasted so long that ammunition had to be redistributed. We perceived that, as the conflict continued, every village sent out its quota. About two o'clock a canoe advanced with a swaggering air, its crew evidently intoxicated, and fired at us when within thirty yards. The boat instantly swept down to it and captured it, but the crew sprang into the river, and, being capital swimmers, were saved by a timely arrival of their

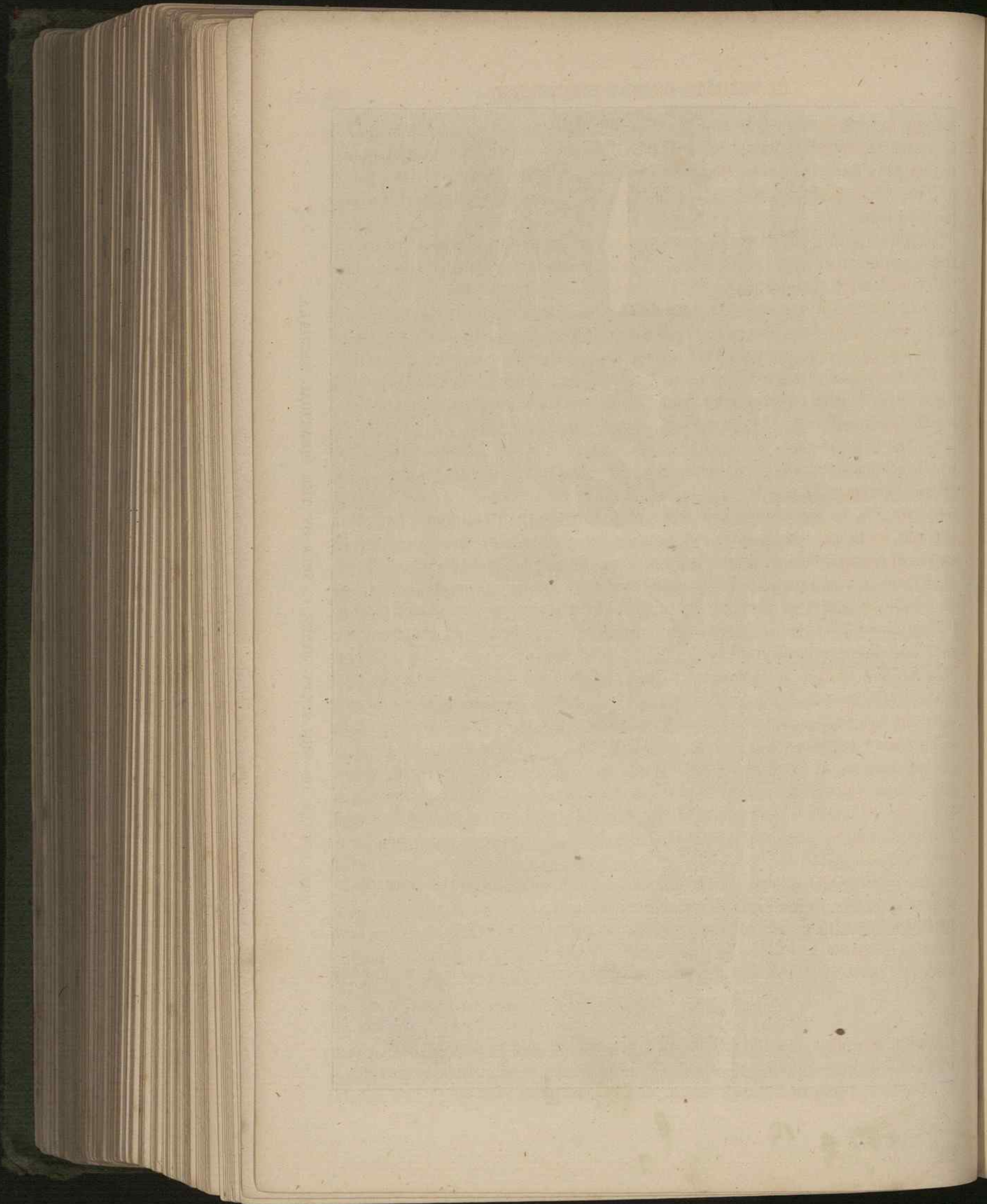
friends. At three o'clock I counted sixty-three opposed to us. Some of the Bangala—which they disclosed themselves by their peculiar cries, "Yaha-ha-ha, Ya Bangala!" "Ya Bangala! Yaha-ha-ha!"—distinguished themselves by an audacity and courage that, for our own sakes, I was glad to see was not general. Especially one young chief, distinguished by his head-dress of white goat-skin, and a short mantle of the same material, and wreaths of thick brass wire on neck, arms and legs, sufficient, indeed, to have protected those parts from slugs, and proving him to be a man of consequence. His canoe mates were ten in number; and his steersman, by his adroitness and dexterity, managed the canoe so well that after he and his mates had fired their guns, he instantly presented its prow and only a thin line of upright figures to our aim. Each time he dashed up to deliver his fire all the canoes of his countrymen seemed stimulated by his example to emulate him. And, allowing five guns on an average to each of the sixty-three canoes, there were 315 muskets opposed to our forty-four. Their mistake was in supposing their slugs to have the same penetrative effect and long range as our missiles had. Only a few of the boldest approached, after they had experienced our fire, within a hundred yards. The young chief already mentioned frequently charged to within fifty yards, and delivered a smashing charge of missiles, almost all of which were either too low or too high. Finally Manwa Sera wounded him with a Snider bullet in the thigh. The brave fellow coolly, and in presence of us all, took a piece of cloth and deliberately bandaged it, and then calmly retreated towards shore. The action was so noble and graceful that orders were given to let him withdraw unmolested. After his departure the firing became desultory, and at 5.30 P.M. our antagonists retired, leaving us to attend to our wounded, and to give three hearty cheers at our success. This was our thirty-first fight on the terrible river—the last but one—and certainly the most determined conflict that we had endured.

My gossip friend at Urangi had stated to me that the Bangala, when they visited his country, were in the habit of carrying things with a high hand, that they frequently indulged in shooting in the most indiscriminate manner at everything if angered, that they were very "hot." But I never expected they would have indulged their "hot-headedness" at the expense of people who might be called relations of those who had supplied them with guns and powder. It is evident, however, to me that, enterprising as the Bangala are, they have never ascended the Livingstone higher than Upoto, otherwise they must certainly have been compelled to measure their strength against the cannibals of the Aruwimi.

The Bangala may be said to be the Ashantees of the Livingstone River, though their country has comparatively but a small populated river front. Their villages cover at intervals—of a mile or half a mile—a line of ten miles. They trade with Ikengo and Irebu down the river all the ivory they have purchased from Upoto, Gunji, Mpisa, Ukeré, Rubunga, Urangi, Mpakiwana, and Marunja. I observed soon after the fight began that many canoes emerged out of a river



THE ATTACK OF THE SIXTY-THREE CANOES OF THE PIRATICAL BANGALA.



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coming from a northerly direction. For a long period the river of Bangala has appeared on West African maps as the Bancaro river. The word Bangala, which may be pronounced Bangara, Bankara, or Bankaro, signifies the people of Mangala or Mangara, Mankara or Mankaro. I have simply adopted the more popular term.

Unquestionably the Bangala are a very superior tribe. I regret very much the singular antipathy they entertain towards strangers, which no doubt they will continue to show until, like the Ashantees, they have been taught by two or three sharp fights to lessen their pretensions to make targets of aborigines and strangers. While the Bangala are permitted to pass Ikengo to Irebu, the people of Ikengo and Irebu are not privileged to ascend the river beyond Bangala.

We continued our journey on this eventful day until an hour after sunset, when we proceeded to establish a camp at the head of a narrow tortuous channel, which lost itself amid the clusters of small islets.

On the 15th, at noon, we reached north latitude  $0^{\circ} 58' 0''$ . The strong winds which at this season blow daily up river impeded our journey greatly. They generally began at 8 A.M., and lasted until 3 P.M. When narrow channels were open to us we were enabled to proceed without interruption, but when exposed to broad open streams the waves rose as high as 2 feet, and were a source of considerable danger. Indeed, from the regularity and increased force of the winds, I half suspected at the time that the Livingstone emptied into some vast lake such as the Victoria Nyanza. The mean temperature in the shade seldom exceeds  $74^{\circ}$  Fahr., and the climate, though not dry, was far more agreeable than the clammy humidity characteristic of the east coast. The difference between the heat in this elevated region and that of the east coast was such that, while it was dangerous to travel in the sun without a sun-umbrella near the sea on the east coast, a light double-cotton cloth cap saved me from feeling any inconvenience when standing up in the boat under a bright glaring sun and cloudless sky. While sitting down in the boat, a few minutes was sufficient to convince me it was dangerous without an umbrella, even here. While at work at the Stanley Falls the umbrella was not used. The nights were uncomfortable without a blanket, and sometimes even two were desirable.

The winds which prevail at this season of the year are from the south-west, or south, which means from the temperate latitude of the South Atlantic, and slightly chilled in their passage over the western ranges. In the early morning the thermometer was often as low as  $64^{\circ}$ . From 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. it ranged from  $75^{\circ}$  to  $85^{\circ}$  Fahr. in the shade; from 4 P.M. to sunset it ranged from  $72^{\circ}$  to  $80^{\circ}$ . From the 12th January until the 5th March we experienced no rain.

One remarkable fact connected with our life in this region is, that though we endured more anxiety of mind and more strain on the body, were subject to constant peril, and fared harder (being compelled for weeks to subsist

on green bananas, cassava, and sugarless tea, and those frequently in scanty quantities), we—Frank and I—enjoyed better health on the Livingstone than at any other period of the journey; but whether this unusual health might not be attributed to having become more acclimatized is a question.

The mirage on the Livingstone was often ludicrously deceptive, playing on our fears at a most trying period, in a manner which plunged us from a temporary enjoyment of our immunity from attack into a state of suspicion and alarm, which probably, in nine cases out of ten, arose out of the exaggerated proportions given to a flock of pelicans or wild geese, which to our nerves, then in a high state of tension, appeared to be a very host of tall warriors. A young crocodile basking on a sandy spit appeared to be as large as a canoe, and an ancient and bleached tree a ship.

At noon of the 17th we had reached north latitude  $0^{\circ} 18' 41''$ , our course during the 16th and 17th having been south-west, but a little before sunset the immense river was gradually deflecting to south.

Since the 10th we had been unable to purchase food. The natives had appeared to be so unapproachable, that again the questions naturally arose in each mind, "Where shall we obtain food?" "What shall we do?" "What will be the end of all this?" "Whither, oh whither are we going?" My poor people had been elevated to a high pitch of exultation when they had first seen the four muskets at Rubunga. They regarded them as the beginning of the end. But now? "Ah, whither are we going on this cruel, cruel river?"

Yet they bore the dire period with Spartan stoicism. They were convinced that, had it been in my power, they should never have suffered from scarcity. They had become trained to rely on my judgment and discretion, and with a child-like faith they trusted me. Knowing this but too well, my anxiety to show myself worthy of their love and duty was increased. I might delay procuring food for their safety, but human beings cannot live on air. But where should I get it when the mere sight of us put the natives into a rage for murder? How was food to be obtained if the sound of our voices was followed instantly with deadly missiles?

I quote the following from my note-book:—

"February 18, 1877.—For three days we have been permitted, through the mercy of God, to descend this great river uninterrupted by savage clamour or ferocity. Winds during two days seriously impeded us, and were a cause for anxiety, but yesterday was fine and calm, and the river like a sheet of burnished glass; we therefore made good progress. In the afternoon we encountered a native trading expedition from Ikengo in three canoes, one of which was manned by fifteen paddlers, clothed in robes of crimson blanket cloth. We hailed them, but they refused to answer us. This sight makes me believe the river must be pretty free of cataracts, and it may be that there are no more than the Sundi cataract, and the Falls of Yellalla, reported by Tuckey in 1816, otherwise I cannot account for the ascent of three trading vessels, and such extensive possession of cloths and guns, so far up the river.



"Since the 10th February we have been unable to purchase food, or indeed approach a settlement for any amicable purpose. The aborigines have been so hostile, that even fishing-canoes have fired at us as though we were harmless game. God alone knows how we shall prosper below. But let come what may, I have purposed to attempt communicating with the natives to-morrow. A violent death will be preferable to death by starvation.

"At 7 A.M. we were on the Equator again, and at noon I obtained an observation which showed we were  $0^{\circ} 17' 59''$  south latitude, as our course has been nearly straight south since yesterday 5 P.M.

"February 19, 1877.—This morning we regarded each other as fated victims of protracted famine, or the rage of savages, like those of Mangala. But as we feared famine most, we resolved to confront the natives again. At 10 A.M., while we were descending the Livingstone along the left bank, we discovered an enormous river, considerably over a thousand yards wide, with a strong current, and deep, of the colour of black tea. This is the largest influent yet discovered, and after joining the Livingstone it appeared to command the left half to itself—it strangely refuses to amalgamate with the Livingstone, and the divisional line between them is plainly marked by a zigzag ripple, as though the two great streams contended with one another for the mastery. Even the Aruwimi and the Lowwa united would not greatly exceed this giant influent. Its strong current and black water contrast very strongly with the whitey-brown Livingstone. On the upper side of the confluence is situate Ibonga, but the natives, though not openly hostile, replied to us with the peculiar war-cries 'Yaha-ha-ha!'

"We continued our journey, though grievously hungry, past Bwena and Inguba, doing our utmost to induce the staring fishermen to communicate with us, without any success. They became at once officiously busy with guns, and dangerously active. We arrived at Ikengo, and as we were almost despairing, we proceeded to a small island opposite this settlement and prepared to encamp. Soon a canoe with seven men came dashing across, and we prepared our moneys for exhibition. They unhesitatingly advanced, and ran their canoe alongside us. We were rapturously joyful, and returned them a most cordial welcome, as the act was a most auspicious sign of confidence. We were liberal, and the natives fearlessly accepted our presents, and from this giving of gifts we proceeded to seal this incipient friendship with our blood with all due ceremony.

"After an hour's stay with us they returned to communicate with their countrymen, leaving one young fellow with us, which was another act of grace. Soon from a village below Ikengo two more canoes came up with two chiefs, who were extremely insolent and provoking, though after nearly two and a half years' experience of African manners we were not to be put out of temper because two drunken savages chose to be overbearing."

"It is strange, if we consider of what small things pride is born. The European is proud of his pale colour, and almost all native Africans appear to be proud because they are black. Pride arises most naturally from a full stomach. Esau, while hungry, forgot his birthright and heritage, because of weakened vitals. I forgot mine because my stomach had collapsed through emptiness. The arrogance of the two chiefs of Ikengo was nourished by a sense of fulness. I presume, were the contents of their stomachs analysed, we should find them consist of undigested

manioc, banana, with a copious quantity of fluid. What virtues lie in these that they should be proud? Their bodies were shrouded with a grass cloth, greasy and black from wear. Their weapons were flintlocks loaded with three inches of powder and three of slugs. Yet they were insufferably rude!

"By-and-by they cooled down. We got them to sit and talk, and we laughed together, and were apparently the best of friends. Of all the things which struck their fancy, my note-book, which they called 'tara-tara,' or looking-glass, appeared to them to be the most wonderful. They believed it possessed manifold virtues, and that it came from above. Would I, could I, sell it to them? It would have found a ready sale. But as it contained records of disaster by flood and fire, charts of rivers and creeks and islands, sketches of men and manners, notes upon a thousand objects, I could not part with it even for a tusk of ivory.

"They got angry and sulky again. It was like playing with and coaxing spoiled children. We amused them in various ways, and they finally became composed, and were conquered by good nature. With a generous scorn of return gifts, they presented me with a gourdful of palm-wine. But I begged so earnestly for food that they sent their canoes back, and, while they sat down by my side, it devolved upon me until their return to fascinate and charm them with benignant gestures and broken talk. About 3 P.M. provisions came in basketfuls of cassava tubers, bananas, and long plantains, and the two chiefs made me rich by their liberality, while the people began also to thaw from that stupor into which impending famine had plunged them. At sunset our two friends, with whom I had laboured with a zealot's enthusiasm, retired, each leaving a spear as a pledge with me that they would return to-morrow, and renew our friendly intercourse, with canoe-loads of provisions.

"*February 20, 1877.*—My two friends, drunk no longer, brought most liberal supplies with them of cassava tubers, cassava loaves, flour, maize, plantains, and bananas, and two small goats, besides two large gourdfuls of palm-wine, and, what was better, they had induced their countrymen to respond to the demand for food. We held a market on Mwangangala Island, at which there was no scarcity of supplies; black pigs, goats, sheep, bananas, plantains, cassava bread, flour, maize, sweet potatoes, yams, and fish being the principal things brought for sale.

"The tall chief of Bwena and the chief of Inguba, influenced by the two chiefs of Ikengo, also thawed, and announced their coming by sounding those curious double bell-gongs, and blowing long horns of ivory, the notes of which distance made quite harmonious. During the whole of this day life was most enjoyable, intercourse unreservedly friendly, and though most of the people were armed with guns there was no manifestation of the least desire to be uncivil, rude, or hostile, which inspired us once more with a feeling of security to which we had been strangers since leaving Urangi.

"From my friends I learned that the name of the great river above Bwena is called Ikelemba. When I asked them which was the largest river, that which flowed by Mangala, or that which came from the south-east, they replied, that though Ikelemba river was very large it was not equal to the 'big river.'

"They also gave me the following bit of geography, which, though a little inaccurate, is interesting:—

<i>Left Bank.</i>	<i>Right Bank.</i>
From Ikengo, in Nkonda, to	Ubangi . . . . . 7 hours.
Ubangi to Irebu . . . . . 1 day.	
Float down by Irebu . . . . . 3 days.	
Thence to Ukweré . . . . . 1 day.	
"    " Nkoko Ngombé . . . . . 1 "	
"    " Butunu . . . . . 1 "	
"    " Usini . . . . . 1 "	
"    " Mpumba . . . . . 7 hours.	
"    " Nkunda . . . . . 3 days.	
"    " Bolobo . . . . . 4 "	
	From Bolobo to Mom- purengi . . . . . 7 "
	Thence to Isangu . . . . . 7 "
Isangu to Mankonno . . . . . 4 hours.	
"    " Chumbiri . . . . . 4 "	
"    " Misongo . . . . . 4 "	
"    " Nkunda . . . . . 10 days.	
"    " First Cataract (Livingstone Falls) . . . . . 1 day.	

"The Barumbé are a powerful tribe south-east of Ikengo, left bank. They are probably a sub-tribe of Barua. Bunga is on the right bank. Ubangi is a country which commences opposite Ikengo on the right bank and faces Irebu. Not a single name, except Bankaro, can I recognise of all that is published on Stanford's library map of Africa which I possess. It is clear, then, that above the cataract, which is said to be about thirty days from Ikengo, nothing was ever known by Europeans. I wonder whether this cataract is the Sundi cataract reported by Tuckey? The distance, which the natives give as 30 days, may be but 15 days according to our rate of travel.

"Every weapon these natives possess is decorated with fine brass wire and brass tacks. Their knives are beautiful weapons, of a bill-hook pattern, the handles of which are also profusely decorated with an amount of brass-work and skill that places them very high among the clever tribes. These knives are carried in broad sheaths of red buffalo-hide, and are suspended by a belt of the same material. Besides an antique flintlock musket, each warrior is armed with from four to five light and long assegais, with staves being of the *Curtisia faginea*, and a bill-hook sword. They are a finely-formed people, of a chocolate brown, very partial to camwood powder and palm oil. Snuff is very freely taken, and their tobacco is most pungent.

"February 21.—This afternoon at 2 P.M. we continued our journey. Eight canoes accompanied us some distance, and then parted from us, with many demonstrations of friendship. The river flows from Ikengo south-westerly, the flood of the Ikelemba retaining its dark colour, and spreading over a breadth of 3000 yards; the Livingstone's pure whitey-grey waters flow over a breadth of about 5000 yards, in many broad channels."

## CHAPTER XXVII.

Running the gauntlet—Kindly solitudes—Amina's death—The humanizing effects of trade apparent—"The most plausible rogue of all Africa"—The king of Chumbiri; his hospitality, wives, possessions, and cunning—Making up a language—Pythons—The Ibari Nkutu or the Kwango—Treacherous guides—The Stanley Pool—Chief Itsi of Ntamo—We have to give up our big goat—River observations.

FROM the left bank we crossed to the right, on the morning of the 22nd, and, clinging to the wooded shores of Ubangi, had reached at noon south latitude  $0^{\circ} 51' 13''$ . Two hours later we came to where the great river contracted to a breadth of 3000 yards, flowing between two low rocky points, both of which were populous, well cultivated, and rich with banana plantations. Below these points the river slowly widened again, and islands well wooded, as above river, rose into view, until by their number they formed once more intricate channels and winding creeks.

Desirous of testing the character of the natives, we pulled across to the left bank, until, meeting with a small party of fishermen, we were again driven by their ferocity to seek the untravelled and unpopulated island wildernesses. It was rather amusing than otherwise to observe the readiness of the savages of Irebu to fire their guns at us. They appeared to think that we were human waifs without parentage, guardianship, or means of protection, for their audacity was excessive. One canoe with only four men dashed down at us from behind an island close to the left bank, and fired point-blank from a distance of 100 yards. Another party ran along a spit of sand and coolly waited our approach on their knees, and, though we sheered off to a distance of 200 yards from them, they poured a harmless volley of slugs towards us, at which Baraka, the humourist, said that the pagans caused us to "eat more iron than grain."

Such frantic creatures, however, could not tempt us to fight them. The river was wide enough, channels innumerable afforded us means of escaping from their mad ferocity, and if poor purblind nature was so excessively arrogant, Providence had kindly supplied us with crooked by-ways and unfrequented paths of water which we might pursue unmolested.

At noon of the 23rd we had reached  $1^{\circ} 22' 15''$  south latitude. Strong gales met us during each day. The islands were innumerable, creeks and channels winding in and out amongst the silent scenes. But though their

general appearance was much the same, almost uniform in outline and size, the islands never become commonplace. Was it from gratitude at the security they afforded us from the ruthless people of these regions? I do not know, but every bosky island into whose dark depths, shadowed by impervious roofs of foliage, we gazed had about it something kindly and prepossessing. Did we love them because, from being hunted by our kind, and ostracized from communities of men, we had come to regard them as our homes? I cannot tell, but I shall ever and for ever remember them. Ah, had I but space, how I would revel in descriptions of their treasures and their delights! Even with their gad-flies and their tsetsé, their mosquitoes and their ants, I love them. There was no treachery or guile in their honest depths; the lurking assassin feared their twilight gloom; the savage dared not penetrate their shades without a feeling of horror; but to us they were refuges in our distress, and their solitudes healed our woes. How true the words, "Affliction cometh not out of the dust, nor doth trouble spring out of the ground." Innocence and peace dwelt in the wilderness alone. Outside of them glared the fierce-eyed savage, with malice and rage in his heart, and deadly weapons in his hand.

To us, then, these untenanted islets, with their "breadths of tropic shade, and palms in clusters," seemed verily "knots of paradise." Like hunted beasts of the chase, we sought the gloom and solitude of the wilds. Along the meandering and embowered creeks, hugging the shadows of the o'erarching woods, we sought for that safety which man refused us.

The great river grew sea-like in breadth below Irebu on the morning of the 24th; indeed, it might have been 100 miles in breadth for aught we knew, deep-buried as we were among the islands. Yet there were broad and deep channels on every side of us, as well as narrow creeks between lengthy islands. The volume of water appeared exhaustless, though distributed over such an enormous width. There was water sufficient to float the most powerful steamers that float in the Mississippi. Here and there amongst the verdured isles gleamed broad humps of white sand, but on either side were streams several hundred yards wide, with as much as three fathoms' depth of water in the channels.

At noon we reached south latitude  $1^{\circ} 37' 22''$ . The Mompurengi natives appeared on an island and expressed their feelings by discharging two guns at us, which we did not resent, but steadily held on our way. An hour afterwards faithful Amina, wife of Kachéché, breathed her last, making a most affecting end.

Being told by Kachéché that his poor wife was dying, I drew my boat alongside of the canoe she was lying in. She was quite sensible, but very weak. "Ah, master!" she said, "I shall never see the sea again. Your child Amina is dying. I have so wished to see the cocoanuts and the mangoes; but no—Amina is dying—dying in a pagan land. She will never see Zanzibar. The master has been good to his children, and Amina remembers it. It is a

bad world, master, and you have lost your way in it. Good-bye, master; do not forget poor little Amina!"

While floating down, we dressed Amina in her shroud, and laid her tenderly out, and at sunset consigned her body to the depths of the silent river.

The morning of the 25th saw us once again on the broad stream floating down. We got a view of the mainland to the right, and discovered it to be very low. We hurried away into the island creeks, and floated down amongst many reedy, grassy islets, the haunt of bold hippopotami, one of which made rush at a canoe with open mouth, but contented himself fortunately with a paddle, which he crunched into splinters.

At noon we had reached south latitude  $1^{\circ} 58' 12''$ . About 4 P.M. we came to what appeared to be a river, 1500 yards wide, issuing from north-north-east, while the course that we had followed was from the north-east during the afternoon. It was quite free from islets, and this made me suspect it was a separate river. The main river was here about six miles wide.

During our voyage on the 26th, the grassy islets became more frequent, inhabited by the flamingo, pelican, stork, whydahs, ibis, geese, ducks, &c. The salt-makers find a great source of wealth in the grasses; and the smoke of their fires floated over the country in clouds.

At 10 A.M. the Levy Hills rose into view about two miles beyond the river on the left bank, which as we neared Kutumpuku approached the river, and formed a ridge. Instantly the sight of the approaching hills suggested cataracts and the memories of the terrific struggles we had undergone in passing the Stanley Falls were then brought vividly to our mind. What should we do with our sadly weakened force, were we to experience the same horrible scenes again?

At noon I took an observation and ascertained that we were in south latitude  $2^{\circ} 23' 14''$ . Edging off towards the right bank, we came to a creek, which from the immense number of those amphibious animals, I have called "Hippopotamus Creek." Grass-covered islets, innumerable to us as we passed by them, were on either side. When about half-way through this creek we encountered seven canoes, loaded with men, about to proceed to their fishing haunts. Our sudden meeting occasioned a panic among the natives, and as man had hitherto been a dreaded object, it occasioned us also not a little uneasiness. Fortunately, however, they retreated in haste, uttering their fearful "Yaha-ha-has," and we steadily pursued our way down river, and about 3 P.M. emerged in view of the united stream, 4000 yards wide, contracted by the steep cultivated slopes of Bolobo on the left, and by a beautiful high upland—which had gradually been lifting from the level plains—on the right bank.

For a moment, as we issued in view of the stream, with scores of native canoes passing backwards and forwards, either fishing or proceeding to the grassy islets to their fish-sheds and salt-making, we feared that we should have another conflict; but though they looked at us wonderingly, there was no demonstration of hostility. One man in a canoe, in answer to our question,

replied that the bold heights 200 feet above the river, which swarmed with villages, was Bolobo. Being so near the border of the savage lands above, we thought it safer to wait yet one more day before attempting further intercourse with them.

On the 27th, during the morning, we were still among islets and waving branches, but towards the afternoon the islets had disappeared, and we were in view of a magnificent breadth of four miles of clear water. On our left the cultivated uplands of Bolobo had become elevated into a line of wooded hills, and on our right the wall of the brown grassy upland rose high and steep, broken against the sky-line into cones.

Gradually the shores contracted, until at 3 P.M. the right bank deflected to a south-east course, and finally shot out a long rocky point, which to us, accustomed to an enormous breadth of river, appeared as though it were the commencement of a cataract. We approached it with the utmost caution, but on arriving near it we discovered that the mirage had exaggerated its length and height, for between it and the left bank were at least 2500 yards of deep water.

The time had now come when we could no longer sneak amongst reedy islets, or wander in secret amongst wildernesses of water; we must once more confront man. The native, as we had ascertained opposite Bolobo, was not the destructive infuriate of Irebu or Mompurengi, or the frantic brute of Mangala and Marunja. He appeared to be toning down into the MAN, and to understand that others of his species inhabited this globe. At least, we hoped so. We wished to test the accuracy of this belief, and now eagerly searched for opportunities to exchange greetings, and to claim kindred with him. As we had industriously collected a copious vocabulary of African languages, we felt a certain confidence that we had been sufficiently initiated into the science of aboriginal language to be able to begin practising it.

Behind the rocky point were three natives fishing for minnows with hand-nets. We lay-to on our oars and accosted them. They replied to us clearly and calmly. There was none of that fierce fluster and bluster and wild excitement that we had come to recognize as the preliminary symptoms of a conflict. The word *ndu*—brother—was more frequent. To our overtures of friendship there was a visible inclination of assent; there was a manifest desire to accept our conciliatory sentiments; for we received conciliatory responses. Who could doubt a pacific conclusion to the negotiations? Our tact and diplomacy had been educated in a rough school of adversity. Once the attention of the natives had been arrested, and their confidence obtained, we had never failed to come to a friendly understanding.

They showed us a camping-place at the base of the brown grassy upland, in the midst of a thin grove of trees. They readily subscribed to all the requirements of friendship, blood-brotherhood, and an exchange of a few small gifts. Two of them then crossed the river to Chumbiri, whose green wooded slopes and fields, and villages and landing-place, were visible, to tell the king

of Chumbiri that peaceable strangers desired friendship with him. They appeared to have described us to him as most engaging people, and to have obtained his cordial co-operation and sympathy in a very short time, for soon three canoes appeared conveying about forty men, under three of his sons, who bore to us the royal spear, and several royal gifts, such as palm-wine, a goat, bananas, and a chicken to us, and a hearty welcome from the old king, their father, with the addition of a promise that he would call himself the next day.

About 9 A.M. of the 28th the king of Chumbiri appeared with *éclat*. Five canoes filled with musketeers escorted him.

Though the sketch below is an admirable likeness of him, it may be well



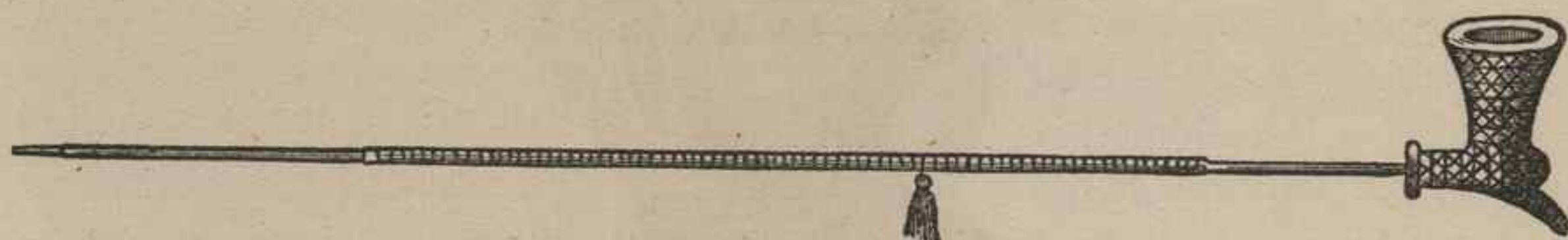
THE KING OF CHUMBIRI.

also to append a verbal description. A small-eyed man of about fifty or thereabout, with a well-formed nose, but wide nostrils and thin lips, clean shaved, or rather clean-plucked, with a quiet yet sociable demeanour, ceremonious, and mild-voiced, with the instincts of a greedy trader cropping out of him at all points, and cunning beyond measure. The type of his curious hat may be seen on the head of any Armenian priest. It was formed out of close-plaited hyphene-palm fibre, sufficiently durable to outlast his life though he might live a century. From his left shoulder, across his chest, was suspended the sword of the bill-hook pattern, already described in the passages about Ikengo



Above his shoulder stood upright the bristles of an elephant's tail. His hand was armed with a buffalo's tail, made into a fly-flapper, to whisk mosquitoes and gnats off the royal face. To his wrist were attached the odds and ends which the laws of superstition had enjoined upon him, such as charm-gourds, charm-powders in bits of red and black flannel, and a collection of wooden antiquities, besides a snuff-gourd and a parcel of tobacco-leaves.

The king's people were apparently very loyal and devoted to him, and his sons showed remarkable submissiveness. The little snuff-gourd was in constant requisition, and he took immoderate quantities, inhaling a quarter of a teaspoonful at a time from the palm of his hand, to which he pressed his poor nose until it seemed to be forced into his forehead. Immediately after, one of his filially-affectionate children would fill his long chibouque, which was 6 feet in length, decorated with brass tacks and tassels of braided cloth. The bowl was of iron, and large enough to contain half an ounce of tobacco. He would then take two or three long-drawn whiffs, until his cheeks were distended like two hemispheres, and fumigate his charms thoroughly with the smoke. His sons then relieved him of the pipe at which he snapped his fingers—and distended their cheeks into hemispherical protuberances in like manner,



GREAT PIPE OF KING OF CHUMBIRI.

and also in the same way fumigated their little charms; and so the chibouque of peace and sociability went the round of the circle, as though it was a council of Sioux about to hold a pow-wow, and as the pipe passed round there was an interchange of finger-snaps in a decorous, grave, and ceremonious style.

Our intercourse with the king was very friendly, and it was apparent that we were mutually pleased. The only fault that I, as a stranger, could find in him was an excessive cunning, which approached to the sublime. He had evidently cultivated fraud and duplicity as an art, yet he was suave and wheedling. Could I complain? Never were people so willing to be victimized. Had we been warned that he would victimize us, I do not think that we should have refused his friendship.

An invitation was extended to us to make his own village our home. We were hungry; and no doubt we were approaching cataracts. It would be welcome knowledge to know what to expect below in that broad defile filled by the great river; what peoples, countries, tribes, villages, rivers we should see; if the tribes were amenable to reason in the unknown country; if white men had ever been heard of; if there were cataracts below, and if they were passable. We accepted the invitation, and crossed the river, drums and double bell-gongs sounding the peaceful advance of our flotilla upon Chumbiri.

We were proud of our reception by the dames of Chumbiri. Loyal and submissive to their king, they exhibited kindly attentions to the strangers. We held a grand market, and won the natives' hearts by our liberality. Back rations for several days were due to our people, and, filled with an extravagant delight—even as Frank and I were—they expended their ration moneys with a recklessness of consequences which only the novelty of the situation explained. We had arrived at port, and weather-beaten voyagers are generally free with their moneys upon such occasions.

The dames at Chumbiri were worth seeing, even to us, who were sated with the thousand curious things we had met in our long travels. They were also pretty, of a rich brown colour many of them, large-eyed, and finely formed, with a graceful curve of shoulder I had not often observed. But they were slaves of fashion. Six-tenths of the females wore brass collars 2



ONE OF THE KING'S WIVES AT CHUMBIRI.

inches in diameter; three-tenths had them  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches in diameter; one-tenth were oppressed with collars 3 inches in diameter; which completely covered the neck, and nearly reached the shoulder ends. Fancy the weight of 30 lbs. of brass, soldered permanently round the neck? Yet these oppressed women were the favourite wives of Chumbiri! And they rejoiced in their oppression!

I believe that Chumbiri—who, as I said, was a keen and enterprising trader, the first aboriginal African that might be compared to a Parsee—as soon as he obtained any brass wire, melted it and forged it into brass collars for his wives. That the collars were not larger may be attributed, perhaps, to his poverty. He boasted to me he possessed “four tens” of wives, and each wife was collared permanently in thick brass. I made a rough calculation, and I estimated that his wives bore about their necks until death at least 800 lbs. of brass; his daughters—he had six—120 lbs.; his favourite female

slave  
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posse  
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wife.  
thou  
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TH  
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slaves about 200 lbs. Add 6 lbs. of brass wire to each wife and daughter for arm and leg ornaments, and one is astonished to discover that Chumbiri possesses a portable store of 1396 lbs. of brass.

I asked of Chumbiri what he did with the brass on the neck of a dead wife. Chumbiri smiled. Cunning rogue; he regarded me benevolently, as though he loved me for the searching question. Significantly he drew his finger across his throat.

The warriors and young men are distinguished for a characteristic style of hair-dressing, which belongs to Uyanzi alone. It is arranged into four separate plaits, two of which overhang the forehead like lovers' curls. Another special mark of Uyanzi are two tattooed lines over the forehead. In whatever part of the lower Livingstone these peculiarities of style may be seen, they are indubitably Wy-yanzi, or natives of Uyanzi.

The country of Uyanzi embraces many small districts, and extends along the left bank of the great river, from Bolobo, in south latitude  $2^{\circ} 23' 14''$ , to the confluence of the Ibari Nkutu, or river of Nkutu, and the Livingstone, in  $3^{\circ} 14'$  south latitude. The principal districts are Bolobo, Isangu, Chumbiri, Musevoka, Misongo, and Ibaka. Opposite is the country of the Bateké, a wilder tribe than the Wy-yanzi, some of the more eastern of whom are professed cannibals. To the north is the cannibal tribe of the Wanfuninga, of ferocious repute, and dreaded by the Wy-yanzi and Bateké.

The language of Uyanzi seemed to us to be a mixture of almost all Central African dialects. Our great stock of native words in all dialects proved of immense use to me; and in three days I discovered, after classifying and comparing the words heard from the Wy-yanzi with other African words, that I was tolerably proficient, at least for all practical purposes, in the Kiyanzi dialect.

On the 7th March we parted from the friendly king of Chumbiri, with an escort of forty-five men, in three canoes under the leadership of his eldest son, who was instructed by his father to accompany us as far as the pool, now called Stanley Pool, because of an incident which will be described hereafter.

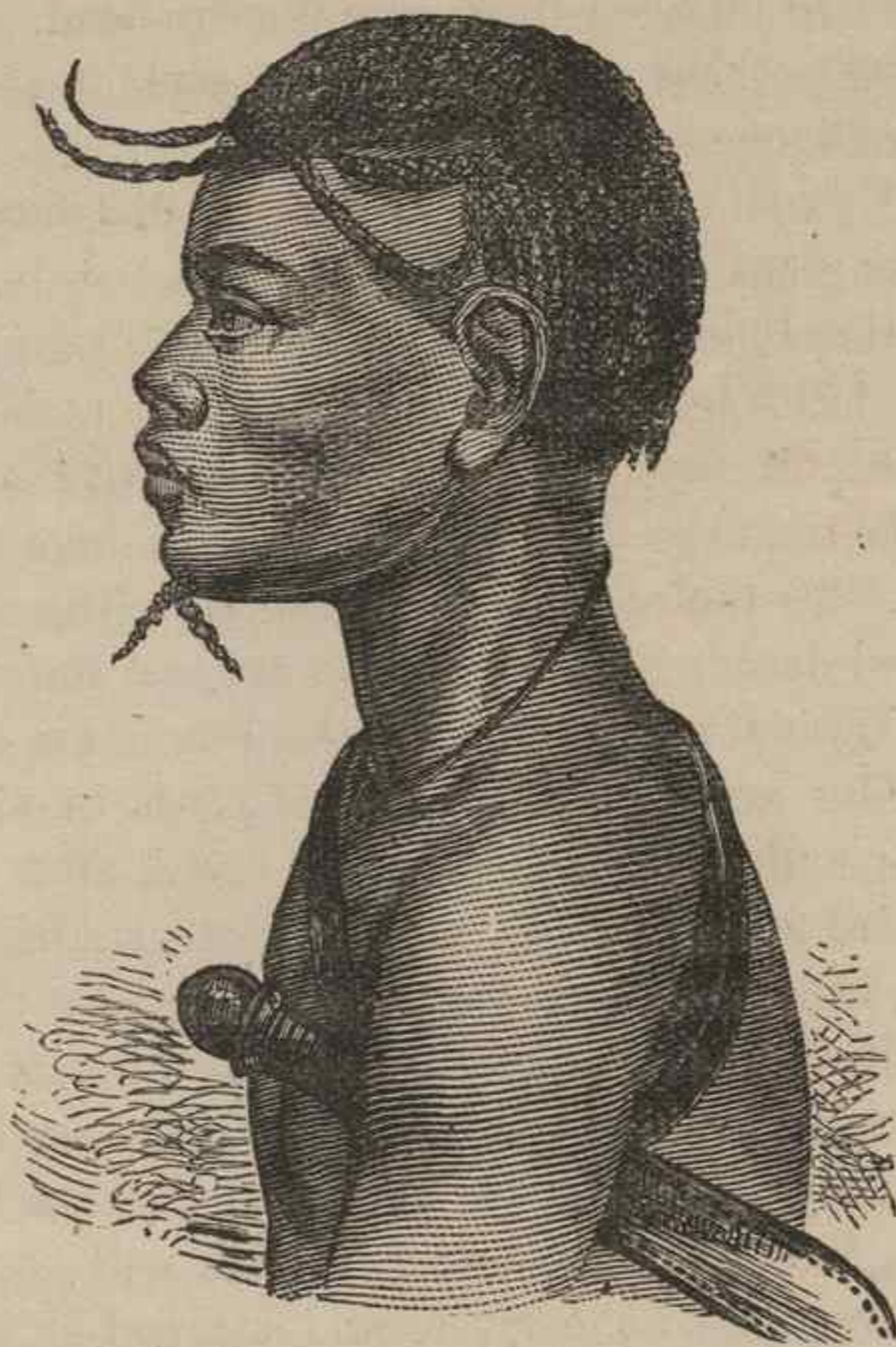
For some reason we crossed the river, and camped on the right bank, two miles below Chumbiri. At midnight the Wy-yanzi awoke us all by the fervour with which they implored their fetishes to guide us safely from camp to camp, which they named. As they had been very successful in charming away the rain with which we had been threatened the evening before, our people were delighted to hear them pray for success, having an implicit faith in them.

Just below our camp the river contracted to 2500 yards, between two high hilly banks, and 400 to 600 feet high.

A violent rain-storm began at 8 A.M. of the 8th, which lasted four hours. We then made a start, but after an hour of our company the escort lagged behind, but told us to continue our journey, as they would overtake us. Though I strongly suspected that the Wy-yanzi intended to abandon us, we could find no reasonable cause to doubt them, and therefore proceeded without

them until near sunset. We camped in the midst of a dense jungly forest. About an hour after, the camp was alarmed by the shrieks of a boy, who was about to be attacked by a python, which vanished in the woods when the people rushed to the rescue. The boy said he had hailed it at first, imagining it to be one of his friends. In half an hour the python, or another one, was discovered in a different part of the camp, about to embrace a woman in its folds; but this time, after tremendous excitement, the monster was despatched. It measured only 13 feet 6 inches in length, and 15 inches round the thickest part of the body.

At early dawn we continued our journey along the right bank, and about 7 A.M. discovered a rapid river about two hundred and fifty yards wide,



SON OF THE KING OF CHUMBIRI.

having two mouths, to which I have given the name of Lawson River, after Mr. Edward Levy Lawson. The water was of a very light colour.

The water of the Ikelemba river, which enters the Livingstone above Ikengo in about 12' south latitude, did not commingle with that of its great recipient until both had flowed side by side in the same bed for about 130 miles, or near Bolobo. Its strong-tea-coloured water had now quite changed the complexion of the Livingstone; for, while above Bolobo it had a clear whitey-grey colour, it was now of a deep brown. The other tea-coloured rivers, such as the Ruiki, Kasuku, and Black, above the Stanley Falls, had soon become absorbed by the waters of the Livingstone.

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Below the last affluent the Livingstone narrowed to 1500 yards, and flowed with a perceptibly quickened current through the deep chasm in the table-land, the slopes of which were mostly uninhabited; but on the summit near the verge, on either side, villages, banana plantations, and other signs of population were visible.

I tossed my lead into the stream in this comparatively narrow channel, and obtained at the first cast 158 feet; half an hour afterwards I obtained 163; a third time, 79 feet.

On our left, in south latitude  $3^{\circ} 14' 4''$ , we came to the Ibari (river) Nkutu, issuing from east-north-east through a deepening cleft in the table-land, and 450 yards wide at the mouth, a powerful and deep river. There is no doubt that this Ibari-Nkutu is the Coango or Kwango of the Portuguese, the sources of which Livingstone crossed, on his way to Loanda in 1854, and which takes its rise in the watershed that separates the basin of the great river from that of the Zambezi.

Six miles below the confluence of the Nkutu river with the Livingstone we drew our vessels close to a large and thick grove, to cook breakfast, and with a faint hope that in the meantime our guides would appear. Fires were kindled, and the women were attending to the porridge of cassava flour for their husbands. Frank and I were hungrily awaiting our cook's voice to announce our meal ready, when, close to us, several loud musket-shots startled us all, and six of our men fell wounded. Though we were taken considerably at a disadvantage, long habit had taught us how to defend ourselves in a bush, and a desperate fight began, and lasted an hour, ending in the retreat of the savages, but leaving us with fourteen of our men wounded. This was our thirty-second fight, and last.

After the wounded had been tended, and breakfast despatched, we proceeded down river, and two miles below we discovered the settlement to which our late antagonists belonged. But we continued our journey until 2 P.M., when, coming to a small island, we disembarked. At 4 P.M. our long absent guides appeared, and, as they were disinclined to halt, we followed them down river, until they stopped at a large settlement called Mwana Ibaka, which occupied a low semi-circular terrace at the base of tall hills. Imagining that there was not the slightest fear of a rupture after being heralded by our friends, we steered for the shore; but as we approached, the shore swarmed with hundreds of excited men, with brass-banded muskets in their hands. Through sheer surprise at the frantic savagery so suddenly displayed, we floated down dangerously near the aiming men, before we observed that our guides were making violent gestures for us to move off. This recalled us to our senses, and we rowed away before the fierce people had drawn trigger. Three miles below we encamped on the right bank, and at sunset our guides appeared, but halted on the left bank.

On the morning of the 10th, at 6 A.M., the downward voyage was continued,

between lofty and picturesque shores, here bold and precipitous, there wooded from base to summit—here great hill shoulders sloping abruptly to the edge of the deep river, there retreating into wooded valleys between opposing ridges. Our guides overtook us, but they would hold no conversation with us, until, arriving at the woods of Ndande-Njoko, at 10 A.M., they changed their minds, crossed over to the right bank, and halted for breakfast. We also stopped, and renewed our intercourse with them, while they began vehemently to excuse themselves from being the cause of Mwana Ibaka's outrageously wild conduct, and of not warning us of the murderous community which had attacked us in the grove the day previous, and which had caused us such a grievous loss. We excused them gladly, and then took an opportunity of promising more brass wire to them if they would accompany us to the cataract; but our friends required it in advance. But having already been paid at Chumbiri most bounteously for services which they had as yet shown no disposition to give, and as we felt assured they would not fulfil any new engagement, we resolved to depend upon ourselves.

When I came to reflect upon the manner we had been treated above river by the cannibals who had netted us in at the Sixth Cataract of the Stanley Falls, and the extraordinarily cunning king of Chumbiri and his sons, I perceived that the conduct of both had alike sprung from contempt of people of whom they knew nothing. Though I have seen five hundred African chiefs, it may not be amiss to record here my firm belief that the mild-voiced king of Chumbiri is the most plausible rogue of all Africa.

Near sunset we camped in a little cove below precipitous red cliffs, which had contracted the river to 1000 yards in width. The upper parts of these cliffs consisted of hard grey sandstone, overlying a soft red sandstone.

The 11th of March was passed without further incident than the usual storm—south-wester—which blew almost every day, and often made the river dangerous to low-board river canoes. The river was very deep, and flowed with a current of 3 knots an hour, and varied in width from 1000 to 1400 yards, pent in by the steep but wooded slopes of the hilly ridges that rose to the height of 600 feet above us. Red buffaloes and small antelope were abundant on the right bank, but not even a shot dared we fire, lest it might startle some frenzied savage to sound the call to war, and so alarm the people at the cataract the terrors of which we were constantly exaggerating in our thoughts.

About 11 A.M. of the 12th, the river gradually expanded from 1400 yards to 2500 yards, which admitted us in view of a mighty breadth of river, which the men at once, with happy appropriateness, termed "a pool." Sandy islands rose in front of us like a sea-beach, and on the right towered a long row of cliffs, white and glistening, so like the cliffs of Dover that Frank at once exclaimed that it was a bit of England. The grassy table-land above the cliffs appeared as green as a lawn, and so much reminded Frank of Kentish Downs that he exclaimed enthusiastically, "I feel we are nearing home."

While taking an observation at noon of the position, Frank, with my glass in his hand, ascended the highest part of the large sandy dune that had been deposited by the mighty river, and took a survey of its strange and sudden expansion, and after he came back he said, "Why, I declare, sir, this place is just like a pool; as broad as it is long. There are mountains all round it, and it appears to me almost circular."\*

"Well, if it is a pool, we must distinguish it by some name. Give me a suitable name for it, Frank."

"Why not call it 'Stanley Pool,' and these cliffs Dover Cliffs? For no traveller who may come here again will fail to recognise the cliffs by that name."

Subsequent events brought these words vividly to my recollection, and in accordance with Frank's suggestion I have named this lake-like expansion of the river from Dover Cliffs to the first cataract of the Livingstone Falls—embracing about thirty square miles—the Stanley Pool. The latitude of the entrance from above to the pool was ascertained to be  $4^{\circ} 3'$  south latitude.

The left shore is occupied by the populous settlements of Nshasa, Nkunda, and Ntamo. The right is inhabited by the wild Bateké, who are generally accused of being cannibals.

Soon after we began our descent of the pool, skirting the right shore, we observed a chalky mount, near which were two or three columns of the same material. From a cove just below emerged two or three Bateké canoes, the crews of which, after collecting their faculties, consented to show us the cataract, the noise of which, as they attempted to describe it, elicited roars of laughter from the members of the Expedition. This outburst of loud merriment conquered all reluctance on the part of the Bateké to accompany us.

After winding in and out of many creeks which were very shallow, we approached the village of Mankoneh, the chief of the Bateké. His people during the daytime are generally scattered over these sandy dunes of the Stanley Pool attending to their nets and fish-snares, and to protect themselves from the hot sun always take with them several large mats to form sheds. Mankoneh, to our great delight, was a bluff, hearty, genial soul, who expressed unbounded pleasure at seeing us; he also volunteered to guide us to the falls. He was curious to know how we proposed travelling after arriving near them, for it was impossible, he said, to descend the falls. By a ludicrous pantomime he led us to understand that they were something very fearful.

A few hundred yards below his village the pool sharply contracted, and the shore of Ntamo—a projecting point from the crescent-shaped ridge beyond—appeared at a distance of 2000 yards. It was then that we heard for the first time the low and sullen thunder of the first cataract of the Livingstone Falls.

Slowly Mankoneh, in his canoe, glided down towards it, and louder it grew on the ears, until when within one hundred yards of the first line of broken water

\* Frank described the crater of an extinct volcano, which is six miles in length and four miles wide, as described more in detail subsequently.

he pointed forward, and warned us not to proceed farther. We made for the shore, and found ourselves on a narrow ledge-like terrace bristling with great blocks of granite, amidst a jungly tangle, which grew at the base of high hills. Here, after a short busy period with axe and machete, we constructed a rude camp. The only level spot was not six feet square.

Mankoneh, the Bateké chief, pointed out to us the village of Itsi, the chief of Ntamo, which is situate on the left bank, in a line with the beginning of the first cataract, and spoke of Itsi with great respect, as though he were very powerful.

About 5 P.M. a small canoe was observed to cross over to our side from the left bank, a mile above the falls. The canoe-men, through the representations of our hearty friend Mankoneh, were soon induced to land in our camp to converse with the white men, and before long we had succeeded in making them feel quite at home with us. As they were in a quiver of anxious desire to impart to the chief Itsi all the wonderful things they had witnessed with us, they departed about sunset, solemnly promising we should see the famous Itsi of Ntamo next morning.

Lashing our canoes firmly lest an accident should happen during the night, we turned to our rude huts to sleep in peace. We were all very hungry, as we had been able to purchase nothing from the natives since leaving Chumbiri five days before, and we had been more than usually improvident, having placed far too much reliance on the representations so profusely made to us by the mild-voiced but cunning king of Chumbiri. From very shame I refrain from publishing the stores of goods with which I purchased the glib promises of assistance from Chumbiri, not one of which were realized.

Morning of the 13th of March found us, from the early hours of dawn, anxiously waiting the arrival of Itsi of Ntamo and the reappearance of Mankoneh. From our camp we might easily with a glass note any movement on the other bank. At 9 A.M.—Itsi evidently was not an early riser—a large canoe and two consorts, laden with men, were seen propelled up stream along the left bank, and a mile above the landing-place to cross the river at a furious pace. The rows of upright figures, with long paddles, bending their bodies forward in unison, and their voices rising in a swelling chorus to the sound of the steady beat of a large drum, formed a pretty and inspiring sight. Arriving at the right bank, with a perfect recklessness of the vicinity of the falls, they dashed down towards our camp at the rate of six knots an hour. The large war-canoe, though not quite equal to the monster of the Aruwimi in size, was a noble vessel, and Itsi, who was seated in state "mid-ship," with several grey-headed elders near him, was conscious, when he saw our admiration, that he had created a favourable impression. She measured 85 feet 7 inches in length, 4 feet in width, and was 3 feet 3 inches deep. Her crew consisted of sixty paddlers and four steersmen, and she carried twenty-two passengers, close-packed, besides making a total of eighty-six persons. The other two canoes carried ninety-two



persons altogether. We cordially invited Itsi and his people to our camp, to which they willingly responded. Some grass, fresh cut, in anticipation of the visit of our honourable friends, had been strewn over a cleared space close to the stream, and our best mats spread over it.

There were four or five grey-headed elders present, one of whom was introduced as Itsi. He laughed heartily, and it was not long before we were on a familiar footing. They then broached the subject of blood-brotherhood. We were willing, but they wished to defer the ceremony until they had first shown their friendly feelings to us. Accordingly the old man handed over to me ten loaves of cassava bread, or cassava pudding, fifty tubers of cassava, three bunches of bananas, a dozen sweet potatoes, some sugar-cane, three fowls, and a diminutive goat. A young man of about twenty-six years made Frank's acquaintance by presenting to him double the quantity I received. This liberality drew my attention to him. His face was dotted with round spots of soot-and-oil mixture. From his shoulders depended a long cloth of check pattern, while over one shoulder was a belt, to which was attached a queer medley of small gourds containing snuff and various charms, which he called his Inkisi. In return for the bounteous stores of provisions given to Frank and myself, as they were cotton- or grass-cloth-wearing people, we made up a bundle of cloths for each of the principals, which they refused, to our surprise. We then begged to know what they desired, that we might show our appreciation of their kindness, and seal the bond of brotherhood with our blood.

The young man now declared himself to be Itsi, the king of Ntamo; the elder, who had previously been passed off for the king, being only an ancient councillor.

It was a surprise, but not an unpleasant one, though there was nothing very regal or majestic about him, unless one may so call his munificent bounty to Frank, as compared to the old man's to me. We finally prevailed upon Itsi to inform us what gift would be pleasing to him.

He said, "I want only that big goat; if you give me that, I shall want nothing more."

The "big goat" which he so earnestly required was the last of six couples I had purchased in Uregga for the purpose of presentation to an eminent English lady, in accordance with a promise I had made to her four years previously. All the others had perished from heat apoplexy, sickness, and want of proper care, which the terrible life we had led had prevented us from supplying. This "big goat" and a lion-like ram, gigantic specimens of the domestic animals of Manyema and Uregga, were all that survived. They had both become quite attached to us, and were valued companions of a most eventful journey of 1100 miles. I refused it, but offered to double the cloths. Whereupon Itsi sulked, and prepared to depart, not, however, before hinting that we should find it difficult to obtain food if he vetoed the sale of provisions. We coaxed him back again to his seat, and offered him one of the asses.

The possession of such a "gigantic" animal as an ass, which was to him of all domestic animals a veritable Titanosaurus, was a great temptation; but the shuddering women, who feared being eaten by it, caused him to decline the honour of the gift. He now offered three goats for what appeared to him to be the "largest" goat in Africa, and boasted of his goodness, and how his friendship would be serviceable to me, whereas, if he parted in anger, why, we should be entirely at his mercy. The goat was therefore transferred to his canoe, and Itsi departed for Ntamo as though he were in possession of a new wonder.

Our provisions were only sufficient to prove what appetites we possessed, and not to assuage them: all were consumed in a few minutes, and we were left with only hopes of obtaining a little more on the next day.

On the 14th Itsi appeared with his war-canoe at 9 A.M., bringing three goats and twenty loaves of cassava bread and a few tubers, and an hour afterwards Nchuvira, king of Nkunda, Mankoneh, chief of the Bateké fishermen near the Stanley Pool, and the king of Nshasa, at the south-east end of the Stanley Pool, arrived at our camp with several canoe crews. Each of the petty sovereigns of the districts in our neighbourhood contributed a little, but altogether we were only able to distribute to each person 2 lbs. of eatable provisions. Every chief was eager for a present, with which he was gratified, and solemn covenants of peace were entered into between the whites and the blacks. The treaty with Itsi was exceedingly ceremonious and involved the exchange of charms. Itsi transferred to me, for my protection through life, a small gourdful of a curious powder, which had rather a saline taste, and I delivered over to him, as the white man's charm against all evil, a half-ounce vial of magnesia; further, a small scratch in Frank's arm, and another in Itsi's arm, supplied blood sufficient to unite us in one and indivisible bond of fraternity. After this we were left alone.

An observation by boiling-point, above the First Cataract of the Livingstone Falls, disclosed to us an altitude of 1147 feet above the ocean. At Nyangwé the river was 2077 feet. In 1235 miles therefore there had been only a reduction of 930 feet, divided as follows:—

	Feet.	Distance in Miles.	Fall per Mile.
Nyangwé . . . . .	2077		
4 miles below seventh cataract, Stanley Falls . . . . .	1511	337	20 inches.
	Feet 566		
4 miles below seventh cataract, Stanley Falls . . . . .	1511		
River at Ntamo, above first cataract, Livingstone Falls . . . . .	1147	898	5 inches nearly.
	Feet 364	River uninterrupted.	

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

The struggle with the river renewed—Passing the "Father"—In the "Cauldron"—Poor Kalulu!—Soudi's strange adventures—At the "Whirlpool Narrows"—Lady Alice Rapids—Our escape from death—"Isles of Eden"—Thieves amongst us—The Inkisi Falls—The canoes dragged over the mountain—Trade along the Livingstone—Ulcers and entozoa—An artful compound.

THE wide wild land which, by means of the greatest river of Africa, we have pierced, is now about to be presented in a milder aspect than that which has filled the preceding pages with records of desperate conflicts and furious onslaughts of savage men. The people no longer resist our advance. Trade has tamed their natural ferocity, until they no longer resent our approach with the fury of beasts of prey.

It is the dread river itself of which we shall have now to complain. It is no longer the stately stream whose mystic beauty, noble grandeur, and gentle uninterrupted flow along a course of nearly nine hundred miles, ever fascinated us, despite the savagery of its peopled shores, but a furious river rushing down a steep bed obstructed by reefs of lava, projected barriers of rock, lines of immense boulders, winding in crooked course through deep chasms, and dropping down over terraces in a long series of falls, cataracts, and rapids. Our frequent contests with the savages culminated in tragic struggles with the mighty river as it rushed and roared through the deep, yawning pass that leads from the broad table-land down to the Atlantic Ocean.

Those voiceless and lone streams meandering between the thousand isles of the Livingstone; those calm and silent wildernesses of water over which we had poured our griefs and wailed in our sorrow; those woody solitudes, where nightly we had sought to soothe our fevered brows, into whose depths we breathed our vows; that sea-like amplitude of water which had proved our refuge in distress, weird in its stillness, and solemn in its mystery, are now exchanged for the cliff-lined gorge, through which with inconceivable fury the Livingstone sweeps with foaming billows into the broad Congo, which, at a distance of only 155 geographical miles, is nearly 1100 feet below the summit of the first fall.

On the 16th of March, having explored as far as the Gordon-Bennett River, and obtained a clear idea of our situation during the 15th, we began our labours with energy. Goods, asses, women, and children, with the guard under Frank,

first moved overland to a temporary halting-place near the confluence. Then manning the boat, I led the canoe-men from point to point along the right bank, over the first rapids. We had some skilful work to perform to avoid being swept away by the velocity of the current; but whenever we came to rocks we held the rattan hawsers in our hands, and, allowing the stream to take them beyond these dangerous points, brought them into the sheltered lee. Had a hawser parted nothing could have saved the canoe or the men in it, for at the confluence of the Gordon-Bennett with the great river the entire river leaps headlong into an abyss of waves and foam. Arriving in the Gordon-Bennett, we transported the Expedition across, and then our labours ended at 5 P.M. for the day.

Itsi of Ntamo had informed us there were only three cataracts, which he called the "Child," the "Mother," and the "Father." The "Child" was a two hundred yards' stretch of broken water; and the "Mother," consisting of half a mile of dangerous rapids, we had succeeded in passing, and had pushed beyond it by crossing the upper branch of the Gordon-Bennett, which was an impetuous stream, 75 yards wide, with big cataracts of its own higher up. But the "Father" is the wildest stretch of river that I have ever seen. Take a strip of sea blown over by a hurricane, four miles in length and half a mile in breadth, and a pretty accurate conception of its leaping waves may be obtained. Some of the troughs were 100 yards in length, and from one to the other the mad river plunged. There was first a rush down into the bottom of an immense trough, and then, by its sheer force, the enormous volume would lift itself upward steeply until, gathering itself into a ridge, it suddenly hurled itself 20 or 30 feet straight upward, before rolling down into another trough. If I looked up or down along this angry scene, every interval of 50 or 100 yards of it was marked by wave-towers—their collapse into foam and spray, the mad clash of watery hills, bounding mounds and heaving billows, while the base of either bank consisting of a long line of piled boulders of massive size, was buried in the tempestuous surf. The roar was tremendous and deafening. I can only compare it to the thunder of an express train through a rock tunnel. To speak to my neighbour, I had to bawl in his ear.

The most powerful ocean steamer, going at full speed on this portion of the river, would be as helpless as a cockle-boat. I attempted three times, by watching some tree floated down from above, to ascertain the rate of the wild current, by observing the time it occupied in passing between two given points, from which I estimate it to be about thirty miles an hour!

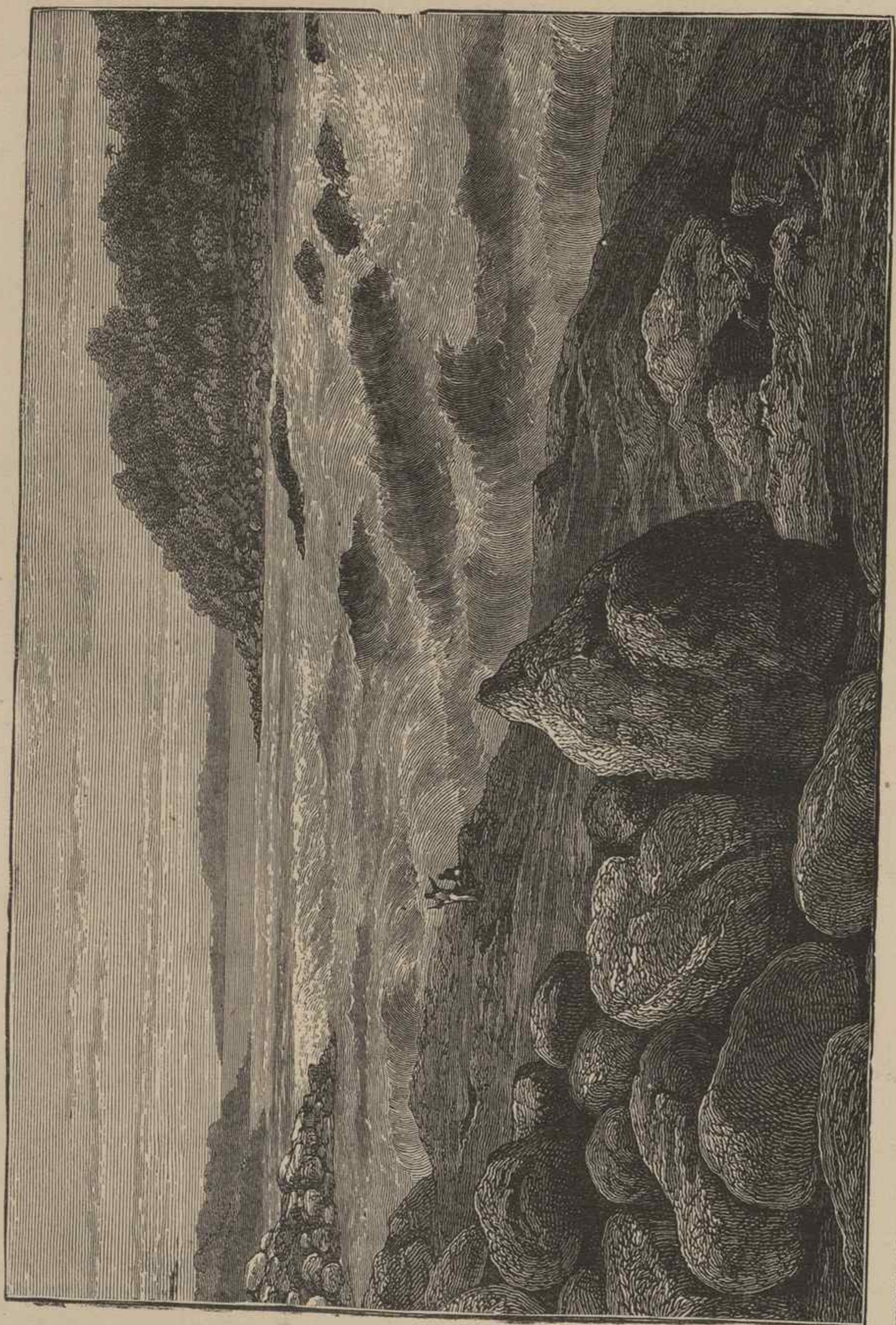
On the 17th, after cutting brushwood and laying it over a path of 800 yards in length, we crossed from the upper branch of the Gordon-Bennett to the lower branch, which was of equal breadth, but 20 feet below it. This enabled us the next day to float down to the confluence of the lower branch with the Livingstone. We could do no more on this day; the people were fainting from lack of food.

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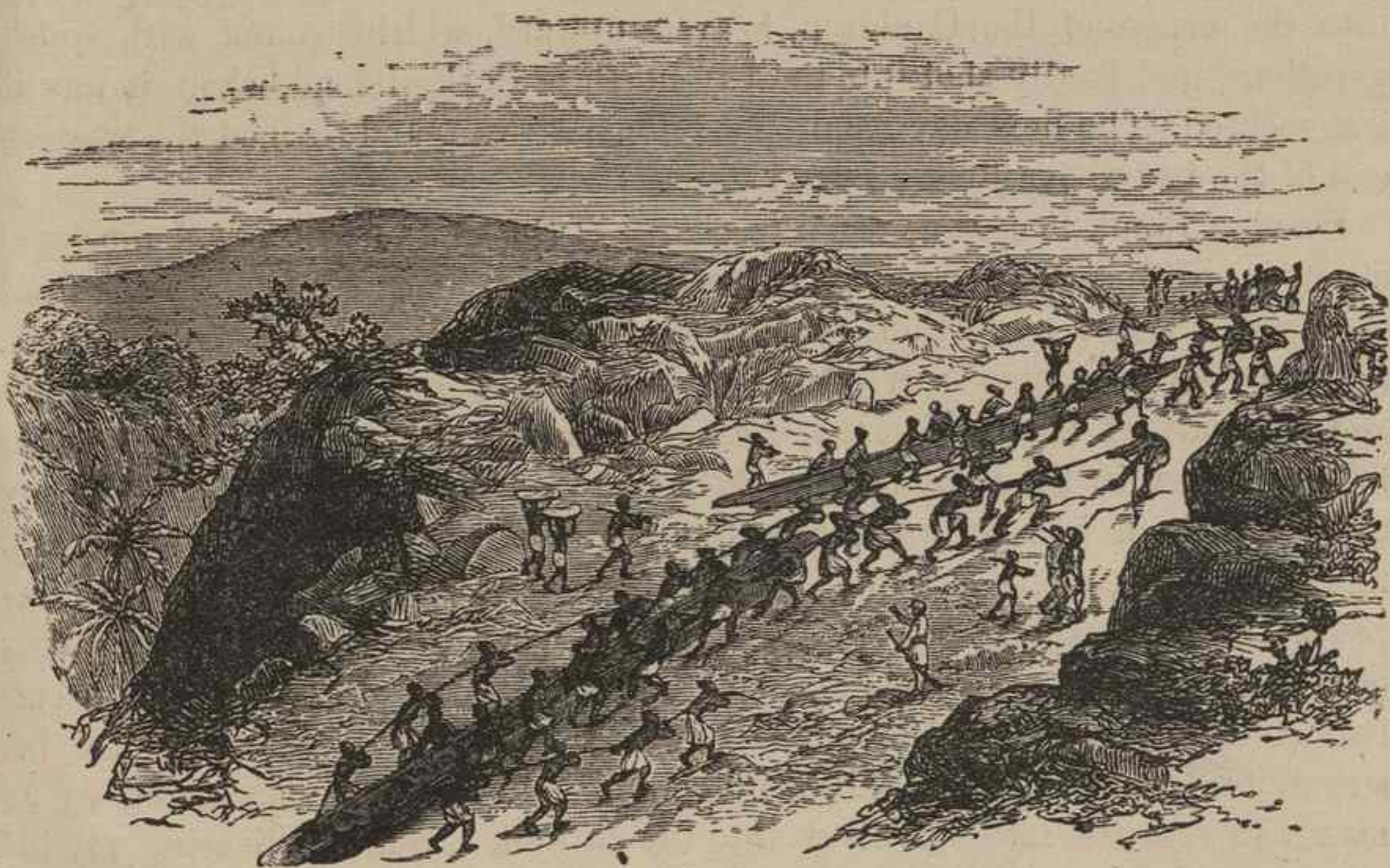
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On the 18th, through the goodwill of Mankoneh, the chief of the Bateké we were enabled to trade with the aborigines, a wild and degraded tribe, subsisting principally on fish and cassava. A goat was not to be obtained at any price, and for a chicken they demanded a gun! Cassava, however, was abundant.

From the confluence we formed another brush-covered road, and hauled the canoes over another 800 yards into a creek, which enabled us to reach on the 20th a wide sand-bar that blocked its passage into the great river. The sand-bar, in its turn, enabled us to reach the now moderated stream, below the influence of the roaring "Father," and to proceed by towing and punting half a mile below to an inlet in the rocky shore.

Gampa, the young chief of this district, became very friendly, and visited us



OVER ROCKY POINT CLOSE TO GAMPA'S.

each day with small gifts of cassava bread, a few bananas, and a small gourd of palm-wine.

On the 21st and the two days following we were engaged in hauling our vessels overland, a distance of three-quarters of a mile, over a broad rocky point, into a bay-like formation. Gampa and his people nerved us to prosecute our labours by declaring that there was only one small cataract below. Full of hope, we halted on the 24th to rest the wearied people, and in the meantime to trade for food.

The 25th saw us at work at dawn in a bad piece of river, which is significantly styled the "Cauldron." Our best canoe, 75 feet long, 3 feet wide, by 21 inches deep, the famous *London Town*, commanded by Manwa Sera, was torn from the hands of fifty men, and swept away in the early morning down

to destruction. In the afternoon, the *Glasgow*, parting her cables, was swept away, drawn nearly into mid-river, returned up river half a mile, again drawn into the depths, ejected into a bay near where Frank was camped, and, to our great joy, finally recovered. Accidents were numerous; the glazed trap rocks, washed by the ever-rising tidal-like waves, were very slippery, occasioning dangerous falls to the men. One man dislocated his shoulder, another was bruised on the hips, and another had a severe contusion of the head. Too careless of my safety in my eagerness and anxiety, I fell down, feet first, into a chasm 30 feet deep between two enormous boulders, but fortunately escaped with only a few rib bruises, though for a short time I was half stunned.

On the 27th we happily succeeded in passing the fearful Cauldron, but during our last efforts the *Crocodile*, 85 feet 3 inches long, was swept away into the centre of the Cauldron, heaved upward, whirled round with quick gyrations, and finally shot into the bay north of Rocky Island, where it was at last secured. The next day we dropped down stream, and reached the western end of the bay above Rocky Island Falls.

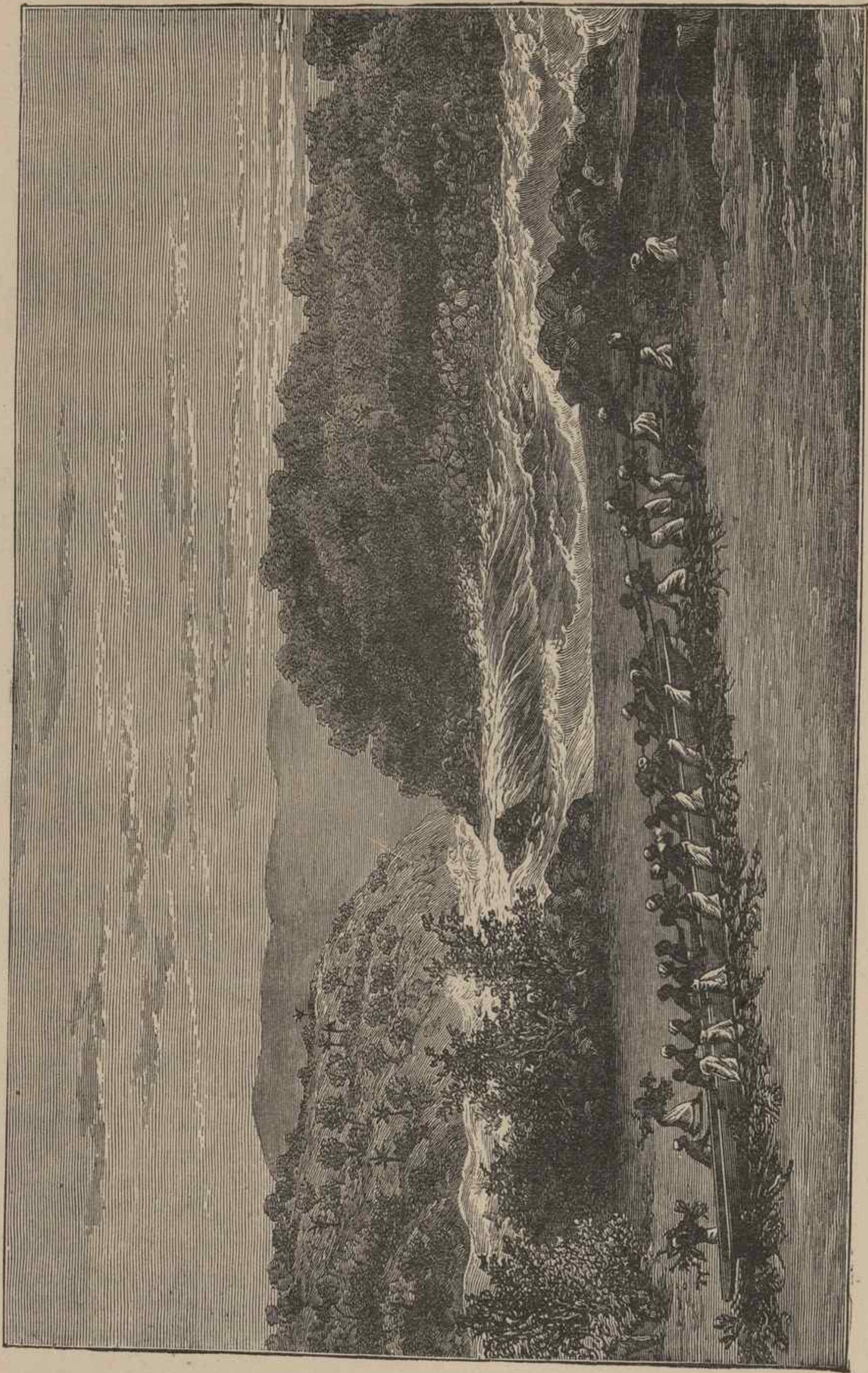
Leaving Frank Pocock as usual in charge of the camp and goods, I mustered ninety men—most of the others being stiff from wounds received in the fight at Mwana Ibaka and other places—and proceeded, by making a wooden tramway with sleepers and rollers, to pass Rocky Island Falls. Mpwapwa and Shumari, of the boat's crew, were sent to explore meanwhile, for another inlet or recess in the right bank. By 2 P.M. we were below the falls, and my two young men had returned, reporting that a mile or so below there was a fine camp, with a broad strip of sand lining a bay. This animated us to improve the afternoon hours by attempting to reach it. The seventeen canoes now left to us were manned according to their capacity. As I was about to embark in my boat to lead the way, I turned to the people to give my last instructions—which were, to follow me, clinging to the right bank, and by no means to venture into mid-river into the current. While delivering my instructions, I observed Kalulu in the *Crocodile*, which was made out of the *Bassia Parkii* tree, a hard heavy wood, but admirable for canoes. When I asked him what he wanted in the canoe, he replied, with a deprecating smile and an expostulating tone, "I can pull, sir; see!" "Ah, very well," I answered. The boat-boys took their seats, and, skirting closely the cliffy shore, we rowed down stream, while I stood in the bow of the boat, guiding the coxswain, Uledi, with my hand. The river was not more than 450 yards wide; but one cast of the sounding-lead close to the bank obtained a depth of 138 feet! The river was rapid, with certainly a 7-knot current, with a smooth greasy surface, now and then an eddy, a gurgle, and gentle heave, but not dangerous to people in possession of their wits. In a very few moments we had descended the mile stretch, and before us, 600 yards off, roared the furious falls since distinguished by the name "Kalulu."

With a little effort we succeeded in rounding the point and entering the



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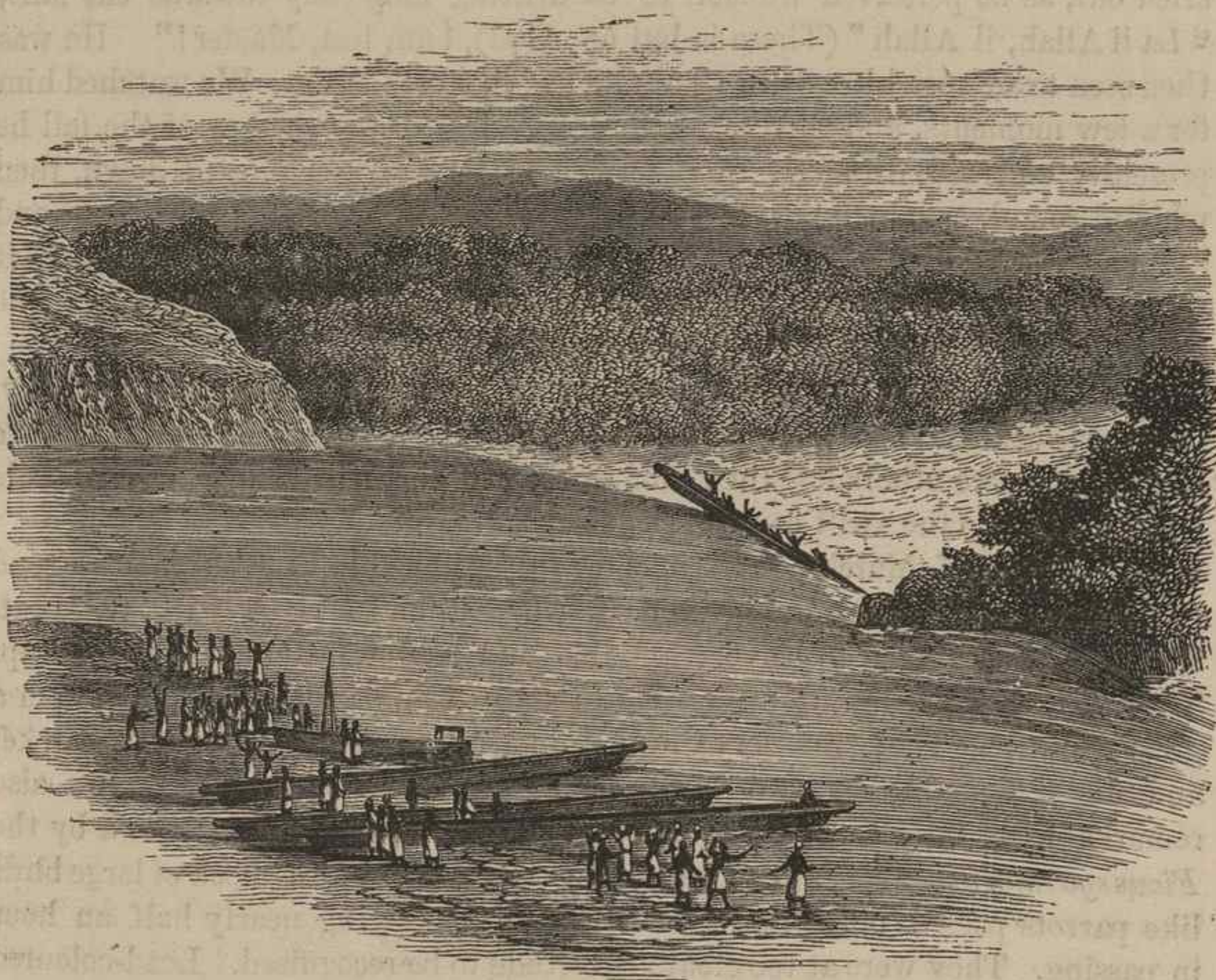
AT WORK PASSING THE LOWER END OF THE FIRST CATARACT OF THE LIVINGSTONE FALLS, NEAR ROCKY ISLAND.

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bay above the falls, and reaching a pretty camping-place on a sandy beach. The first, second, and third canoes arrived soon after me, and I was beginning to congratulate myself on having completed a good day's work, when to my horror I saw the *Crocodile* in mid-river far below the point which we had rounded, gliding with the speed of an arrow towards the falls over the treacherous calm water. Human strength availed nothing now, and we watched it in agony, for I had three favourites in her—Kalulu, Mauredi, and Ferajji; and of the others, two, Rehani Makua and Wadi Jumah, were also very good men. It soon reached the island which cleft the falls, and was swept down the left branch. We saw it whirled round three or four times, then plunged down



DEATH OF KALULU.

into the depths, out of which the stern presently emerged pointed upward, and we knew then that Kalulu and his canoe-mates were no more.

Fast upon this terrible catastrophe, before we could begin to bewail their loss, another canoe with two men in it darted past the point, borne by irresistibly on the placid but swift current to apparent, nay, almost certain destruction. I despatched my boat's crew up along the cliffs to warn the forgetful people that in mid-stream was certain death, and shouted out commands for the two men to strike for the left shore. The steersman by a strange chance shot his

canoe over the falls, and, dexterously edging his canoe towards the left shore a mile below, he and his companion contrived to spring ashore and were saved. As we observed them clamber over the rocks to approach a point opposite us, and finally sit down, regarding us in silence across the river, our pity and love gushed strong towards them, but we could utter nothing of it. The roar of the falls completely mocked and overpowered the feeble human voice.

Before the boat's crew could well reach the descending canoes, the boulders being very large and offering great obstacles to rapid progress, a third canoe—but a small and light one—with only one man, the brave lad Souidi, who escaped from the spears of the Wanyaturu assassins in 1875, darted by, and cried out, as he perceived himself to be drifting helplessly towards the falls, "La il Allah, il Allah" (There is but one God), I am lost, Master!" He was then seen to address himself to what fate had in store for him. We watched him for a few moments, and then saw him drop. Out of the shadow of the fall he presently emerged, dropping from terrace to terrace, precipitated down, then whirled round, caught by great heavy waves, which whisked him to right and left, and struck madly at him, and yet his canoe did not sink, but he and it were swept behind the lower end of the island, and then darkness fell upon the day of horror. Nine men lost in one afternoon!

This last accident, I was told, was caused by the faithlessness of the crew. One man, utterly unnerved by his fear of the river, ran away and hid in the bushes; the two others lost their hold of the tow-ropes, and thus their comrade was carried into the swift centre.

On the 30th of March a messenger was despatched to Frank to superintend the transport of the goods overland to where I had arrived with the boat. The natives continued to be very amiable, and food was abundant and cheap. They visited our camp from morning to night, bringing their produce from a great distance. They are a very gentle and harmless tribe the Western Bateké, and distinguishable by four cicatrices down each cheek. They are also remarkable for their numerous bird-snares—bird lime being furnished by the *Ficus sycamorus*—and traps. About sunset a wide-spreading flock of large birds like parrots passed north-east over our camp, occupying nearly half an hour in passing. They were at too great an altitude to be recognised. Lead-coloured water-snakes were very numerous, the largest being about 7 feet in length and 2½ inches in diameter.

Confined within the deep narrow valley of the river, the hills rising to the height of about 800 feet above us, and exposed to the continued uproar of the river, we became almost stunned during our stay of the 31st.

On the 1st of April we cleared the Kalulu Falls, and camped on the right bank below them. Our two absentees on the left side had followed us, and were signalling frequently to us, but we were helpless. The next day we descended a mile and a half of rapids, and in the passage one more canoe was lost, which reduced our flotilla to thirteen vessels.

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About 2 P.M., to the general joy, appeared young Souidi and our two absentees, who the day before had been signalling us from the opposite side of the river!

Souidi's adventures had been very strange. He had been swept down over the upper and lower Kalulu Falls and the intermediate rapids, and had been whirled round so often that he became confused. "But clinging to my canoe," he said, "the wild river carried me down and down, and down from place to place, sometimes near a rock, and sometimes near the middle of the stream, until an hour after dark, when I saw it was near a rock; I jumped out, and, catching my canoe, drew it on shore. I had scarcely finished when my arms were seized, and I was bound by two men, who hurried me up to the top of the mountain, and then for an hour over the high land, until we came to a village. They then pushed me into a house, where they lit a fire, and when it was bright they stripped me naked and examined me. Though I pretended not to understand them, I knew enough to know that they were proud of their prize. They spoke kindly to me, and gave me plenty to eat; and while one of them slept, the other watched sharp lest I should run away. In the morning it was rumoured over the village that a handsome slave was captured from a strange tribe, and many people came to see me, one of whom had seen us at Ntamo and recognized me. This man immediately charged the two men with having stolen one of the white man's men, and he drew such a picture of you, master, with large eyes of fire and long hair, who owned a gun that shot all day, that all the people became frightened and compelled the two men to take me back to where they had found me. They at once returned me my clothes, and brought me to the place near where I had tied my canoe. They then released me, saying, 'Go to your king; here is food for you; and do not tell him what we have done to you; but tell him you met friends who saved you, and it shall be well with us.'"

The other two men, seeking for means to cross the river, met Souidi sitting by his canoe. The three became so encouraged at one another's presence that they resolved to cross the river rather than endure further anxiety in a strange land. Despair gave them courage, and though the river was rapid, they succeeded in crossing a mile below the place they had started from, without accident.

On the 3rd of April we descended another mile and a half of dangerous rapids, during which several accidents occurred. One canoe was upset which contained fifty tusks of ivory and a sack of beads. Four men had narrow escapes from drowning, but Uledi, my coxswain, saved them. I myself tumbled headlong into a small basin, and saved myself with difficulty from being swept away by the receding tide.

Our system of progress was to begin each day with Frank leading the Expedition overland to a camp at the head of some inlet, cove, or recess, near rapids or falls, where, with the older men, women, and children, he constructed

a camp; the working party, consisting of the younger men, returning to assist me with the canoes down to the new camp. Anxious for the safety of the people, I superintended the river work myself, and each day led the way in the boat. On approaching rapids I selected three or four of the boat's crew (and always Uledi, the coxswain), and clambered along the great rocks piled along the base of the steeply sloping hills, until I had examined the scene. If the rapids or fall were deemed impassable by water, I planned the shortest and safest route across the projecting points, and then, mustering the people, strewed a broad track with bushes, over which, as soon as completed, we set to work to haul our vessels beyond the dangerous water, when we lowered them into the water, and pursued our way to camp, where Frank would be ready to give me welcome, and such a meal as the country afforded.

At Gamfwé's the natives sold us abundance of bread, or rolls of pudding, of cassava flour, maize, cassava leaves, water-cresses, and a small *Strychnos* fruit and, for the first time, lemons. Fowls were very dear, and a goat was too expensive a luxury in our now rapidly impoverishing state.

On the 8th we descended from Gamfwé's to "Whirlpool Narrows," opposite Umvilingya. When near there we perceived that the eddy tides, which rushed up river along the bank, required very delicate and skilful manœuvring. I experimented on the boat first, and attempted to haul her by cables round a rocky point from the bay near Whirlpool Narrows. Twice they snapped ropes and cables, and the second time the boat flew up river, borne on the crests of brown waves, with only Uledi and two men in her. Presently she wheeled into the bay, following the course of the eddy, and Uledi brought her in-shore. The third time we tried the operation with six cables of twisted rattan, about 200 feet in length, with five men to each cable. The rocks rose singly in precipitous masses 50 feet above the river, and this extreme height increased the difficulty and rendered footing precarious, for furious eddies of past ages had drilled deep circular pits, like ovens, in them, 4, 6, even 10 feet deep. However, with the utmost patience we succeeded in rounding these enormous blocks, and hauling the boat against the uneasy eddy tide to where the river resumed its natural downward flow. Below this, as I learned, were some two miles of boisterous water; but mid-river, though foaming in places, was not what we considered dangerous. We therefore resolved to risk it in mid-stream, and the boat's crew, never backward when they knew what lay in front of them, manned the boat, and in fifteen minutes we had taken her into a small creek near Umvilingya's landing, which ran up river between a ridge of rocks and the right bank. This act instilled courage into the canoe-men and the boat-boys having volunteered to act as steersmen, with Frank as leader, all manned the canoes next morning, and succeeded in reaching my camp in good time without accident, though one canoe was taken within 200 yards of Round Island Falls, between Isameh's and Umvilingya's.

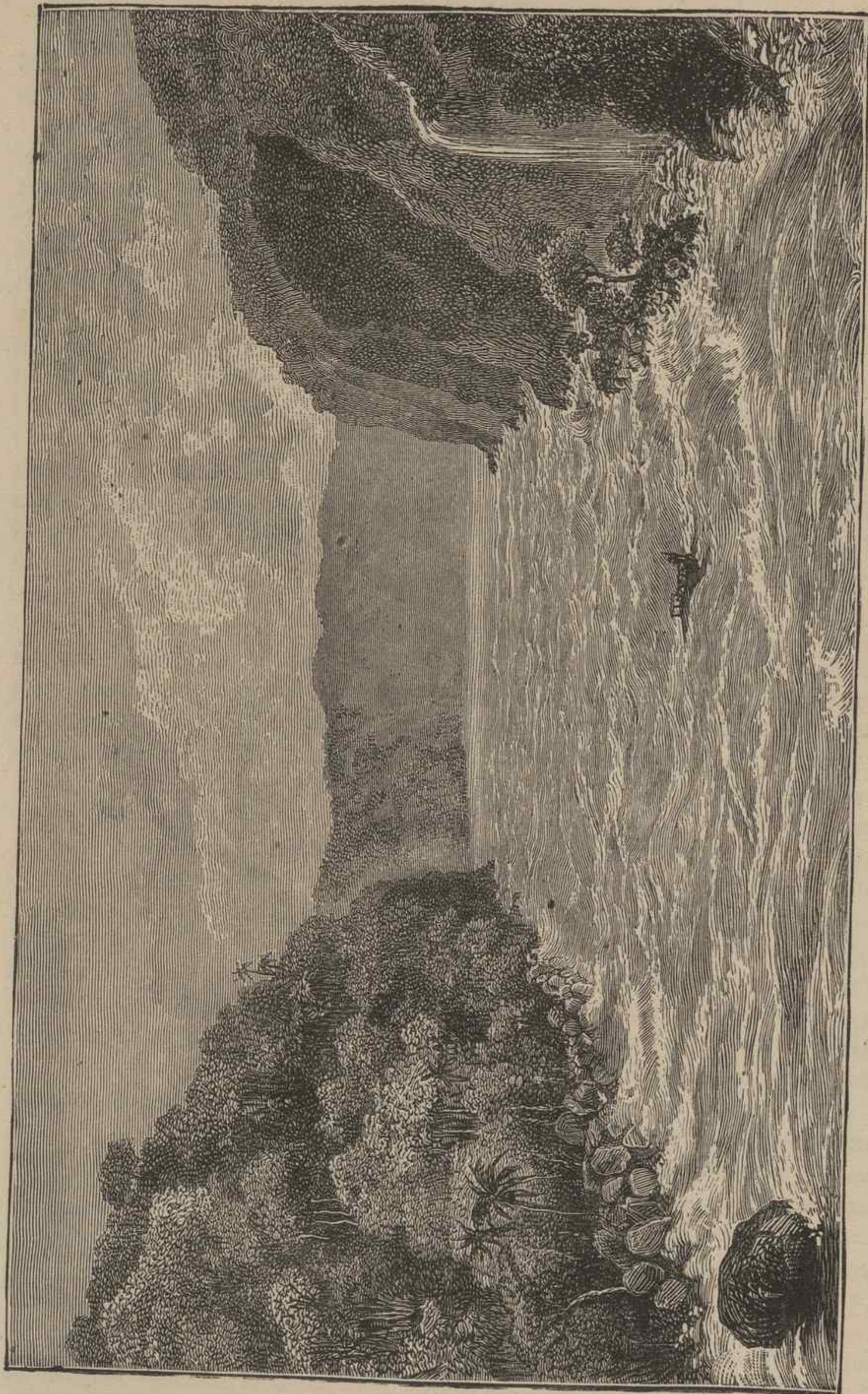
At this place Frank and I treated ourselves to a pig, which we purchased

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from the chief Umvilingya for four cloths, we having been more than two weeks without meat.

On the 10th, having, because of illness, entrusted the boat to Manwa Sera and Uledi, they managed to get her jammed between two rocks near the entrance to Gavubu's Cove, and, as the after-section was sunk for a time, it appeared that the faithful craft would be lost here after her long and wonderful journey. Springing from my bed upon hearing of the threatened calamity, I mustered twenty active men and hastened to the scene, and soon, by inspiring every man to do his best, we were able to lift her out of her dangerous position, and take her to camp apparently uninjured.

The lower end of Gavubu's Cove was reached on the 11th, and the next day by noon the land party and canoes were taken safely to the lower end of Gamfwé's Bay. As our means were rapidly diminishing in this protracted struggle we maintained against the natural obstacles to our journey, we could only hope to reach the sea by resolute and continual industry during every hour of daylight. I accordingly instructed the canoe-men to be ready to follow me, as soon as they should be informed by a messenger that the boat had safely arrived in camp.

The commencement of "Lady Alice Rapids" was marked by a broad fall, and an interruption to the rapidly rushing river by a narrow ridgy islet of great rocks, which caused the obstructed stream to toss its waters in lateral waves against the centre, where they met waves from the right bank, and overlapping formed a lengthy dyke of foaming water.

Strong cane cables were lashed to the bow and stern, and three men were detailed to each, while five men assisted me in the boat. A month's experience of this kind of work had made us skilful and bold. But the rapids were more powerful, the river was much more contracted and the impediments were greater than usual. On our right was an upright wall of massive boulders terminating in a narrow terrace 300 feet high; behind the terrace, at a little distance, rose the rude hills to the height of 1200 feet above the river; above the hills rolled the table-land. On our left, 400 yards from the bouldery wall, rose a lengthy and stupendous cliff line topped by a broad belt of forest, and at its base rose three rocky islets, one below another, against which the river dashed itself, disparting with a roaring surge.

We had scarcely ventured near the top of the rapids when, by a careless slackening of the stern cable, the current swept the boat from the hands of that portion of her crew whose duty it was to lower her carefully and cautiously down the fall, to the narrow line of ebb flood below the rocky projection. Away into the centre of the angry, foaming, billowy stream the boat darted, dragging one man into the maddened flood, to whom, despite our awful position, I was able to lend a hand and lift into the boat.

"Oars, my boys, and be steady! Uledi, to the helm!" were all the instructions I was able to shout, after which, standing at the bow of the boat, I

guided the coxswain with my hand; for now, as we rode downwards furiously on the crests of the proud waves, the human voice was weak against the overwhelming thunder of the angry river. Oars were only useful to assist the helm, for we were flying at a terrific speed past the series of boulders which strangled the river. Never did the rocks assume such hardness, such solemn grimness and bigness, never were they invested with such terrors and such grandeur of height, as while we were the cruel sport and prey of the brown-black waves, which whirled us round like a spinning top, swung us aside almost engulfed us in the rapidly subsiding troughs, and then hurled us upon the white, rageful crests of others. Ah! with what feelings we regarded this awful power which the great river had now developed! How we cringed under its imperious, compelling, and irresistible force! What lightning retrospects we cast upon our past lives! How impotent we felt before it!

“La il Allah, il Allah!” screamed young Mabruki. “We are lost!—yes, we are lost!”

After two miles we were abreast of the bay, or indentation, at which we had hoped to camp, but the strong river mocked our efforts to gain it. The flood was resolved we should taste the bitterness of death. A sudden rumbling noise, like the deadened sound of an earthquake, caused us to look below, and we saw the river heaved bodily upward, as though a volcano was about to belch around us. Up to the summit of this watery mound we were impelled; and then, divining what was about to take place, I shouted out, “Pull, men, for your lives!” A few frantic strokes drove us to the lower side of the mound, and before it had finished subsiding, and had begun its usual fatal circling, we were precipitated over a small fall, and sweeping down towards the inlet into which the Nkenké Cataract tumbled, below the lowest lines of breakers of the Lady Alice Rapids. Once or twice we were flung scornfully aside, and spun around contemptuously, as though we were too insignificant to be wrecked; then, availing ourselves of a calm moment, we resumed our oars, and soon entering, the ebb-tide, rowed up river and reached the sandy beach at the junction of the Nkenké with the Livingstone. Arriving on shore, I despatched Uledi and young Shumari to run to meet the despairing people above, who had long before this been alarmed by the boat-boys, whose carelessness had brought about this accident, and by the sympathizing natives who had seen us, as they reported, sink in the whirlpools. In about an hour a straggling line of anxious souls appeared; and all that love of life and living things, with the full sense of the worth of living, returned to my heart, as my faithful followers rushed up one after another with their exuberant welcome to life which gushed out of them in gesture, feature, and voice. And Frank, my amiable and trusty Frank, was neither last nor least in his professions of love and sympathy, and gratitude to Him who had saved us from a watery grave.

The land party then returned with Frank to remove the goods to our new camp, and by night my tent was pitched within a hundred yards of the cataract

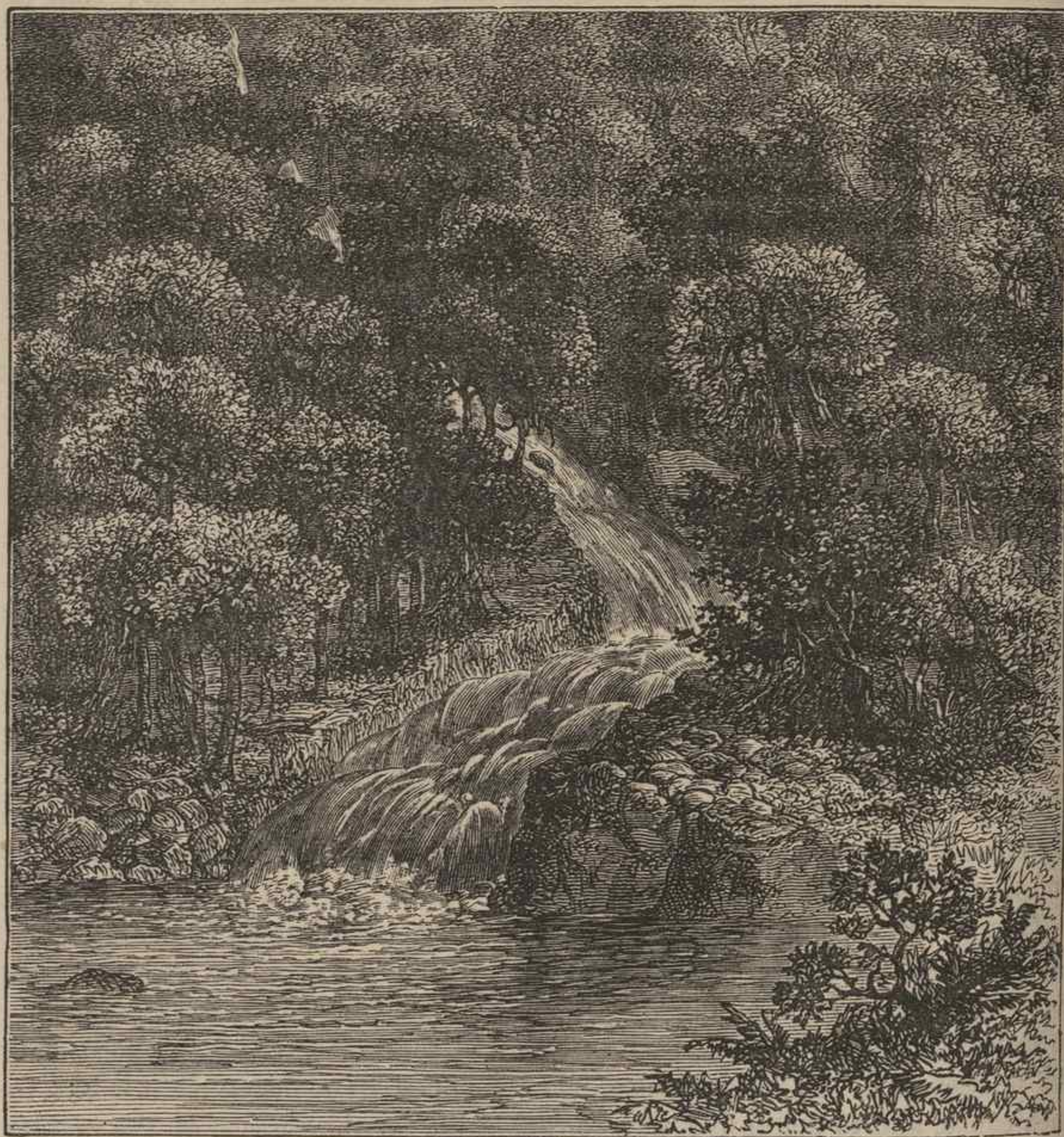
mouth of the Nkenké. We had four cataracts in view of us: the great river which emptied itself into the bay-like expanse from the last line of the Lady Alice Rapids; two miles below, the river fell again, in a foamy line of waves; from the tall cliffs south of us tumbled a river 400 feet into the great river; and on our right, 100 yards off, the Nkenké rushed down steeply like an enormous cascade from the height of 1000 feet. The noise of the Nkenké torrent resembled the roar of an express train over an iron bridge; that of Cataract River, taking its 400-foot leap from the cliffs, was like the rumble of distant thunder; the "Lady Alice's" last line of breakers, and its fuming and fretting flanks, was heard only as the swash of waves against a ship's prow when driven by a spanking breeze against a cross sea; while the cataract below lent its dull boom to swell the chorus of angry and falling rivers, which filled our ears with their terrific uproar.

Very different was this scene of towering cliffs and lofty mountain walls, which daily discharged the falling streams from the vast uplands above and buried us within the deafening chasm, to that glassy flow of the Livingstone by the black eerie forests of Usongora Meno and Kasera, and through the upper lands of the cannibal Wenya, where a single tremulous wave was a rarity. We now, surrounded by the daily terrors and hope-killing shocks of these apparently endless cataracts, and the loud boom of their baleful fury, remembered, with regretful hearts, the Sabbath stillness and dreamy serenity of those days. Beautiful was it then to glide among the lazy creeks of the spicy and palm-growing isles, where the broad-leafed *Amomum* vied in greenness with the drooping fronds of the *Phrynium*, where the myrrh and bdellium shrubs exhaled their fragrance side by side with the wild cassia, where the capsicum with its red-hot berries rose in embowering masses, and the *Ipomœa*'s purple buds gemmed with colour the tall stem of some sturdy tree. Environed by most dismal prospects, for ever dinned by terrific sound, at all points confronted by the most hopeless outlook, we think that an Eden which we have left behind, and this a watery hell wherein we now are.

Though our involuntary descent of the Lady Alice Rapids from Gamfwé's Bay to Nkenké River Bay—a distance of three miles—occupied us but fifteen minutes, it was a work of four days, viz. from the 13th to the 16th inclusive, to lower the canoes by cables. Experience of the vast force of the flood, and the brittleness of the rattan cables, had compelled us to fasten eight cables to each canoe, and to detail five men to each cable for the passage of the rapids. Yet, with all our precautions, almost each hour was marked with its special accident to man or canoe. One canoe, with a man named Nubi in it, was torn from the hands of forty men, swept down two miles, and sunk in the great whirlpool. Nubi clung to his vessel, until taken down a second time, when he and the canoe were ejected fifty yards apart, but being an expert swimmer he regained it in the Nkenké basin, and astride of its keel was circling round

with the strong ebb tide, when he was saved by the dashing Uledi and his young brother Shumar.

While returning to my labours along the bouldery heap which lined the narrow terrace opposite the islets, I observed another canoe, which contained the chief Wadi Rehani and two of my boat-bearers, Chiwonda and Muscati, drifting down helplessly near the verge of some slack water. The three men



THE NKENKÉ RIVER ENTERING THE LIVINGSTONE BELOW THE LADY ALICE  
RAPIDS.

were confused, and benumbed with terror at the roar and hissing of the rapids. Being comparatively close to them, on the edge of a high crag, I suddenly shot out my voice with the full power of my lungs, in sharp, quick accents of command to paddle ashore, and the effect was wonderful. It awoke them like soldiers to the call of duty, and after five minutes' energetic use of their paddles

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they were saved. I have often been struck at the power of a quick, decisive tone. It appears to have an electric effect, riding rough-shod over all fears, indecision, and tremor, and, just as in this instance, I had frequently up river, when the people were inclined to get panic-stricken, or to despair, restored them to a sense of duty by affecting the sharp-cutting, steel-like, and imperious tone of voice, which seemed to be as much of a compelling power as powder to a bullet. But it should be remembered that a too frequent use of it spoils its effect.

On the 18th we descended from Nkenké Bay to a lengthy indentation behind two islands above Msumbula. In shooting the rapids one canoe was wrecked, but fortunately a large canoe which had been lost up river was recovered by paying a small present to the amiable Bateké fishermen. At this camp we discovered that our people were robbing me in the most shameless manner, and I was indebted for this discovery to Frank, whose duty as camp-keeper and leader of the land party gave him opportunities for detecting the rapid diminution of our stores. A search was instituted without warning, and a hundredweight or two of purloined beads and shells were discovered. The boldest thief, fearing punishment, absconded, and never returned.

The next day, after Frank had transported the goods and moved his party to a new camp, we descended two miles of dangerous rapids and whirlpools and on the 20th I led the way in my boat and proceeded a distance of four miles, forming camp behind some small islets, near which the river expanded to a width of about eight hundred yards. By three in the afternoon the land party had also arrived. On the 21st we dropped down, without difficulty, a distance of two miles, and camped for the first time in Babwendé territory.

Nsangu, a village of the Basessé, was opposite, crowning with its palms and fields a hilly terrace, projected from the mountain range, at whose richly wooded slopes or cliffy front, based with a long line of great boulders, we each day looked from the right bank of the river. The villagers sent a deputation to us with palm-wine and a small gift of cassava tubers. Upon asking them if there were any more cataracts, they replied that there was only one, and they exaggerated it so much that the very report struck terror and dismay into our people. They described it as falling from a height greater than the position on which their village was situated, which drew exclamations of despair from my followers. I, on the other hand, rather rejoiced at this, as I believed it might be "Tuckey's Cataract," which seemed to be eternally receding as we advanced. While the Bateké above had constantly held out flattering prospects of "only one more" cataract, I had believed that one to be Tuckey's Cataract, because map-makers have laid down a great navigable reach of river between Tuckey's upper cataract and the Yellala Falls—hence our object in clinging to the river, despite all obstacles, until that ever-receding cataract was reached.

The distance we had laboured through from the 16th of March to the 21st of April inclusive, a period of thirty-seven days, was only 34 miles! Since the

Basessé fishermen, "who ought to know" we said, declared there was only this tremendous cataract, with a fall of several hundred feet, below us, we resolved to persevere until we had passed it.

During the 22nd and 23rd we descended from opposite Nsangu, a distance of five miles, to below Rocky Island Falls, and during the three following days we were engaged in the descent of a six-mile stretch, which enabled us to approach the "terrific" falls described by the Basessé at Nsangu. Arriving at camp with my canoe party, I instantly took my boat's crew and explored the ground. The "Falls" are called Inkisi, or the "Charm"; they have no clear drop, but the river, being forced through a chasm only 500 yards wide, is flanked by curling waves of destructive fury, which meet in the centre, overlap, and strike each other, while below is an absolute chaos of mad waters, leaping waves, deep troughs, contending watery ridges, tumbling and tossing for a distance of two miles. The commencement of this gorge is a lengthy island which seems to have been a portion or slice of the table-land fallen flat, as it were, from a height of 1000 feet. More geologically speaking, it is a mile-long fragment of the gneissic substructure of the table-land which appears to have suddenly subsided, retaining its original horizontal stratification. On the sides, however, the heaps of ruin, thick slabs, and blocks of trap rock bear witness to that sudden collapsing from beneath which undoubtedly formed this chasm.

The natives above Inkisi descended from their breezy-homes on the table-land to visit the strangers. They were burning to know what we intended to do to extricate ourselves from the embarrassing position in which we found ourselves before these falls. I had already explored the ground personally twice over, and had planned a dozen ways to get over the tremendous obstacle. I had also ascended to the table-land to take a more general view of the situation. Before replying to their questions, I asked if there was another cataract below. "No," said they, "at least only a little one, which you can pass without trouble."

"Ah," thought I to myself, "this great cataract then must be Tuckey's Cataract, and the 'little one,' I suppose, was too contemptible an affair to be noticed, or perhaps it was covered over by high water, for map-makers have a clear, wide—three miles wide—stream to the Falls of Yellala. Good! I will haul my canoes up the mountain and pass over the table-land, as I must now cling to this river to the end, having followed it so long."

My resolution was soon communicated to my followers, who looked perfectly blank at the proposition. The natives heard me, and, seeing the silence and reluctance of the people, they asked the cause, and I told them it was because I intended to drag our vessels up the mountain.

"Up the mountain!" they repeated, turning their eyes towards the towering height, which was shagged with trees and bristling with crags and hill fragments, with an unspeakable look of horror. They appeared to fancy the

world was coming to an end, or some unnatural commotion would take place, for they stared at me with lengthened faces. Then, without a word, they climbed the stiff ascent of 1200 feet, and securing their black pigs, fowls, or goats in their houses, spread the report far and wide that the white man intended to fly his canoes over the mountains.

On the other hand, the amiable Basessé, on the left table-land across the river, had gathered in hundreds on the cliffs overlooking the Inkisi Falls, in expectation of seeing a catastrophe, which certainly would have been worth seeing had we been so suicidally inclined as to venture over the falls in our canoes—for that undoubtedly was their idea. It was strange with what poor wits the aborigines of these new and exhumed regions credited us. These people believed we should be guilty of this last freak of madness just as the Wana Mpungu believed we should blindly stumble into their game-nets, and the Wy-yanzi of Chumbiri believed that, having been cheated out of 300 dollars' worth of goods, we should, upon the mere asking, be cheated again. Indeed, I observe that, wherever I go, savage and civilized man alike are too apt to despise each other at first, and that, when finally awakened to some sense of consideration for each other, they proceed to the other extreme, and invest one another with more attributes than they really possess.

Having decided upon the project, it only remained to make a road and to begin, but in order to obtain the assistance of the aborigines, which I was anxious for in order to relieve my people from much of the fatigue, the first day all hands were mustered for road making. Our numerous axes, which we had purchased in Manyema and in Uregga, came into very efficient use now, for, by night, a bush-strewn path 1500 yards in length had been constructed.

By 8 A.M. of the 26th our exploring-boat and a small canoe were on the summit of the table-land at a new camp we had formed. As the feat was performed without ostentation and, it need not be told, without any unnatural commotion or event—the pigs had not been frightened, the fowls had not cackled uneasily, goats had not disappeared, women had not given birth to monsters—the native chiefs were in a state of agreeable wonder and complimentary admiration of our industry suitable for the commencement of negotiations, and after an hour's "talk" and convivial drinking of palm-wine they agreed, for a gift of forty cloths, to bring six hundred men to assist us to haul up the monster canoes we possessed, two or three of which were of heavy teak, over 70 feet in length, and weighing over three tons. A large number of my men were then detailed to cut rattan canes as a substitute for ropes, and as many were brittle and easily broken, this involved frequent delays. Six men under Kachéché were also despatched overland to a distance of ten miles to explore the river, and to prepare the natives for our appearance.

By the evening of the 28th all our vessels were safe on the highest part of the table-land. Having become satisfied that all was going well in camp, and that Manwa Sera and his men were capable of superintending it, with the aid

of the natives, I resolved to take Frank and the boat's crew, women, and children, and goods of the Expedition, to the frontier of Nzabi, and establish a camp near the river, at a point where we should again resume our toil in the deep defile through which the mighty river stormed along its winding course.

The Babwendé natives were exceeding friendly, even more so than the amiable Bateké. Gunpowder was abundant with them, and every male capable of carrying a gun possessed one, often more. Delft ware and British crockery were also observed in their hands, such as plates, mugs, shallow dishes, wash-basins, galvanized iron spoons, Birmingham cutlery, and other articles of European manufacture obtained through the native markets, which are held in an open space between each district. For example, Nzabi district holds a market on a Monday, and Babwendé from Zinga, Mowa farther down, and Inkisi, and Basessé, from across the river attend, as there is a ferry below Zinga, and articles such as European salt, gunpowder, guns, cloth, crockery, glass, and iron ware, of which the currency consists, are bartered for produce such as ground-nuts, palm-oil, palm-nuts, palm-wine, cassava bread and tubers, yams, maize, sugar-cane, beans, native earthenware, onions, lemons, bananas, guavas, sweet limes, pine-apples, black pigs, goats, fowls, eggs, ivory, and a few slaves, who are generally Bateké or Northern Basundi. On Tuesday the district above Inkisi Falls holds its market, at which Mowa, Nzabi, and the district above Inkisi attend. On Wednesday the Umvilingya, Lemba, and Nsangu districts hold a market. On Thursday most of the Babwendé cross the river over to Nsangu, and the Basessé have the honour of holding a market on their own soil. On Friday the market is again held at Nzabi, and the series runs its course in the same order. Thus, without trading caravans or commercial expeditions, the aborigines of these districts are well supplied with almost all they require without the trouble and danger of proceeding to the coast. From district to district, market to market, and hand to hand, European fabrics and wares are conveyed along both sides of the rivers, and along the paths of traffic, until finally the districts of Ntamo, Nkunda, and Nshasa obtain them. These then man their large canoes and transfer them to Ibaka, Misongo, Chumbiri, and Bolobo, and purchase ivory, and now and then a slave, while Ibaka, Misongo, Chumbiri, and Bolobo transport the European fabrics and wares to Irebu, Mompurengi, Ubangi, and Ikengo, and Ikengo conveys them to the fierce Bangala, and the Bangala to the Marunja, Mpakiwana, Urangi, Rubunga in Nganza, Gunji, and finally to Upoto—the present ultimate reach of anything arriving from the west coast. By this mode of traffic a keg of powder landed at Funta, Ambriz, Ambrizette, or Kinsembo, requires about five years to reach the Bangala. The first musket was landed in Angola in about the latter part of the fifteenth century, for Diogo Cão only discovered the mouth of the Congo in 1485. It has taken 390 years for four muskets to arrive at Rubunga in Nganza, 965 miles from Point de Padrão, where Diogo Cão erected his memorial column in honour of the discovery of the Congo.



We discovered cloth to be so abundant amongst the Babwendé that it was against our conscience to purchase even a fowl, for naturally the nearer we approached civilization cloth became cheaper in value, until finally a fowl cost four yards of our thick sheeting! Frank and I therefore lived upon the same provisions as our people. Our store of sugar had run out in Uregga, our coffee was finished at Vinya Njara, and at Inkisi Falls our tea, alas! alas! came to an end. To guard against contingencies—for I thought it possible that, however desperately we strove to proceed towards the Western Ocean, we might have been compelled to return to Nyangwé—I had left at Nyangwé, in charge of Abed bin Salem, three tins of tea and a few other small things. At this juncture, how we wished for them!

Yet we could have well parted with a large stock of tea, coffee, and sugar in order to obtain a pair of shoes apiece. Though I had kept one pair of worn-out shoes by me, my last new pair had been put on in the jungles of doleful Uregga, and now six weeks' rough wear over the gritty iron and clink-stone, trap, and granite blocks along the river had ground through soles and uppers, until I began to feel anxious. As for Frank, he had been wearing sandals made out of my leather portmanteaus, and slippers out of our gutta-percha pontoon; but climbing over the rocks and rugged steeps wore them to tatters in such quick succession, that it was with the utmost difficulty that I was enabled, by appealing to the pride of the white man, to induce him to persevere in the manufacture of sandals for his own use. Frequently, on suddenly arriving in camp from my wearying labours, I would discover him with naked feet, and would reprove him for shamelessly exposing his white feet to the vulgar gaze of the aborigines! In Europe this would not be considered indelicate, but in barbarous Africa the feet should be covered as much as the body; for there is a small modicum of superiority shown even in clothing the feet. Not only on moral grounds did I urge him to cover his feet, but also for his own comfort and health; for the great cataract gorge and table-land above it, besides abounding in ants, mosquitoes, and vermin, are infested with three dangerous insects, which prey upon the lower limbs of man—the "jigga" from Brazil, the guinea-worm, and an entozoon, which, depositing its eggs in the muscles, produces a number of short, fat worms and severe tumours. I also discovered, from the examples in my camp, that the least abrasion of the skin was likely, if not covered, to result in an ulcer. My own person testified to this, for an injury to the thumb of my left hand, injured by a fall on the rocks at Gamfwé's, had culminated in a painful wound, which I daily cauterized; but though bathed, burned, plastered, and bandaged twice a day, I had been at this time a sufferer for over a month.

At this period we were all extremely liable to disease, for our system was impoverished. Four of my people suffered from chronic dysentery and eight from large and painful ulcers; the itch disease was rabid—about a dozen of the men were fearful objects of its virulence, though they were not incapacitated

from duty—and there were two victims of a low fever which no medicine seemed to relieve.

In the absence of positive knowledge as to how long we might be toiling in the cataracts, we were all compelled to be extremely economical. Goat and pig meat were such luxuries that we declined to think of them as being possible with our means; tea, coffee, sugar, sardines, were fast receding into the memory-land of past pleasures, and chickens had reached such prices that they were rare in our camp. We possessed one ram from far Uregga, and Mirambo, the black riding-ass—the other two asses had died a few weeks before—but we should have deserved the name of cannibals had we dared to think of sacrificing the pets of the camp. Therefore—by the will of the gods—contentment had to be found in boiled “duff,” or cold cassava bread, ground-nuts, or pea-nut, yams, and green bananas. To make such strange food palatable was an art that we possessed in a higher degree than our poor comrades. They were supplied with the same materials as we ourselves, but the preparation was different. My dark followers simply dried their cassava, and then pounding it made the meal into porridge. Ground-nuts they threw into the ashes, and when sufficiently baked ate them like hungry men.

For me such food was too crude: besides, my stomach, called to sustain a brain and body strained to the utmost by responsibilities, required that some civility should be shown to it. Necessity roused my faculties, and a jaded stomach goaded my inventive powers to a high pitch. I called my faithful cook, told him to clean and wash mortar and pestle for the preparation of a “high art” dish. Frank approached also to receive instructions, so that, in my absence, he might remind Marzouk, the cook, of each particular. First we rinsed in clear cold brook-water from the ravines some choice cassava or manioc tops, and these were placed in the water to be bruised. Marzouk understood this part very well, and soon pounded them to the consistence of a green porridge. To this I then added fifty shelled nuts of the *Arachis hypogæa*, three small specimens of the *Dioscorea alata* boiled and sliced cold, a tablespoonful of oil extracted from the *Arachis hypogæa*, a tablespoonful of wine of the *Elais Guineensis*, a little salt, and sufficient powdered capsicum. This imposing and admirable mixture was pounded together, fried, and brought into the tent, along with toasted cassava pudding, hot and steaming, on the only Delft plate we possessed. Within a few minutes our breakfast was spread out on the medicine chest which served me for a table, and at once a keen appetite was inspired by the grateful smell of my artful compound. After invoking a short blessing, Frank and I rejoiced our souls and stomachs with the savoury mess, and flattered ourselves that, though British paupers and Sing-Sing convicts might fare better perhaps, thankful content crowned our hermit repast.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

Glorious timber—Cutting canoes—Frank suffers from ulcers—The episode of the fetished axe—Rain-gauge readings—The rise of the river—"Goee-Goes"—The *Lady Alice* breached for the first time—A painful discovery: Uledi's theft—His trial and release—The burning of Shakespeare—The bees of Massassa—Local superstitions—Frank's cheery character.

ON the morning of the 29th of April, after giving the necessary instructions to Manwa Sera and his brother chiefs, and obtaining the promise of the Babwendé elders that they would do their utmost to help in transporting the vessels over the three miles of ground between Inkisi Falls and Nzabi, I led the caravan, loaded with the goods, down to a cove at the upper end of Nzabi. After erecting a rude camp, the more active men were directed to reascend the table-land to their duty, and in the afternoon two men were despatched to the old chief of Nzabi, desiring him to come and visit me. Meanwhile I explored a thick forest of tall trees, that flourished to an immense height along a narrow terrace, and up the steep slopes of Nzabi. For though cliffs were frequent on the left side of the river, a steep wooded slope distinguished the right side, especially along the whole front of Nzabi. As I wandered about among the gigantic trees, the thought struck me that, while the working parties and natives were hauling our vessels a distance of three miles over the table-land, a new canoe might be built to replace one of the nine which had been lost; but in order to obviate any rupture with our new friends, I resolved to wait until the next day, when the subject could be broached to the king.

Meanwhile, with Uledi, the coxswain, young Shumari, his brother, and their cousin Saywa, I went about, tape-line in hand, surveying the glorious timber, and from my note-book I take the following particulars, jotted down during the ramble:—

"Three specimens of cotton-wood. The largest, close to the cove, measured in girth 13 feet 6 inches; trunk unbranched for about 60 feet; its cotton used as tinder by the Babwendé. Eight specimens of the *Bassia Parkii*—or Shea butter-tree; bark rough, and 1½ inch thick; exudes a yellowish-white sticky matter, which my boat-boys called its "milk": splendid timber, core dark and very hard; outside wood from two to three inches deep and whiter, easily worked; largest measured 12 feet round; height of unbranched stem, 55 feet: others measured 10, 11·9, 10 and 10½ feet. Ten specimens of the *Ficus*

*Kotschyana*—or Mku, as Uledi called it; bark half an inch thick; largest, 13 feet in girth. Many specimens of African silver beech, African ash, wild olive, *Zygia* sp., or Mkundi—largest, 24 feet circumferential measurement—acacia, catechu (?), *Grewia* sp., Mkuma; good timber tree, for small canoes. A glorious *Tamarindus Indica*, with amplitude of crown branching far, and dense; 9 feet round. Several specimens of Rubiaceæ and Sterculiaceæ, candle-berry-tree, the *Lophira alata*, Balsamodendrons, *Landolphia florida* (?), an india-rubber-producing creeper in very large numbers. Proteas, several Loranthaceæ, ivory button or nut-trees, wild betel, *Anacardium occidentale*, or cashew-tree, cola-nut-tree, wild mango-tree, *Jatropha curcas* (physic-nut tree), Kigelias, several *Acacia Arabicas* near the river, within a few feet of the cove, and other gums. *Euphorbia antiquorum* and *E. Caput-Medusæ* on the craggy ground above the cove. Orchids upon humus-covered granite fragments, and far aloft in the forks of trees, as well as several species of ferns and aloes, and wild pine-apples upon the rock-strewn slopes.”

Though there were a number of large and noble trees to choose from, I fixed upon a species of Burseraceæ, Boswellia, or gum-frankincense tree, 10 feet round at the base, and with 40 feet of branchless stem, which grew about a hundred yards from our camp. We “blazed” very many of the largest species with our hatchets, in order to discover the most suitable for lightness and softness, with sufficient strength, and the “ubani” or “lubani” as the Wangwana called it was pronounced the best. I discovered that the largest trees grew on the narrow terrace, which was from one hundred to two hundred yards wide, and about forty feet above the river; but this Boswellia grew about fifty yards above the terrace on the slope; from this the slope rose to the height of 1000 feet, at an angle of 45°, densely covered along its whole length with magnificent timber.

The next day the chief came. He was a fine genial old man, bald-headed and jovial-featured; and would have made an admirable Uncle Tom. It was not long before we perfectly understood each other. He gave me permission to choose any of the largest trees in his country, and promised to visit me each day while in the cove. Meanwhile, as an earnest of his friendship, he begged my acceptance of a gourdful of palm-wine, and some ripe plantains, guavas, and papaws.

On the 1st May, Uledi, with a cry of “Bismillah!” at the first blow, struck his axe into the tree, and two others chimed in, and in two hours, with a roaring crash which made the deep gorge of the river return a thundering echo, the ubani fell; but, alas! it fell across a gigantic granite rock, about thirty feet square. And then began the work of rolling the great tree by means of enormous levers, with cables of ficus attached to the end, and the suspended weight of fifteen people, and by noon, to the astonishment of the natives, it was lengthways along the ground. I measured out the log, 37 feet 5 inches; depth, 2 feet; breadth, 2 feet 8 inches, and out of this we carved the *Stanley*

canoe, in place of the unfortunate *Stanley* which had been irretrievably lost on the 1st of April. In order to ensure both speed and systematic work, each of the boat's crew, who were now converted into shipbuilders, was allotted 3½ feet as his share, with a promise of reward proportionate to the skill and energy which he displayed. It was refreshing to see, during the whole time he was employed on it, how Uledi swung his axe like a proficient workman who loved his work. He never gave a half-hearted stroke, but drove his axe into the tree with a vigour which was delightful to regard, eliciting the admiration of the aborigines, who would stand round us for hours wondering at the fact that there lived a man who could thus lend every fibre of his body to mere work, and was an enthusiast to duty. On the 8th the canoe was finished, except for a few finishing touches, which were entrusted to the chief carpenter of the Expedition, Salaam Allah

Having yet a few days to spare, we cut another huge tree down—a teak—to replace the little *Jason* that Soudi Turu had lost at Kalulu Falls, which occupied us until the 16th, with fifteen men employed. It measured, when completed, 45 feet long, 2 feet 2 inches beam, and 18 inches deep, and was flat-bottomed, after the model of the Wy-yanzi canoes.

In the meantime Manwa Sera was steadily advancing each day from 500 to 800 yards, according to the nature of the ground, and by the evening of the 15th was in our camp to receive a hearty meed of praise for the completion of his task. It was singular, however, how quickly the people became demoralized the moment I turned away. The natives brought various complaints of robbery of fowls and spoliation of cassava gardens against them, and one, Saburi Rehani, was a prisoner in their hands, or, in other words, was liable to be sold by them unless redeemed by me. I spent an entire day in the negotiation of his freedom, but finally he was purchased by me for 150 dollars' worth of cloth, which most wofully diminished my stock. Naturally this excessive price paid for the release of a thief drew most energetic threats from me should any crime of this nature be repeated. But my men had borne themselves in the most admirable manner since leaving Uguha, and, after crossing through a furnace of fire side by side with me, it would have been unnatural for me to have judged them very severely. At the same time the evil-dispositioned were not to be allowed to sacrifice the lives of their fellows either by slow hunger or in violent conflicts for their sakes. Frequent redemptions of thieves from the hands of those they had spoliated would at this period have ended in beggary and starvation. It was therefore explained, for the fiftieth time, that persons arrested by the natives while in the act of stealing would be left in their hands.

During the afternoon of the 16th we embarked the goods, and the canoe-men, skirting the base of the rocky line, descended one mile to Nzabi Creek, which proved a calm haven, separated from the river by a rugged line of massive blocks, and after we had entered by the narrow entrance we obtained

a view of the wide mouth of a ravine, which was like a deep indentation in the mountain line. From base to summit the table-land was wooded, and very many noble bombax and straight-shafted teaks rose above the grove in this happy and picturesque mountain fold.

After such a gigantic task as that of hauling the canoes up 1200 feet of a steep slope, and over three miles of ground, and then lowering them 1200 feet into the river again, the people deserved a rest. In the meantime, as absolute idleness would have been subversive of that energy which had to characterize us during this period, we set to work cutting down a teak-tree, and for this job selected forty men, twenty of whom were allotted to Frank for nightwork, and twenty I reserved for a day party. The tree was 13 feet 3 inches in circumference, and when prostrate we possessed a clear branchless log 55 feet in length.

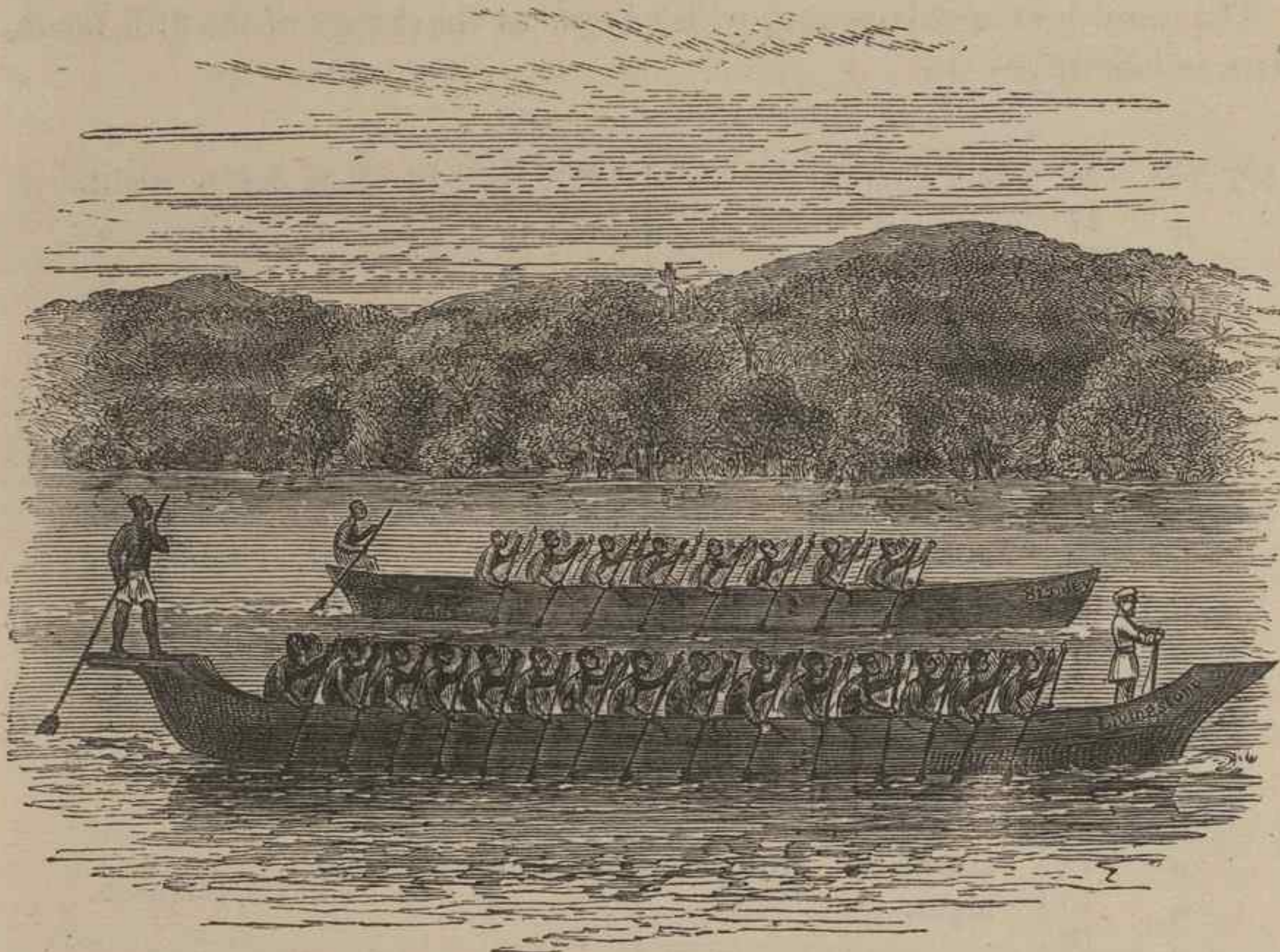
It was at this period that Frank began to be troubled with a small pimple on each foot, and even then he neglected the advice I persisted in giving him to protect them from being tainted by the poisonous foetor which flies extracted from the exposed sores of the Wangwana. There was one poor fellow in our camp named Feruzi who was now in the seventh month of this virulent disease, and was a frightful object. Both of his feet were almost in a state of mortification, and the leg bones were attacked. That part of the camp devoted to the victims of this ulcerous disease was prudently avoided by the natives, many of whom bore the scars of ancient ulcers. Safeni, my coxswain on the Victoria Nyanza, and who was also the second in rank and influence among the chiefs, adopted a very singular treatment, which I must confess was also wonderfully successful. This medicine consisted of a mixture of powder of copper and child's urine painted over the wound with a feather twice a day, over which he placed some fine cotton. In six weeks five patients recovered completely. The Babwendé have recourse to green herb poultices, and some of their medicines were sold to us for the sick, but I failed to observe any improvement. One kind, however, which was the powdered core of some tree, appeared to have a soothing effect.

The old chief of Nzabi informed us, to our astonishment, that five falls were still below us, which he called Njari Nseto, Njari Kwa Mowa, or river at Mowa, Njari Zinga, or river opposite Zinga, Njari Mbelo, or Mbelo's river, and Njari Suki, or Suki's river, the Babwendé term for river being Njari.

On the 18th five of our axes required to be repaired, and Kachéché, who had some days before returned from his explorations below, and confirmed the news given to us by Nzabi's chief, was sent above to the table-land to seek a smithy. As a market-place is like a stock exchange to the natives of this region, most of the blacksmiths were absent, and Kachéché had proceeded for a long distance into the interior, when he came across a tribe north of Nzabi, armed with bows and arrows, and who were called Bizu-Nseké. A few seconds' acquaintance with them sufficed to prove to Kachéché that he

had overstepped the boundaries of the peaceable, and accordingly he and his fellows fled for their lives, not unquickened by flying arrows. When almost in despair of discovering a native mechanic, he at last came to a forge between Mowa and Nzabi, the owner of which undertook the job of repairing the axes.

The blacksmith's children were playing about close to the anvil while he was at work, and it happened that a piece of glowing hot iron to be welded to an axe flew off on being struck and seared a child's breast, whereupon the father got into a fearful rage and beat the war-drum, which soon mustered scores of his countrymen prepared for battle, but as yet quite ignorant of the cause. Kachéché, however, was a man of tact, and, knowing himself innocent,



THE NEW CANOES, THE "LIVINGSTONE" AND THE "STANLEY."

folded his hands, and appealed to the good sense of the people. But the angered father averred that the axe was fetish, and that as Kachéché had brought the fetished instrument he was guilty of malevolence, for only the property of an evilly disposed person could have wrought such hurt to an innocent child. While the argument was at its height the chief of Nzabi happily appeared on his way home from Mowa market, and through his influence the affair was compromised by Kachéché promising to pay fifteen cowries extra to the blacksmith. Hearty laughing, a convivial drink all round of palm-wine, hand-shakes, and many terrible stories of fetish wonders dispelled the little black cloud.

On the 22nd of May the magnificent teak canoe *Livingstone*, perfectly complete, was launched with the aid of one hundred happy and good-humoured natives, into the Nzabi Creek, in presence of the Nzabi chief and his three wives. In order to prove its capacity we embarked forty-six people, which only brought its gunwales within six inches of the water. Its measurements were 54 feet in length, 2 feet 4 inches deep, and 3 feet 2 inches wide. With the completion of this third canoe, our flotilla now consisted of twelve large canoes and one boat, the whole being of sufficient capacity to transport the Expedition should we ever be fortunate enough in arriving at that "Tuckey's Cataract" of which I was in search.

The rainy days of this season, which began at the change of the fifth moon, were as follows:—

1877. Feb.	24	Short shower.	1877. April	19	Rain during night.
"	27	" "	"	20	" " "
"	28	" "	"	21	" " "
March	2	" "	"	23	" " "
"	5	Severe "	"	25	Severe " "
"	7	" "	"	26	" " "
"	8	6 hours.	"	27	" " "
"	9	4 "	"	28	" " "
April	3	From 2 to 6 hours' showers during the early morning.	May	1	" " morning.
"	4		" " all day.		
"	5		" 6 hours.		
"	6		" 5 "		
"	7		"	15	Noon.
"	11		"	16	Afternoon.
"	12		"	17	" "
"	13	Long showers from the afternoon into the night.	"	19	Night.
"	14		" "		
"	15		" 4 hours, forenoon.		
"	16		"	21	
"	17				
"	18				

Between the 15th of November and the 16th of January I recorded thirty-two rainy days, the total rainfall being of 115 hours' duration. Between the 16th of January and the 24th of February no rain fell, but between the 24th of February and the 21st of May there was a total of thirty-nine rainy days. This interval composed the later or greater Masika, or monsoon.

On the 26th of April I observed the river begin to rise, but moving from Inkisi Falls to Nzabi Cove on April the 29th, I had better opportunities of testing the rate of the rise while cutting out my canoe, viz. until the afternoon of the 16th of May,



My notes regarding the rise were as follows:—

1877. April 30	. . . . .	3 inches.
May 1	. . . . .	3 "
" 2	. . . . .	4 "
" 3	. . . . .	4 "
" 4	. . . . .	4½ "
" 5	. . . . .	5 "
" 6	. . . . .	5¾ "
" 7	. . . . .	8 "
" 8	. . . . .	9 "
" 9	. . . . .	9 "
" 10	. . . . .	9½ "
" 11	. . . . .	10 "
" 12	. . . . .	11 "
" 13	. . . . .	13 "
" 14	. . . . .	13 "
" 15	. . . . .	12 "
" 16	. . . . .	11½ "
		—————
		135¼ "
		—————

or 11 feet 3¼ inches within 17 days.

At Nzabi Creek the registered rise was as follows:—

1877. May 17	. . . . .	10 inches.
" 18	. . . . .	10 "
" 19	. . . . .	9 "
" 20	. . . . .	8½ "
" 21	. . . . .	7 "
" 22	. . . . .	6 "
		—————
		50½   ,, = 4 feet 6½ inches.
		—————

During these storms of rain, the thunder-claps were fully as loud as those on the Victoria Nyanza during the rainy season of 1875, and the lightning fully as fierce, being quivering, flaring pennants of flame, accompanied by bursting shocks, in apparently such close proximity that we felt frequently half stunned by the sound, and dazed by the coruscating displays of the electric flame. The deep chasm in which we were pent while the season was at its height increased the sound and re-echoed it from side to side, until each thunder-clap was protracted like a file-fire of artillery. Our position at Nzabi Cove was by no means enviable or desirable, though our experiences did not nearly realize all that we had anticipated. As we were encamped on a low terrace, which was only 30 feet above the river when we first arrived, we feared that, at a period when it was rising so rapidly, a sudden increase of 20 or 30 feet was quite "on the cards," from what we remembered of the

sudden creation of rivers in Ugogo, where a few moments before, dry, sandy water-courses were alone visible. The increasing fury of the mighty stream, the deepening roar of the falls, the formation of new rapids, the booming chorus of a score of torrents precipitated in leaping columns from the summit of the opposite cliffs a height of 400 feet into the river, the continuous rain, the vivid flashes of lightning, and the loud thunder which crackled and burst overhead with overwhelming effect, sufficed to keep alive the anticipation of terrors happily never realized.

The chief of Nzabi received in return for his fine trees and the cordial assistance and uniform kindness he had extended to us, a gift of goods, which exceeded even his hopes. The people were sufficiently rested after this agreeable interlude to resume the dangerous passage of the cataracts, and on the 23rd we made a movement down to the west end of Nzabi Creek, and began hauling the canoes over the rocky ridge which separated us from another small creek lower down. The next day we were also clear of the lower creek, and descended a mile, by which feat we had succeeded in getting below the Nséto Falls.

On the 25th, Frank Pocock, being too lame, from his ulcers, to travel overland, the conduct of the canoe-party was given to Manwa Sera and Chowpereh, and the care of the boat to Uledi, the coxswain. Besides Frank, there were thirteen persons afflicted with ulcerous sores, dysentery, and general debility; upon whom, on account of their utter inability to travel by land or climb over the rocks, the humourist Baraka had bestowed, out of his fertile brain, the sobriquet of Goe-e-Goe-e, a term quite untranslatable as regards its descriptive humour, though "despairing, forlorn, good-for-nothings" would be a tolerably fair equivalent. With decent, sober Christian souls the party would have been distinguished as the "sick list"; but Baraka was not a Christian, but a reckless good-natured *gamin*, of Mohammedan tendencies. Turning to Frank, he said to him, with a broad grin, "Ah, ha! is our little master become a Goe-e-Goe-e to? Inshallah! we shall all become Goe-e-Goe-es now, if our masters get on the list." Frank laughingly assented, and hobbled to the boat to take a seat.

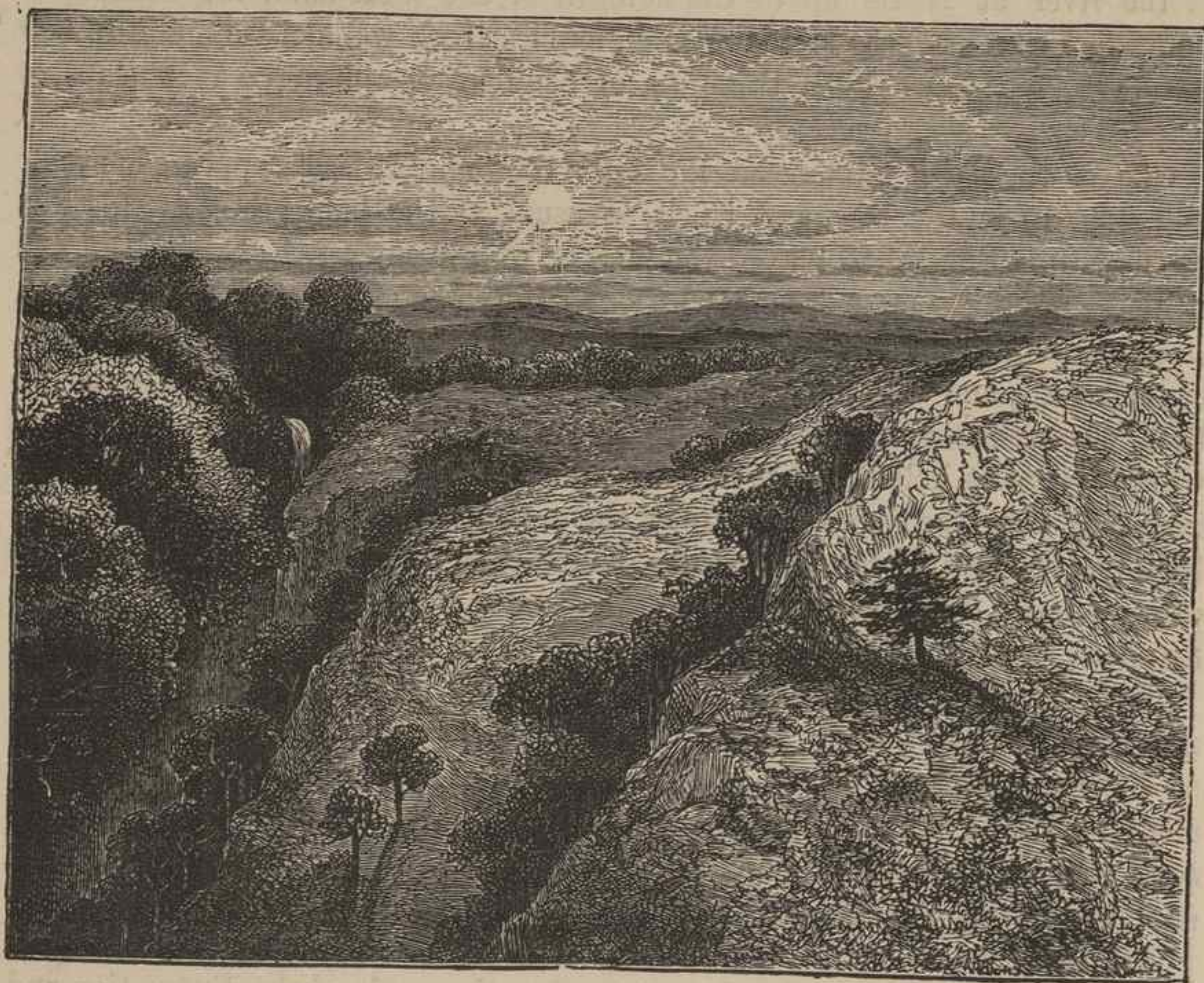
I led the active members of the Expedition and the women and children up the mountain from the lower Nzabi Creek, and, having well surmounted the table-land, struck west from Nzabi to Mowa, a distance of three miles. The plateau was a rolling country, and extremely picturesque in the populated part which bordered the river, thickly sprinkled with clusters of the guinea-palm and plantain groves, under which nestled the elegant huts of the Babwendé. This palm furnishes the natives with a delicious wine, and also with a yellow butter, which may be turned into a good burning oil, an unguent for the body, or an oil for stewing their provisions, bananas, yams, or potatoes; or served up with herbs, chicken, and chilies, for "palm-oil chop"; or as an excellent sop, when hot, for their cassava pudding.

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At the third mile we turned down a broad and steep ravine, escorted by scores of gentle and kind people, and descended to the debouchure of a mountain brook, which empties into a deep bay-like indentation below the lower Mowa Falls. As we approached the bottom the Mowa became visible. It consists of a ledge of igneous rocks, pumice and ironstone, rising 20 feet or so above the water, and though extending nearly three-fourths across, is pierced by various narrow clefts which discharge as many streams into the bay below. At the left side, between the end of the ledge and the perpendicular cliffs of iron-tinted rock, the river contracts, and in mighty waves leaps down with a



VIEW FROM THE TABLE-LAND NEAR MOWA.

terrific, torrent-like rush, whirling pools, and heaving mounds. From the debouchure of the brook by which we enter upon the scene to the cliffs across is about 1800 yards; the ledge of the Mowa rocks above it extends probably 800 yards, while the river beyond occupied perhaps 500 yards. The streams from the great river which falls into the bay through the gaps of the ledge have a drop of 12 feet; the great river itself has no decided fall, but, as already described, is a mere rush, with the usual tempestuous scene.

We occupied a beautiful camping place above the Mowa, on a long stretch of pure white river sand, under the shadow of such an upright and high cliff

that the sunshine did not visit us until 9 A.M. I travelled up over the rocks until I reached a point at the base of which the Upper Mowa rapids broke out into waves, with intervals of unruffled glassy slope, and here I stood for an hour, pondering unspeakable things, as I listened to the moan and plaint of the tortured river. Far away below me extended the great cleft of the table-land, of savagely stern aspect, unmarked by aught to relieve its awful lonely wildness, with mountain lines on the right and on the left rising to 1500 feet, and sheer, for half their height, from unknown depths of water. The stately ranks of tall trees that had dignified the right side of the river at Nzabi up to the summit of the table-land, are exchanged from the Mowa down to Mpakambendi, for clear rock walls of from 300 to 600 feet high, buttressed by a thin line of boulders or splintered rock slabs of massive size.

One of the boys announced the boat coming. It soon appeared, Frank standing up in the bow, and Uledi, as usual, at the helm; but as this was the first time Frank had played the pioneer over cataracts, I observed he was a little confused—he waved his hand too often, and thereby confused the steersman—in consequence of which it was guided over the very worst part of the rapids, and though we signalled with cloth we were unheeded, and the boat, whose timbers had never been fractured before, now plunged over a rock, which crashed a hole 6 inches in diameter in her stern, and nearly sent Frank headlong over the bow. Naturally there was a moment of excitement, but by dint of shouting, frantic gestures, and energy on the part of the crew, the poor wounded boat was brought towards shore, with her bow in the air and her stern buried.

“Ah, Frank! Frank! Frank!” I cried, “my boat, my poor boat, after so many thousands of miles, so many cataracts, to receive such a blow as this on a contemptible bit of rapids like the Upper Mowa!” I could have wept aloud; but the leader of an Expedition has but little leisure for tears, or sentiment, so I turned to repair her, and this, with the aid of Frank, I was enabled to do most effectually in one day.

All the canoes arrived successfully during the 25th and 26th without accident. On the 27th, after first conveying the goods of the Expedition and forming a new camp, below the Lower and Greater Mowa Falls, on a projection of terrace extending from the debouchure of the Mowa Brook, which overhung the Mowa Cove, we dropped our canoes down along the bank and through a cleft in the ledge already described, and by 3 P.M. had passed the Great Mowa Falls, and everybody was safe in camp.

An event occurred this day which I shall never forget. I would gladly leave it out, but as the historian of the journey, may not do so. It touches human nature, and reveals its weakness, despite the possession of grand and noble, even matchless, qualities. The incident relates to Uledi, the coxswain of the *Lady Alice*, the best soldier, sailor, and artisan, and the most faithful

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servant, of the Expedition. Up to this date Uledi had saved thirteen persons from drowning. Simply because I wished it he had risked his own life to save the lives of others; and this heroic obedience, though it did not really elevate him much above the other first-class men of the Expedition, such as Manwa Sera the chief, Safeni the councillor, Wadi Rehani the store-keeper, and Kachéché the detective, had endeared him to me above all the rest. Uledi was not a handsome man; his face was marred by traces of the small-pox, and his nostrils were a little too dilated for beauty; but "handsome is that handsome does." He was not a tall man; he was short, and of compact frame; but every ounce of his strength he devoted to my service. I never sought in him for the fine sentiments which elevate men into heroes; but the rude man, with his untutored, half-savage nature, was always at my service. He was a devotee to his duty, and as such he was ennobled; he was affectionately obedient, as such he was beloved; he had risked his life many times for creatures who would never have risked their own for his, as such he was honoured. Yet—this ennobled, beloved and honoured servant—ah! I regret to speak of him in such terms—*robbed me*.

After we had all reached camp, the boy Majwara came to me in the waning afternoon, and reported that in the transport of goods from the Upper Mowa camp a sack of beads had been ripped open, and a considerable quantity of the beads abstracted.

Beads abstracted! at such a period, when every bead is of more value to me than its bulk in gold or gems, when the lives of so many people depend upon the strictest economy, when I have punished myself by the most rigid abstinence from meat in order to feed the people!

"Who was the thief, Majwara? Speak, and I will make an example of him."

He was not sure, but he thought it must be Uledi. "*Uledi!* not Uledi the coxswain?"

"Yes," Majwara replied timidly.

Uledi was called, and while he was kept waiting Kachéché was called and told in Uledi's presence—while I watched his face—to seize upon everything belonging to him and his wife, and to produce everything before me unopened. Uledi was asked to confess if he possessed any beads to which he had no right. He replied. "None." Kachéché was then told to open his mat, and in the mat were discovered over five pounds of the fine Sami Sami beads, sufficient for nearly two days' provisions for the whole Expedition! He was placed under guard.

At sunset, after the Mowa natives had retired, the people of the Expedition—men, women, and children—were mustered. I addressed them seriously. For a long time, I said, both Frank and I had seen it necessary to exercise the strictest economy, and had sacrificed for the general good all our rights and privileges of investing moneys from the general store towards our own comfort, and had simply considered ourselves in the light of stewards of the

goods for the public benefit. But it had been obvious to us for some time that the goods were rapidly diminishing during their transit from camp to camp over the rocks and table-land, and we had found it totally impossible to protect the goods from peculation, or to animate the people with our own fears that we should be reduced to starvation long before reaching the sea at the present rate of consumption. Entreaties we had perceived to be of no avail. There were some amongst them, it appeared, who through greed were resolved to cause everybody to suffer; yet if people died through hunger there was not the slightest doubt but that the dying would impute blame to us for having reduced them to such straits. To prevent the calamity which would surely follow absolute poverty, it was our duty to see that some measures should be adopted to punish those who would provoke such frightful suffering. A man had been found that afternoon with a large stock of beads, which he had filched from the general store—that man was Uledi. What ought to be done with him?

After much urging, Manwa Sera, the chief, said that it was a very hard case, seeing it was Uledi. Had it been any of the Goe-Goes, men who had for months been tenderly cared for, who had not toiled from morn to eve in the cataracts, nor borne the fatigue and toil of the day; who had never been distinguished for worth, but were always a shiftless and cowardly set, he would have given his vote for drowning him by hanging a great stone to his neck and pitching him into the river; but as it happened to be Uledi, he therefore proposed that he should receive a thorough flogging, to deter others from repeating the crime. The votes of the chiefs were in accord with Manwa Sera's, and three-fourths of the people cried out for "flogging."

Then I turned to the boat's crew, and said, "Now, you boys, you who know Uledi so well, and have followed him like children through a hundred rough scenes, speak, what shall be done to him?"

Mpwapwa, whose duty was to watch the boat in camp, and who was one of the most reliable and steady men, replied, "Well, master, it is a hard question. Uledi is like our elder brother, and to give our voice for punishing him would be like asking you to punish ourselves. But the fathers of the people have demanded that he shall be beaten, and I am only like a boy among them. Yet, master, for our sakes beat him only just a little. Mpwapwa has said."

"And you, Marzouk—Uledi's companion on the rock at the fourth cataract of the Stanley Falls—what do you say?"

"Verily, master, Mpwapwa has spoken what my tongue would have uttered, yet I would say, remember it is Uledi."

"And you, Shumari, who are Uledi's brother, what punishment shall I mete to this thief who would starve everybody, you and me?"

"Ah, dear master, your words are as lead. Spare him! It is true Uledi has stolen, and he has done very wrong. He is always stealing, and I have scolded him often for it. I have never stolen. No man can accuse me of

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taking that which did not belong to me, and I am but a boy, and Uledi is my elder. But please, master, as the chiefs say he must be flogged; give me half of it, and knowing it is for Uledi's sake I shall not feel it."

"Now, Saywi, you are his cousin, what do you say? Ought not Uledi to receive the severest punishment to prevent others from stealing?"

"Will the master give his slave liberty to speak?"

"Yes, say all that is in your heart, Saywa."

Young Saywa advanced, and kneeling, seized my feet and embraced them, and then said:—

"The master is wise. All things that happen he writes in a book. Each day there is something written. We, black men, know nothing, neither have we any memory. What we saw yesterday is to-day forgotten. Yet the master forgets nothing. Perhaps if the master will look into his books he may see something in it about Uledi. How Uledi behaved on Lake Tanganika; how he rescued Zaidi from the cataract; how he has saved many men whose names I cannot remember from the river, Bill Alli, Mabruki, Kom-Kusi, and others; how he worked harder on the canoes than any three men; how he has been the first to listen to your voice always; how he has been the father of the boat-boys, and many other things. With Uledi, master, the boat-boys are good, and ready; without him they are nothing. Uledi is Shumari's brother. If Uledi is bad, Shumari is good. Uledi is my cousin. If, as the chiefs say, Uledi should be punished, Shumari says he will take a half of the punishment; then give Saywa the other half, and set Uledi free. Saywa has spoken."

"Very well," I said. "Uledi, by the voice of the people, is condemned, but as Shumari and Saywa have promised to take the punishment on themselves, Uledi is set free, and Shumari and Saywa are pardoned."

Uledi, upon being released, advanced and said, "Master, it was not Uledi who stole. It was the devil which entered into his heart. Uledi will be good in future, and if he pleased his master before he will please his master much more in time to come."

On the 28th the natives appeared in camp by the hundred, to wonder, and barter, and be amused. Mowa is divided into two districts, governed by four kings. The brook, which empties into the cove, separates the two districts, which united are not more than eight square miles. The two principal chiefs are Manwana and Kintu.\* Each vied with the other in supplying Frank and myself with palm-wine, cassava bread, and bananas, in the hope, of course, of receiving munificent gifts in return, for the natives of this region are too poor to make gratuitous gifts to the Mundelé, or merchant, as I was

\* It is rather singular that at such a vast distance from Uganda I should find the name of the Lost Patriarch, so celebrated in the traditional history of that country.

called, who is supposed to be a rich man, and who ought by all natural laws to respond liberally to their gifts. Yet the Babwendé are not illiberal, and my people gave them great credit for hospitality. They invariably, if any of the Wangwana passed them during their drinking bouts, proffered a glassful of their wine and some cassava bread.

The Babwendé have one peculiarity which is rather startling at first to a stranger. When, for instance, they have visited the camp bringing with them small gifts of wine and bread, and have seated themselves for a sociable chat, they suddenly begin grinding their teeth, as though in a mad rage! After awhile we discovered that it was only a habit of the Babwendé and the Bakongo.

Many of the Babwendé from below Nzabi, as far as Manyanga, have been once in their lives to the sea, to the ports of Kinsembo, Kinzau, Mkura, Mkunga, Mbala, and a few had been to Embomma. They are consequently amiable, and disposed to be civil to strangers, though very little is required to stir them to fighting pitch, and to discharge their heavily loaded guns at strangers or at one another. The theft of the smallest article, or a squabble with a native, would be at once resented. Writing on paper, taking observations, sketching or taking notes, or the performance of any act new or curious to them, is sufficient to excite them to hostilities.

On the third day of our stay at Mowa, feeling quite comfortable amongst the people, on account of their friendly bearing, I began to write down in my note-book the terms for articles in order to improve my already copious vocabulary of native words. I had proceeded only a few minutes when I observed a strange commotion amongst the people who had been flocking about me, and presently they ran away. In a short time we heard war-cries ringing loudly and shrilly over the table-land. Two hours afterwards, a long line of warriors, armed with muskets, were seen descending the table-land and advancing towards our camp. There may have been between five hundred and six hundred of them. We, on the other hand, had made but few preparations except such as would justify us replying to them in the event of the actual commencement of hostilities. But I had made many firm friends amongst them, and I firmly believed that I would be able to avert an open rupture.

When they had assembled at about a hundred yards in front of our camp, Safeni and I walked up towards them, and sat down midway. Some half-dozen of the Mowa people came near and the shauri began.

"What is the matter, my friends?" I asked. "Why do you come with guns in your hands in such numbers, as though you were coming to fight? Fight! Fight us, your friends! Tut! this is some great mistake, surely."

"Mundelé," replied one of them, a tall fellow with a mop-head which reminded me of Mwana Saramba, who had accompanied me round Lake Victoria—"our people saw you yesterday make marks on some tara-tara"



(paper). "This is very bad. Our country will waste, our goats will die, our bananas will rot, and our women will dry up. What have we done to you, that you should wish to kill us? We have sold you food, and we have brought you wine, each day. Your people are allowed to wander where they please, without trouble. Why is the Mundelé so wicked? We have gathered together to fight you, if you do not burn that tara-tara now before our eyes. If you burn it we go away and shall be friends as heretofore."

I told them to rest there, and left Safeni in their hands as a pledge that I should return. My tent was not fifty yards from the spot, but while going towards it my brain was busy in devising some plan to foil this superstitious madness. My note-book contained a vast number of valuable notes; plans of falls, creeks, villages, sketches of localities, ethnological and philological details, sufficient to fill two octavo volumes—everything was of general interest to the public. I could not sacrifice it to the childish caprice of savages. As I was rummaging my book box, I came across a volume of Shakespeare (Chandos Edition), much worn and well thumbed, and which was of the same size as my field-book; its cover was similar also, and it might be passed for the note-book provided that no one remembered its appearance too well. I took it to them.

"Is this the tara-tara, friends, that you wish burnt?"

"Yes, yes, that is it!"

"Well, take it, and burn it or keep it."

"M—m. No, no, no. We will not touch it. It is fetish. You must burn it."

"I! Well, let it be so. I will do anything to please my good friends of Mowa."

We walked to the nearest fire. I breathed a regretful farewell to my genial companion, which during many weary hours of night had assisted to relieve my mind when oppressed by almost intolerable woes, and then gravely consigned the innocent Shakespeare to the flames, heaping the brush-fuel over it with ceremonious care.

"Ah-h-h," breathed the poor deluded natives, sighing their relief. "The Mundelé is good—is very good. He loves his Mowa friends. There is no trouble now, Mundelé. The Mowa people are not bad." And something approaching to a cheer was shouted among them, which terminated the episode of the Burning of Shakespeare.

The boat had been in a leaky condition ever since she had received the shock at the Upper Mowa, and her constant portage by the falls of the Livingstone, the constant change from dry heat to wet, had almost ruined her, yet we persisted in caulking and repairing her. Some of the natives, observing my anxiety to render her water-tight, offered to bring me a substance which, they said, would be effectual for the purpose. In a few hours they had brought me a mixture of india-rubber and palm-butter. We experimented

with it ~~instantly~~ but it was a very poor substitute for pitch, and I expressed my dissatisfaction with it.

Then a nephew of Manwana offered to show his friend Kachéché something else which would be much better. Accordingly, the next morning, at 10 A.M. of the 1st of June, Kachéché and the native brought about thirty pounds of bees-wax, a very dark substance, which, had it not been for the diminutive bees which clung to it, might have been mistaken for pitch. Subsequently I proceeded myself to the source of the supply, and discovered about a hundredweight of bees-wax attached to a lofty fragment of rock near Massassa Falls. These bees are of a dark brown colour, short and dumpy, about one-half the length of the ordinary honey-bee. At several places between Massassa and Mowa there were similar large secretions of wax on the cliffy rocks.

Another valuable article of commerce besides the bees-wax and india-rubber found here was the gum copal—not, however, amongst the possessions of the natives. We were first attracted to it at Kalulu Falls by the great quantities discovered between the rocks. One man collected about fifty pounds of it, under the impression that he would be able, on reaching the coast, to sell it for a few pice. Poor fellow! He had but little idea of what was in store for him and all of us, before we should arrive at the sea. The appearance of the substance proved that it had been long immersed in water. My own opinion is that it is fossilized gum carried down by the Livingstone river. On Cheandoah Island, a cake 15 lbs. in weight was discovered, besides many small pieces of two or three pounds' weight, of the mellow red and pale white variety.

The Babwendé are too rich in palm-oil to employ the gum, frankincense, and myrrh, and the other resins of the Burseraceæ, as the Waregga and natives of Karuru do, for lights. Of india-rubber the Mowa possess large quantities, as their wooded ravines and the right slopes of the great river furnish them with inexhaustible supplies. One enterprising fellow carried one load of it to sell to the Ba-Zombo, but he received so little cloth for it that he repented of the speculation.

The commercial enterprise of the Babwendé has never recovered from the effects of the melancholy termination to a great caravan which they despatched some years ago. A disease which they say attacked the bowels broke out among them, and but few returned to their native land. The Basundi, who live to the west-north-west of Mowa, seldom venture near the verge of the Livingstone's chasm, from which the loud waters send up sometimes an appalling volume of sound. Should the wind bear the noise of the falls to their ears while at the *zandu*, or market, they place their hands over their ears and immediately withdraw, or should they by accident wander near the river, and from some point observe it, they instantly veil their eyes and hurry away.

One of the first customs obtaining among this tribe which first attracts the

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traveller's attention is that of mourning. The heavily loaded muskets are announcing their grief at all hours, and a statistician would find it an easy matter to ascertain the death-rate of any of these districts, as well as the sex and age of the deceased, by reckoning the number of shots fired. Six announce a child's death, ten that of a woman, and fifteen that of a man, the fire being directed at the bananas and palms, in the belief that the death was either caused by bad bananas or through some fault in the palm-juice.

In Mowa Cove are kept about a dozen small fishing canoes, which are cut out of the soft and light Rubiaceæ. For besides the cane-nets which are towing at the mouth of the several narrow falls over the Mowa rock-ledge, each night the Mowa fishermen enter their canoes with cord nets, and ply about the little cove to catch the whitebait, which they attract by torch-lights. Also, like sailing skippers whistling for a breeze, the natives appear to think that whistling charms the minnows, and all night long may be heard the peculiar sounds.

A traveller in these regions, where the people are so superstitious, is liable at any moment to be the object of popular fury. Aneurism might strike down a person while trading in his camp, or while standing carelessly upon a rock he might fall and meet an instantaneous death; a disease like cholera or typhus might attack a settlement, a fatal accident with a gun cause loss of life, or apoplexy overtake a gormandizing chief, but everything would be charged to the malevolent influence of the traveller. Indeed, they are rather partial to "wars," it appears to me. An accident happened to a Mowa man at the Zinga Falls, and the Zinga district had at once to muster its warriors to resist an invasion from Mowa. A Zinga chief named Ndala owed a Mowa elder twenty-five cloths, but the credit he had received for one moon he extended to two, and at the end of two moons, being still unable to pay, he was fiercely attacked by the natives of Mowa.

An exploration of the river as far as the Zinga Falls—which is two miles below Mowa—made by Manwa Sera, comforted us, for he reported that the river between Mowa and Zinga was not so difficult as many parts we had successfully passed, and that with a little caution no great danger was to be apprehended. On the 2nd of June I proceeded with him as far as Massassa Falls, along the summit of the lofty precipices. At Massassa terminates the comparatively narrow-walled channel, through which the river tumbles uneasily from the Mowa Falls and the lower basin down (by the Massassa Falls) into the Bolo-bolo—"quiet-quiet"—basin. On account of the great width of the Mowa basin, 1800 yards, the river rolls from above through its 500-yards-wide cleft in the ledge, streams along in a furious billowy course for a mile, and at Massassa seems to slack its current. Here the river, heaving upward, discharges a portion of its volume backward along its flanks, which, sweeping along the base of the Mowa cliffs, flows upstream until it enters the Mowa Cove. Then, after darting into the tongue-like cove like a tidal flow,

it quickly subsides, and retreating along the base of the Mowa ledge, after a circuit of two miles, meets with the great falls and billowy rapids, where there is a wild contention between the two opposing currents. From Massessé the river resumes its rapid flow downwards, ruffled at projections into waves, but generally with an apparently calm face, though curling and gurgling ominously, until, approaching Massassa Point, one mile below Massessé, it drives against outstanding boulders, rises into curling waves on either side, which meet in mid-river 200 yards below: crest strikes crest, wave meets wave, and mutually overlap and wrestle, then subside, then heave aloft again in deep-brown serge and sounding tops. A half-mile length of wild waters roll thus to Bolo-bolo basin, where they are finally gathered into a tranquil pool—hence the name.

While standing upon the summit of the high cliff-walls which encircle the crater-like pool, the frantic Massassa appears tame. Even wilder Zinga, one and a half miles below, and Ingulufi below that, are reduced to mere whitey flakes of water. If we step down, however, close to them, they become terrible enough to those purposing to try their terrors in a canoe.

Half-way to the Zinga Falls from Massassa, in the middle of the concave cliffs, falls the Edwin Arnold River, in a long cascade-like descent from the height of the table-land, with a sheer drop of 300 feet. While it rolls calmly above, this river has a width of 50 yards, and an average depth of 3 feet.

As usual, Frank Pocock and I spent our evening together in my tent. The ulcers by which he was afflicted had by this time become most virulent. Though he doctored them assiduously, he was unable to travel about in active superintendence of the men; yet he was seldom idle. Bead-bags required sewing, tents patching, and clothes becoming tattered needed repairing, and while he was at work his fine voice broke out into song, or some hymn such as he was accustomed to sing in Rochester Church. Joyous and light-hearted as a linnet, Frank indulged for ever in song, and this night the crippled man sang his best, raising his sweet voice in melody, lightening my heart, and for the time dispelling my anxieties. In my troubles his face was my cheer; his English voice recalled me to my aims, and out of his brave bold heart he uttered, in my own language, words of comfort to my thirsty ears. Thirty-four months had we lived together, and hearty throughout had been his assistance, and true had been his service. The servant had long ago merged into the companion; the companion had soon become a friend. At these nightly chats, when face looked into face, and the true eyes beamed with friendly warmth, and the kindly voice replied with animation, many were the airy castles we built together, and many were the brilliant prospects we hopefully sketched. Alas! alas!

## CHAPTER XXXII.

"I fruitless mourn to him who cannot hear,  
And weep the more because I weep in vain."

GRAY.

Leaving Mowa—The whirling pools of Mowa—The *Jason* swept over the falls—The "Little Master" drowned—Too brave!—"Ah, Uledi, had you but saved him!"—The sympathy of the savages.

THE fatal 3rd of June found us refreshed after our halt of seven days, and prepared to leave Mowa to proceed to Zinga, there to establish a new camp above its great cataract, while the canoes should be leisurely taken down with such caution as circumstances demanded. Kachéché and Wadi Rehani, the store-keeper, who, in the absence of Frank, were deputed to look after the land party, mustered their following at break of day, which consisted of such invalids as were able to travel by land, the women and children, and sixty men carrying the stores, tents, and equipments of the Expedition.

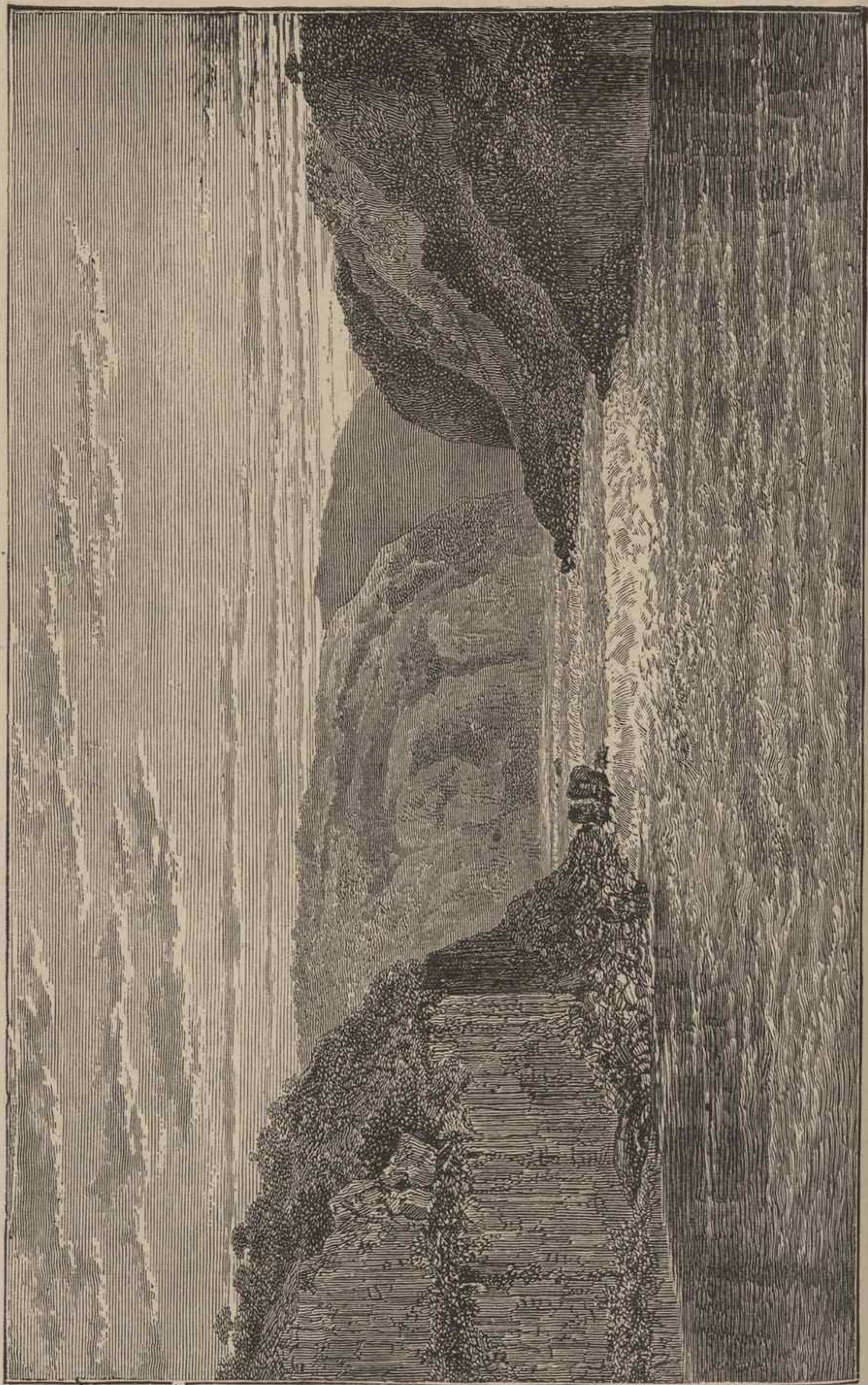
Meanwhile, it was my duty to endeavour to reach Zinga—only two miles off by river, while the circuitous route by land was fully three miles—in advance of the land party, in order to prepare the aborigines for the reception of the Expedition. As I set out from Mowa Cove, Frank crawled on hands and knees to a rock overlooking the river to watch us depart, and the same feeling attracted Manwa Sera and the natives to the spot. Clinging close to the rock-lined shore, we rowed out of the cove, in full view of the river and all its terrors. For three-fourths of a mile to our left the river stormed down with long lines of brown billows. Arriving at Massessé Point, or the neck of the walled channel which separates Pocock Basin below from Mowa Basin, the river relaxed its downward current, and discharged fully a sixth of its volume to the right, which, flowing against the sharp edges and projections of the Mowa cliffs, raised many a line of low waves, and rolling towards us obliged us to hug the cliffs and take to our cables. But the base of the cliffs in many places afforded no means of foothold, and, after a long and patient attempt at passing those sharp angles, we were compelled to abandon it and endeavour to breast the strong current of the eddy with our oars. While, however, there was a strong current running against the base of the Mowa cliffs and washing its boulders, there was also a slope towards the vicinity of the giant billows

discharged from the cataract; and though we strenuously strove to keep midway between the cliffs and the torrent-like career of the stream to the left, it became evident to us that we were perceptibly approaching it. Then a wild thought flashed across my mind that it would be better to edge along with it than to contend against the eddy with our heavy, leaky boat, and we permitted ourselves to be carried near its vicinity with that intention; but on nearing the rushing stream we observed in time that this was madness, for a line of whirlpools constantly plays between the eddy and the down stream, caused by the shock of the opposing currents. The down stream is raised like a ridge, its crest marked by ever-leaping waves, shedding a great volume over its flanks, which comes rushing to meet that which is ejected by the eddy. The meeting of these two forces causes one to overlap the other, and in the conflict one advances or recedes continually, and the baffled volumes create vortices, around which are wheeling bodies of water of great velocity, until the cavities are filled, when the whole becomes replaced by watery masses rising like mounds. Every minute in endless and rapid succession these scenes transpire. Such a one commenced before our terrified eyes. A whirlpool had ceased revolving for a brief moment, and in its place there rose one of those mounds whose rising volumes and horrid noise inspired the desire to flee the scene. Fearing we should be unable to escape, I doffed coat, shoes, and belt, and motioning to Uledi to keep off, I shouted to the boat's crew to do their best or die. Even had my actions not been sufficiently significant of our dangerous position, the stunning uproar would have informed them that we had been rash to approach the terrible scene. Therefore, following the upheaved and ejected waters, we retreated from the aqueous mound, for in its sudden subsidence lay danger, but were halted on the verge of the fatal pit which had now begun to replace the mound, and which angrily yawned behind the stern of our boat. Desperately we rowed, happily maintaining our position until a second convulsion occurred, by the efflux of which we finally escaped.

The boat was by this time half full of water. Our repairs were found to have been utterly insufficient, and we resolved therefore upon returning to camp to renew the attempt in the new *Jason*, as its swiftness would enable us to force our way against the current of the eddy, and reach Massassa. When we returned to Mowa it was ten o'clock, and the boat-boys were fatigued with their desperate exertions, and, probably unwilling to risk the terrors of the river without fortifying themselves, had scattered to search for food. But unable to control my anxiety about the reception of the Expedition by the Zinga chiefs, I concluded that, in the absence of Frank, it would be unwise to delay appearing at the new camp and secure their goodwill while we should be engaged with the passage of the several falls.

I accordingly delivered my instructions to Manwa Sera, who had always shown himself a trustworthy man, saying, "When the boat's crew have returned, give them that best light canoe—the *Jason*; tie ropes along the

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sides, with strong cables at each end. Tell them to keep close to the Mowa side, and pick their way carefully down river, until they come to Massassa. On arriving there Uledi will be able to judge whether it can be passed in a canoe, or whether we shall have to take the canoes over the rocks. Above all things tell him to be careful, and not to play with the river."

Turning to Frank, I told him I should hurry to Zinga, and after arranging with the chiefs would send him his breakfast and hammock; and if I found the men still there I would detail six to carry him; if the men were not there he might, upon the arrival of the hammock, take the first men he saw, and follow me overland.

It was high noon when I arrived at our new camp, which was constructed on Zinga Point, about a hundred feet above the great cataract. There were four kings present, and hundreds of natives, all curious to view the Mundelé. Though somewhat noisy in their greetings, we were soon on an amicable footing, especially when a young fellow named Lazala began to ask me if I were "Ingiliz, Francees, Dytche, or Portigase." Lazala further named many seaport towns he had visited, and discharged his knowledge of the manners and customs of the whites by the sea with a refreshing volubility. The great waves along the sea-beach he described in a characteristic manner as being "Mputu, putu-putu, just like the big waves of Zinga!" Whereupon a fast and sure friendship was soon established, which was never broken.

At 1 P.M. breakfast was despatched to Frank, through Majwara, Benni, and Kassim, and men were sent with a net-hammock.

The Zinga kings and most of their people had ascended to their homes above, on the plateau; and in my camp there were about fourteen able-bodied men besides the sick and women. And about three o'clock I took my seat on a high rock above the falls, to watch for Uledi, as from the Zinga Point, with a field-glass, I was enabled to view the river across Bolo-bolo basin, both Massassa Falls and Massessé Rapids, and nearly up to the Upper Mowa Falls. I was not long in my position before I observed something long and dark rolling and tumbling about in the fierce waves of Massassa. It was a capsized canoe, and I detected the forms of several men clinging to it!

I instantly despatched Kachéché, Wadi Rehani, and ten men, with caneroles, to take position in the bight in Bolo-bolo, near which I knew, by the direction of the waves, the current would carry them before sweeping them down towards Zinga. Meanwhile I watched the wrecked men as they floated through the basin. I saw them struggling to right the canoe. I saw them lift themselves on the keel, and paddling for dear life towards shore, to avoid the terrible cataract of Zinga. Finally, as they approached the land, I saw them leap from the wreck into the river, and swim ashore, and presently the unfortunate *Jason*, which they had but a moment before abandoned, swept by me with the speed of an arrow, and over the cataract, into the great waves and the soundless depths of whirlpools, and so away out of sight.

Bad news travels fast. Kachéché, breathless with haste and livid with horror, announced that out of the eleven men who had embarked in the canoe at Mowa, eight only were saved.

"Three are lost!—and—one of them is the little master!"

"The little master, Kachéché?" I gasped. "Surely not the little master?"

"Yes, he is lost, master!"

"But how came he in the canoe?" I asked, turning to Uledi and his dripping comrades, who had now come up, and were still brown-faced with their late terrors. "Speak, Uledi, how came he—a cripple—to venture into the canoe?"

In response to many and searching questions I obtained the following account.

As Uledi and his comrades were about to push off, Frank had crawled up near the river and bade them stop and place him in. Uledi expostulated with him, upon the ground that I had not mentioned anything about taking him, and Manwa Sera, in charge of the canoes, hurried up and coaxingly tried to persuade him not to venture, as the river was bad; but he repelled them with all a sick man's impatience, and compelled the crew to lift him into the canoe. The *Jason*, being swift and well-manned, was propelled against the eddy with ease, and in half an hour it was racing over the small rapids of Massessé down river. As they approached Massassa, which was only a mile below Massessé the booming of the cataract made Uledi anxious not to venture too near, until he had viewed the falls, and for that purpose, with Frank's permission, he skirted the intermediate cliffs, until they came to a little cove just above the Massassa, where the crew held on to the rocks. Uledi soon climbed upward and proceeded to the rocks overhanging the fall, where he was enabled to view the extent of the danger at a glance. After only a few minutes' absence he returned to Frank, who was still seated in the bottom of the canoe, and addressing him said:—

"Little master, it is impossible to shoot the falls, no canoe or boat can do it and live."

"Bah!" said Frank contemptuously, "did I not see as we came down a strip of calm water on the left which by striking across river we could easily reach?"

"But, master, this fall is not directly across river, it is almost up and down (diagonally); the lower part on the left being much farther than that which is on the right, and which begins to break close by here. I tell you the truth," rejoined Uledi, as Frank shook his head sceptically, "little master, I have looked at all the fall, and I can see no way by water; it will be death to make the trial."

"Well," said Frank, "what shall we do?"

"We must send to the master," replied Uledi, "and tell him that we have brought our canoe to Massassa. Meantime we can tie up our canoe here until he comes."

"And what is to become of me?" asked Frank.

"We will not be long before we are back with a kitanda" (hammock), "and you will reach camp by night."

"What, carry me about the country like a worthless Goee-Goe," he replied, "for all the natives to stare at me? No, indeed! Anyhow, I must wait here all day without food, eh?"

"It will not be long, master; in a quarter of an hour I can reach camp, and in another half I can be back, bringing food and hammock."

"Oh, it's all mighty fine," replied Frank, his temper rising at the idea of being carried, which he supposed would cause him to be made a laughing-stock to everybody. "I don't believe this fall is as bad as you say it is. The noise is not like that of the fall which we have passed, and I feel sure if I went to look at it myself I would soon find a way."

"Well, if you doubt me, send Mpwapwa and Shumari and Marzouk to see, and if they say there is a road I will try it if you command me."

Then Frank despatched two of them to examine, and after a few moments they returned, saying it was impassable by water.

Frank laughed bitterly, and said, "I knew what you would say. The Wangwana are always cowardly in the water; the least little ripple has before this been magnified into a great wave. If I had only four white men with me I would soon show you whether we could pass it or not."

Frank referred, no doubt, to his companions on the Medway or Thames, as by profession he was a bargeman or waterman, and being a capital swimmer had many a time exhibited to the admiring people, especially at Nzabi Creek, his skill in the art of swimming and diving. At the death of Kalulu he expressed great surprise that not one of the five then lost had been saved, and declared his conviction that Kalulu Falls would never have drowned him, upon which I had described a whirlpool to him and when, with an apparent instinct for the water, he sought occasions to exhibit his dexterity, I had cautioned him against being too venturesome, and kept him to his land duties. The success of Nubi, who was also a good swimmer, at the whirlpool of the Lady Alice Rapids, confirmed him in his idea that a perfect swimmer ran no danger from them. At this moment he forgot all my caution, and probably his high spirit had secretly despised it. But he was also goading brave men to their and his own destruction. His infirmity manifested itself in jeering at the men for whom with me he had not sufficient adjectives at command to describe their sterling worth; for he, as well as I, was well aware of Uledi's daring, and of his heroic exploit at the Fifth Cataract of the Stanley Falls he was himself a witness. Poor Frank, had some good angel but warned me of this scene, how easily he had been saved!

"Little master," said the coxwain gravely, stung to the quick, "neither white men nor black men can go down this river alive, and I do not think it right that you should say we are afraid. As for me, I think you ought to know me better. See! I hold out both hands, and all my fingers will not count the

number of lives I have saved on this river. How then can you say, master, I show fear?"

"Well, if you do not, the others do," retorted Frank.

"Neither are they nor am I afraid. We believe the river to be impassable in a canoe. I have only to beckon to my men, and they will follow me to death—and it is death to go down this cataract. We are now ready to hear you command us to go, and we want your promise that if anything happens, and our master asks, 'Why did you do it?' that you will bear the blame."

"No, I will not order you. I will have nothing to do with it. You are the chief in this canoe. If you like to go—go, and I will say you are men, and not afraid of the water. If not, stay, and I shall know it is because you are afraid. It appears to me easy enough, and I can advise you. I don't see what could happen."

Thus challenging the people to show their mettle, poor Frank steadily hastened his fate.

Uledi then turned to the crew, and said, "Boys, our little master is saying that we are afraid of death. I know there is death in the cataract, but come, let us show him that black men fear death as little as white men. What do you say?"

"A man can die but once." "Who can contend with his fate?" "Our fate is in the hands of God!" were the various answers he received.

"Enough, take your seats," Uledi said.

"You are men!" cried Frank, delighted at the idea of soon reaching camp.

"Bismillah" ("In the name of God"), "let go the rocks, and shove off!" cried the coxswain.

"Bismillah!" echoed the crew, and they pushed away from the friendly cove.

In a few seconds they had entered the river; and, in obedience to Frank, Uledi steered his craft for the left side of the river. But it soon became clear that they could not reach it. There was a greasy slipperiness about the water that was delusive, and it was irresistibly bearing them broadside over the falls; and observing this, Uledi turned the prow, and boldly bore down for the centre. Roused from his seat by the increasing thunder of the fearful waters, Frank rose to his feet, and looked over the heads of those in front, and now the full danger of his situation seemed to burst on him. But too late! They had reached the fall, and plunged headlong amid the waves and spray. The angry waters rose and leaped into their vessel, spun them round as though on a pivot, and so down over the curling, dancing, leaping crests, they were borne, to the whirlpools which yawned below. Ah! then came the moment of anguish, regret and terror.

"Hold on to the canoe, my men; seize a rope, each one," said he, while tearing his flannel shirt away. Before he could prepare himself, the canoe was drawn down into the abyss, and the whirling, flying waters

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closed over all. When the vacuum was filled, a great body of water was belched upwards, and the canoe was disgorged into the bright sunlight, with several gasping men clinging to it. When they had drifted a little distance away from the scene, and had collected their faculties, they found there were only eight of them alive; and, alas for us who were left to bewail his sudden doom! there was no white face among them. But presently, close to them, another commotion, another heave and belching of waters, and out of them the insensible form of the "little master" appeared, and they heard a loud moan from him. Then Uledi, forgetting his late escape from the whirling pit, flung out his arms, and struck gallantly towards him, but another pool sucked them both in, and the waves closed over them before he could reach him; and for the second time the brave coxswain emerged, faint and weary—but Frank Pocock was seen no more.

"My brave, honest, kindly-natured Frank, have you left me so? Oh, my long-trying friend, what fatal rashness! Ah, Uledi, had you but saved him, I should have made you a rich man."

"Our fate is in the hands of God, master," replied he, sadly and wearily.

Various were the opinions ventured upon the cause which occasioned the loss of such an expert swimmer. Baraka, with some reason, suggested that Frank's instinctive impulse would have been to swim upward, and that during his frantic struggle towards the air he might have struck his head against the canoe. Shumari was inclined to think that the bandages on his feet might have impeded him; while Saywa thought it must have been his heavy clothes which prevented the full play of the limbs required in such a desperate situation.

All over Zinga, Mbelo, and Mowa the dismal tidings spread rapidly. "The brother of the Mundelé is lost—lost at Massassa," they cried; and, inspired by pure sympathy, they descended to Zinga, to hear how the fatal accident occurred. Good, kindly Ndala—who came accompanied by his wives, and with a true delicacy of feeling would not permit the natives to throng about me, but drove them outside the camp, where they might wonder and gossip without disturbing us—old Monango, Kapata, and tall, good-natured Itumba, and a few of the principal men, were alone admitted.

After hearing the facts, Ndala informed me there was no doubt that it was the "bad fetish" of Massassa people, and he proposed that the four kings of Zinga and the three kings of Mbelo should unite and completely destroy the Massassa people for their diabolical act. Said they, "It is not the first time an accident has happened at Massassa; for, about two months ago, one of our men, while standing on the rock, suddenly fell into the river, and was never seen again; and one of Mowa's people has also been lost there in the same way."

The suggestion that it was the fetish of Massassa which had caused this sudden and sharp calamity was natural to the superstitious and

awed natives; but in a few words I informed them that I blamed no man for it.

"Say, Mundelé," asked Ndala suddenly, "where has your white brother gone to?"

"Home."

"Shall you not see him again?"

"I hope to."

"Where?"

"Above, I hope."

"Ah! we have heard that the white people by the sea came from above. Should you see him again, tell him that Ndala is sorry, and that he is angry with Massassa for taking him from you. We have heard from Mowa that he was a good, kind man, and all Zinga shall mourn for him. Drink the wine of our palms, Mundelé, and forget it. The Zinga palms are known throughout the lands of the Babwendé, and our markets are thronged with buyers. The Zinga wine will comfort you, and you will not be troubled with your sorrow."

Sympathy, real and pure sympathy, was here offered after their lights, which, though rude, was not unkind. The large crowds without spoke together in low subdued tones, the women gazed upon me with mild eyes, and their hands upon their lips, as though sincerely affected by the tragic fate of my companion.

The effect on the Wangwana was different. It had stupefied them, benumbing their faculties of feeling, of hope, and of action. From this date began that exhibition of apathetic sullenness and lack of feeling for themselves, and for their comrades, which distinguished their after-life in the cataracts. The slightest illness would cause them to lean against a rock, or crouch by the fire in the posture of despair. They never opened their lips to request help or medicine, and as they were inaccessible to solicitude for themselves, they had none to bestow on others. After this fatal day I could scarcely get a reply to my questions when anxious to know what their ailments were. Familiarity with many forms of disease, violent and painful deaths, and severe accidents had finally deadened, almost obliterated, that lively fear of death which they had formerly shown.

As I looked at the empty tent and the dejected, woe-stricken servants, a choking sensation of unutterable grief filled me. The sorrow-laden mind fondly recalled the lost man's inestimable qualities, his extraordinary gentleness, his patient temper, his industry, cheerfulness, and his tender friendship; it dwelt upon the pleasure of his society, his general usefulness, his piety, and cheerful trust in our success with which he had renewed our hope and courage; and each new virtue that it remembered only served to intensify my sorrow for his loss, and to suffuse my heart with pity and regret, that after the exhibition of so many admirable qualities and such long faithful service he should depart this life so abruptly, and without reward.

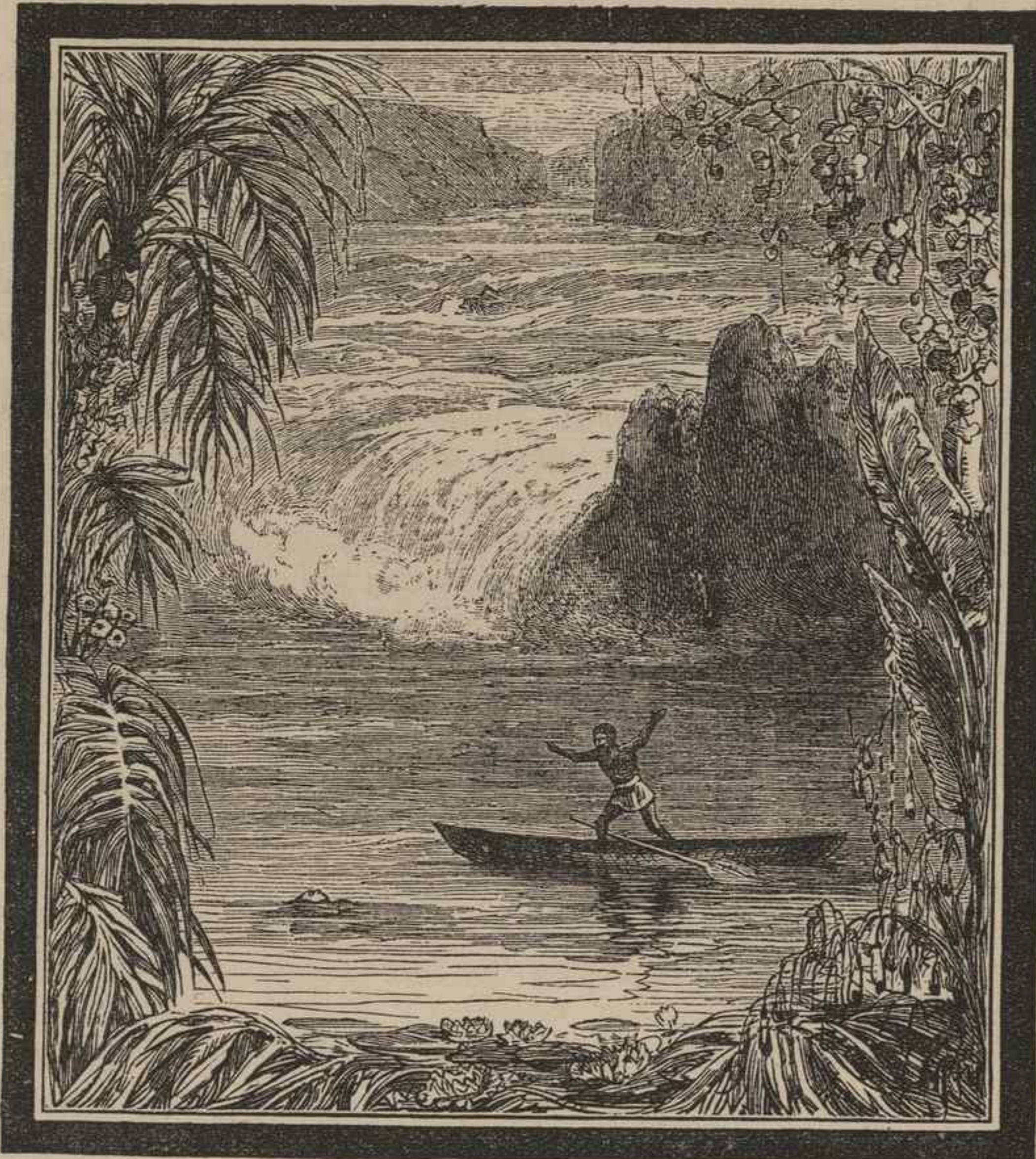
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*In Memoriam.*



FRANCIS JOHN POCOCK.

Drowned June 3, 1877.

When curtailed about by anxieties, and the gloom created by the almost insurmountable obstacles we encountered, his voice had ever made music in my soul. When grieving for the hapless lives that were lost, he consoled me. But now my friendly comforter and true-hearted friend was gone! Ah, had some one but relieved me from my cares, and satisfied me that my dark followers would see their Zanjian homes again, I would that day have gladly ended the struggle, and, crying out, "Who dies earliest dies best," have embarked in my boat and dropped calmly over the cataracts into eternity.

The moon rose high above the southern wall of the chasm. Its white funereal light revealed in ghostly motion the scene of death to which I owed the sundering of a long fellowship and a firm-knit unity. Over the great Zinga Fall I sat for hours upon a warm boulder, looking up river towards the hateful Massassa, deluding myself with the vain hope that by some chance he might have escaped out of the dreadful whirlpool, picturing the horrible scene which an intense and morbid imagination called up with such reality, that I half fancied that the scene was being enacted, while I was helpless to relieve.

How awful sounded the thunders of the many falls in the silent and calm night! Between distant Mowa's torrent-rush, down to Ingulufi below, the Massessé, Massassa, and Zinga filled the walled channel with their fury, while the latter, only 30 yards from me, hissed and tore along with restless plunge and gurgle, and roaring plunged, glistening white, into a sea of billows.

Alas! alas! we never saw Frank more. Vain was the hope that by some miracle he might have escaped, for eight days afterwards a native arrived at Zinga from Kilanga, with the statement that a fisherman, while skimming Kilanga basin for whitebait, had been attracted by something gleaming on the water, and, paddling his canoe towards it, had been horrified to find it to be the upturned face of a white man.

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## CHAPTER XXXIII.

Mutiny in the camp—Again among the cataracts—Frank's body found—The fall of the Edwin Arnold River—Tired out!—Wholesale desertion—More cataracts—"Good-bye, my brother; nothing can save you!"—Rushing blindly on—Saved again!—The *Jason* found.

"June 4.—We are all so unnerved with the terrible accident of yesterday that we are utterly unable to decide what is best to do. We have a horror of the river now, and being far apart—over eighty men being at Mowa—we are unable to communicate with each other, for the journey overland to Mowa is long and fatiguing. The natives of Zinga strongly sympathize with me, which is a consolation in my affliction.

"June 5.—My troubles increase. A messenger came this morning from Manwa Sera bearing the terrible news that the people have mutinied and refuse to work. They say they would prefer hoeing for the heathen to following me longer, for they say that the end of all will be death. The Mowa natives have also infected them with their silly superstitions, by talking about the Spirits of the Falls, for it appears that the late catastrophe has elicited a host of legends in connection with Massassa. Had we sacrificed a goat to the two falls, they say, the accident would never have occurred! Though Muslims by profession, my people are also heathen. But I have not myself recovered from the shock, and I judge their feelings by my own, therefore it is better they should rest where they are.

"June 9.—I left Zinga before dawn with Uledi and the boat's crew, travelling along the river, and took a closer view of Massassa, and the cove where they had halted their canoe. Poor, rash Frank! had he only crawled over the rocks a few yards he would have realized the impossibility of safely shooting the Massassa. The rocky projections, which raise the curling waves in mid-river are single blocks from 10 to 40 feet high piled one above another, lying at the base of a steep cliff of Massassa. The cliff is of course impassable, as it is from three hundred to four hundred feet high. The colossal size of the blocks is a serious impediment. The falls we have had enough of, at least for the present. From Massassa I proceeded to Mowa, and reasoned with the men. They were extremely depressed, rueful of face, and apparently sunk in despair. Only Manwa Sera, the chiefs, and boat's crew seemed alive to the fact that necessity

compelled us to move, before starvation overtook us. They would not be convinced that it was best to struggle on. However, I would even begin to battle with the falls once more; and after a little persuasion I succeeded in inducing the boat's crew to man one of the canoes, and to take it to the cove whither they had taken the unfortunate *Jason*, before they had been rash enough to listen to a sick man's impatience. The feat was successful; the canoe was lashed to the rocks and a guard of ten men set over it. This act seemed to encourage the Wangwana to believe that there was no danger after all as far, at any rate, as the cove. At sunset I reached Zinga again, terribly fatigued.

"June 10.—The full story of the sufferings I have undergone cannot be written, but is locked up in a breast that feels the misery into which I am plunged neck-deep. Oh! Frank, Frank, you are happy, my friend. Nothing can now harrow your mind or fatigue your body. You are at rest for ever and for ever. Would that I were also! While I was absent yesterday from Zinga, a man lost to all feeling, Saburi Rehani, proceeded to steal the cassava of the natives, which of course raised their ire, and for a period things were very gloomy this morning. However, a liberal payment of cloth has quenched the sulkiness of the Zingaese, and Saburi was punished. I have now three camps, one at Zinga, one at Massassa, and the other at Mowa, and I was not able to leave Zinga before noon because of Saburi's robbery. The boat's crew took another canoe down to Massassa in the afternoon, and at 5 P.M. I was obliged to clamber over the mountains, walk round Pocock Pool, and down to Zinga again, where I have just arrived, weak, fainting, and miserable.

"June 11.—The body of Frank was found in Kilanga basin three days ago by a native fisherman, as it was floating about, but the horrified man would not touch it. The body was on its back, the upper part nude, he having torn his shirt away to swim. It is to be regretted that the body was thus left to float a dishonoured spectacle; and Ndala, king of Zinga, also grieves that it was not brought ashore for respectful burial.

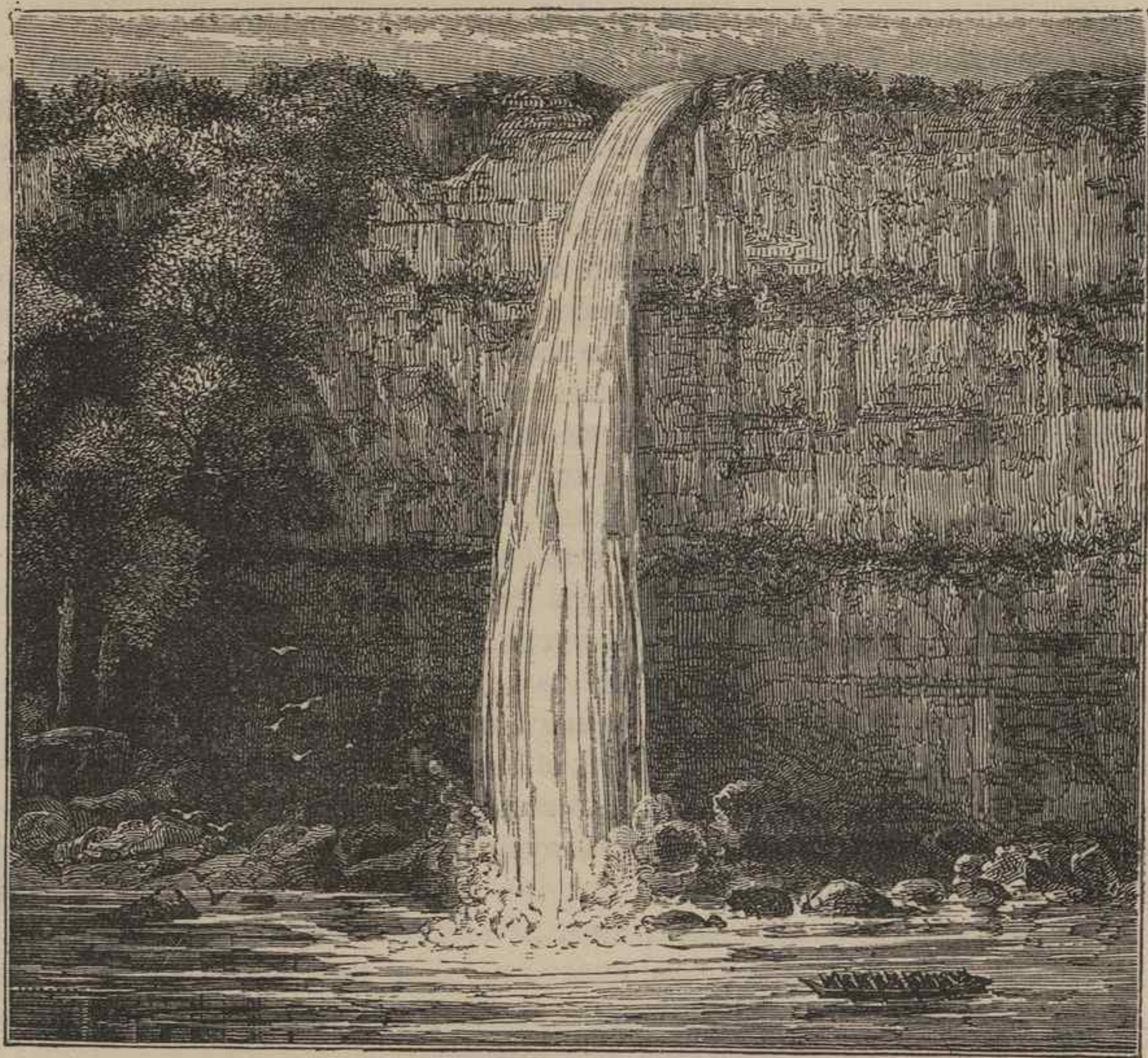
"June 12.—Crossed again to Massassa, and four more canoes have been brought to the cove, without accident.

"June 13 and 14.—Sick of a fever; but in the meantime I am gratified to hear that Manwa Sera has been successful in bringing all the canoes down to Massassa, and that all the people have finally left Mowa.

"June 15.—At early dawn proceeded up the Zinga mountain, skirted the Pocock Pool, crossed the Edwin Arnold River, and descended to Massassa. A grove covered the top of the cliff, and the axe-men were detailed to cut down branches, which those without axes conveyed to fill the deep pits between the several colossal blocks. Others were employed in fixing two rows of piles in the cove, sinking the ends between the boulders, which, when filled with brush, might enable us to draw the canoes upward.

"June 18.—The last three days have witnessed some hard work. To the astonishment of the aborigines, Massassa Point has been covered from end to

end, a distance of 600 yards, with brushwood, in some places 40 feet thick, and three canoes have been hauled successfully past the falls, and dropped into Pocock Basin. Leaving instructions with Manwa Sera, I manned the canoes and proceeded to Zinga by water. Mid-way, as we skirted the base of the lofty cliffs, we came to a fine fall of the Edwin Arnold River, 300 feet deep. The cliff-walls are so perpendicular, and the rush of water so great from the cascades above, that the river drops on the boulders below fully thirty feet from the cliff's base.



FALL OF THE EDWIN ARNOLD RIVER INTO THE POCOCK BASIN.

“June 19.—The canocs have all, thank Heaven! passed the dread Massassa, and are safe at Zinga, about two hundred yards above the Zinga Fall. I ventured into nearly the middle of the Pocock Pool to-day, about seven hundred yards below where Frank lost his life, and sounding I obtained 55 fathoms, or 330 feet, of water; then rowing steadily towards Edwin Arnold Fall, it slowly decreased to 35 feet, the lead striking hard against the submerged rocks.”

By the 17th I observed that the river had fallen 9 feet since the third of the month, and that the Massassa was much milder than on the fatal 3rd. Zinga is, however, just as wild as at first, and it is evident that the channel of the fall is much obstructed by boulders.

It is worthy of notice that each fall is known by the natives of the opposing banks under different names. "Zinga" is only employed by the Babwendé, who occupy the table-land on the right side of the river; the Bassessé, on the left side, call it "Bungu-Bungu."

The fish-laws are very strict here. The people descend to the Zinga Fall each day about 7 A.M., and at the same time the Bassessé may be seen descending the opposite mountain, for both sides of the fall have their respective large boulders, amongst which the full swollen river rushes impetuously in narrow foamy channels, where the nets are placed. On the Zinga side, as many as thirty nets are placed, but no man may lift a net until one of the kings, or one of their sons, is present, and the half of the produce is equitably divided among the kings Ndala, Mpako, and Monango, and each king has his separate rock on which his share is laid. If the Zinga folks have had a fortunate find in their nets, they announce it by a loud shout to the Bassessé on the opposite side; and the Bassessé, on successful mornings, take care to express their luck with equal spirit and animation. The pike and cat-fish, the silurus, the water-snake and eel, and the various fish found in the African lakes and rivers, I find to be common to the Livingstone also.

Several of the boulders of the Zinga cataract are covered by a species of *Podostomaceæ*, which while the river covers them are green and fresh, resembling sea-weed, and affording the natives a kind of spinach; when the river recedes, the weed soon withers and becomes shrivelled up.

To-day, for the first time, I heard of the Kwango from a man who has visited Embomma, which I believe to mean the "place of the king" in the language of Babwendé, and to be synonymous with Kwikuru in Unyamwezi, and Kibuga in Uganda. They point it out as being west. They have a curious idea in their heads that I must have come from some place south of the Bakonga country, and floated down some great body of water; and, lest their superstitious heads should find something objectionable in my coming down the great river, I have been very reticent.

They call the Livingstone the Bilumbu at Nzabi, which may be interpreted "day." At Zinga they call it Mwana Kilunga, the "lord of the ocean." Mputu, though signifying sea, also means "the sea along the coast," most probably the surf. The Babwendé term for "river" is Njari.\* A constant companion of the Babwendé is the haversack net, made out of the Hyphene

\* In the Bunda language a river is Mikoko, which would be spelt by the Portuguese Micoco. I have a suspicion that there never was a king called Micoco, that the natives meant Micoco, the great river. Hence the profound mystery attached to his locality.

palm fibre. I was reminded, as I looked at each native bearing this net-pouch with him, of the traveller's satchel carried by tourists in Europe.

Along the cataracts in the Babwendé country there is no game. The noise of gunpowder, more than its destructiveness, has driven the game into the lands occupied by the silent-weaponed tribes. But there is a species of small bush antelope, and the coney, which is still hunted by the natives with their dogs—animals of the normal pariah class.

"June 20.—As we began to lay brushwood along the tracks this morning, by which we are to haul our canoes from the Pocock Basin past the Zinga point into the basin below, the people stirred about so languidly and sullenly that I asked what was the matter. One fellow, remarkable for nothing but his great size and strength, turned round and said sharply, 'We are tired, and that's what's the matter,' which opinion one-third did not hesitate to confirm. Such a spirit being most serious in these days of scant food and hard toil—men, like beasts of prey, being governed by the stomach—I invited the people together to rehearse their grievances and to describe their wrongs. They could say nothing, except that they were tired and were not going to work more. Death was in the river; a wearisome repetition of frightful labour waited for them each day on the rocks; their stomachs were hungry, they had no strength. Said I, 'And I have none, my friends, I assure you. I am as hungry as any of you. I could get meat to make me strong, but it would be robbing you. I am so tired and sorry that I could lie down smiling and die. My white brother, who was lost the other day, is far happier than I. If you all leave me, I am safe, and there is no responsibility on me. I have my boat, and it is in the river. The current is swift, the fall is only a few yards off. My knife can cut the rope, and I shall then go to sleep for ever. There are the beads; take them, do what you will. While you stay with me, I follow this river until I come to the point where it is known. If you don't stay with me, I still will cling to the river, and will die in it.' I walked away from them. One man, Safeni, the coxswain at Bumbireh, on being asked by a disaffected body of men what was best to be done, said, 'Let us pack up and be gone. We shall die anyhow, whether we stay here or whether we travel.' They were not long in following his counsel, and filed up the steep ascent to the table-land, thirty-one in number. One of the tent-boys came to announce the fact. On ascertaining that the infection was not general, I then resolved that they should not endanger their own lives or the lives of the faithful, and called Kachéché and Manwa Sera to follow and plead with them. They overtook them five miles from here, but only received a determined refusal to return, and persisted in continuing their journey. Meanwhile the faithful are at work.

"June 21.—Despatched Kachéché and Manwa Sera again early this morning to cut off the fugitives, to inform the chiefs in advance that my people were not to be permitted to pass them, but, if they persisted in going beyond

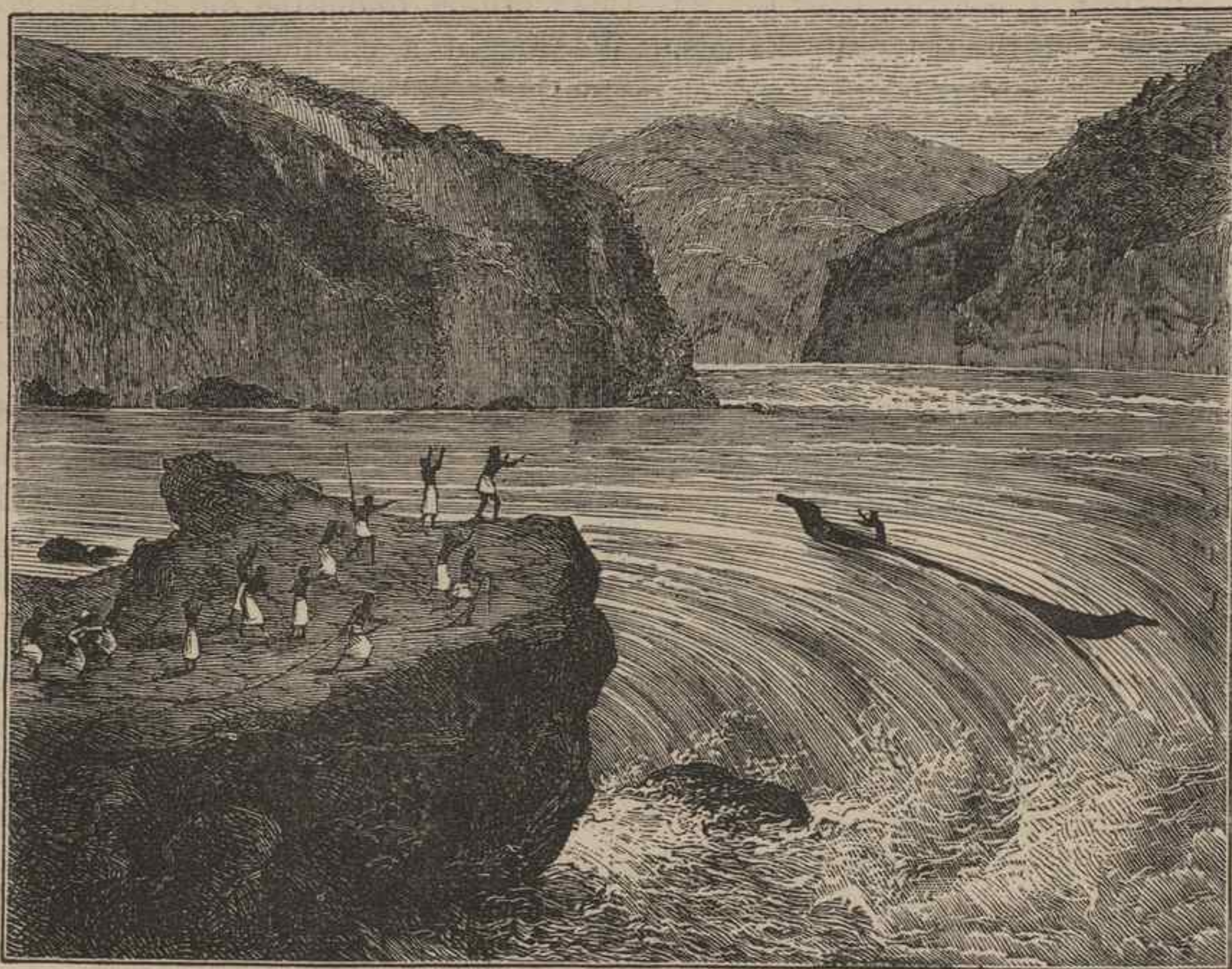
them, to lay hands on them and bind them until I could arrive on the scene. The chiefs seconded me so well that they beat their war-drum, and the mock excitement was so great that the mutineers were halted, and I learn by my two men that they already regret having left their camp.

"June 22.—Again Kachéché and Manwa Sera returned to the mutineers, who were fifteen miles away from here, and, promising them pardon and complete absolution of the offence, succeeded with the aid of the friendly chiefs, in inducing them to return, sadder and wiser men, to resume their duties, and so to enable me to triumph over these obstacles.

"June 23.—We commenced our work this morning, assisted by 150 Zinga natives, and by 10 A.M. had succeeded in drawing three canoes up the 200-foot steep to the level of the rocky point. The fourth canoe was the new *Livingstone*, which weighed about three tons. It was already 20 feet out of the water, and we were quite confident we should be able with 200 men to haul her up. But suddenly the rattan and *Ficus elastica* cables snapped, and with the rapidity of lightning the heavy boat darted down the steep slopes into the depths. The chief carpenter of the Expedition, who had superintended its construction, clung to it under the idea that his single strength was sufficient to stay its rapid downward descent, and he was dragged down into the river, and, unable to swim, scrambled into the canoe. Uledi sprang after the carpenter, as the men remembered that he could not swim, and, reaching the canoe, cried out to him to jump into the river and he would save him. 'Ah, my brother,' the unfortunate man replied, 'I cannot swim.' 'Jump, man, before it is too late! You are drifting towards the cataract!' 'I am afraid.' 'Well, then, good-bye, my brother; nothing can save you!' said Uledi as he swam ashore, reaching it only 50 feet above the cataract. A second more and the great canoe, with Salaam Allah in it, was swept down over the cataract, and was tossed up and down the huge waves until finally a whirlpool received it. I reckoned fifty-four during the time it was under water; then it rose high and straight out of the depths, the man still in it. Again it was sucked down, revolving as it disappeared, and in a few seconds was ejected a second time, the man still in it. A third time it was drawn in, and when it emerged again Salaam Allah had disappeared. The fleet-footed natives and the boat's crew had started overland to Mbelo Ferry, and shouted out the warning cries to the ferrymen, who were at once on the alert to save the canoe. After riding high on the crests of the waves of the Ingulufi Rapids, the *Livingstone* canoe entered the calmer waters of the crossing-place, and, in view of all gathered to witness the scene, wheeled round five times over the edge of a large whirlpool and disappeared for ever! It is supposed that she was swept against the submerged rocks beneath, and got jammed; for though there is a stretch of a mile of quiet water below the pool, nothing was seen of her up to sunset, five hours after the catastrophe. Two of the new canoes are thus lost, and another good man has perished. The Wangwana

take this fatal accident as another indication of the general doom impending over us. They think the night of woe approaching, and even now, as I write, by the camp-fires they are counting up the lost and dead. Poor people! Poor me!

"June 24.—We were five hours engaged in hauling the *Glasgow*, our longest canoe, up a hill 200 feet, with over two hundred men. Of the smaller canoes we ran up three. It has been my policy to excite the people, with whatever tends to keep them from brooding over our losses, with wine, drums, and music, which I purchase liberally, because, though apparently extravagant at such a period, it is really the most economical.



THE CHIEF CARPENTER CARRIED OVER ZINGA FALL.

"I hear of a place called Kakongo below, where the natives intend to fight me—for the glory of it, it seems, for so far reports have all been in our favour. No native has been injured by me wilfully, neither have I permitted injury to be done them from any of my people. Strong in my innocence, and assured that they shall have the first fire, it is a matter of unconcern. If we do not fear terrible Nature in this region, we certainly shall not step aside for the vaunts or threats of savages.

"June 25.—At dawn of day we were up and began to lower the boat and canoes into the basin below Zinga. By night, thank God, all our flotilla was

beyond the cataract. The Zingaeese say there are only the Ingulufi, Mbelo, and Ntombo Mataka Falls—three more falls!—and the last, I hope, will prove to be ‘Tuckey’s Cataract,’ with fair sailing down to the Yellala Falls; and then, with bowed heads, we will travel for the sea as only hungry men can travel.

“*June 26.*—I intrusted to Wadi Rehani and Kachéché the task of taking the goods overland to Mbelo Falls, while I passed the day at Zinga. A month ago we descended the Upper Mowa Falls; it is still in sight of me, being only three miles off. Three miles in thirty days, and four persons drowned even in this short distance!

“*June 27.*—Again I led the way this morning, round the Zinga basin, and approached the Ingulufi Rapids. We sought a channel between a few scattered boulders which stood close to shore and disparted the ever vexed river, and having examined the stream, and finding it to be mere rapids, without those fatal swirling vortices, dashed over the waves into the Mbelo basin. Reaching camp, which was at the top of a 300-foot cliff, we halted for a hermit’s lunch on bananas, and, wishing to inspire once more that spirit which was almost quenched by our late accidents, at 1 P.M. I descended the cliff again by means of ladders of rattan-cane, which for the last 30 feet enabled us to reach the water-line, and embarked. Cautiously we moved along—ten men to the cane-cables at bow and stern—and step by step, with a prudence born of perfect knowledge of its dangers, we approached the Mbelo Falls. It was almost another copy of the Lady Alice Rapids: the river was just as confined; rocky islets rose to the left of us; the cliffs towered upward, dwarfing us into mere minute atoms compared to the colossal height of cliffy front and tree-clad slopes, which ran steep from the cliffy verge to the level of the table-land. The river roared as loudly, the white-brown waves were as menacing, the massive rock-fragments hung toppling over their bases. As we neared a great rock looming in front of us in the water, we saw a channel between it and the shore; and while our eyes were fixed upon that narrow thread-like stream, with the dear hope that it would enable us to triumph over the difficulty of Mbelo, the faithless stern-cable parted, the river just then gave an uneasy heave, which snapped the bow-cable, and again were we borne, on the crests of the wild waves, into mid-channel; rocks, boulders, and cliffs flying past us with incredible rapidity. There were six men in the boat besides myself, and Uledi was at the helm, calm, cool, and confident. Our feelings are, however, different to those which filled us during a similar period of danger. There are certain voices whispering, ‘What will be, will be,’ ‘One cannot escape the inevitable,’ and such like, so that the sense of danger is somewhat blunted. Those lively fears which once oppressed us we know no more. Nerve and soul have alike been deadened by oft-seen woes, oft-felt strokes of misfortune. We have wept so often we can weep no more: we have suffered so much we cannot suffer more. Thus the ridgy waves

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which pelt us, and their rude strength and giant force, awe us not. The cliff-walls rising in solemn majesty up to the zenith, the dark shaggy lines of trees, the fury of waters, the stern rigidness of the stupendous heights, we reckon not of. 'What is to be, will be.' We are past the Mbelo Falls, and a stream, brown-black and menacing, enters the main river from behind the rock islets; we are whirled round twice by the eddying pool, precipitated into a dancing, seething, hissing cauldron, just as if the river was boiling over. A sharp angular edge of mountain cliff, as though of a fortress, is past, and away down stream we dart, racing amid noise and waves and foam, when the cold grey cliffs drop sheer down, and finally emerge in Nguru basin, borne on a slackened current; and it is then we sigh, and murmur 'Saved again!' With nothing of triumph, nothing of the flashing glitter of proud eyes, but subdued and grateful, we seek the sandy beach of Kilanga.

"Leaving four men at Kilanga in charge of the boat, I crossed the little brook that divided the district of Kilanga from Nguru, and proceeded to meet the terror-stricken multitude, who could scarcely believe their eyes when they saw me advancing towards them. I was like one risen from the dead to them. 'Yes, we shall reach the sea, please God!' said they. 'We see the hand of God, now. But you must not tempt the wicked river any more, master. We shall do it ourselves. Better far that we die than you. You shall not go to the river again until we are beyond the falls.' Poor dear souls, they made me forgive them all. How bitter had my thoughts been lately; but this genuine expression of love and devotion healed the sickened soul, and infused new vigour into it, until I felt again that old belief that success would finally reward us."

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The above, faithfully transcribed from my note-book, convey, more truly than any amount of after-written descriptions, the full sense of the miserable scenes we endured during that fatal month of June 1877. Four days after my last narrow escape we succeeded, by patience, great caution, and laborious toil, in escaping past the dread Mbelo and reaching Kilanga, happily without further accident, but not without incident; for amongst the lower rocks of Nguru basin, left high and dry by the subsiding river, we discovered the *Jason*, broken in half, the two portions being about fifty feet apart; and midway between them was the almost mummied body of Jumah, the guide, lying on its face, with its arms outstretched. This Jumah was one of the two drowned with Francis Pocock on the fatal 3rd of June, and while Uledi and his comrades were wondering what had become of the two Wangwana who had so suddenly sunk out of sight, and endeavouring to right the canoe as they drifted through the Pocock Basin, he must have been clinging to one of the cables beneath it.

The last day of our stay at Mbelo was marked by the death of the poor ram, which had accompanied us ever since we left the cheerless gloom of the Uregga forests, by a fall from the cliffs.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

**Final warnings against theft—Humiliating a protectionist—Kindly tribes—Five of the Expedition abandoned to slavery for theft—Safeni goes mad from joy—Goaded to crime—Ali Kiboga's adventures—The cataract of Isangila—Only five marches from white faces!—Staunch to the death—Rum—My appeal to Embomma—The forlorn hope—The "powerful man" insults us—Struggling on—"We are saved, thank God!"—"Enough now; fall to"—My letter of thanks—Approaching civilization—Amongst whites—Boma—The Atlantic Ocean.**

STRONGLY impressed with the knowledge that nothing but a persevering, persistent, even impetuous advance towards the sea could now save us from the pangs of famine, we only halted two days at Kilanga. Therefore on the 6th July the goods were transported to a distance of two miles to Kinzoré, beyond the district Suki, or "Hair." Having ascertained that no rapids of a dangerous nature, during the quick recession of the flood, troubled the narrow and tortuous gap, Uledi was directed to lead the canoes past Kinzoré and camp to Mpakambendi, which enabled us to move forward next morning to join them without delay or accident.

Mpakambendi terminates the narrow, walled chasm which we had followed since leaving the Kalulu Falls, and in which we had spent 117 days—that is, from 29th March to 6th July. The distance from Mpakambendi to Ntamo along the course of the river is only 95 geographical miles, and we were 131 days effecting this journey! At Mpakambendi the defile through which the river rushes opens to a greater width, and the mountains slope away from it with a more rounded contour, and only at intervals do they drop down abrupt in cliffs. Consequently the river expands, and, being less tortured by bouldery projections and cliffy narrows, assumes somewhat of a milder aspect. This is due to the change in the character of the rocks. Above, we had horizontally stratified gneiss and sandstone with an irregular coping of granite masses, and here and there a protrusion of the darker trappean rocks. Below Mpakambendi, the river is disturbed by many protruded ledges of the softer greenish shales, which have been so pounded and battered by the river that we have merely rapids without whirlpools and leaping waves to interrupt our descent. Every other mile or so of the river shows symptoms of interruption, and its surface is here marked by thin lines of low waves, and there by foamy stretches.

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From Mpakambendi to the rounded mount-shoulder on which Nsenga is situate stretches about a mile and a half of calm river, deep and majestic, and a long strip of land along the right side affords admirable camping-places or sites for fishing-stations.

The Wangwana still persisted in robbing the natives. Two were here apprehended by them for stealing the fowls and maltreating the women, and of course I had either to redeem them or leave them in the hands of those whom they had injured. We consented to redeem them, and paid so largely that it left us nearly beggared and bankrupt. Again a warning was given to them that such a course must end in my abandoning them to their fate, for they must never expect me to use force to release them from the hands of the natives, or to adopt any retaliatory measures on behalf of thieves.

Two poor souls succumbed to life's trials and weariness here—one of them from mortification supervening on ulcers; the other of chronic dysentery. This latter disease worried many of the people, and scant and poor food had reduced us all to hideous bony frames.

The Western Babwendé, from Mpakambendi to the lands of the Basundi are wilder in appearance than those farther east, and many adopt the mop head, and bore the lobes of their ears, like the Wasagara and Wagogo on the east side of the continent. Some Bakongo and Bazombo natives of Congo and Zombo were seen here as they were about to set off east for a short trading trip. It appeared to me on regarding their large eyes and russet-brown complexions that they were results of miscegenation, probably descendants of the old Portuguese and aborigines; at least, such was my impression, but if it is an erroneous one, the Bakongo and Bazombo are worthy of particular study for their good looks and clear brown complexions. They are of lower stature than the negro Babwendé, Basessé, and Bateké.

They did not seem to relish the idea of a white Mundelé in a country which had hitherto been their market, and they shook their heads most solemnly, saying that the country was about to be ruined, and that they had never known a country but was injured by the presence of a white man. Poor aboriginal conservatives! But where is the white or the black, the yellow or the red man who does not think himself happier with his old customs than with new? The history of mankind proves how strong is the repugnance to innovations. I quenched an old growler who was rapidly beginning to win sympathizers among my Babwendé friends by asking him in their presence where he obtained his gun.

"From the Mputu" (coast), said he.

"Where did you obtain that fine cloth you wear?"

"From the Mputu."

"And those beads, which certainly make you look handsome?"

He smiled. "From the Mputu."

"And that fine brass wire by which you have succeeded in showing the beauty of your clear brown skin?"

He was still more delighted. "From the Mputu; we get everything from the Mputu."

"And wine too?"

"Yes."

"And rum?"

"Yes."

"Have the white men been kind to you?"

"Ah, yes."

"Now," said I, turning to my Babwendé friends, "you see this man has been made happy with a gun, and cloth, and beads, wire, wine, and rum, and he says the white men treat him well. Why should not the Babwendé be happier by knowing the white men? Do you know why he talks so? He wants to sell those fine things to the Babwendé himself, for about double what he paid for them. Don't you see? You are wise men."

The absurd aboriginal protectionist and conservative lost his influence immediately, and it appeared as though the Babwendé would start a caravan instantly for the coast. But the immediate result of my commercial talk with them was an invitation to join them in consuming a great gourdful of fresh palm-wine.

On the 10th of July we embarked the goods, and descended two miles below Mpakambendi, and reached the foot of the Nsenga Mount. The next day we descended in like manner two miles to the lofty mountain bluff of Nsoroka, being frequently interrupted by the jagged shaly dykes which rose here and there above the stream, and caused rapids.

Two miles below Nsoroka we came to Lukalu, which is a point projecting from the right bank just above the Mansau Falls and Matunda Rapids, which we passed by a side-stream without danger on the 13th. Between Matunda Rapids and Mansau Falls, we were abreast of Kakongo, that warlike district of which we had heard. But though they crossed the river in great numbers, the men of Kakongo became fast friends with us, and I was so successful with them that five men volunteered to accompany me as far as the "Njali Ntombo Mataka Falls," of which we had heard as being absolutely the "last fall." "Tuckey's Cataract," no doubt, I thought, for it was surely time that, if there was such a fall, it ought to be seen.

Below Matunda Falls, in the district of Ngoyo, are a still more amiable people than the Upper Babwendé, who share the prevalent taste for boring their ears and noses. We held a grand market at Ngoyo, at which bananas, pine-apples, guavas, limes, onions, fish, cassava bread, ground-nuts, palm-butter, earthenware pots, baskets, and nets, were exchanged for cloth, beads, wire, guns, powder, and crockery.

On the 16th, accompanied by our volunteer guides, we embarked all hands,

and raced down the rapid river a distance of three miles to the great cataract, which on the right side is called Ntombo Mataka, and on the left Ngombi Falls, or Njali Ngombi. On the right side the fall is about 15 feet, over terraces of lava and igneous rocks; on the left it is a swift rush, as at Mowa, Ntamo, Zinga, Inkisi, with a succession of leaping waves below it.

There was a large concourse of natives present, and all were exceedingly well-behaved and gentle. Three chiefs, after we had camped, advanced and offered their services, which were at once engaged, and the next morning 409 natives conveyed the canoes and boat below the fall in admirable style, though one small canoe was wrecked. They expressed as much concern about the accident as though they had been the authors of it, but I paid them even more liberally than I had contracted for, and the utmost good-feeling prevailed. Indeed, the chiefs were so grateful that they offered to take the canoes themselves a distance of three miles to the sand-beaches on the right bank opposite Kinzalé Kigwala—and the offer was gladly accepted.

The Ntombo Mataka people I regarded as the politest people I had encountered in Africa, and they certainly distinguished themselves by a nobility of character that was as rare as it was agreeable.

Arrived at the beautiful camping-place below the falls, I proceeded in a canoe to a cluster of low rocky islets, to view the cataract which we had so agreeably and pleasantly passed, and it struck me at the time that this was the great cataract described by Tuckey as being above that "Farthest" which has been printed on so many charts. The cataract has a formidable appearance from the centre of the river as one looks upward, and during the rainy season the whole of the rocky dyke is covered with water, which would then give a direct fall of 20 feet. The natives of Ntombo Mataka were not aware of any more obstructions below of any importance. About five miles north-north-east of this point is the large and popular market-place of Manyanga, where the natives of Ngoyo, Kakongo, Ntombo Mataka, Ngombi, Ilemba, Kingoma, Kilanga, Kinzoré, Suki, Nguru, Mbelo, Zinga, Mowa, and Nzabi, up river, meet the natives of Ndunga, Mbu, Bakongo, and Bassessé.

On 19th of July we cautiously descended three miles to Mpangu, on the right bank. From the slope of the table-land there is projected a line of lower hills, tawny with sere and seeding grass, and gently sloping sides, smooth shores marked by extensive lengths of sandbanks, and here and there on the lower levels a cassava garden. But though the river is much wider, the rapids are frequent, rocky projections from the schistose rocks on the right breaking the river's surface, while along the centre sweeps the mighty stream fiercely and hoarsely.

The schistose dykes which thus interrupt the river are from a few hundred yards to a mile apart, and between them, in the intermediate spaces, lie calm basins. Nor is the left bank free from them, though all the force of the river has been for ages mainly directed against it.

We descended on the 20th to Mata river, on both sides of which the natives were sulky, and disposed to resent our approach, but no outbreak occurred to mar our peaceful progress to the sea. They would not, however, part with food except at extravagant prices. They are devoted to whitebait or minnow-catching, which they dry on the rocks for sale in the markets, and here, all day long, we found them, crouched behind the shelter of large rocky fragments with their enormous hand-nets resting close by them, whistling to the minnows. As soon as the shoal advanced about them, they swam out in a body forming line with their nets laid diagonally across in front of them to meet the shoal; and then, returning to the shore, would empty their "finds" on a large slab-like rock, amid boasts, and jests, and rude excitement. At the same time the canoes would be employed skirmishing in the deeper portions, and the crews with the handle of their hand-nets laid under their legs, paddling up and down with long silent strokes, would thus secure large hauls.

By a daring rush down river we passed the rapids of Ungufu-inchi, and, proceeding six miles along low sandy shores, and alluvial folds between low hills, we came to the rapids between Kilemba and Rubata, and were halted abreast of the Rubata Cauldron, near the village of Kibonda, which occupies the summit of a bluff opposite Elwala river on the left bank.

The natives here are given up to the cultivation of ground-nuts and cassava, and minnow-catching. Food was therefore so scarce, and so unsuitable for the preservation of working men's strength, that our sick-list was alarmingly increased. The Basundi are a most wretched, suspicious, and degraded race, quarrelsome, and intensely disposed to be affronted. I was unable to purchase anything more than a few ground-nuts, because it involved such serious controversy and chaffer as sickened the hungry stomach. The Wangwana were surprised, after their recent experiences, to meet people more extortionate than any they had yet seen, and who abated nothing of the high demands they made. One of them, unable to obtain food, proceeded to the cassava gardens and coolly began to dig up a large stock of tubers, and when warned off behaved very violently. The natives, indisposed to brook this, closed round him, and, binding him hand and foot, carried him to their village.

On hearing of it I despatched men to ascertain the truth, and they brought the chief and some of his elders to camp to obtain the price of his freedom. Unfortunately the price was so large—being four times the total value of all our store—that, despite all our attempts to induce them to lower their demands, we saw that the captive was doomed. One of my chiefs suggested that we should lay hands on the chief of Kibonda, and retain him until Hamadi, the captive, was released; but this suggestion I positively refused to entertain for one moment. We were too poor to buy his freedom, and it would have been an injustice to employ violence. He was therefore left in captivity.

I hoped this would have stopped the Wangwana from venturing to appropriate the property of such determined aborigines; but on the 24th, after descending  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles to Kalubu, another man was arrested for theft of fowls and cloth. The case was submitted to the captains and members of the Expedition, and it was explained to them, that if the man's liberty could be purchased, half of the goods were at their disposal; but that if they determined to fight for his release, they must give me warning, so that I might move down river with those who preferred to be guided by me. The captains unanimously condemned him to captivity, and their decision was gravely delivered in presence of all.

Just above Kalubu, on the right side of the river, a lofty reddish cliff stands, which, upon examination, presents many traces of igneous eruptions. From the elbow below it are visible the remains of an old cataract, and lava is so abundant that it gives quite a volcanic appearance to the scene. A lofty ridge south of Kalubu strikes towards the north-north-east, and formed a notable feature as we descended from Mata river.

Four miles farther down brought us, on the 25th, to a little cove above Itunzima Falls, where was another furious display of the river, and a most dangerous cataract. Crossing over to the left bank, we succeeded next day in passing it, after a laborious toil of eight hours, and camped in a beautiful bend below.

At this camp we first met natives who were acquainted with the name Yellala, but they informed us that there were several great rapids below Itunzima, upon which I finally abandoned the search for "Tuckey's Cataract," and instead of it strove to ascertain if any were acquainted with the name of "Sangalla." None of them had ever heard of it; but they knew "Isangila," which we were informed was about five days' journey by water; but that no native journeyed by river, it being too dangerous.

The Wangwana, weakened by scant fare and suffering from pining vitals, were intensely affected when I announced to them that we were not far from the sea. Indeed one poor fellow—distinguished in the first volume as the coxswain of the *Lady Alice* during the adventurous circumnavigation of Lake Victoria—was so intoxicated with joy that he became outrageous in his behaviour. Still I did not suspect that this was madness, and when he advanced to me and embraced my feet, saying, "Ah, master! El hamd ul Illah! We have reached the sea! We are home! we are home! We shall no more be tormented by empty stomachs and accursed savages! I am about to run all the way to the sea, to tell your brothers you are coming!" the idea of his lunacy was far from my mind. I attributed his tears and wildness simply to excess of emotion and nervous excitement. I replied to him soothingly; but he seizing his parrot and placing it on his shoulder, plunged into the woods. After a few seconds' reflection, it occurred to me that the man was a lunatic, and I sent three men instantly to bring him back,

and to recover him by force if necessary; but after four hours' search they returned unsuccessful, and I never saw the sage Safeni more. We probably might have been able to recover him after several days' search; but valuable as he had been, and dear as he was, death by starvation threatened us all, and we were compelled to haste—haste away from the baleful region to kinder lands.

On the 26th of July I obtained by observation south latitude  $5^{\circ} 9'$ .

From the bend below Itunzima Falls we had a straight stretch of four miles, on a river which recalled to our minds reminiscences of the quiet-flowing stream below Chumbiri. Clinging to the left, we had a glorious grey sand-bank, backed by growths of wild olive and a narrow belt of forest trees, in which the tracks of game were numerous. The right bank was similar, and dome-like hills rose conspicuous in a deep fold of the retreating table-land.

We reached at the end of this course, on the left bank, a small quiet river, 30 yards wide at the mouth, entering the Livingstone between steep alluvial banks about 20 feet high. The table-land had approached the river again, and formed a high point opposite the place where the little river debouched, and, directly below it, roared and thundered another cataract. A large island rose, high, rocky, and steep, from the centre. To the right it was utterly impassable; but after examining the rapids on the left, and discovering that the main force of the stream was on the other side, we raced down the waters with all hands on board without accident.

On the 28th we began our journey early, and discovered that the river was still much obstructed, rapids roaring at every short distance, and requiring caution and vigilance. By noon however we had passed four series without trouble. Above the islet line above Kilolo I found we had reached south latitude  $5^{\circ} 19'$ .

There are but few natures among my own race, either in Europe or America, who would not feel a curious pleasure in, and envy me the opportunity of, exploring the beautiful and endless solitudes of this region, were they but certain that they would be sustained the while by nourishing food, and be secure from fatal harm. For in all civilized countries that I have travelled in, I have observed how very large a number of people indulge this penchant for travel in such unfrequented corners and nooks of wild woodland, glen, or heath as present themselves near home. I myself was conscious that the table-land on both sides of the Livingstone, with its lofty ridges, which ran away north or south to some complicated watershed, enclosing, no doubt, some awesome glens and solemn ravines, or from whose tops I might gaze upon a world of wild beauty never seen before, presented to me opportunities of exploring such as few had ever possessed: but, alas! all things were adverse to such pleasure; we were, to use a Miltonian phrase, subject to the "hateful siege of contraries." The freshness and ardour of feeling with which I had set out from the Indian Ocean had, by this time, been quite worn away.



Fevers had sapped the frame; over-much trouble had strained the spirit; hunger had debilitated the body, anxiety preyed upon the mind. My people were groaning aloud; their sunken eyes and unfleshed bodies were a living reproach to me; their vigour was now gone, though their fidelity was unquestionable; their knees were bent with weakness, and their backs were no longer rigid with the vigour of youth, and life, and strength, and fire of devotion. Hollow-eyed, sallow, and gaunt, unspeakably miserable in aspect, we yielded at length to imperious nature, and had but one thought only—to trudge on for one look more at the blue ocean.

Rounding, after a long stretch of tolerably calm water, a picturesque point, we view another long reach, and half-way on the left bank we camp. Maddened by sharp pangs of hunger, the people soon scatter about the district of Kilolo. What occurs I know not. Likely enough the wretched creatures, tormented by the insufferable insolence of the aborigines, and goaded by a gnawing emptiness, assisted themselves with the wanton recklessness of necessity, and appropriated food unpaid for. While I am seated among a crowd from the right bank, who have come across the river to elate me with stories of white men whom they have seen by the sea, and from whom I learn the news that there are whites like myself at Embomma, I hear shots on the cultivated uplands; and though I pretend to take no interest in them, yet a bitter, restless instinct informs me that those shots have reference to myself; and presently the people return, some with streaming wounds from oxide of copper pellets and iron fragments which have been fired at them. Uledi comes also, bearing a mere skeleton on his back, whom, with his usual daring, he has rescued from the power of the men who would shortly have made a prisoner of him; and he and the rest have all a horrible tale to tell. "Several men have been captured by the natives for stealing cassava and beans."

"Why did you do it?"

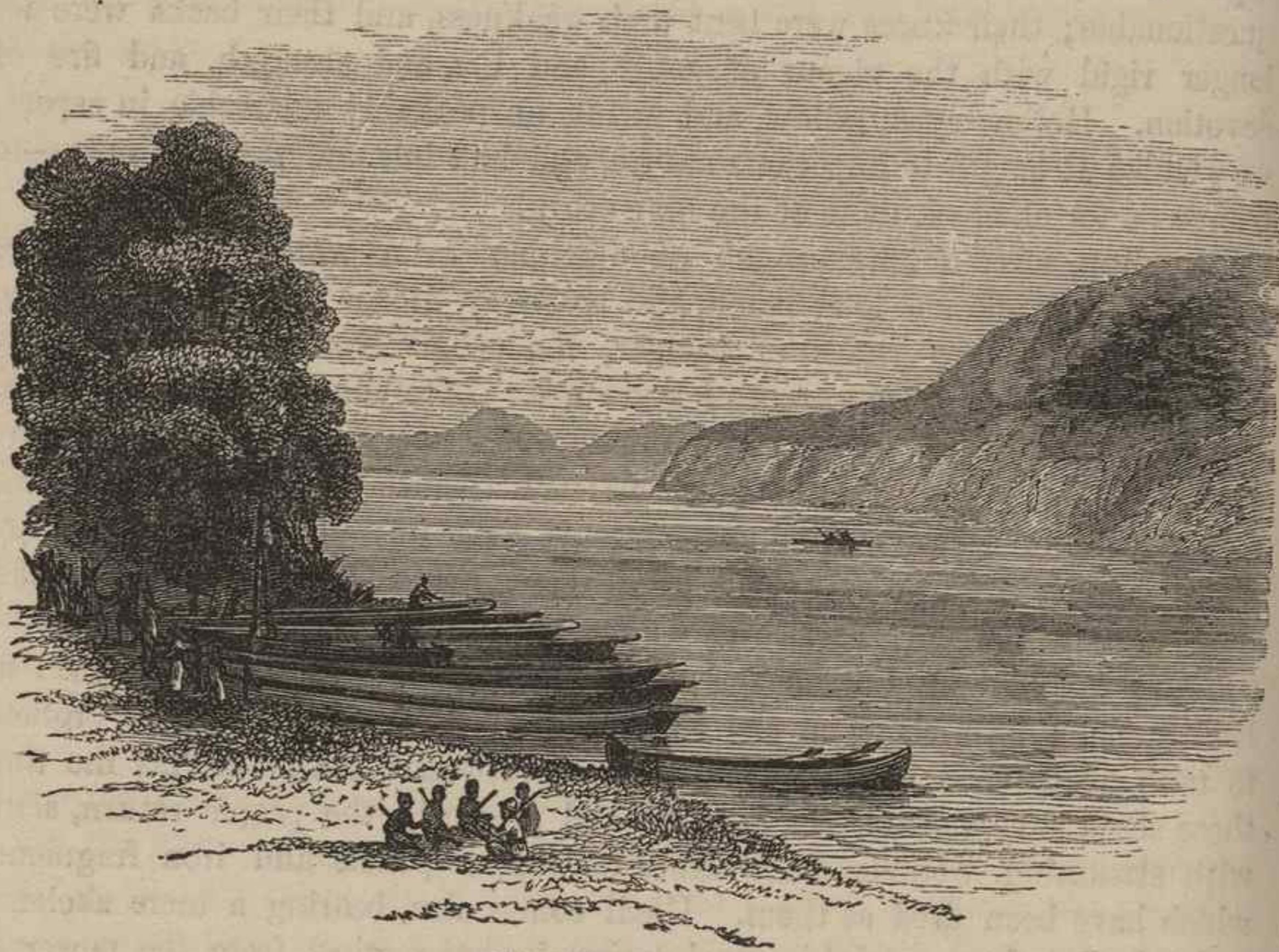
"We could not help it," said one. "Master, we are dying of hunger. We left our beads and moneys—all we had—on the ground, and began to eat, and they began shooting."

In a very short time, while they are yet speaking, a large force of natives appears, lusty with life and hearty fare, and, being angered, dare us, with loaded guns, to fight them. A few of the men and chiefs hasten to their guns, and propose to assume the defensive, but I restrain them, and send my native friends from the right bank to talk to them; and, after two hours' patient entreaties, they relax their vindictiveness and retire.

When I muster the people next morning, that we may cross the river to Nsuki Kintomba, I discover that six men have been wounded, and three, Ali Kiboga,\* Matagera, and Saburi Rehani, have been detained by the

\* Some two or three months after we had left Loanda, Ali Kiboga escaped from his captivity, and after a desperate journey, during which he must have gone

infuriated villagers. It would have been merely half an hour's quick work, not only to have released the three captives, but to have obtained such an abundance of food as to have saved us much subsequent misery, but such an act would have been quite contrary to the principles which had governed



CAMP AT KILOLO.

and guided the Expedition in its travels from the eastern sea. Protection was only to be given against a wanton assault on the camp and its occupants;

through marvellous adventures, succeeded in reaching Boma, whence he was sent to Kabinda, thence by the Portuguese gunboat *Tamega* to San Paulo de Loanda. After a short stay at Loanda, the United States corvette *Essex*, Captain Schley, took him to Saint Helena, and thence, through the kindness of the captain of one of Donald Currie's Cape Line steamers, he was carried gratuitously to Cape Town. Again the Samaritan act of assisting the needy and distressed stranger was performed by the agent of the Union Steamship Company's line, who placed him on board the *Kaffir*, which was bound for Zanzibar. It is well known that soon after leaving Table Bay the *Kaffir* was wrecked. From the *Cape Times*, February 19, 1878, I clip the following, in spite of its compliment to myself: "On the bow were some natives of Zanzibar. Among them was the man who had gone through Africa with Stanley. This man was supposed to have been drowned with four others. But early in the morning he was found very snugly lying under a tent made of a blanket, with a roaring fire before him. Of all the wrecked people that night there was no one who had been more comfortable than Stanley's Arab. The power of resource and the genius of the master had evidently been imparted in some degree to the man."

arms were only to be employed to resist savagery; and though, upon considering the circumstances, few could blame the hungry people from appropriating food, yet we had but sympathy to give them in their distress. Sad and sorrowful, we turned away from them, abandoning them to their dismal fate.

The river between Kilolo and Nsuki Kintomba was about fourteen hundred yards wide, and both banks were characterized by calm little bays, formed by projected reefs of schistose rock. Just above Nsuki Kintomba a range of mountains runs north-west from some lofty conical hills which front the stream. Below a pretty cove, overhung by a white chalky cliff, in the centre of which there stood a tree-covered islet, we occupied a camp near a high and broad tract of pure white sand.

The inhabitants of the settlement on the right side were unfriendly and they had little, save ground-nuts and cassava, to sell. Whether embittered by the sterility of their country, or suffering from some wrongs perpetrated by tribes near Boma, they did not regard our advent to their country with kindly eyes by any means. Indeed, since leaving Ntombo Mataka we had observed a growing degradation of the aborigines, who were vastly inferior in manners and physical type to the Babwendé. They talked "largely," but we had been accustomed to that, and our sense of self-respect had long ago become deadened. We obtained a little food—a supply of ground-nuts and bitter cassava; otherwise we must have died.

On the 30th of July we continued our journey along the right bank. We first passed several serrated schistose reefs; and behind these we saw a deep creek-like cove—no doubt the Covinda Cove of Tuckey.

Observing at Rock Bluffs Point that the river was ruffled by rocks, we struck again to the left bank, and, following the grove-clad bend, we saw a fine reach of river extending north-west by north, with a breadth of about eighteen hundred yards. Again we crossed the river to the right bank, and a mile from Rock Bluffs Point came to some rapids which extended across the river. We passed these easily, however, and continued on our journey under the shelter of brown stone bluffs, from fifty to eighty feet high. On the left side of the river I observed a line of rock-islets close to the shore. At the end of this long reach was a deep bend in the right bank, through which a lazy creek oozed slowly into the Livingstone. From this bend the great river ran south-south-west, and the roar of a great cataract two miles below became fearfully audible, and up from it light clouds of mist, and now and then spray showers, were thrown high into view. Towering above it, on the left, was the precipitous shoulder of a mountain ridge, the summit of which appeared crescent-shaped as we approached it from above. Picking our way towards it cautiously, close to projected reefy points, behind which are the entrances to the recesses in the mountainous bank already described, we arrived within fifty yards of the cataract of Isangila, or Tuckey's "Second Sangalla."

We drew our boat and canoes into a sandy-edged basin in the low rocky terrace, and proceeded to view the cataract of Isangila. On the left rises the precipitous shoulder of a mountain ridge, the highest summit of which may be 900 feet. On the right a naked and low rocky terrace is projected from a grassy and gently sloping shelf a mile deep, above which the table-land rises 1200 feet with steep slopes. The rocky terrace appears to be covered by the river in the flood season, but at this period it is contracted to a width of 500 yards. The fall is in the shape of a crescent, along which arise at intervals rocky protuberances of an iron-rust colour, seven in number, one of which, near the middle of the stream, is large enough to be called an islet, being probably a hundred yards in length. Near the right side there is a clear drop of 10 feet, and close below it another drop of 8 feet; on the left side the river hurls itself against the base of the cliff, and then swerves abruptly aside to a south-west-by-south direction; it bounds down the steep descent in a succession of high leaping billows, along a wild tempestuous stretch of a mile and a half in length, disparted in its course by a lofty island, below which it sweeps round into an ample sand-lined basin on the left bank, south of the cataract. To study the nature of the ground I proceeded to a point opposite this basin, and observed the river continue in a westerly course (magnetic). There are abundant traces of lava in the neighbourhood of this cataract, and the cliffs opposite have the appearance of rock subjected to the influence of a fierce fire.

After about two hours' stay here, the inhabitants of Mwato Zingé, Mwato Wandu, and Mbinda visited us, and we soon became on terms of sociable and friendly intercourse with them, but, unfortunately, they possessed nothing but ground-nuts, bitter cassava, and a few bananas. A couple of goats were purchased at a ruinous price; a handful of ground-nuts cost a necklace of beads, while cowries were worthless. Rum, gunpowder, and guns would have purchased ample supplies; but such things required a railway for transportation, and our own guns we could not part with. One chief from the left bank above the cataract came over with his little boy, a pure albino, with blue eyes, curly white hair, and a red skin, of whom he appeared to be very proud, as he said he was also a little Mundelé. The old chief's hands were bleached in the palms, and in various parts of the body, proving the origin of the peculiar disease.

We received the good news that Embomma was only five days' journey, rated thus:—

From Isangila to Inga	1 day.
„ Inga „ Boondi	„
„ Boondi „ Ntabo	„
„ Ntabo „ Bibbi	„
„ Bibbi „ Embomma	„

We heard also that there were three great cataracts below Isangila, and

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"any number" of intermediate "Mputu-putu-putu" rapids. The cataracts were Nsongo Yellala, a larger one than either Isangila, Yellala, or Ngufu.

There was not the slightest doubt in my mind that the Isangila cataract was the second Sangalla of Captain Tuckey and Professor Smith, and that the Sanga Yellala of Tuckey and the Sanga Jelalla of Smith was the Nsongo Yellala, though I could not induce the natives to pronounce the words as the members of the unfortunate Congo Expedition of 1816 spelled them.\*

As the object of the journey had now been attained, and the great river of Livingstone had been connected with the Congo of Tuckey, I saw no reason to follow it farther, or to expend the little remaining vitality we possessed in toiling through the last four cataracts.

I announced, therefore, to the gallant but wearied Wangwana that we should abandon the river and strike overland for Embomma. The delight of the people manifested itself in loud and fervid exclamations of gratitude to Allah! Quadruple ration-money was also distributed to each man, woman, and child; but owing to the excessive poverty of the country, and the keen trading instincts and avaricious spirit of the aborigines, little benefit did the long-enduring, famine-stricken Wangwana derive from my liberality.

Fancy knick-knacks, iron spears, knives, axes, copper, brass wire, were then distributed to them, and I emptied the medicine out of thirty vials, and my private clothes-bags, blankets, waterproofs, every available article of property that might be dispensed with, were also given away, without distinction of rank or merit, to invest in whatever eatables they could procure. The 31st of July was consequently a busy day, devoted to bartering, but few Wangwana were able to boast at evening that they had obtained a tithe of the value of the articles they had sold, and the character of the food actually purchased was altogether unfit for people in such poor condition of body.

At sunset we lifted the brave boat, after her adventurous journey across Africa, and carried her to the summit of some rocks about five hundred yards north of the fall, to be abandoned to her fate. Three years before, Messenger

\* I ascertained, upon studying carefully the accounts of the Congo Expedition of 1816, that Professor Smith's account in many respects is much more reliable than Captain Tuckey's. Professor Smith gives the river above Isangila a general width of about one English mile, which is quite correct, and at a place which the officers reached on the 8th September, 1816, he estimates the width to be about half a Danish mile, which Captain Tuckey has unaccountably extended to about four or five English miles, that is to say, from 6640 to 8800 yards! Captain Tuckey, according to Stanford's Library Map of 1874, places the second Sangalla by dead reckoning in east longitude  $14^{\circ} 36'$ , south latitude  $4^{\circ} 59'$ , which is very far from being its position. On July 28, 1877, I obtained south latitude  $5^{\circ} 19'$  by observation. Captain Tuckey is, however, more reliable in his orthography than the botanist of his Expedition. Both gentlemen have unaccountably passed the largest fall, viz. Nsongo Yellala, with but a mere word of mention.

of Teddington had commenced her construction; two years previous to this date she was coasting the bluffs of Uzongora on Lake Victoria; twelve months later she was completing her last twenty miles of the circumnavigation of Lake Tanganika, and on the 31st of July, 1877, after a journey of nearly 7000 miles up and down broad Africa, she was consigned to her resting-place above the Isangila Cataract, to bleach and to rot to dust!

\* \* \* \* \*

A wayworn, feeble, and suffering column were we when, on the 1st of August, we filed across the rocky terrace of Isangila and sloping plain, and strode up the ascent to the table-land. Nearly forty men filled the sick list with dysentery, ulcers, and scurvy, and the victims of the latter disease were steadily increasing. Yet withal I smiled proudly when I saw the brave hearts cheerily respond to my encouraging cries. A few, however, would not believe that within five or six days they should see Europeans. They disdained to be considered so credulous, but at the same time they granted that the "master" was quite right to encourage his people with promises of speedy relief.

So we surmounted the table-land, but we could not bribe the wretched natives to guide us to the next village. "Mirambo," the riding-ass, managed to reach half-way up the table-land, but he also was too far exhausted through the miserable attenuation which the poor grass of the western region had wrought in his frame to struggle further. We could only pat him on the neck and say, "Good-bye, old boy; farewell, old hero! A bad world this for you and for us. We must part at last." The poor animal appeared to know that we were leaving him, for he neighed after us—a sickly, quavering neigh, that betrayed his excessive weakness. When we last turned to look at him he was lying on the path, but looking up the hill with pointed ears, as though he were wondering why he was left alone, and whither his human friends and companions by flood and field were wandering.

After charging the chief of Mbinda to feed him with cassava leaves and good grass from his fields, I led the caravan over the serried levels of the lofty upland.

At the end of this district, about a mile from Mwato Wandu, we appeared before a village whose inhabitants permitted us to pass on for a little distance, when they suddenly called out to us with expostulatory tones at an almost shrieking pitch. The old chief, followed by about fifty men, about forty of whom carried guns, hurried up to me and sat down 'n the road.

In a composed and consequential tone he asked, "Know you I am the king of this country?"

I answered mildly, "I knew it not, my brother."

"I am the king, and how can you pass through my country without paying me?"

"Speak, my friend; what is it the Mundelé can give you?"

"Rum. I want a big bottle of rum, and then you can pass on."

"Rum?"

"Yes, rum, for I am the king of this country!"

"Rum!" I replied wonderingly.

"Rum; rum is good. I love rum," he said, with a villainous leer.

Uledi, coming forward, impetuously asked, "What does this old man want, master?"

"He wants rum, Uledi. Think of it!"

"There's rum for him," he said, irreverently slapping his Majesty over the face, who, as the stool was not very firm, fell over prostrate. Naturally this was an affront, and I reprovéd Uledi for it. Yet it seemed that he had extricated us from a difficult position by his audacity, for the old chief and his people hurried off to their village, where there was great excitement and perturbation, but we could not stay to see the end.

Ever and anon, as we rose above the ridged swells, we caught the glimpse of the wild river on whose bosom we had so long floated. Still white and foaming, it rushed on impetuously seaward through the sombre defile. Then we descended into a deep ravine, and presently, with uneasy throbbing hearts, we breasted a steep slope rough with rock, and from its summit we looked abroad over a heaving, desolate, and ungrateful land. The grass was tall and ripe, and waved and rustled mournfully before the upland breezes. Soon the road declined into a valley, and we were hid in a deep fold, round which rose the upland, here to the west shagged with a thin forest, to the north with ghastly sere grass, out of which rose a few rocks, grey and sad. On our left was furze, with scrub. At the bottom of this, sad and desolate, ran a bright crystal clear brook. Up again to the summit we strove to gain the crest of a ridge, and then, down once more the tedious road wound in crooked curves to the depth of another ravine, on the opposite side of which rose sharply and steeply, to the wearying height of 1200 feet, the range called Yangi-Yangi. At 11 A.M. we in the van had gained the lofty summit, and fifteen minutes afterwards we descried a settlement and its cluster of palms. An hour afterwards we were camped on a bit of level plateau to the south of the villages of Ndambi Mbongo.

The chiefs appeared, dressed in scarlet military coats of a past epoch. We asked for food for beads. "Cannot." "For wire?" "We don't want wire!" "For cowries?" "Are we bushmen?" "For cloth?" "You must wait three days for a market! If you have got rum you can have plenty!!" Rum! Heavens! Over two years and eight months ago we departed from the shores of the Eastern Ocean, and they ask us for rum!

Yet they were not insolent, but unfeeling; they were not rude, but steely selfish. We conversed with them sociably enough, and obtained encouragement. A strong healthy man would reach Embomma in three days. Three

days! Only three days off from food—from comforts—luxuries even! Ah me!

The next day, when morning was greying, we lifted our weakened limbs for another march. And such a march!—the path all thickly strewn with splinters of suet-coloured quartz, which increased the fatigue and pain. The old men and the three mothers, with their young infants born at the cataracts of Massassa and Zinga, and another near the market town of Manyanga, in the month of June, suffered greatly. Then might be seen that affection for one another which appealed to my sympathies, and endeared them to me still more. Two of the younger men assisted each of the old, and the husbands and fathers lifted their infants on their shoulders and tenderly led their wives along.

Up and down the desolate and sad land wound the poor, hungry caravan. Bleached whiteness of ripest grass, grey rock-piles here and there, looming up solemn and sad in their greyness, a thin grove of trees now and then visible on the heights and in the hollows—such were the scenes that with every uplift of a ridge or rising crest of a hill met our hungry eyes. Eight miles our strength enabled us to make, and then we camped in the middle of an uninhabited valley, where we were supplied with water from the pools which we discovered in the course of a dried-up stream.

Our march on the third day was a continuation of the scenes of the day preceding until about ten o'clock, when we arrived at the summit of a grassy and scrub-covered ridge, which we followed until three in the afternoon. The van then appeared before the miserable settlement of Nsanda, or, as it is sometimes called, Banza (town) N'sanda N'sanga. Marching through the one street of the first village in melancholy and silent procession, voiceless as sphinxes, we felt our way down into a deep gully, and crawled up again to the level of the village site, and camped about two hundred yards away. It was night before all had arrived.

After we had erected our huts and lifted the tent into its usual place, the chief of Nsanda appeared, a youngish, slightly made man, much given to singing, being normally drunk from an excess of palm-wine. He was kindly, sociable—laughed, giggled, and was amusing. Of course he knew Embomma, had frequently visited there, and carried thither large quantities of *Nguba* ground-nuts, which he had sold for rum. We listened, as in duty bound, with a melancholy interest. Then I suddenly asked him if he would carry a *makanda*, or letter, to Embomma, and allow three of my men to accompany him. He was too great to proceed himself, but he would despatch two of his young men the next day. His consent I obtained only after four hours of earnest entreaty. It was finally decided that I should write a letter, and the two young natives would be ready next day. After my dinner—three fried bananas, twenty roasted ground-nuts, and a cup of muddy water, my



usual fare now—by a lamp made out of a piece of rotten sheeting steeped in a little palm-butter I wrote the following letter:—

“Village of Nsanda, August 4, 1877.

“*To any Gentleman who speaks English at Embomma.*

“DEAR SIR,

“I have arrived at this place from Zanzibar with 115 souls, men, women and children. We are now in a state of imminent starvation. We can buy nothing from the natives, for they laugh at our kinds of cloth, beads, and wire. There are no provisions in the country that may be purchased, except on market days, and starving people cannot afford to wait for these markets. I, therefore, have made bold to despatch three of my young men, natives of Zanzibar, with a boy named Robert Feruzi, of the English Mission at Zanzibar, with this letter craving relief from you. I do not know you; but I am told there is an Englishman at Embomma, and as you are a Christian and a gentleman, I beg you not to disregard my request. The boy Robert will be better able to describe our lone condition than I can tell you in this letter. We are in a state of the greatest distress; but if your supplies arrive in time, I may be able to reach Embomma within four days. I want three hundred cloths, each four yards long, of such quality as you trade with, which is very different from that we have; but better than all would be ten or fifteen man-loads of rice or grain to fill their pinched bellies immediately, as even with the cloths it would require time to purchase food, and starving people cannot wait. The supplies must arrive within two days, or I may have a fearful time of it among the dying. Of course I hold myself responsible for any expense you may incur in this business. What is wanted is immediate relief; and I pray you to use your utmost energies to forward it at once. For myself, if you have such little luxuries as tea, coffee, sugar, and biscuits by you, such as one man can easily carry, I beg you on my own behalf that you will send a small supply, and add to the great debt of gratitude due to you upon the timely arrival of the supplies for my people. Until that time I beg you to believe me,

“Yours sincerely,

“H. M. STANLEY,

“Commanding Anglo-American Expedition  
for Exploration of Africa.

“P.S. You may not know me by name; I therefore add, I am the person that discovered Livingstone in 1871.—H. M. S.”

I also wrote a letter in French, and another in Spanish as a substitute for Portuguese, as I heard at Nsanda that there was one Englishman, one Frenchman, and three Portuguese at Embomma; but there were conflicting statements, some saying that there was no Englishman, but a Dutchman.

However, I imagined I was sure to obtain provisions—for most European merchants understand either English, French, or Spanish.

The chiefs and boat's crew were called to my tent. I then told them that I had resolved to despatch four messengers to the white men at Embomma, with letters asking for food, and wished to know the names of those most likely to travel quickly and through anything that interposed to prevent them; for it might be possible that so small a number of men might be subjected to delays and interruptions, and that the guides might loiter on the way, and so protract the journey until relief would arrive too late.

The response was not long coming, for Uledi sprang up and said, "Oh, master, don't talk more; I am ready now. See, I will only buckle on my belt, and I shall start at once, and nothing will stop me. I will follow on the track like a leopard."

"And I am one," said Kachéché. "Leave us alone, master. If there are white men at Embomma, we will find them out. We will walk, and walk, and when we cannot walk we will crawl."

"Leave off talking, men," said Muini Pembé, "and allow others to speak, won't you? Hear me, my master. I am your servant. I will outwalk the two. I will carry the letter, and plant it before the eyes of the white men."

"I will go too, sir," said Robert.

"Good. It is just as I should wish it; but, Robert, you cannot follow these three men. You will break down, my boy."

"Oh, we will carry him if he breaks down," said Uledi. "Won't we, Kachéché?"

"Inshallah!" responded Kachéché decisively. "We must have Robert along with us, otherwise the white men won't understand us."

Early the next day the two guides appeared, but the whole of the morning was wasted in endeavouring to induce them to set off. Uledi waxed impatient, and buckled on his accoutrements, drawing his belt so tight about his waist that it was perfectly painful to watch him, and said, "Give us the letters, master; we will not wait for the pagans. Our people will be dead before we start. Regard them, will you! They are sprawling about the camp without any life in them. Goe—Go-ee—Go-ee." Finally, at noon, the guides and messengers departed in company.

Meanwhile a bale of cloth and a sack of beads were distributed, and the strongest and youngest men despatched abroad in all directions to forage for food. Late in the afternoon they arrived in camp weakened and dispirited, having, despite all efforts, obtained but a few bundles of the miserable ground-nuts and sufficient sweet potatoes to give three small ones to each person, though they had given twenty times their value for each one. The heartless reply of the spoiled aborigines was, "Wait for the zandu," or market, which was to be held in two days at Nsanda; for, as amongst the Babwendé, each district has its respective days for marketing. Still what we

had obtained was a respite from death; and, on the morning of the 5th, the people were prepared to drag their weary limbs nearer to the expected relief.

Our route lay along the crest of a ridge, until we arrived at a narrow alluvial valley, in which the chief village of the Nsanda district is situated, amidst palms, ground-nut, and cassava gardens, and small patches of beans, peas, and sweet potatoes. From this valley we ascended the grassy upland, until we came to what we might call Southern Nsanda. We had proceeded about two hundred yards beyond it when a powerful man, followed by a large crowd, advanced toward us, and, like him near Mwato Wandu, demanded to know why we passed through without payment.

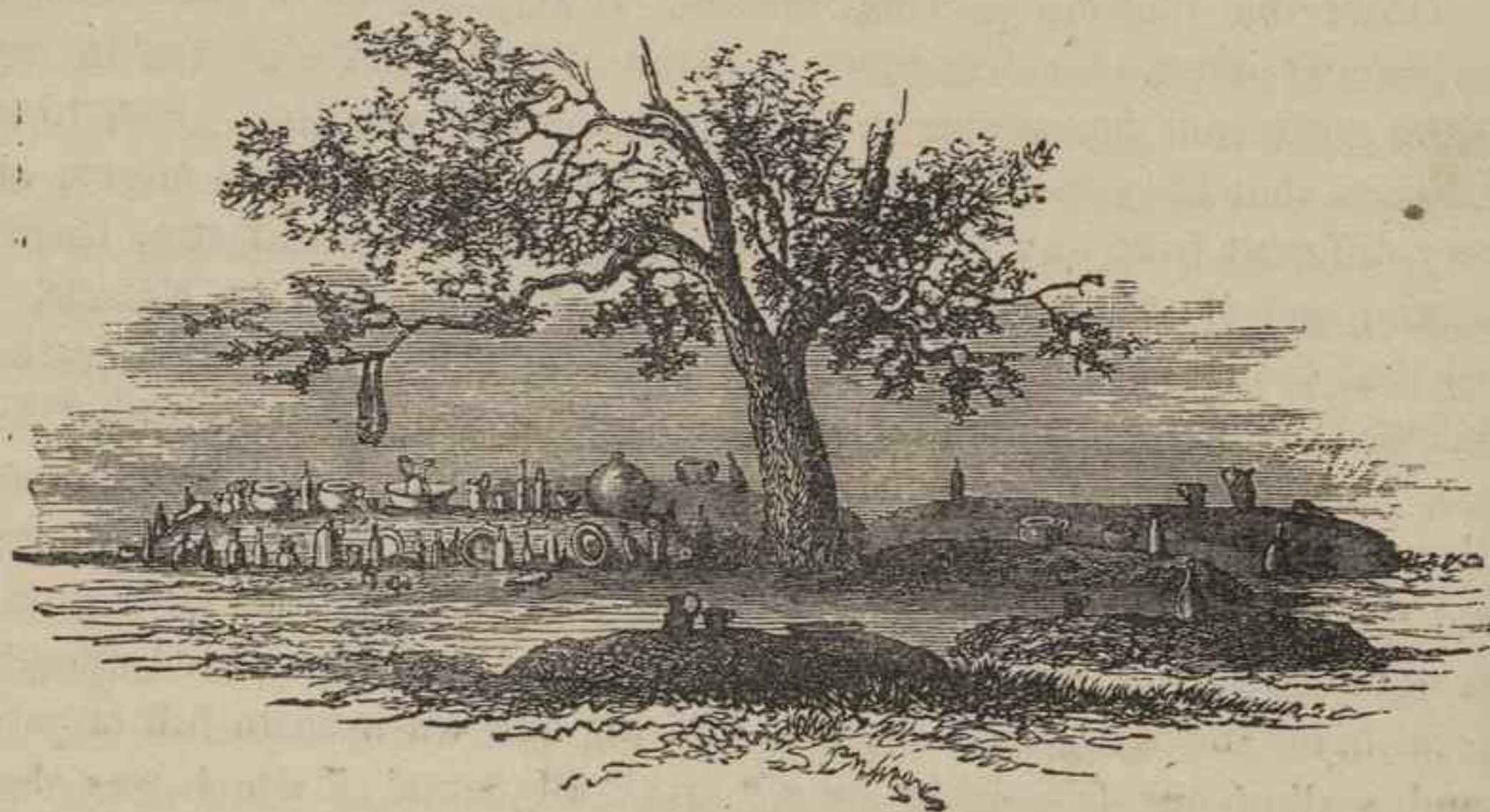
"Payment! Payment for what? Look at my people; they are skin and bone. They are dying for want of food in your country. Brother, stand off, or these men will be smelling food for themselves, and I would not stop them."

He became outrageous; he called for his gun; his followers armed themselves. Observing matters getting serious, I disposed as a precautionary measure twenty men as skirmishers in front of the road and ten in rear, leaving the goods and sick people in the centre. Word was then given to the powerful man that they had better not shoot, for our people were angry, and were very different from any they had seen, and nothing could stop them if they began; and it was possible they might eat every soul in Nsanda. I observed that the last sentence had a potent effect; the angry demonstrations were followed by a loud consultation; the loud consultation subsided into whispers, and soon the "powerful man" said "Enough," and we advanced towards each other, laughed, and shook hands heartily. At this juncture appeared the chief of the central village, who had furnished us with guides, and he, upon hearing of the intended injury to the Mundelé, insisted upon the "powerful man" bringing forth a gourd and jug and wash-basin full of palm-wine, and sealing our friendship by a "drink all round;" which was done, and I promised to send the "powerful man" a present of a bottle of rum from Embomma.

At 3 P.M., after a march of twelve miles, the van of the Expedition descended the slope of the high wood-covered ridge of Ikungu, whence the populous valley of Mbinda lay revealed. Halfway down the slope we camped, being in view of eighteen villages. The entire population of Mbinda—the valley, or basin, derives its name from the south-eastern ridge, which is called Mbinda—I roughly estimated at being about three thousand souls. Each of these villages bears a different name, but the entire number is under three chiefs, who are styled "kings," and are extremely absurd in their pomposity. The people are sufficiently amiable, but terribly extortionate and grasping, and so niggardly and close in trade that the Wangwana became more and more weakened. Fetishism is carried to an extraordinary extent. Idols of wood, tolerably well carved, are numerous, and the various ceremonies practised by these people would fill a volume. Some hideous and ghostly objects,

with chalked bodies, wearing skirts of palm-leaves or grass, hovered about at respectful distance, and I was told by the chief of Nsanda that they had been lately circumcised. Ground-nuts are the chief produce here, as well as of all the region from Manyanga of the Babwendé, because they are in demand by the merchants of Embomma. By means of the markets held alternately in each district, the ground-nuts are being brought from immense distances. But while their cultivation retards exploration, it proves that the natives are willing to devote themselves to any branch of agriculture that may be profitable. In former days the slave and the ivory-trade supported a vast portion of this region, but perceiving that slaves are not now in demand, and ivory not abundant enough to be profitable, the natives have resorted to the cultivation of ground-nuts for the supply of the Europeans at Embomma, palms for the sake of their intoxicating juice, and only a few small patches of beans, vetches, sweet potatoes, &c., for home consumption.

Close to our camp was a cemetery of a village of Mbinda. The grave-



MBINDA CEMETERY.

mounds were neat, and by their appearance I should judge them to be not only the repositories of the dead, but also the depositories of all the articles that had belonged to the dead. Each grave was dressed out with the various mugs, pitchers, wash-basins, teapots, kettles, glasses, gin, brandy, and beer bottles, besides iron skillets, kettles, tin watering-pots, and buckets; and above the mound thus curiously decorated were suspended to the branch of a tree the various net haversacks of palm-fibre in which the deceased had carried his ground-nuts, cassava bread, and eatables. The various articles of property thus exhibited, especially the useful articles, had all been purposely rendered useless, otherwise I doubt if, with all their superstition, thieves could have been restrained from appropriating them.

On the 6th we roused ourselves for a further effort, and after filing through several villages separated from each other by intervals of waste land, we

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arrived at 9 A.M. near Banza Mbuko. Haggard, woe-begone invalids, with bloated faces, but terribly angular bodies, we sought a quiet spot a mile beyond the outermost village of the settlement. Mbinda's wooded ridge was in view, and Ikungu's bearded summits were fast receding into distance and obscurity. Banza Mbuko seemed prosperous; the inhabitants appeared to be well fed, but, as though we were denizens of another world, nothing of warm sympathy could I detect in the face of any one of all those that gazed on us. Ah! in what part of all the Japhetic world would such a distressed and woful band as we were then have been regarded with such hard, steel-cold eyes? Yet not one word of reproach issued from the starving people; they threw themselves upon the ground with an indifference begotten of despair and misery. They did not fret, nor bewail aloud the tortures of famine, nor vent the anguish of their pinched bowels in cries, but with stony resignation surrendered themselves to rest, under the scant shade of some dwarf acacia or sparse bush. Now and then I caught the wail of an infant, and the thin voice of a starving mother, or the petulant remonstrance of an older child; but the adults remained still and apparently lifeless, each contracted within the exclusiveness of individual suffering. The youths, companions of Uledi, and the chiefs, sat in whispering groups, removed from the sick and grieving, and darkly dotted the vicinity of the tent; the childless women were also seen by twos and threes far apart, discussing, no doubt, our prospects, for at this period this was the most absorbing topic of the camp.

Suddenly the shrill voice of a little boy was heard saying, "Oh! I see Uledi and Kachéché coming down the hill, and there are plenty of men following them!"

"What!—what!—what!" broke out eagerly from several voices, and dark forms were seen springing up from amongst the bleached grass, and from under the shade, and many eyes were directed at the whitened hill-slope.

"Yes; it is true! it is true! La il Allah il Allah! Yes; el hamd ul Illah! Yes, it is food! food! food at last! Ah, that Uledi! he is a lion, truly! We are saved, thank God!"

Before many minutes, Uledi and Kachéché were seen tearing through the grass, and approaching us with long springing strides, holding a letter up to announce to us that they had been successful. And the gallant fellows, hurrying up, soon placed it in my hands, and in the hearing of all who were gathered to hear the news I translated the following letter:—

"EMBOMMA,

"ENGLISH FACTORY.

"H. M. STANLEY, Esq.

"Dear Sir,

"Your welcome letter came to hand yesterday, at 7 P.M. As soon as its contents were understood, we immediately arranged to despatch to

"6.30 A.M.,

"BOMA, 6th August, 1877.

you such articles as you requested, as much as our stock on hand would permit, and other things that we deemed would be suitable in that locality. You will see that we send fifty pieces of cloth, each 24 yards long, and some sacks containing sundries for yourself; several sacks of rice, sweet potatoes, also a few bundles of fish, a bundle of tobacco, and one demijohn of rum. The carriers are all paid, so that you need not trouble yourself about them. That is all we need say about business. We are exceedingly sorry to hear that you have arrived in such piteous condition, but we send our warmest congratulations to you, and hope that you will soon arrive in Boma (this place is called Boma by us, though on the map it is Em-bomma). Again hoping that you will soon arrive, and that you are not suffering in health,

“Believe us to remain,

“Your sincere friends,

“HATTON & COOKSON.

(Signed)

“A. DA MOTTA VEIGA.

“J. W. HARRISON.”

Uledi and Kachéché then delivered their budget. Their guides had accompanied them halfway, when they became frightened by the menaces of some of the natives of Mbinda, and deserted them. The four Wangwana, however, undertook the journey alone, and, following a road for several hours, they appeared at Bibbi after dark. The next day (the 5th), being told by the natives that Boma (to which Embomma was now changed) was lower down river, and unable to obtain guides, the brave fellows resolved upon following the Congo along its banks. About an hour after sunset, after a fatiguing march over many hills, they reached Boma, and, asking a native for the house of the “Ingreza” (English), were shown to the factory of Messrs. Hatton and Cookson, which was superintended by a Portuguese gentleman, Mr. A. da Motta Veiga, and Mr. John W. Harrison, of Liverpool. Kachéché, who was a better narrator than Uledi, then related that a short white man, wearing spectacles, opened the letter, and, after reading awhile, asked which was Robert Feruzi, who answered for himself in English, and, in answer to many questions, gave a summary of our travels and adventures, but not before the cooks were set to prepare an abundance of food, which they sadly needed, after a fast of over thirty hours.

By this time the procession of carriers from Messrs. Hatton and Cookson's factory had approached, and all eyes were directed at the pompous old “capitan” and the relief caravan behind him. Several of the Wangwana officiously stepped forward to relieve the fatigued and perspiring men, and with an extraordinary vigour tossed the provisions—rice, fish, and tobacco bundles—on the ground, except the demijohn of rum, which they called pombé, and handled most carefully. The “capitan” was anxious about my private stores, but the scene transpiring about the provisions was so absorbingly interesting that I could pay no attention as

yet to them. While the captains of the messes were ripping open the sacks and distributing the provisions in equal quantities, Murabo, the boat-boy, struck up a glorious loud-swelling chant of triumph and success, into which he deftly, and with a poet's licence, interpolated verses laudatory of the white men of the second sea. The bard, extemporizing, sang much about the great cataracts, cannibals, and pagans, hunger, the wide wastes, great inland seas, and niggardly tribes, and wound up by declaring that the journey was over, that we were even then smelling the breezes of the western ocean, and his master's brothers had redeemed them from the "hell of hunger." And at the end of each verse the voices rose high and clear to the chorus—

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

"Enough now; fall to," said Manwa Sera, at which the people nearly smothered him by their numbers. Into each apron, bowl, and utensil held out, the several captains expeditiously tossed full measures of rice and generous quantities of sweet potatoes and portions of fish. The younger men and women hobbled after water, and others set about gathering fuel, and the camp was all animation, where but half an hour previously all had been listless despair. Many people were unable to wait for the food to be cooked, but ate the rice and the fish raw. But when the provisions had all been distributed, and the noggin of rum had been equitably poured into each man's cup, and the camp was in a state of genial excitement, and groups of dark figures discussed with animation the prospective food which the hospitable fires were fast preparing, then I turned to my tent, accompanied by Uledi, Kachéché, the capitan, and the tent-boys, who were, I suppose, eager to witness my transports of delight.

With profound tenderness Kachéché handed to me the mysterious bottles, watching my face the while with his sharp detective eyes as I glanced at the labels, by which the cunning rogue read my pleasure. Pale ale! Sherry! Port wine! Champagne! Several loaves of bread, wheaten bread, sufficient for a week. Two pots of butter. A packet of tea! Coffee! White loaf-sugar! Sardines and salmon! Plum-pudding! Currant, gooseberry, and raspberry jam!

The gracious God be praised for ever! The long war we had maintained against famine and the siege of woe were over, and my people and I rejoiced in plenty! It was only an hour before we had been living on the recollections of the few pea-nuts and green bananas we had consumed in the morning, but now, in an instant, we were transported into the presence of the luxuries of civilization. Never did gaunt Africa appear so unworthy and so despicable before my eyes as now, when imperial Europe rose before my delighted eyes and showed her boundless treasures of life, and blessed me with her stores.

When we all felt refreshed, the cloth bales were opened, and soon, instead of the venerable and tattered relics of Manchester, Salem, and Nashua

manufacture, which were hastily consumed by the fire, the people were re-clad with white cloths and gay prints. The nakedness of want, the bare ribs, the sharp protruding bones were thus covered; but months must elapse before the hollow sunken cheeks and haggard faces would again resume the healthy bronze colour which distinguishes the well-fed African.

My condition of mind in the evening of the eventful day which was signalized by the happy union which we had made with the merchants of the west coast, may be guessed by the following letter:—

“BANZA MBUKO, August 6, 1877.

“MESSRS. A. DA MOTTA VEIGA AND J. W. HARRISON,  
EMBOMMA, CONGO RIVER.

“GENTLEMEN,

“I have received your very welcome letter, but better than all, and more welcome, your supplies. I am unable to express just at present how grateful I feel. We are all so overjoyed and confused with our emotions, at the sight of the stores exposed to our hungry eyes—at the sight of the rice, the fish, and the rum, and for me—wheaten bread, butter, sardines, jam, peaches, grapes, beer (ye gods! just think of it—three bottles pale ale!) besides tea and sugar—that we cannot restrain ourselves from falling to and enjoying this sudden bounteous store—and I beg you will charge our apparent want of thankfulness to our greediness. If we do not thank you sufficiently in words, rest assured we feel what volumes could not describe.

“For the next twenty-four hours we shall be too busy eating to think of anything else much; but I may say that the people cry out joyfully, while their mouths are full of rice and fish, ‘Verily, our master has found the sea, and his brothers, but we did not believe him until he showed us the rice and the pombé (rum). We did not believe there was any end to the great river; but, God be praised for ever, we shall see white people to-morrow, and our wars and troubles will be over.’

“Dear Sirs—though strangers, I feel we shall be great friends, and it will be the study of my lifetime to remember my feelings of gratefulness, when I first caught sight of your supplies, and my poor faithful and brave people cried out, ‘Master, we are saved!—food is coming!’ The old and the young—the men, the women, the children—lifted their wearied and worn-out frames, and began to chant lustily an extemporaneous song, in honour of the white people by the great salt sea (the Atlantic) who had listened to their prayers. I had to rush to my tent to hide the tears that would issue, despite all my attempts at composure.

‘Gentlemen, that the blessing of God may attend your footsteps whithersoever you go is the very earnest prayer of

“Yours faithfully,

“HENRY M. STANLEY,

“Commanding Anglo-American Expedition.”



At the same hour on the morning of the 7th that we resumed the march, Kachéché and Uledi were despatched to Boma with the above letter. Then surmounting a ridge, we beheld a grassy country barred with seams of red clay in gullies, ravines, and slopes, the effects of rain, dipping into basins with frequently broad masses of plateau and great dyke-like ridges between, and in the distance south-west of us a lofty, tree-clad hill-range, which we were told we should have to climb before descending to N'lamba N'lamba, where we proposed camping.

Half an hour's march brought us to a market-place, where a tragedy had been enacted a short time before the relief caravan had passed it the day previous. Two thieves had robbed a woman of salt, and, according to the local custom which ordains the severest penalties for theft in the public mart, the two felons had been immediately executed, and their bodies laid close to the path to deter others evilly disposed from committing like crimes.

At noon we surmounted the lofty range which we had viewed near Banza Mbuko, and the aneroid indicated a height of 1500 feet. A short distance from its base, on two grassy hills, is situate N'lamba N'lamba, a settlement comprising several villages, and as populous as Mbinda. The houses and streets were very clean and neat; but, as of old, the natives are devoted to idolatry, and their passion for carving wooden idols was illustrated in every street we passed through.

On the 8th we made a short march of five miles to N'safu, over a sterile, bare, and hilly country, but the highest ridge passed was not over 1100 feet above the sea. Uledi and Kachéché returned at this place with more cheer for us, and a note acknowledging my letter of thanks.

In a postscript to this note, Mr. Motta Veiga prepared me for a reception which was to meet me on the road halfway between N'safu and Boma; it also contained the census of the European population, as follows:—

“Perhaps you do not know that in Boma there are only eleven Portuguese, one Frenchman, one Dutchman, one gentleman from St. Helena, and ourselves (Messrs. Motta Veiga and J. W. Harrison), Messrs. Hatton and Cookson being in Liverpool, and the two signatures above being names of those in charge of the English factory here.”

On the 9th of August, 1877, the 999th day from the date of our departure from Zanzibar, we prepared to greet the van of civilization.

From the bare rocky ridges of N'safu there is a perceptible decline to the Congo valley, and the country becomes, in appearance, more sterile—a sparse population dwelling in a mere skeleton village in the centre of bleakness. Shingly rocks strewed the path and the waste, and thin sere grass waved mournfully on level and spine, on slope of ridge and crest of hill; in the hollows it was somewhat thicker; in the bottoms it had a slight tinge of green.

We had gradually descended some five hundred feet along declining spurs

when we saw a scattered string of hammocks appearing, and gleams of startling whiteness, such as were given by fine linen and twills.

A buzz of wonder ran along our column.

Proceeding a little farther, we stopped, and in a short time I was face to face with four white—ay, truly white men!

As I looked into their faces, I blushed to find that I was wondering at their paleness. Poor pagan Africans—Rwoma of Uzinja, and man-eating tribes of the Livingstone! The whole secret of their wonder and curiosity flashed upon me at once. What arrested the twanging bow and the deadly trigger of the cannibals? What but the weird pallor of myself and Frank! In the same manner the sight of the pale faces of the Embomma merchants gave me the slightest suspicion of an involuntary shiver. The pale colour, after so long gazing on rich black and richer bronze, had something of an unaccountable ghastliness. I could not divest myself of the feeling that they must be sick; yet, as I compare their complexions to what I now view, I should say they were olive, sunburnt, dark.

Yet there was something very self-possessed about the carriage of these white men. It was grand; a little self-pride mixed with cordiality. I could not remember just then that I had witnessed such bearing among any tribe throughout Africa. They spoke well also; the words they uttered hit the sense pat; without gesture, they were perfectly intelligible. How strange! It was quite delightful to observe the slight nods of the head; the intelligent facial movements were admirably expressive. They were completely clothed, and neat also; I ought to say immaculately clean. Jaunty straw hats, coloured neck-ties, patent-leather boots, well-cut white clothes, virtuously clean! I looked from them to my people, and then I fear I felt almost like being grateful to the Creator that I was not as black as they, and that these finely dressed, well-spoken whites claimed me as friend and kin. Yet I did not dare to place myself upon an equality with them as yet; the calm blue and grey eyes rather awed me, and the immaculate purity of their clothes dazzled me. I was content to suppose myself a kind of connecting link between the white and the African for the time being. Possibly familiarity would beget greater confidence.

They expressed themselves delighted to see me; congratulated me with great warmth of feeling, and offered to me the "Freedom of Boma!" We travelled together along the path for a mile, and came to the frontier village of Boma, or Embomma, where the "king" was at hand to do the honours. My courteous friends had brought a hamper containing luxuries. Hock and champagne appeared to be cheap enough where but a few hours previous a cup of palm-wine was as precious as nectar; rare dainties of Paris and London abundant, though a short time ago we were stinted of even ground-nuts. Nor were the Wangwana forgotten, for plenty had also been prepared for them.

My friends who thus welcomed me amongst the descendants of Japhet were

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toasted

Mr. A. da Motta Veiga, Senhores Luiz Pinto Maroo, João Chaves, Henrique Germano Faro, and Mr. J. F. Müller, of the Dutch factory. They had brought a hammock with them, and eight sturdy, well-fed bearers. They insisted on my permitting them to lift me into the hammock. I declined. They said it was a Portuguese custom. To custom, therefore, I yielded, though it appeared very effeminate.

It was a gradual slope through a valley, which soon opened into a low alluvial plain, seamed here and there with narrow gullies, and then over the heads of the tall grass as I lay in the hammock I caught a glimpse of the tall square box of a frame-house, with a steep roof, erected on rising ground. It brought back a host of old recollections; for everywhere on the frontiers of civilization in America one may see the like. It approached nearer and larger to the view, and presently the hammock was halted by whitewashed palings, above which the square two-storied box rose on piles with a strangeness that was almost weird. It was the residence of those in charge of the English factory.

Looking from the house, my eyes rested on the river. Ah! the hateful, murderous river, now so broad and proud and majestically calm, as though it had not bereft me of a friend, and of many faithful souls, and as though we had never heard it rage and whiten with fury, and mock the thunder. What a hypocritical river! But just below the landing a steamer was ascending—the *Kabinda*, John Petherbridge, master. How civilization was advancing on me! Not a moment even to lie down and rest! Full-blooded, eager, restless, and aggressive, it pressed on me, and claimed me for its own, without allowing me even the time to cast one retrospective glance at the horrors left behind. While still overwhelmed by the thought, the people of the Expedition appeared, pressing forward to admire and gaze wide-eyed at the strange "big iron canoe," driven by fire on *their* river; for there were several Wanyamwezi, Waganda, and east coast men who would not believe that there was anything more wonderful than the *Lady Alice*.

Our life at Boma,\* which lasted only from 11 A.M. of the 9th to noon of the 11th, passed too quickly away; but throughout it was intensest pleasure and gaiety.

There are some half-dozen factories at Boma, engaging the attention of about eighteen whites. The houses are all constructed of wooden boards, with, as a rule, corrugated zinc roofs. The residences line the river front; the Dutch, French, and Portuguese factories being west of an isolated high square-browed hill, which, by-the-by, is a capital site for a fortlet; and the English factory being a few hundred yards above it. Each factory requires an ample courtyard for its business, which consists in the barter of cotton fabrics, glass-ware,

\* There were three little banquets given me at Boma, and I do believe everybody toasted me, for which I felt very much obliged.

crockery, iron-ware, gin, rum, guns and gunpowder, for palm-oil, ground-nuts, and ivory. The merchants contrive to exist as comfortably as their means will allow. Some of them plant fruits and garden vegetables, and cultivate grape-vines. Pine-apples, guavas and limes may be obtained from the market, which is held on alternate days a short distance behind the European settlement.

Though Boma is comparatively ancient, and Europeans have had commercial connections with this district and the people for over a century, yet Captain Tuckey's description of the people, written in 1816—their ceremonies and modes of life, their suspicion of strangers and intolerance, their greed for rum and indolence, the scarcity of food—is as correct as though written to-day. The name "Boma," however, has usurped that of "Lombe," which Captain Tuckey knew; the *banza* of Embomma being a little distance inland. In his day it was a village of about one hundred huts, in which was held the market of the *banza*, or king's town.

The view inland is dreary, bleak, and unpromising, consisting of grassy hills, and of a broken country, its only boast the sturdy baobab, which relieves the nakedness of the land. But fresh from the hungry wilderness and the land of selfish men, from the storm and stress of the cataracts, the solemn rock defiles of the Livingstone, and the bleak table-land—I heeded it not. The glowing warm life of Western civilization, the hospitable civilities and gracious kindnesses which the merchants of Boma showered on myself and people, were as dews of Paradise, grateful, soothing, and refreshing.

On the 11th, at noon, after a last little banquet and songs, hearty cheers, innumerable toasts, and fervid claspings of friendly hands, we embarked. An hour before sunset the "big iron canoe," after a descent of about thirty-five miles, hauled in-shore, on the right bank, and made fast to the pier of another of Hatton and Cookson's factories at Ponta da Lenha, or Wooded Point. Two or three other Portuguese factories are in close neighbourhood to it, lightening the gloom of the background of black mangrove and forest.

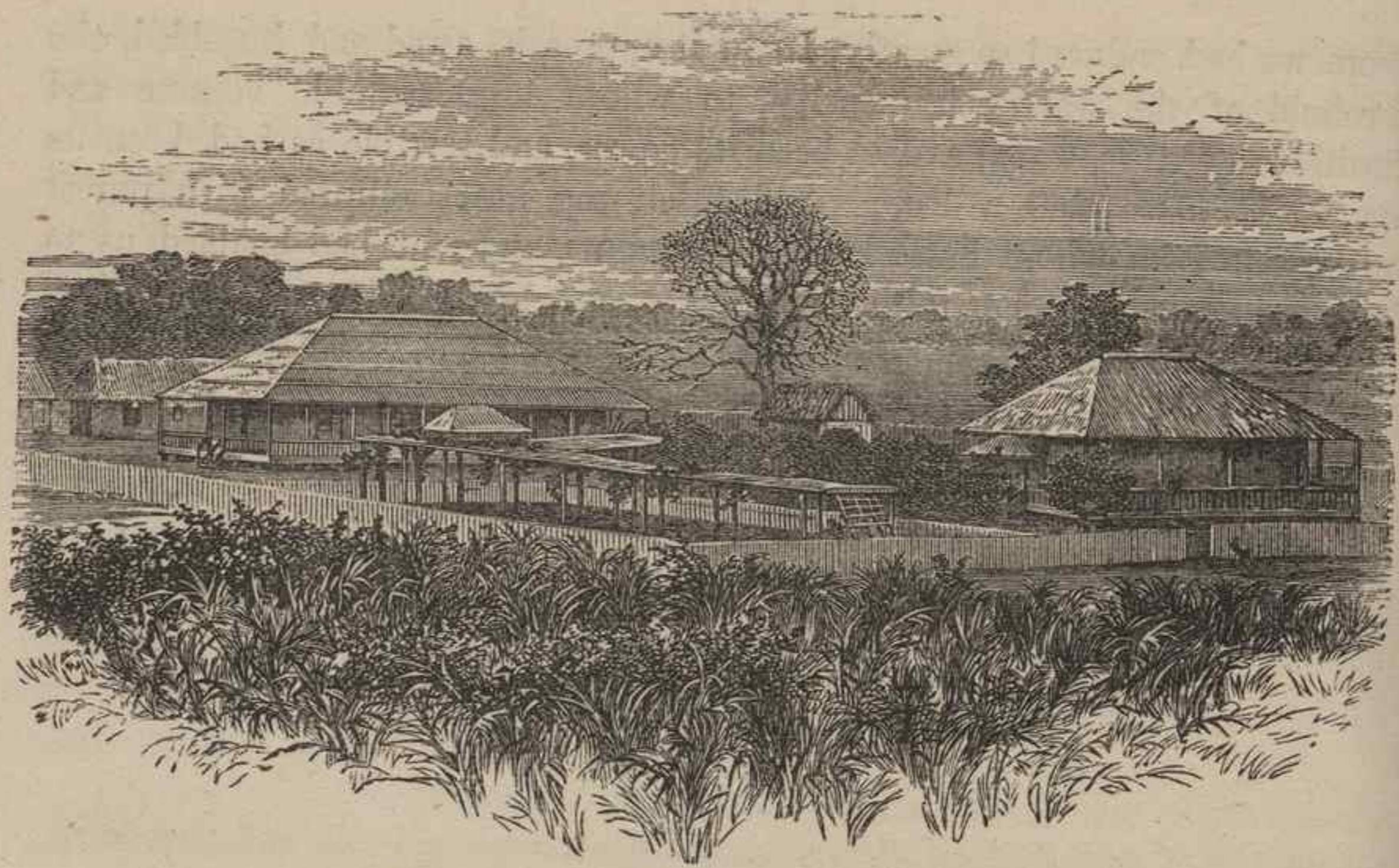
After a very agreeable night with our hospitable English host, the *Kabinda* was again under way.

The puissant river below Boma reminded me of the scenes above Uyanzi; the colour of the water, the numerous islands, and the enormous breadth recalled those days when we had sought the liquid wildernesses of the Livingstone, to avoid incessant conflicts with the human beasts of prey in the midst of Primitive Africa, and at the sight my eyes filled with tears at the thought that I could not recall my lost friends, and bid them share the rapturous joy that now filled the hearts of all those who had endured and survived.

A few hours later and we were gliding through the broad portal into the Ocean, the blue domain of civilization!

Turning to take a farewell glance at the mighty River on whose brown

bosom we had endured so greatly, I saw it approach, awed and humbled, the threshold of the watery immensity, to whose immeasurable volume and illimitable expanse, awful as had been its power, and terrible as had been its fury, its flood was but a drop. And I felt my heart suffused with purest gratitude to Him whose hand had protected us, and who had enabled us to pierce the Dark Continent from east to west, and to trace its mightiest River to its Ocean bourne.



AT REST: MY QUARTERS AT KABINDA BY THE SEA.  
(From a photograph by Mr. Phillips.)

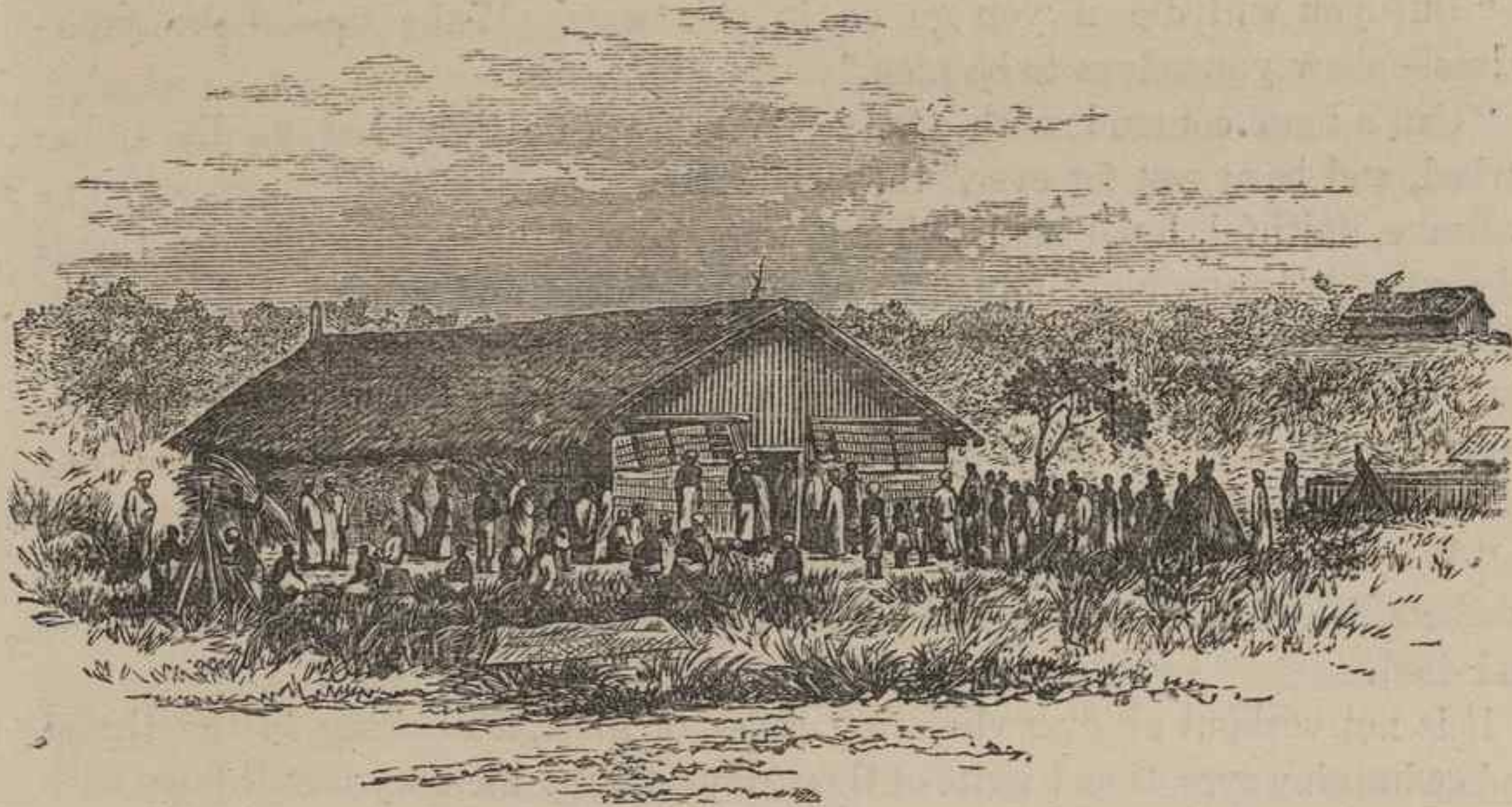
### CONCLUSION.

Kabinda—San Paulo de Loanda—Simon's Bay—Cape Town—Natal—Zanzibar—Joy  
of the returned—The martyrs to geography—Reverie—Laus Deo!

AFTER steaming northward from the mouth of the Congo for a few hours, we entered the fine bay of Kabinda, on the southern shores of which the native town of that name in the country of Ngoyo is situate. On the southern point of the bay stands a third factory of the enterprising firm of Messrs. Hatton and Cookson, under the immediate charge of their principal agent, Mr. John Phillips. A glance at the annexed photograph will sufficiently show the prosperous appearance of the establishment, and the comfortable houses that have been constructed. The Expedition received a cordial welcome from Messrs. Phillips, Wills, Price, and Jones, and I was housed in a cottage surrounded by gardens and overlooking the glorious sea, while the people were located in a large shed fronting the bay.

The next morning, when I proceeded to greet the people, I discovered that one of the Wangwana had died at sunrise; and when I examined the condition of the other sufferers it became apparent that there was to be yet no rest for me, and that to save life I should have to be assiduous and watchful. But for this, I should have surrendered myself to the joys of life, without a thought for myself or for others, and no doubt I should have

suffered in the same degree as the Wangwana from the effects of the sudden relaxation from care, trouble, or necessity for further effort. There were also other claims on my energies: I had to write my despatches to the journals, and to re-establish those bonds of friendship and sympathetic communion that had been severed by the lapse of dark years and long months of silence. My poor people, however, had no such incentives to rouse themselves from the stupor of indifference, as fatal to them as the cold to a benighted man in a snowy wilderness. Housed together in a comfortable, barrack-like building, with every convenience provided for them, and supplied with food, raiment, fuel, water, and an excess of luxuries, nothing remained for them to do; and the



EXPEDITION AT KABINDA.

(From a photograph by Mr. Phillips.)

consequence was, that the abrupt dead-stop to all action and movement overwhelmed them, and plunged them into a state of torpid brooding from which it was difficult to arouse them.

The words of the poet—

“What’s won is done: Joy’s soul lies in the doing”—

or, as Longfellow has it—

“The reward is in the doing,  
And the rapture of pursuing  
Is the prize”—

recurred to me, as explaining why it was that the people abandoned themselves to the dangerous melancholy created by inactivity. I was charmed by it myself; the senses were fast relapsing into a drowsy state, that appeared to be akin to the drowsiness of delirium. No novel or romance interested me,

though Mr. Phillips's cottage possessed a complete library of fiction and light reading. Dickens seemed rubbish and the finest poems flat. Frequently, even at meals, I found myself subsiding into sleep, though I struggled against it heroically; wine had no charm for me; conversation fatigued me. Yet the love of society, and what was due to my friendly hosts, acted as a wholesome restraint and a healthy stimulant; but what had the poor, untutored black strangers, whose homes were on the east side of the continent, to rouse them and to stimulate them into life?

"Do you wish to see Zanzibar, boys?" I asked.

"Ah, it is far. Nay, speak not, master. We shall never see it," they replied.

"But you will die if you go on in this way. Wake up—shake yourselves—show yourselves to be men."

"Can a man contend with God? Who fears death? Let us die undisturbed, and be at rest for ever," they answered.

Brave, faithful, loyal souls! They were, poor fellows, surrendering themselves to the benumbing influences of a listlessness and fatal indifference to life! Four of them died in consequence of this strange malady at Loanda, three more on board H.M.S. *Industry*, and one woman breathed her last the day after we arrived at Zanzibar. But in their sad death, they had one consolation, in the words which they kept constantly repeating to themselves—

"We have brought our master to the great sea, and he has seen his white brothers, La il Allah, il Allah!—There is no God but God!" they said—and died.

It is not without an overwhelming sense of grief, a choking in the throat and swimming eyes, that I write of those days, for my memory is still busy with the worth and virtues of the dead. In a thousand fields of incident, adventure, and bitter trials they had proved their staunch heroism and their fortitude; they had lived and endured nobly. I remember the enthusiasm with which they responded to my appeals; I remember their bold bearing during the darkest days; I remember the Spartan pluck, the indomitable courage with which they suffered in the days of our adversity. Their voices again loyally answer me, and again I hear them address each other upon the necessity of standing by the "master." Their boat-song, which contained sentiments similar to the following:—

"The pale-faced stranger, lonely here,  
In cities afar, where his name is dear,  
Your Arab truth and strength shall show;  
He trusts in us, row, Arabs, row"—

despite all the sounds which now surround me, still charms my listening ear.

The Expedition, after a stay of eight days at Kabinda, was kindly taken on board the Portuguese gunboat *Tamega*, Commander José Marquez, to São Paulo de Loanda. The Portuguese officers distinguished themselves by a



superb banquet, and an exhibition of extraordinary courtesy towards myself and great sympathy towards my followers. Two gentlemen, Major Serpa Pinto and Senhor José Avelino Fernandez, who were on board, extended their hospitalities so far as to persuade me to accompany them to their residence in the capital of Angola. To house the 114 Wangwana who accompanied me was a great task on the liberality of these gentlemen, but the Portuguese Governor-General of Angola nobly released them and myself from all obligations, and all the expenses incurred by us from the 21st of August to the 27th of September were borne by the colony. One of the first acts of Governor-General Albuquerque was to despatch his aide-de-camp with offers of assistance, money, and a gunboat to convey me to Lisbon, which received, as it deserved, my warmest thanks. The Portuguese Commodore gave a banquet to the Portuguese explorers, Major Serpa Pinto, Commander Brito Capello, and Lieutenant Roberto Ivens, who were about setting out for the exploration of the Kunené or Nourse river, as far as Bihé, thence to Lake Nyassa and Mozambique, and upon the festive occasion they honoured me. The Board of Works at Loanda also banqueted us royally; as also did Mr. Michael Tobin, the banker, while Mr. Robert Newton was unceasing in his hospitalities.

The Government hospital at Loanda was open to the sick strangers; Doctor Lopez and his assistants daily visited the sick ward of our residence, and a trained nurse was detailed to attend the suffering. Pure Samaritanism animated the enthusiastic Senhor Capello, and free unselfish charity inspired my friend Avelino Fernandez to watch and tend the ailing, desponding, and exhausted travellers.

With a generosity unequalled, Serpa Pinto distributed a large sum of money among them, that they might be enabled to suit their sick cravings as they pleased in the markets.

Nor must the English officers of the Royal Navy be forgotten for their chivalrous kindness. I shall ever remember Captain Maxwell Heron, of H.M.S. *Seagull*, and Captain D. Hopkins, British Consul, as my friends, and so also Captain John Childs Purvis, of H.M.S. *Danae*, who, when I was wondering whether I should be compelled to lead the Wangwana across the continent to their homes, solved my doubts and anxieties by offering the Expedition a passage to Cape Town in H.M.S. *Industry*, Commander R. C. Dyer. The offer of the Portuguese Governor-General to convey me in a gunboat to Lisbon, and the regular arrivals of the Portuguese mail steamers, were very tempting, but the condition of my followers was such that I found it impossible to leave them. I resolved therefore to accompany them to the Cape of Good Hope.

The cordial civilities that were accorded to us at Loanda were succeeded by equally courteous treatment on board the *Industry*. Her officers, Captain Dyer, Assistant Surgeon William Brown, and Paymaster Edwin Sandys, assisted me to the utmost of their ability in alleviating the sufferings of the

sick and reviving the vigour of the desponding. But the accomplished surgeon found his patients most difficult cases. The flame of life flickered and spluttered, and to fan it into brightness required in most of the cases patience and tact more than medicine. Yet there was a little improvement in them, though they were still heavy-eyed.

Upon arriving at Simon's Bay, Cape of Good Hope, on the 21st of October, I was agreeably surprised by a most genial letter, signed by Commodore Francis William Sullivan, who invited me to the Admiralty House as his guest, and from whom during the entire period of our stay at the Cape we met with the most hearty courtesy and hospitality. He had also made preparations for transporting the Expedition to Zanzibar, when a telegram from the Lords of the British Admiralty was received, authorizing him to provide for the transmission of my followers to their homes, an act of gracious kindness for which I have recorded elsewhere my most sincere thanks.

Had we been able to accept all the invitations that were showered upon us by the kind-hearted colonists of South Africa, from Cape Town to Natal, it is possible we might still be enjoying our holiday at that remote end of Africa, but her Majesty's ship could not be delayed for our pleasure and gratification. But during the time she was refitting, the authorities of Cape Town and Stellenbosch, through the influence of Lady Frere, Commodore Sullivan, and Captain Mills, Colonial Secretary, exerted themselves so zealously to gratify and honour us, that I attribute a large share of the recovery in health of my followers to the cordial and unmistakable heartiness of the hospitalities they there enjoyed. Here the Wangwana saw for the first time the "fire-carriage," and, accompanied by Commodore Sullivan, the Dean of Cape Town and several of the leading residents of the Cape, the Expedition was whirled to Stellenbosch at the rate of thirty miles an hour, which of all the wonders they had viewed, seemed to them the most signal example of the wonderful enterprise and superior intelligence of the European. Lady Frere and Commodore Sullivan devised several entertainments for the Wangwana; and the "Great Lady," as they called Lady Frere, presented men, women, and children with many useful souvenirs of their visit to the Governor's palace. The Prime Minister, Mr. Molteno, in the name of the colony, re-clothed them with comfortable "jerseys," which were suitable and necessary in the cold and raw climate. A special evening was devoted to them at the theatre, at which the acrobats received thunderous applause, the most hearty that was probably ever accorded them. Nor must I forget the credit due to the journalists of the metropolis of Cape Colony, who with unanimous cordiality tendered me and mine honours such as are worthy of being treasured. But there was one illustrious figure absent from the festive occasions to which his presence would have given *éclat*—I mean Sir Bartle Frere. I should have been glad to have thanked him for the kindness he has uniformly shown to me, and for his chivalrous defence of me while absent, and to have shown my followers

the sterling friend of that pious hero whose bones many of them assisted to carry from the distant camp on Lake Bemba to the Indian Ocean.

I ought not to omit describing a little episode that occurred soon after our arrival in Simon's Bay. For the first three days after landing at Simon's Town, blustering gales prevented me from returning to the ship. The people thereupon became anxious, and wondered whether this distant port was to terminate my connection with them. On returning to the ship, therefore, I found them even more melancholy than when I had left them. I asked the reason.

"You will return to Ulyah" (Europe), "of course, now."

"Why?"

"Oh, do we not see that you have met your friends, and all these days we have felt that you will shortly leave us?"

"Who told you so?" I asked, smiling at the bitterness visible in their faces.

"Our hearts; and they are very heavy."

"Ah! And would it please you if I accompanied you to Zanzibar?"

"Why should you ask, master? Are you not our father?"

"Well, it takes a long time to teach you to rely upon the promise of your father. I have told you, over and over again, that nothing shall cause me to break my promise to you that I would take you home. You have been true to me, and I shall be true to you. If we can get no ship to take us, I will walk the entire distance with you until I can show you to your friends at Zanzibar."

"Now we are grateful, master."

I observed no sad faces after this day; and Captain Dyer and his officers noticed how they visibly improved and brightened up from this time.

On the 6th of November H.M.S. *Industry* was equipped and ready for her voyage to Zanzibar. To the last moment the gallant commodore was consistent in his kindness, and the blue-jackets of the *Active* cheered us heartily as we steered out of Simon's Bay. On the twelfth of the month the *Industry* dropped anchor in the harbour of Natal to coal, and until the fourteenth the Natal press and the mayor of the city of D'Urban contributed generously to the courtesies and genial memories we retain of the rising and prosperous states of South Africa.

Fourteen days afterwards the palmy island of Zanzibar rose into sight, and in the afternoon we were bearing straight for port.

As I looked on the Wangwana, and saw the pleasure which now filled every soul, I felt myself amply rewarded for sacrificing several months to see them home. The sick had, all but one, recovered, and they had improved so much in appearance that few, ignorant of what they had been, could have supposed that these were the living skeletons that had reeled from sheer weakness through Boma.

The only patient who had baffled our endeavours to restore her to health was the woman Muscati, unfortunate Safeni's wife. Singular to relate, she lived to be embraced by her father, and the next morning died in his arms, surrounded by her relatives and friends. But all the others were blessed with redundant health—robust, bright, and happy.

And now the well-known bays and inlets, and spicy shores and red-tinted bluffs of Mbwenni, enraptured them. Again they saw what they had often despaired of seeing: the rising ridge of Wilezu, at the foot of which they knew were their homes and their tiny gardens; the well-known features of Shangani and Melindi; the tall square mass of the Sultan's palace. Each outline, each house, from the Sandy Point to their own Ngambu, each well-remembered bold swell of land, with its glories of palm and mango-tree, was to them replete with associations of bygone times.

The captain did not detain them on board. The boats were all lowered at once, and they crowded the gangway and ladder. I watched the first boat-load.

To those on the beach it was a surprise to see so many white-shirted, turbaned men making for shore from an English man-of-war. Were they slaves—or what? No; slaves they could not be, for they were too well dressed. Yet what could they be?

The boat-keel kissed the beach, and the impatient fellows leaped out and upwards, and danced in ecstasy on the sands of their island; they then kneeled down, bowed their faces to the dear soil, and cried out, with emotion, their thanks to Allah! To the full they now taste the sweetness of the return home. The glad tidings ring out along the beach, "It is Bwana Stanley's expedition that has returned."

Then came bounding toward them their friends, acquaintances, countrymen, demanding ever so many questions, all burning to know all about it. Where had they been? How came they to be on board the man-of-war? What had they seen? Who was dead? Where is So-and-so? You have gone beyond Nyangwé to the other sea? Mashallah!

The boats come and go.

More of the returned braves land, jump and frisk about, shake hands, embrace firmly and closely; they literally *leap* into each other's arms, and there are many wet eyes there, for some terrible tales are told of death, disaster, and woe by the most voluble of the narrators, who seem to think it incumbent on them to tell all the news at once. The minor details, which are a thousand and a thousand, shall be told to-morrow and the next day, and the next, and for days and years to come.

The ship was soon emptied of her strange passengers. Captain Sullivan, of the *London*, came on board, and congratulated me on my safe arrival, and then I went on shore to my friend Mr. Augustus Sparhawk's house. We will pass over whatever may have transpired among the reunited friends, relatives,

acquaintances, &c., but I will give substantially what Mabruki, a stout, bright-eyed lad, the Nestor of the youths during the expedition, related of his experiences the next day.

"Well, Mabruki, tell me, did you see your mother?" Mabruki, knowing I have a lively curiosity to know all about the meeting, because he had been sometimes inclined to despair of seeing poor old "mamma" again, relaxes the severe tightness of his face, and out of his eyes there gushes such a flood of light as shows him to be brimful of happiness, and he hastens to answer, with a slight bob of the head—

"Yes, master."

"Is she quite well? How does she look? What did she say when she saw her son such a great strong lad? Come, tell me all about it."

"I will tell you—but ah! she is old now. She did not know me at first, because I burst open the door of our house, and I was one of the foremost to land, and I ran all the way from the boat to the house. She was sitting talking with a friend. When the door opened she cried out, 'Who?'

"'Mi-mi, ma-ma. It is I, mother. It is I—Mabruki, mother. It is I, returned from the continent.'

"'What! Mabruki, my son!'

"'Verily it is I, mother.'

"She could scarcely believe I had returned, for she had heard no news. But soon all the women round about gathered together near the door, while the house was full, to hear the news; and they were all crying and laughing and talking so fast, which they kept up far into the night. She is very proud of me, master. When the dinner was ready over twenty sat down to share with us. 'Oh!' they all said, 'you are a man indeed, now that you have been farther than any Arab has ever been.'"

Four days of grace I permitted myself to procure the thousands of rupees required to pay off the people for their services. Messages had also been sent to the relatives of the dead, requesting them to appear at Mr. Sparhawk's, prepared to make their claims good by the mouths of three witnesses.

On the fifth morning the people—men, women, and children—of the Anglo-American Expedition, attended by hundreds of friends, who crowded the street and the capacious rooms of the Bertram Agency, began to receive their well-earned dues.

The women, thirteen in number, who had borne the fatigues of the long, long journey, who had transformed the stern camp in the depths of the wilds into something resembling a village in their own island, who had encouraged their husbands to continue in their fidelity despite all adversity, were all rewarded.

The children of the chiefs who had accompanied us from Zanzibar to the Atlantic, and who, by their childish, careless prattle, had often soothed me in mid-Africa, and had often caused me to forget my responsibilities for the

time, were not forgotten. Neither were the tiny infants—ushered into the world amid the dismal and tragic scenes of the cataract lands, and who, with their eyes wide open with wonder, now crowed and crooned at the gathering of happy men and elated women about them—omitted in this final account and reckoning.

The second pay-day was devoted to hearing the claims for wages due to the faithful dead. Poor faithful souls! With an ardour and a fidelity unexpected, and an immeasurable confidence, they had followed me to the very death. True, negro nature had often asserted itself, but it was after all but human nature. They had never boasted that they were heroes, but they exhibited truly heroic stuff while coping with the varied terrors of the hitherto untrodden and apparently endless wilds of broad Africa.

The female relatives filed in. With each name of the dead, old griefs were remembered. The poignant sorrow I felt—as the fallen were named after each successive conflict in those dark days never to be forgotten by me—was revived. Sad and subdued were the faces of those I saw, as sad and subdued as my own feelings. With such sympathies between us we soon arrived at a satisfactory understanding. Each woman was paid without much explanation required—one witness was sufficient. There were men, however, who were put to great shifts. They appeared to have no identity. None of my own people would vouch for the relationship; no respectable man knew them. Several claimed money upon the ground that they were acquaintances; that they had been slaves under one master, and had become freemen together on their master's death. Parents and true brothers were not difficult to identify. The settlement of the claims lasted five days, and then—the Anglo-American Expedition was no more.

On the 13th of December the British India Steam Navigation Company's steamer *Pachumba* sailed from Zanzibar for Aden, on board which Mr. William Mackinnon had ordered a state room for me. My followers through Africa had all left their homes early that they might be certain to arrive in time to witness my departure. They were there now, every one of them arrayed in the picturesque dress of their countrymen. The fulness of the snowy dishdashah and the amplitude of the turban gave a certain dignity to their forms, and each sported a light cane. Upon inquiring I ascertained that several had already purchased handsome little properties—houses and gardens—with their wages, proving that the long journey had brought, with its pains and rough experience, a good deal of thrift and wisdom.

When I was about to step into the boat, the brave, faithful fellows rushed before me and shot the boat into the sea, and then lifted me up on their heads and carried me through the surf into the boat.

We shook hands twenty times twenty, I think, and then at last the boat started.

I saw them consult together, and presently saw them run down the beach

and seize a great twenty-ton lighter, which they soon manned and rowed after me. They followed me thus to the steamer, and a deputation of them came on board, headed by the famous Uledi, the coxswain; Kachéché, the chief detective; Robert, my indispensable factotum; Zaidi, the chief, and Wadi Rehani, the storekeeper, to inform me that they still considered me as their master, and that they would not leave Zanzibar until they received a letter from me announcing my safe arrival in my own country. I had, they said, taken them round all Africa to bring them back to their homes, and they must know that I had reached my own land before they would go to seek new adventures on the continent, and—simple, generous souls!—that if I wanted their help to reach my country they would help me!

They were sweet and sad moments, those of parting. What a long, long and true friendship was here sundered! Through what strange vicissitudes of life had they not followed me! What wild and varied scenes had we not seen together! What a noble fidelity these untutored souls had exhibited! The chiefs were those who had followed me to Ujiji in 1871; they had been witnesses of the joy of Livingstone at the sight of me; they were the men to whom I entrusted the safeguard of Livingstone on his last and fatal journey, who had mourned by his corpse at Muilala, and borne the illustrious dead to the Indian Ocean.

And in a flood of sudden recollection, all the stormy period here ended rushed in upon my mind; the whole panorama of danger and tempest through which these gallant fellows had so staunchly stood by me—these gallant fellows now parting from me. Rapidly, as in some apocalyptic vision, every scene of strife with Man and Nature through which these poor men and women had borne me company, and solaced me by the simple sympathy of common suffering, came hurrying across my memory; for each face before me was associated with some adventure or some peril, reminded me of some triumph or of some loss. What a wild, weird retrospect it was, that mind's flash over the troubled past! So like a troublous dream!

And for years and years to come, in many homes in Zanzibar, there will be told the great story of our journey, and the actors in it will be heroes among their kith and kin. For me, too, they are heroes, these poor ignorant children of Africa, for, from the first deadly struggle in savage Ituru to the last staggering rush into Embomma, they had rallied to my voice like veterans, and in the hour of need they had never failed me. And thus, aided by their willing hands and by their loyal hearts, the Expedition had been successful, and the three great problems of the Dark Continent's geography had been fairly solved.





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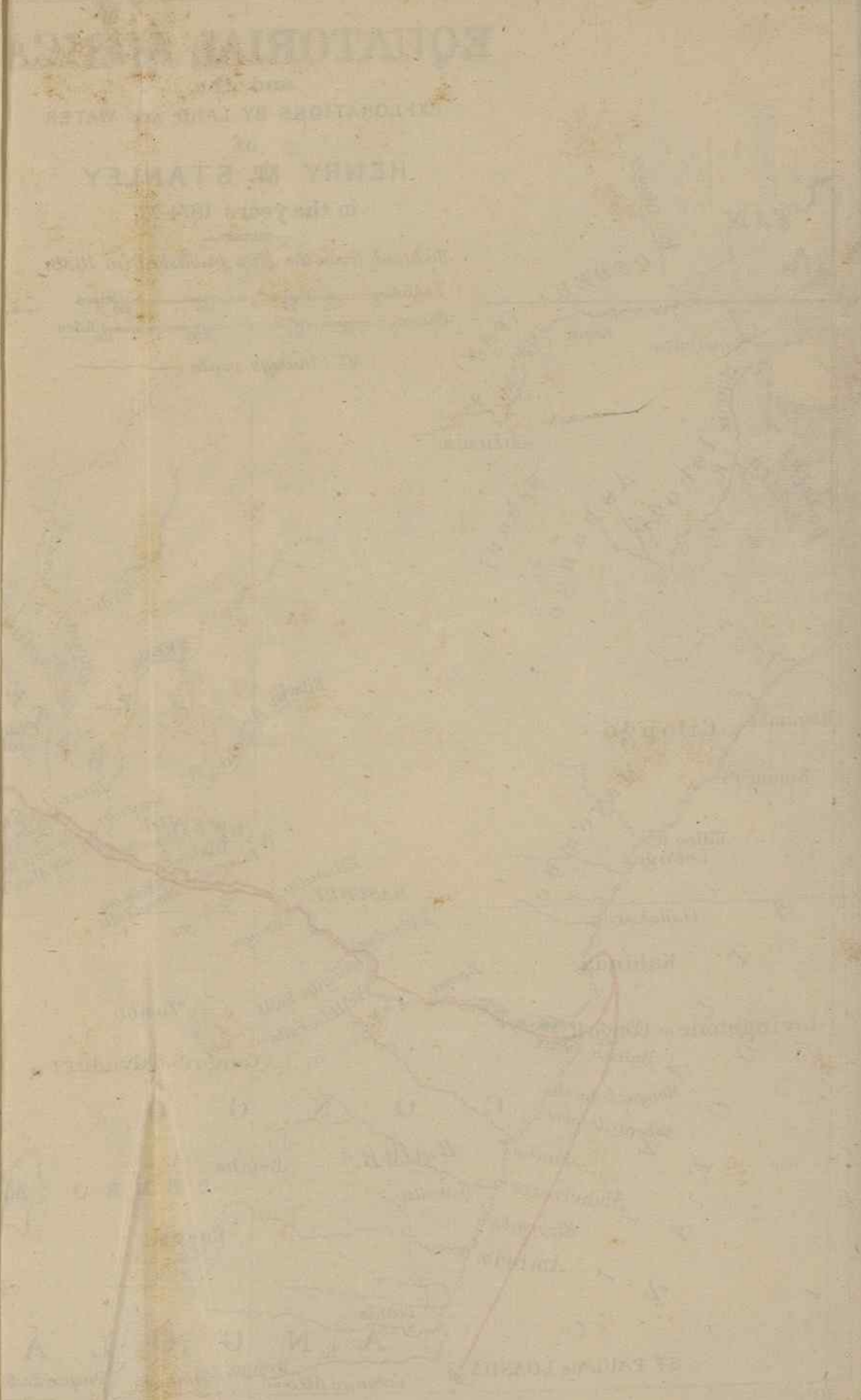
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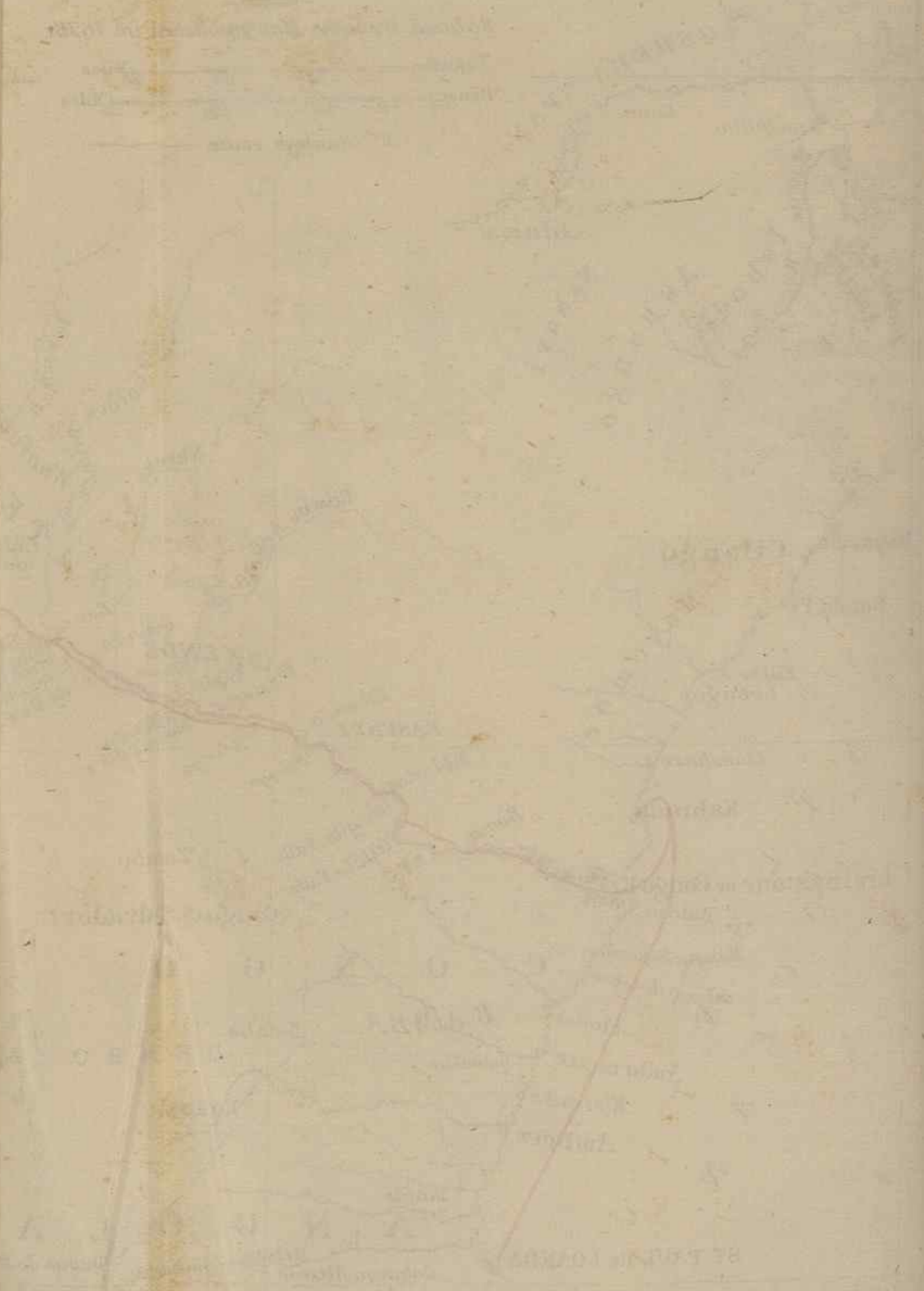
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EXPLORATIONS BY LAND AND WATER

HENRY W. STANLEY



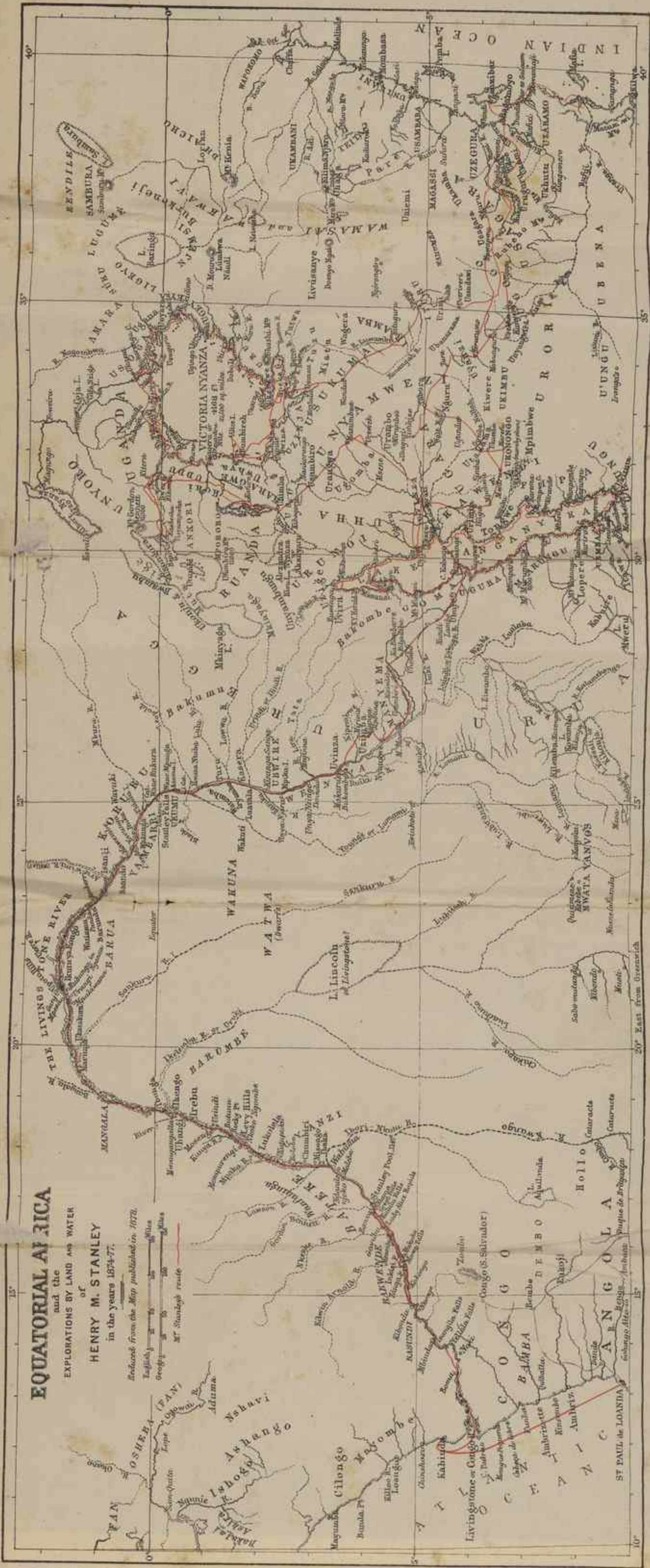
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# EQUATORIAL AFRICA

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in the years 1874-77.

Reduced from the Map published in 1878.

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