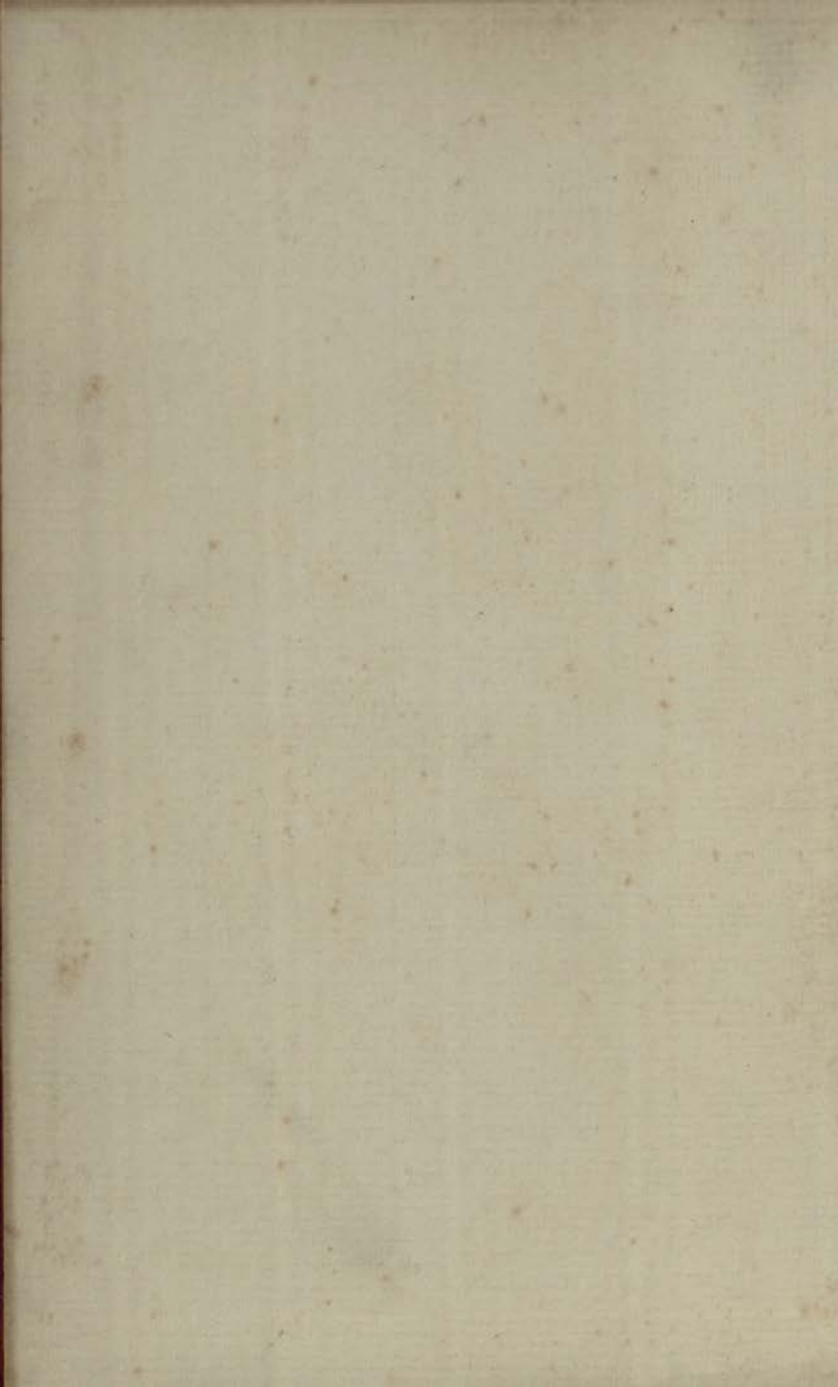
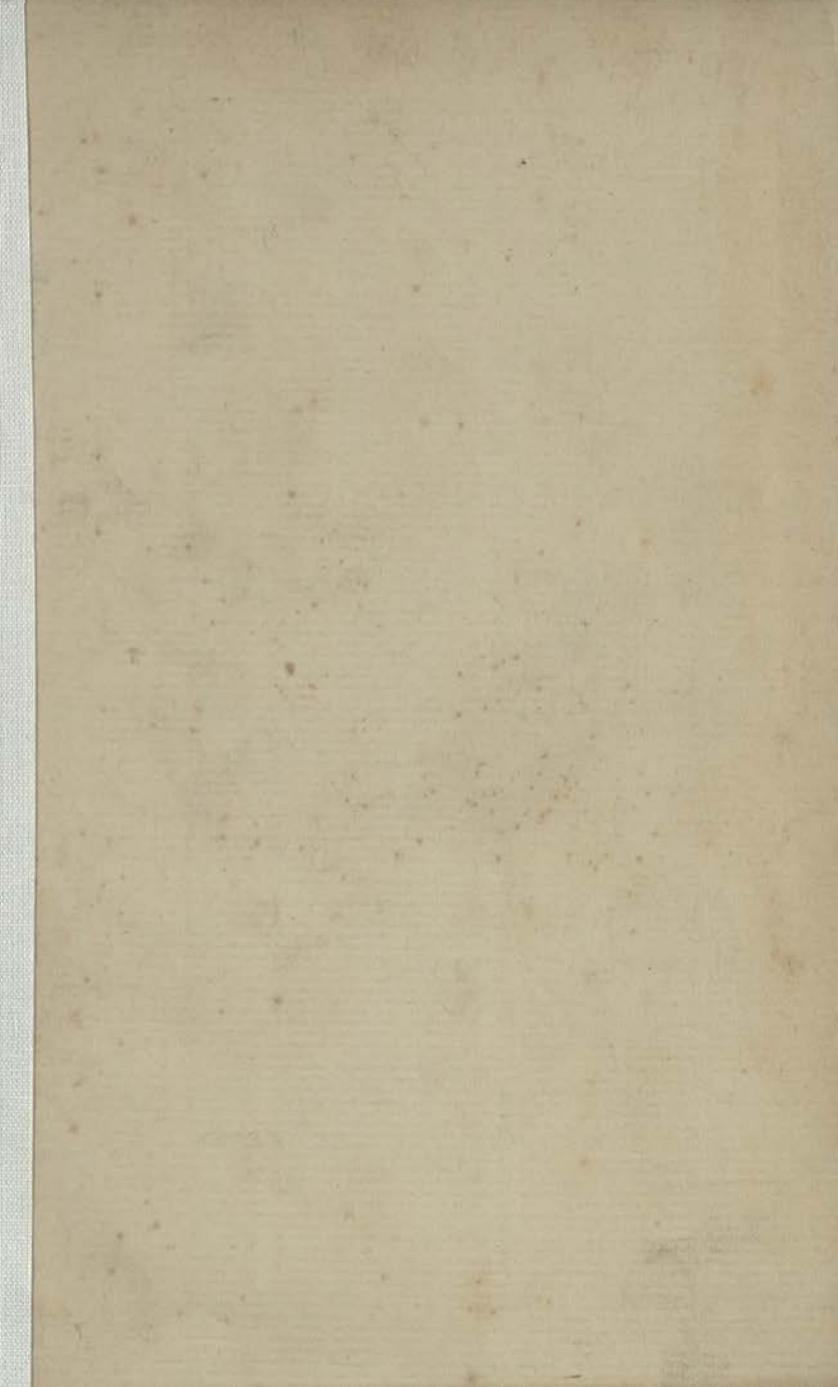


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CAPTAIN NELSON

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A. J. MOUNTENEY JEPSON

LIEUT. W. G. STAIRS, R.E.

# IN DARKEST AFRICA

OR THE

## QUEST RESCUE AND RETREAT

OF

### EMIN

GOVERNOR OF EQUATORIA

CBGiOŚ, ul. Twarda 51/55  
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Wa5149792

BY

HENRY M. STANLEY, M.P., D.C.L., LL.D., &c., &c.

AUTHOR OF

*"How I Found Livingstone," "Through the Dark Continent," etc.*

WITH A MAP AND 150 WOODCUT ILLUSTRATIONS

"I will not cease to go forward until I come to the place where the two seas meet,  
though I travel ninety years."—KORAN, chap. xviii., v. 62.

NEW EDITION, CORRECTED AND REVISED THROUGHOUT

LONDON

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Dedicated

TO

SIR WILLIAM MACKINNON, BART.

OF

BALINAKILL AND LOUP

IN THE

COUNTY OF ARGYLESHIRE

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE EMIN RELIEF COMMITTEE





## PREFACE TO THE EDITION OF 1897

---

NUMEROUS applications having been received by me for a cheaper edition of this book, and the publishers having graciously agreed to a re-issue, I have availed myself of a long sought for opportunity to give it a thorough and very necessary revision. While writing "Darkest Africa" in the spring of 1890, immediately after the return of the Expedition from Africa, it will be well understood by the reader how distasteful a prolonged literary effort was to me; for, indeed, I was in a physical condition not far removed from collapse. I had, however, to compel myself to the task, otherwise a sense of the unfulfilled duty would have rendered a quiet rest and recuperation impossible. Being also so far removed from the printers, and too anxious to be relieved of their importunities, I was unable to revise the proofs as often as I should have done; and therefore, when the book was issued, I saw to my dismay that many unaccountable errata had crept in, besides so many marks of haste, that my strong discontent may easily be imagined. The enormous editions issued at the outset having now been quite exhausted, and a general demand being made for the book from a wider circle of readers, I have gladly seized the chance to correct many errors, eliminate much matter that had only a temporary interest, and re-arrange some of the chapters that seemed to me to interfere with the continuity of the narrative.

I am still far from being satisfied with the four first chapters of the book. They form a somewhat too long preamble to the real narrative, and might have been recast into two chapters well enough, but I doubt whether the larger circle of readers for whom I have prepared this re-issue would have been altogether grateful for the sharp excision of details, which are, after all, essential for a thorough understanding of the motives of the Expedition. But if the general reader is not interested in these details, he can pass over them and begin the book at Chapter IV., which will prepare him for the adventures that are to follow. Well as I am acquainted with the story of the journey for the quest and relief of Emin, I am bound to confess that if I once begin reading Chapter IV. I am compelled to continue to the end of the book, and feel as if a panorama of the forest, and plains, and lakes was

unfolded to my view; and I can only hope that as the pages reproduce so faithfully and vividly to me the scenes and adventures through which we passed, something of the interest I invariably feel will be communicated to the reader.

One chapter, that relating to the Rear Column, I have entirely re-written, and confined myself to a simple story, as told by its officers, of the causes which led them to stay at Yambuza, instead of following us.

Three chapters I have taken from the body of the book, and placed them as Supplementary Chapters at the end. As they were not wholly devoid of interest, I did not feel at liberty to discard them. The body of the narrative has been scrupulously examined for the sake of improving the smooth flow of the story, because at the period of writing it I still felt strongly. Now, however, being in a calmer mood, I found it necessary to tone the phrase, and subdue the expression more in consonance with a sober critic's view of what is becoming.

As the publication of such a bulky book at the present price cannot be remunerative to either author or publishers, the new readers will believe me when I state that my principal object in consenting to this cheap edition has been to extend their knowledge of Equatorial Africa, so that they may be able to follow intelligently the developments that are being constantly made there by the Congo State, Great Britain, and Germany, the three Powers that are now in possession of the regions traversed by our Expedition.

THE AUTHOR.



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### MAP.

Map of Africa, showing Mr. Stanley's route from the mouth of the Congo River to Zanzibar . . . . .	<i>to face page</i> 672
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# IN DARKEST AFRICA

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## CHAPTER I

### INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER

In order that I may make a fitting introduction to the subject-matter of this book, I must necessarily glance at the events which led to the cry of the last surviving Lieutenant of Gordon for help in his close beleaguering near the Equator.

It is to the daring project of Ismail the Khedive that we owe the evils that befell Egypt and the Soudan in 1880-85. With 5,000,000 of subjects, and a rapidly depleting treasury, he undertook the expansion of his Khedivate into an enormous Empire of nearly 1,000,000 square miles in extent. Adventurers from Europe and from America resorted to his capital to suggest the maddest schemes, and volunteered themselves leaders of the wildest enterprises. The staid period when Egyptian sovereignty ceased at Gondokoro, and the Nile was the natural drain of such traffic as found its way by the gentle pressure of slow development, ended when Captains Speke and Grant, and Sir Samuel Baker brought their rapturous reports of magnificent lakes, and regions unmatched for fertility and productiveness.

One cannot help admiring the breadth of the Khedive's views, the enthusiasm which possessed him, the princely liberality of his rewards, the military exploits of his officers, and the steady expansions of his sovereignty to the south, west, and east.

But throughout all this brilliant period the people of this new empire do not seem to have been worthy of a thought, except as subjects of taxation and as instruments for supplying the Treasury. The taxes grow heavier than ever; the Pashas more mercenary; and the laws more exacting. The ivory trade is monopolised, and to add to the discontent already growing, the slave trade is prohibited throughout all the territory where Egyptian authority is constituted. Within five years Sir Samuel Baker has conquered the Equatorial Province, Munzinger has mastered Senaar, Darfur has been annexed,

and Bahr-el-Ghazal has been subjugated after a most frightful waste of life. The audacity manifested in all these projects of empire is perfectly marvellous—almost as wonderful as the total absence of common sense. Along a line of territory 800 miles in length there are only three military stations in a country that relies upon camels as means of communication.

In 1879, Ismail having drawn too freely upon Europe, and increased the debt of Egypt to nearly £100,000,000, and unable to submit to the restraints imposed by the Powers, the money of whose subjects he had so liberally squandered, was deposed, and the present Khedive, Tewfik, his son, was elevated to his place, under the tutelage of the Powers. Shortly after, a military revolt occurred, which at Kassassin, Tel-el-Kebir, Cairo, and Kafr Dowar, was crushed by an English Army under Lord Wolseley.

During the brief sovereignty of Arabi Pasha, who headed the military revolt, much mischief was caused by the withdrawal of the available troops from the Soudan. While the English General was defeating the rebel soldiers at Tel-el-Kebir, the Mahdi was proceeding to the investment of El Obeid. From the 11th of August, 1881, to the 4th of March, 1883, when Hicks Pasha, a retired Indian officer, landed at Khartoum, the disasters to the Government troops in the Soudan had been almost one unbroken series; and, in the meanwhile, the factious and mutinous army of Egypt had revolted, been suppressed and disbanded, and another army had been reconstituted under Sir Evelyn Wood, which was not to exceed 6000 men. Yet aware of the tremendous power of the Mahdi, and the combined fanaticism and hate, amounting to frenzy, which possessed his legions, and of the indiscipline and cowardice of the Egyptian troops, Hicks Pasha resolves upon the conquest of Kordofan, and marches to meet the victorious Prophet, whose hordes are flushed with the victory lately gained over Obeid and Bara. His staff, as well as the very civilians accompanying him, predict disaster; yet Hicks starts forth on his last journey with a body of 12,000 men, 10 mountain guns, 6 Nordenfelts, 5500 camels, and 500 horses. All know that the elements of weakness are in the force; that many of the soldiers are peasants who were taken from the fields in Egypt, and chained in gangs; that others are Mahdists, and that everything is wrong in fact. But they march towards Obeid, meet the Mahdi's legions, and are annihilated.

At this time the affairs of Egypt are directed by England with the consent of the young Khedive, whom she has been instrumental in placing upon the throne of Egypt, and whom she is interested in protecting. Her soldiers are in Egypt; the new Egyptian army is under an English General; her military police is under the command of an English ex-Colonel of cavalry; her Diplomatic Agent directs the foreign policy; almost all the principal offices of the State are in the hands of Englishmen.

To the view of good sense it is clear that, as England has undertaken to direct the government and manage the affairs of Egypt, she cannot avoid

declaring her policy as regards the Soudan. When Mr. Gladstone, then Prime Minister, was pressed by Parliament to say whether the Soudan was regarded as forming a part of Egypt, and if so, whether the British Government would take steps to restore order there, he replied, that the Soudan had not been included in the sphere of English operations, and that the Government was not disposed to include it within the sphere of English responsibility.

Lord Granville, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, said, at various times in the months of November and December, 1883, that the British Government advised the abandonment of the Soudan within certain limits; that they had no intention of employing British or Indian troops in the Soudan; and that ineffectual efforts on the part of the Egyptian Government to secure the Soudan would only increase the danger.

Sir Evelyn Baring, the British Agent in Egypt, notified Lord Granville that no persuasion or argument availed to induce the Egyptian Minister to accept the policy of abandonment.

Lord Granville replied that it was indispensable that, so long as English soldiers provisionally occupied Egypt, the advice of Her Majesty's Ministers should be followed, and that he insisted on its adoption. The Egyptian Ministers were therefore changed, and Nubar Pasha became Prime Minister on the 10th January, 1884.

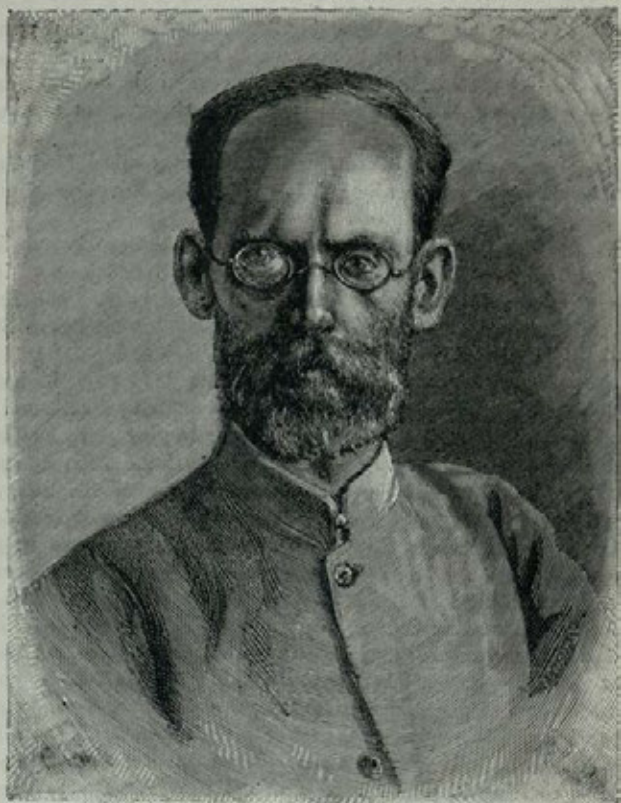
We now come to General Gordon, who from 1874 to 1876 had been working in the Upper Soudan on the lines commenced by Sir Samuel Baker, conciliating natives, crushing slave caravans, destroying slave stations, and extending Egyptian authority up to the Albert Nyanza. After four months' retirement he was appointed Governor-General of the whole Soudan. Among others whom Gordon employed as Governors of provinces under his Vice-regal Government was one Edward Schnitzler, a German born in Oppelo, Prussia, 28th March, 1840, of Jewish parents, who had seen service in Turkey, Armenia, Syria, and Arabia, in the suite of Ismail Hakki Pasha, once Governor-General of Scutari. On the death of his patron Dr. Schnitzler returned to Niesse, where his mother, sister, and cousins lived. After a stay of a few months he suddenly left Germany for Egypt. In 1875 he proceeded to Khartoum, and being a medical doctor, was employed by Gordon Pasha in that capacity. He was known as Emin Effendi Hakim, or Dr. Emin Effendi. He was sent to Lado as storekeeper and doctor, whence after a time he was despatched to King Mtesa on a political mission. Afterwards recalled to Khartoum, he was despatched on a mission to King Kabba-Rega of Unyoro, and finally, in 1878, was promoted to Bey, and appointed Governor of the Equatorial Province of *Ha-tal-astiva*, or Equatoria, at a salary of £50 per month. A mate of one of the Peninsular and Oriental steamers, called Lupton, was promoted about the same time to the rank of Governor of the Province of Bahr-el-Ghazal, which adjoined Equatoria.

On hearing of the deposition of Ismail in 1879, Gordon Pasha resigned the



Governor-Generalship of the Soudan, and informed the new Khedive that he did not intend to resume it.

In 1880 Gordon accepted the post of Secretary under the Marquis of Ripon, but within a month gave it up in disgust. In 1881 he went to Mauritius as Commandant of the Royal Engineers, but in about two months he abandoned



EMIN PASHA

that post to proceed to the assistance of the Cape authorities in their difficulty with the Basutos. After a little experience of his new duties he found himself unable to agree with the views of the Cape Government, and resigned.

Meantime my responsibilities on the Congo have become so serious that they threaten to become unmanageable. When I visit the Lower Congo

affairs become deranged on the Upper Congo; if I confine myself to the Upper Congo there is friction on the Lower Congo. Wherefore, feeling an intense interest in the growth of the territory which was rapidly developing into a State, I suggested to His Majesty King Leopold, as early as September, 1882, and again in the spring of 1883, that he should secure for me a colleague, such as General Gordon, who would undertake the management of either the Lower or Upper Congo, while I would work in the other section, as a vast amount of valuable time was consumed in travelling up and down from one to the other, and young officers were apt to take advantage of my absence. His Majesty accordingly applied to General Gordon, but for a long time the replies were unfavourable. Finally, in the spring of 1884, I received a letter from General Gordon, which informed me I was to expect him by the next mail.

It appears, however, that he had no sooner mailed his letter to me and parted from King Leopold than he was besieged by applications from his countrymen to assist the Egyptian Government in extricating the beleaguered garrison of Khartoum from their impending fate, and in the end he accepted the mission. Lord Granville informed me that General Gordon was confident he could perform the mission entrusted to him. The Egyptian authorities were anxious for the evacuation of Khartoum only. Lord Granville's instructions to General Gordon were to proceed to Egypt to report on the situation of the Soudan, and on the best measures that should be taken for the security of the Egyptian garrisons (in the plural), and for the safety of the European population in Khartoum, and perform such other duties as the Egyptian Government might wish to entrust to him.

Sir Evelyn Baring, after a prolonged conversation with Gordon, gave him his final instructions on behalf of the British Government.

A précis of these is as follows:—

1. "You are to ensure retreat of the European population, and of the garrison of Khartoum."
2. "You know best the when and how to effect this."
3. "You will bear in mind that the main end (of your Mission) is the evacuation of the Soudan."
4. "As you are of opinion it can be done, endeavour to make a confederation of the native tribes to take the place of Egyptian authority."
5. "A credit of £100,000 is opened for you at the Finance Department."

General Gordon proceeded to Khartoum on January 26th, 1884, and arrived in that city on the 18th of the following month. Mr. Power, the *Times* correspondent and acting consul, wired the following despatch—"The people (of Khartoum) are devoted to General Gordon, whose design is to save the garrison, and for ever leave the Soudan—as perforce it must be left—to the Soudanese."

The English press were very much in the condition of the people of Khartoum, that is, devoted to General Gordon and sanguine of his success. He had performed such wonders in China—he had laboured so effectually in crushing the slave-trade in the Soudan, he had won the affection of the sullen Soudanese, that the press did not deem it at all improbable that Gordon with his white wand and six servants could rescue the doomed garrisons of Senaar, Bahr-el-Ghazal and Equatoria—a total of 29,000 men, besides the civil employees and their wives and families; and after performing that more than herculean—nay, utterly impossible—task, establish an organized Government.

On February 29th Gordon telegraphs, "There is not much chance of improving, and every chance is getting worse," and on the 2nd of the month "I have no option about staying at Khartoum, it has passed out of my hands." On the 16th March he predicts that before long "we shall be blocked." At the latter end of March he telegraphs, "We have provisions for five months, and are hemmed in."

Meantime public opinion in England urged on the Government the necessity of despatching an Expedition to withdraw General Gordon from Khartoum. But as it was understood between General Gordon and Lord Granville that the former's mission was for the purpose of dispensing with the services of British troops in the Soudan, and as it was its declared policy not to employ English or Indian troops in that region, the Government were naturally reluctant to yield to the demand of the public. At last, however, as the clamour increased and Parliament and public joined in affirming that it was a duty on the country to save the brave man who had so willingly volunteered to perform such an important service for his country, Mr. Gladstone rose in the House of Commons on the 5th August to move a vote of credit to undertake operations for the relief of Gordon.

By Christmas Day, 1884, a great part of the Relief Expeditionary Force was assembled at Korti under Lord Wolseley. So far, the advance of the Expedition had been rapid. Probably there never was a force so numerous animated with such noble ardour as this under Lord Wolseley for the rescue of the noble and solitary Englishman at Khartoum.

On December 30th, a part of General Herbert Stewart's force moves from Korti towards Gakdul Wells, with 2099 camels. In 46 hours and 50 minutes it has reached Gakdul Wells; 11 hours later Sir Herbert Stewart with all the camels starts on his return journey to Korti, which place was reached January 5th. On the 12th Sir Herbert Stewart was back at Gakdul Wells, and at 2 p.m. of the 13th the march towards Abu Klea was resumed. On the 17th, the famous battle of Abu Klea was fought, resulting in a hard-won victory to the English troops, with a loss of 9 officers and 65 men killed and 85 wounded, out of a total of 1800, while 1100 of the enemy lay dead. It is probable that if the 3000 English sent up the Nile Valley under General



Earle had been with this gallant little force, it would have been a mere walk over for the English Army. After another battle on the 19th near Metammeh, a village on a gravel terrace near the Nile was occupied by the British troops. On the 21st, four steamers belonging to General Gordon appeared. The officer in command stated that they had been lying for some weeks near an island awaiting the arrival of the British column. The 22nd and 23rd were expended by Sir Charles Wilson in making a reconnaissance, building two forts, changing the crews of the steamers, and preparing fuel. On the 24th, two of the steamers started for Khartoum, carrying only 20 English soldiers. On the 26th two men came aboard and reported that there had been fighting at Khartoum; on the 27th a man cried out from the bank that the town had fallen, and that Gordon had been killed. The next day the last news was confirmed by another man. Sir Charles Wilson continued on his way up the Nile until his steamers became the target of cannon from Omdurman and from Khartoum, besides rifles from a distance of from 75 to 200 yards, and turned back only when convinced that the sad news was only too true.

Darfur, Kordofan, Senaar, Bahr-el-Ghazal, Khartoum had been possessed by the enemy; Kassala soon followed, and throughout the length and breadth of the Soudan there remained under Egyptian authority only the Equatorial Province, whose Governor was Emin Bey Hakim.

Naturally, if English people felt that they were in duty bound to rescue Gordon, they would feel a lively interest in the fate of the last of his Governors, who, by a prudent Fabian policy, had evaded the fate which had befallen the armies and garrisons of the Soudan. It follows also that, if the English were solicitous for the salvation of the garrison of Khartoum, they would feel a proportionate solicitude for the fate of a brave officer and his little army in the far South, and that, if assistance could be rendered at a reasonable cost, there would be no difficulty in raising a fund to effect that desirable object.

On November 16, 1884, Emin Bey informs Mr. A. M. Mackay, the missionary in Uganda, by letter written at Lado, that "the Soudan has become the theatre of an insurrection; that for nineteen months he has been without news from Khartoum, and that thence he is led to believe that the town has been taken by the insurgents, or that the Nile is blocked"; but he says:—

"Whatever it proves to be, please inform your correspondents and through them the Egyptian Government that to this day we are well, and that we propose to hold out until help may reach us or until we perish."

A second note from Emin Bey to the same missionary, on the same date as the preceding, contains the following:

"The Bahr-Ghazal Province being lost and Lupton Bey, the governor, carried

away to Kordofan, we are unable to inform our Government of what happens here. For nineteen months we have had no communication from Khartoum, so I suppose the river is blocked up.

"Please therefore inform the Egyptian Government by some means that we are well to this day, but greatly in need of help. We shall hold out until we obtain such help or until we perish."

To Mr. Charles H. Allen, Secretary of the London Anti-Slavery Society, Emin Bey writes from Wadelai, on December 31, 1885, as follows:—

"Ever since the month of May, 1883, we have been cut off from all communication with the world. Forgotten, and abandoned by the Government, we have been compelled to make a virtue of necessity. Since the occupation of the Bahr-Ghazal we have been vigorously attacked, and I do not know how to describe to you the admirable devotion of my black troops throughout a long war, which for them, at least, has no advantage. Deprived of the most necessary things, for a long time without any pay, my men fought valiantly, and when at last hunger weakened them, when, after nineteen days of incredible privation and sufferings, their strength was exhausted, and when the last torn leather of the last boot had been eaten, then they cut a way through the midst of their enemies and succeeded in saving themselves. All this hardship was undergone without the least *arrière-pensée*, without even the hope of any appreciable reward, prompted only by their duty and the desire of showing a proper valour before their enemies."

A few days after the appearance of this letter in the *Times* people began to discuss ways and means of relief for the writer.

The following letter of the same date, to Dr. R. W. Felkin, also impressed me very strongly:—

"You will probably know through the daily papers that poor Lupton, after having bravely held the Bahr-Ghazal Province, was compelled, through the treachery of his people, to surrender to the emissaries of the late Mahdi, and was carried by them to Kordofan.

"My province and also myself I only saved from a like fate by a stratagem, but at last I was attacked, and many losses in both men and ammunition were the result, until I delivered such a heavy blow to the rebels at Rimo, in Makraka, that compelled them to leave me alone. Before this took place they informed us that Khartoum fell, in January, 1885, and that Gordon was killed.

"Naturally on account of these occurrences I have been compelled to evacuate our more distant stations, and withdraw our soldiers and their families, still hoping that our Government will send us help. It seems, however, that I have deceived myself, for since April, 1883, I have received no news of any kind from the north.

"The Government in Khartoum did not behave well to us. Before they evacuated Fashoda, they ought to have remembered that Government officials were living here (Equatorial Provinces) who had performed their duty, and had not deserved to be left to their fate without more ado. Even if it were the intention of the Government to deliver us over to our fate, the least they could have done was to have released us from our duties; we should then have known that we were considered to have become valueless.

\* \* \* \* \*



"Anyway it was necessary for us to seek some way of escape, and in the first place it was urgent to send news of our existence to Egypt. With this object in view I went south, after having made the necessary arrangements at Lado, and came to Wadelai.

\* \* \* \* \*

"As to my future plans, I intend to hold this country as long as possible. I hope that when our letters arrive in Egypt, in seven or eight months, a reply will be sent to me *viâ* Khartoum or Zanzibar. If the Egyptian Government still exists in the Soudan, we naturally expect them to send us help. If, however, the Soudan has been evacuated, I shall take the whole of the people towards the south. I shall then send the whole of the Egyptian and Khartoum officials *viâ* Uganda or Karagwé to Zanzibar, but shall remain myself with my black troops at Kabba-Rega's until the Government inform me as to their wishes."

This is very clear that Emin Pasha at this time proposed to relieve himself of the Egyptian officials, and that he himself only intended to remain until the Egyptian Government could communicate to him its wishes.

In a letter written to Mr. Mackay on July 6th, 1886, Emin says :—

"In the first place believe me that I am in no hurry to break away from here, or to leave those countries in which I have now laboured for ten years.

\* \* \* \* \*

"All my people, but especially the negro troops, entertain a strong objection against a march to the south and thence to Egypt, and mean to remain here until they can be taken north. Meantime, if no danger overtakes us, and our ammunition holds out for some time longer, I mean to follow your advice, and remain here until help comes to us from some quarter. At all events, you may rest assured that we will occasion no disturbance to you in Uganda.

"I shall determine on a march to the coast only in a case of dire necessity. There are, moreover, two other routes before me. One from Kabba-Rega's direct to Karagwé; the other *viâ* Usongora to the stations at Tanganika. I hope, however, that I shall have no need to make use of either.

\* \* \* \* \*

"My people have become impatient through long delay, and are anxiously looking for help at last. It would also be most desirable that some commissioner came here from Europe, either direct by the Masai route, or from Karagwé, *viâ* Kabba-Rega's country, in order that my people may actually see that there is some interest taken in them. I would defray with ivory all expenses of such a commission."

From the above letters we gather that Emin's people are loyal and obedient to his commands, but that none of them, judging from the tenour of the letters, express any inclination to return to Egypt, excepting the Egyptians, that he is at the same time pondering upon the routes by which it is possible to retreat, and hints at Masai Land, or through Unyoro, and west of Uganda to Usongora, and thence to Tanganika!

From the letters of the Consul-General at Zanzibar, F. Holmwood, to Sir

Evelyn Baring, dated September 25th and September 27th, we extract the following :—

“ In Emin’s letters to me he only reports his situation up to 27th February, 1886, when he proposed evacuating his province by detachments, the first of which he proposed to despatch at the close of the rains toward the end of July ; but both Dr. Junker and Mr. Mackay inform me that they have since heard from Emin that the majority of the 4000 loyal Egyptian subjects who have remained faithful to Egypt throughout, and have supported him in the face of the constant attacks from the Mahdi’s adherents, aggravated by an imminent danger of starvation, refused to leave their country, and he had therefore determined, if he could possibly do so, to remain at his post, and continue to protect Egyptian interests till relief arrived.”

Mr. A. M. Mackay wrote from Uganda, May 14th, 1886, as follows :—

“ From Dr. Junker’s letter you will have seen that Emin Bey has had the good fortune to have secured the loyalty of the people he governs. Emin seems to have learned Gordon’s secret of securing the affection of his subjects, and has bravely stuck to them. There can be no doubt at all but that had he been anxious to leave he would with a few hundred of his soldiers have easily made a dash for the coast, either through the Masai Land or this way, asking no permission from Mwangi (King of Uganda) or anyone else. He knows that there is no power here able to stop him. In fact years ago he wrote me that it would be nothing to him to storm this wretched village and drive off the cattle.

“ But what would be the fate of thousands of people who have remained loyal on the Upper Nile? Dr. Junker speaks of thousands. They do not want to be taken out of their own fertile country, and taken to the deserts of Upper Egypt.

“ Dr. Emin is on all hands allowed to be a wise and able Governor. But he cannot remain for ever where he is, nor can he succeed himself, even should the Mahdi’s troops leave him undisturbed in the future. His peculiar position should be taken advantage of by our country, which undertook to rescue the garrisons of the Soudan.”

On June 28th Mr. Mackay wrote :—

“ Dr. Junker is living here with us. He brought me a letter from Emin Bey dated the 27th January (1886). He then proposed sending his people at once this way—some 4000—in small detachments. This policy would be fatal. He also asked me to go to meet him with a view to bringing here two steamers which otherwise he would have to abandon. One of them he meant for the King, and the other for the mission.

“ Since then, however, he finds that his people, officers and men, refuse to leave the Soudan, hence he is prepared to remain some years with them provided only he can get supplies of cloth, etc.”

Mr. Mackay was in the full belief that Emin’s troops were loyal. We all shared in this belief. We now see that we were grossly misled, and that at no time could Emin have cut his way to the coast through Uganda or any other country with men of such fibre as his ignorant and stolid Soudanese.

Early in October, 1886, Sir William Mackinnon and Mr. J. F. Hutton,

ex-President of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, spoke with me respecting the possibilities of conveying relief to Emin. To them it seemed that he only required ammunition, and I shared their opinion, and they were very earnest in their intention to collect funds for the support he required. We discussed estimates and routes, and Mr. Hutton informs me that the rough estimate I furnished him then exceeds only by £500 the actual cost of the Expedition.

As for routes, I intimated to them that there were four almost equally feasible.

The first, *viâ* Masai Land, was decidedly objectionable while carrying a vast store of ammunition which absolutely must reach Emin. Mr. Thomson had tried it, and his account of the extremities to which he was driven on returning from the Lake Victoria, for want of water and grain, were extremely unfavourable. In proceeding to the Lake his people were dispirited, and deserted in such numbers that he was obliged to return to the coast to recruit more men. The tendency of the Zanzibaris to desert was a disadvantage, and desertion of late from East Coast Expeditions had assumed alarming proportions, owing to the impunity with which they could decamp with rifles and loads. Many of the Zanzibaris had become professional advance-jumpers, and the greater the expedition, the greater would be the loss in money, rifles and stores.

The second, *viâ* Victoria Nyanza and Uganda, which was naturally the best, was rendered impossible for a small expedition because of the hostility of Uganda. This hostility might be avoided if there were any vessels on Lake Victoria capable of transporting across the lake such an expedition as was needed, but the danger of desertion was just as imminent on this as on the first.

The third was *viâ* Msalala, Karagwé, Ankori and Lake Albert. Immense loss of men and goods would assuredly follow any attempt from the East Coast. Fifty per cent. loss was unavoidable, and no precautions would avail to prevent desertion. Besides, Karagwé was garrisoned by the Waganda, and no expedition could pass through that country without persistent hostility from the Waganda.

I said, "The whole question resolves itself into that of money. With money enough every route is possible; but as I understand it, you propose to subscribe a moderate amount, and therefore there is only one route which is safely open for the money, and that is the Congo. This river has the disadvantage of not having enough transport vessels in its upper portion. I would propose then to supplement the Upper Congo flotilla with fifteen whale-boats, which will take an Expedition to within 200 miles, at least, of the Albert Nyanza. A heavy labour will be carrying the whale-boats from the Lower Congo to the Upper, but we can easily manage it by sending agents out at once to prepare carriers. There is one thing, however, that must be done, and that is to obtain the sanction of King Leopold.



"But it may be we are rather premature in discussing the matter at all. You know I am aware of many projects mooted, and much 'talk' has been expended on each, and this may end in smoke. Collect your funds, and then call upon me if you want me. If you do not require me after this exposition of my views, let Thomson take his Expedition through the Masai Land, and put me down for £500 subscription for it."

As the middle of November drew near, Sir William Mackinnon requested me to write him a letter upon the subject that he might show it to his friends, who would soon be returning to town.

A few days after the despatch of my letter, I sailed for America, and on arrival at New York, my lecture "Tour," as it is called, commenced. But on the 11th December, the fifteenth day after arrival, I received the following:—

"London.

"Your plan and offer accepted. Authorities approve. Funds provided. Business urgent. Come promptly. Reply.

"MACKINNON."

To this I sent a reply from Vermont, as follows:—

"Just received Monday's cablegram. Many thanks. Everything all right. Will sail per *Eider* 8 A.M. Wednesday morning. If good weather and barring accidents arrive 22nd December, Southampton. It is only one month's delay after all. Tell the authorities to prepare Holmwood (Consul General) Zanzibar, and Seyyid Barghash (Prince of Zanzibar). Best compliments to you.

"STANLEY."

I arrived in England the day preceding Christmas, and within a few hours Sir William Mackinnon and myself were discussing the Expedition.

I still held to the conviction that the Congo River route was infinitely the best and safest, provided that I should get my flotilla of whale-boats, and the permission of King Leopold to pass through his territory with an armed force. I knew a route from the East Coast, and was equally acquainted with that from the West Coast. From the furthest point reached by me in 1876, along the East Coast route, the distance was but 100 miles to Lake Albert—from Yambuya Rapids the distance was 322 geographical miles in an air line to the lake. Yet to the best of my judgment the Congo route was preferable. By this last we should have abundance of water—food there must be—because of the unsurpassed fertility of the Upper Congo regions. We knew from Thomson, Fischer, and Hannington's experiences that food and water were scanty in Masai Land, and the wholesale desertion so frequent on the East Coast would be avoided on the West Coast.

Yet notwithstanding that the Committee admitted that I might be right, it was their opinion that it would be best to adopt the Eastern route, upon which I replied:—

"Very good, it is perfectly immaterial to me. Let us decide on the East Coast route, *viâ* Mpsalala, Karagwé, Ankori, and Unyoro."

A Relief Fund was accordingly raised, the subscriptions to which amounted to £21,500.\*

In order to increase the funds and create a provision against contingencies, I volunteered to write letters from Africa, which the Committee might dispose of to the press as they saw fit, and accept whatever moneys they might receive as my contribution to it.

On the 31st of December, 1886, I was formally informed by letter that I might commence my preparations.

The first order I gave in connection with the Expedition for the relief of Emin Bey was by cable to Zanzibar to my agent, Mr. Edmund Mackenzie, to engage 200 Wanyamwezi porters to convey as many loads of rice to the missionary station at Mpwapwa, which was about 200 miles east of Zanzibar, the cost of which was 2700 rupees.

The second order, after receiving the consent of His Highness the Seyyid of Zanzibar, was to enlist 600 Zanzibari porters, and purchase 28,000 yards of mixed cloth as barter goods, and 3600 lbs. of beads and 1 ton of wire, brass, copper, iron.

The third order was for the purchase of forty pack donkeys and ten riding asses, which necessitated an order for saddles to match, at an expense of £400.

Messrs. Forrest & Son received a design and order for the construction of a steel boat 28 ft. long, 6 ft. beam, and 2 ft. 6 in. deep, and divided into twelve sections, each weighing about 75 lbs.

From Egypt we despatched to Zanzibar 510 Remington rifles, 2 tons of gunpowder, 350,000 percussion caps, and 100,000 rounds Remington ammunition. In England the War Office furnished me with 30,000 Gatling cartridges, and from Messrs. Kynoch & Co., Birmingham, I received 35,000 special Remington cartridges. Messrs. Watson & Co., of 4, Pall Mall, packed up 50 Winchester repeaters and 50,000 Winchester cartridges. Hiram Maxim, the inventor of the Maxim Automatic Gun, donated to the Expedition one of his wonderful weapons, mounted on a light but effective stand.

We despatched to Zanzibar 100 shovels, 100 hoes, for forming breastworks, 100 axes for palisading the camp, 100 bill-hooks for building zeribas.

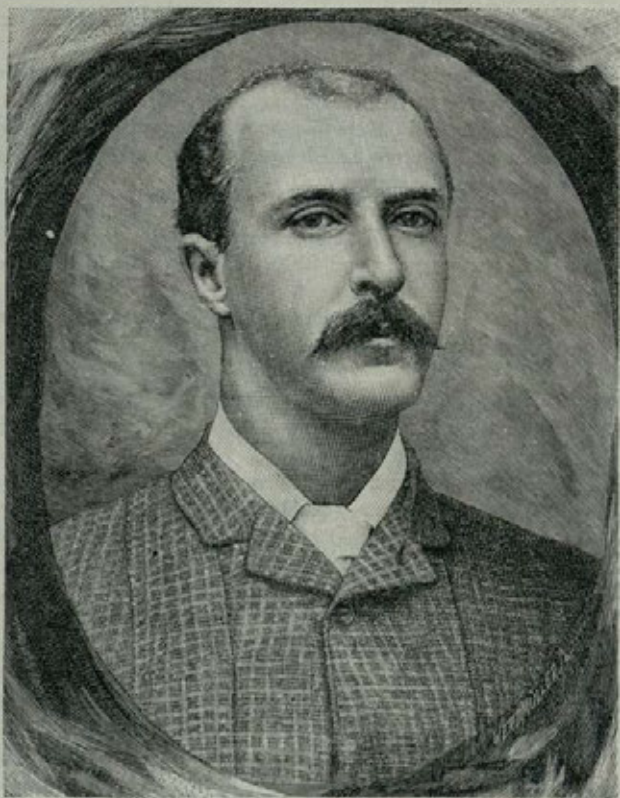
Messrs. Burroughs & Wellcome, of Snow-Hill Buildings, London, the well-known chemists, furnished gratis nine beautiful chests replete with every medicament necessary to combat the endemic diseases peculiar to Africa. Every drug was in tabloids mixed with quick solvents, every compartment was well stocked with essentials for the doctor and surgeon.

Messrs. John Edgington & Co., of Duke Street, London, took charge of our tents, and make them out of canvas dipped in a preservative of sulphate

\* See Appendix for names of subscribers and statement of Receipts and Expenditure.

of copper, which preserved them for three years. Notwithstanding their exposure to three hundred days of rain, for the first time in my experience in Africa I possessed a tent which, after arrival at Zanzibar in 1889, was well able to endure two hundred days more.

Messrs. Fortnum & Mason, of Piccadilly, packed up forty carrier loads of



CAPTAIN NELSON

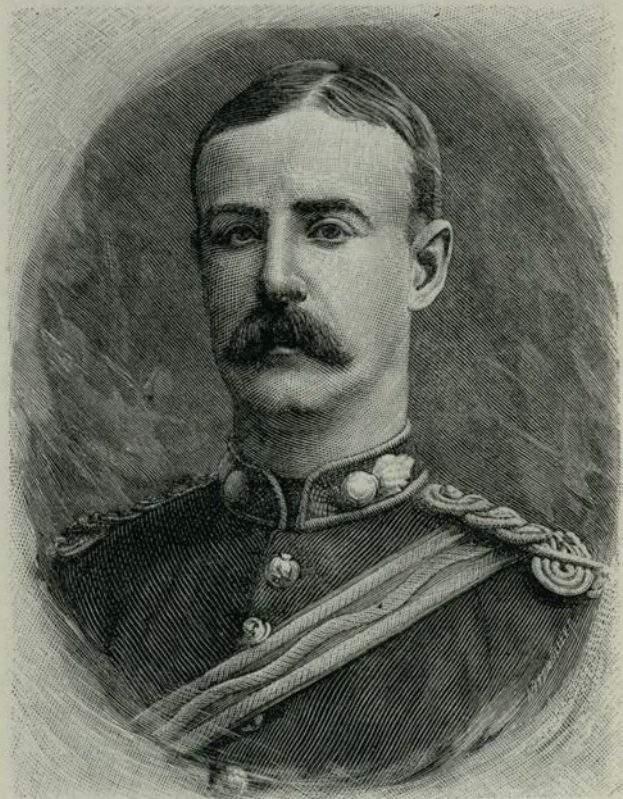
choicest provisions. Every article was superb, the tea retained its flavour to the last, the coffee was of the purest Mocha, the Liebig Company's Extract was of the choicest, and the packing of all was excellent.

I need not enumerate what else was purchased. Four expeditions into Africa, with my old lists of miscellanea before me, enabled me to choose the



various articles, and in Sir Francis de Winton and Captain Grant Elliott I had valuable assistants who would know what magazines to patronize, and who could check the deliveries.

Colonel Sir Francis de Winton, my successor on the Congo, and now acting as Secretary of the Relief Committee, assisted me with his masterly



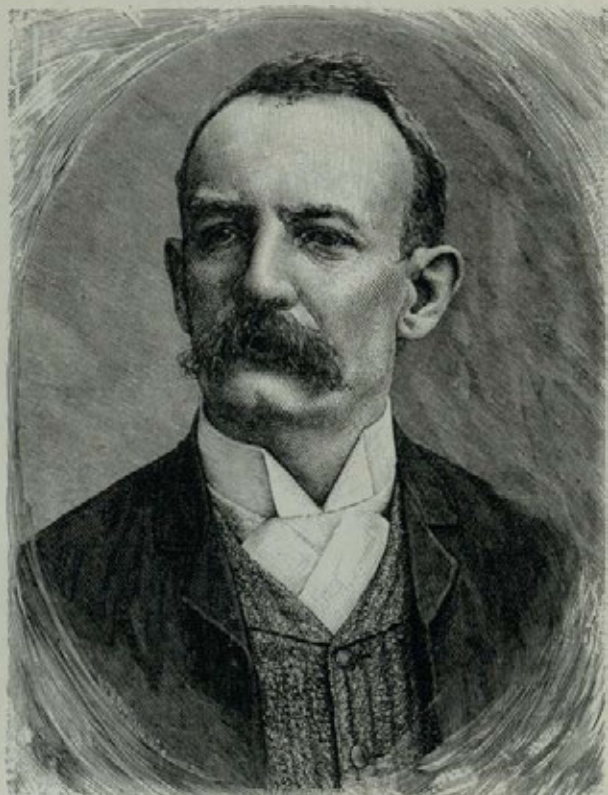
LIEUTENANT STAIRS

knowledge in the despatch of the various businesses connected with the expedition, especially in answering letters, and selecting out of the hundreds of eager applicants for membership a few officers to form a staff.

The first selected was Lieutenant W. Grant Stairs, of the Royal Engineers, who had applied by letter. The concise style and directness of the applica-

tion had almost decided us at once and in his favour. Lord Wolseley kindly granted him leave.

The next was Mr. William Bonny, who, having failed in his epistolary ventures on former expeditions, thought the best way was to present himself in person for service in any capacity. This gentleman would not take a mild



MR. WILLIAM BONNY

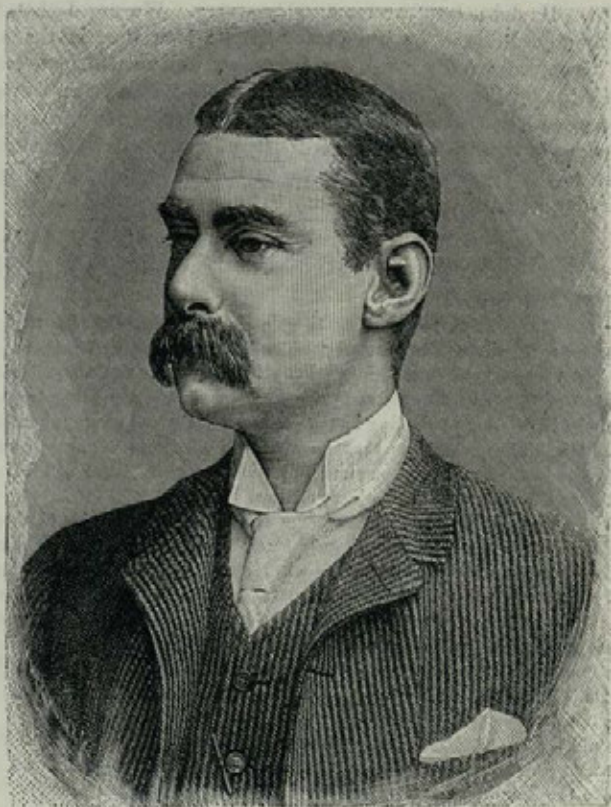
negative, and he was therefore engaged as medical assistant, he having just left service in a hospital of the A.M.D.

The third was Mr. John Rose Troup, who had performed good service on the Congo. He could speak Swahili, the vernacular of Zanzibar, and as he was not dainty at work, and was exact and methodical in keeping accounts, he was engaged at a salary of £150 per annum.



The fourth volunteer who presented himself was Major Edmund Musgrave Barttelot, of the 7th Fusiliers. He was accompanied by an acquaintance of mine who spoke highly of him. What passed at the interview will be heard later on. After a few remarks he was also engaged.

The fifth was Captain R. H. Nelson, of Methuen's Horse, fairly dis-



MR. A. J. MOUNTENEY JEPHSON

tinguished in Zulu campaigns. There was merit in his very face, and after a short interview Captain Nelson agreed to sign the articles of enlistment.

Our next volunteer was Mr. A. J. Mounteney Jephson. He was inexperienced as yet in foreign travel, and he rather impressed some of the

Committee as being unfitted for an expedition of this kind. But the Countess de Noailles made a subscription in his favour of £1000, an argument that the Committee could not resist, and Mr. Jephson signed the articles of agreement with unshaken nerves.

One of the latest to apply to join us was Mr. James S. Jameson. He had travelled in Mashona and Matabele lands in South Africa as an amateur naturalist. He did not appear remarkably strong. We urged that, but he as quickly argued that as he had already spent a long time in the wilds of Africa, his experience disproved our fears. As he was willing to subscribe £1000 for the privilege of membership, and do faithful and loyal service, Mr. Jameson was allowed to subscribe to the articles, and to become one of our party.

We were in the full swing of preparations for the overland march from Zanzibar, to the Victoria Nyanza, when, as will be shown by the tenor of the following letter, it became necessary to reconsider our route.

“Palais de Bruxelles,

“7th January, 1887.

“DEAR MR. STANLEY,

“The Congo State has nothing to gain by the Expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha passing through its territory. The King has suggested this road merely so as to lend your services to the Expedition, which it would be impossible for him to do were the Expedition to proceed by the Eastern coast. According to your own estimate, the Expedition proceeding by the Eastern coast would occupy about eighteen months. His Majesty considers that he would be failing in his duty towards the State were he to deprive it of your services, especially as the latter will be certainly needed before the expiration of this lapse of time.

“If the Expedition proceeds by the Congo the State will promise to show it all goodwill. The State likewise gratuitously places at the disposal of the Expedition the whole of its naval stock, inasmuch as will allow, the working arrangements of its own administration, which it is, above all, desirous of ensuring, as you know. The *Stanley* is the largest steamer on the Upper Congo. We are forwarding a second one by the mail of the 15th inst., and we will hasten as much as possible the launching of this steamer at Stanley Pool; she will be a valuable and much-needed adjunct to our flotilla. In the meanwhile the mission steamer *Peace* would no doubt gratuitously effect certain transports.

“Should the Expedition desire it, we would facilitate the recruiting of Bangala; we are very pleased with the latter, as they are excellent soldiers, and do not fear the Arabs, like the Zanzibaris.

“You will have remarked that the official documents, published this week in Berlin, limit the territory of Zanzibar to a narrow strip of land along the sea-shore. Beyond this strip the entire territory is German. If the Germans allow the Expedition to cross their territory, the Zanzibaris would be precisely as on the Congo, on foreign soil.

“With kind regards, I am, dear Mr. Stanley,

“Yours very truly,

“COMTE DE BORCHGRAVE.”

That this was not a light matter to be hastily decided will be evident by the following note which was sent me by Sir William Mackinnon:—

“Western Club, Glasgow,  
“January 4th, 1887.

“MY DEAR STANLEY,

“I had a pleasant short letter from the King showing how anxious he is the Congo route should be taken, and how unwilling to allow a break in the continuity of your connection with the Congo State, as he considers you a pillar of the State. He asks me to banish (?) any divergent sentiments, and get all parties to agree to the Congo route. I have explained fully all that has been done and is doing, and the difficulties in the way of cancelling existing engagements, and get the authorities, home and Egyptian and the Sultan of Zanzibar, to acquiesce in making such a change. I also mentioned the great additional charge involved by sending 600 men, even if the Sultan should consent to their going from Zanzibar to the Congo and bringing them back.

“I promised, however, to ascertain whether all interested in the present arrangements would agree in taking the Congo route.”

\* \* \* \* \*

In my diary of January 5th I find written briefly the heads of businesses despatched this day.

As suggested by Mackinnon, who has been written to by King Leopold upon the subject of the Congo route, I saw Sir Percy Anderson, at the Foreign Office, and revealed the King's desire that the Expedition should proceed *via* Congo. I was requested to state what advantages the Congo route gave, and replied:—

- 1st. Certainty of reaching Emin.
- 2nd. Transport up the Congo River by state steamers to a point 320 geographical miles from Lake Albert.
- 3rd. Allaying suspicion of Germans that underlying our acts were political motives.
- 4th. Allaying alleged fears of French Government that our Expedition would endanger the lives of French Missionaries in Uganda.
- 5th. If French Missionaries were endangered, then English Missionaries would certainly share their fate.
- 6th. Greater immunity from the desertion of the Zanzibaris, who were fickle in the neighbourhood of Arab settlements.

Lord Iddesleigh writes me that the French ambassador has been instructed to inform him that if the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition proceeds by a route east of the Victoria Nyanza it will certainly endanger the lives of their Missionaries in Uganda. He suggests that I consider this question.

Visited Admiralty, inquired of Admiral Sullivan respecting the possibility of Admiralty supplying vessel to carry Expedition to Congo. He said if Government ordered it would be easy, if not, impossible.



Wrote to the King urging him to acquaint me how far his assistance would extend in transport on the Upper Congo.

*January 8th.*—Received letters from the King. He lays claim to my services. Offers to lend whole of his naval stock for transport except such as may be necessary for uses of administration. Wired to Mackinnon that I felt uneasy at the clause; that it was scarcely compatible with the urgency required. Colonel de Winton wrote to the same effect.

Effects of Expedition are arriving by many cwts.

De Winton worked with me until late in the night.

*January 9th, 1887.*—Colonel J. A. Grant, Colonel Sir F. de Winton, and myself sat down to consider His Majesty's letter, and we finally wrote to the King requesting he would graciously inform us with greater definiteness respecting quantity of transport and time for which transport vessels would be granted. We send special messenger to Brussels with our letter.

*January 10th, 1887.*—De Winton visited Foreign Office and was promised a reply as soon as possible regarding the detention of mail steamer and Government transportation round the Cape of Good Hope.

Messrs. Gray, Dawes & Co. write Postmaster-General willing to detain Zanzibar mail steamer at Aden to wait *Navarino*, which sails from London on the 20th with the ammunition and officers. I shall overtake *Navarino* at Suez after settling matters of Expedition in Egypt.

*January 12th.* Answer from Brussels arrived last night. A meeting of the Committee was called by Honourable Guy Dawnay, Colonel Sir Lewis Pelly, Colonel Sir F. de Winton and self. The answer from King Leopold being satisfactory, the Congo route was decided upon, and adopted unanimously.

Was notified at 2 P.M. by the Earl of Iddesleigh that he would see me at 6 P.M. But at 3.13 P.M. the Earl died suddenly from disease of the heart.

*January 13th.* Foreign Office note received from Sir J. Pauncefoot transmitting telegram from Sir E. Baring, also letters concerning Admiralty transport. No help from Admiralty.

Telegraphed to Brussels to know if Friday convenient for my visit to the King. Reply, "Yes at 9.30 A.M."

*January 14th.*—Major Barttelot has started overland for Egypt to arrange for sixty Soudanese soldiers for Expedition. He then goes to Aden to engage a few Somalis. We shall meet him there. I crossed the Channel last night to see King Leopold. Saw King to-day and gave my farewell. He was very kind. Left for London in evening at 8 P.M.

*January 15th.*—Sir Percy Anderson has requested interview to discuss the Congo route more fully.

Mr. Joseph Thomson at this late hour has been writing to Geographical Society wanting to go with Expedition.

Mr. Ingham, a missionary, has been engaged to proceed to the Congo to collect Congo carriers. He will leave with Mr. Troup by first steamer.



Telegraphed to Zanzibar to recall the rice carriers from Mpwapwa. This will cost 2,500 rupees more.

I wrote some days ago to the donor of the *Peace* Mission Steamer on the Congo requesting loan of her for the relief of Emin Pasha, and have received the following quaint reply :—

“Leeds, January 15th, 1887.”

“DEAR MR. STANLEY,

“I have much regard for you personally, although I cannot, dare not, sanction all your acts.

“I am very sorry if I cannot give assent to your request ; but I fully believe you will be no sufferer by the circumstance of not having the s.s. *Peace*. Yesterday I was able to come to a decision.

“Mr. Baynes, of the Baptist Missionary Society, Holborn, will, he hopes, make to you any communication he judges proper. If you have any reverential regard for the ‘Man of Sorrows,’ the ‘King of Peace,’ may He mercifully preserve and save your party.

“I have no doubt of the safety of Emin—till his work is done. I believe he will be brought through this trial in perfect safety. God seems to have given you a noble soul (covers for the moment, if on your sad sin and mistakes), and I should like you should ‘repent and believe the Gospel’—with real sense, and live hereafter in happiness, light, and joy—for ever. *Here* delay in you is more dangerous than delay for Emin,

“Your faithful friend,

“(Signed) ROBERT ARTHINGTON.”

*January 16th.*—Colonel J. A. Grant has offered to arrange with Mr. J. S. Keltie, Editor of *Nature*, regarding Mr. Joseph Thomson’s offer to accompany the Expedition.

*January 17th.*—Mr. Joseph Thomson’s offer discussed. Mr. J. S. Keltie is to write to him privately the decision of committee.

Arranged with G. S. Mackenzie about Zanzibar matters. He despatched two telegrams. General Brackenbury wrote that supply of coal at the Cape required sanction of the Treasury.

*January 18th.*—Travelled to Sandringham with Colonel de Winton to see His Royal Highness. With African map before us I gave short lecture to their Royal Highnesses respecting proposed route to reach Emin Pasha. Had a very attentive audience.

*January 19th.*—Sir William Mackinnon mustered his friends at the Burlington Hotel at a farewell banquet to me.

Have said “good-bye” to a host of friends to-day.

*January 20th.*—The s.s. *Navarino* sailed this afternoon carrying goods of Expedition and Lieutenant Stairs, Captain Nelson, and Mr. Mounteney Jephson as passengers. Mr. William Bonny started from my rooms with the black boy Baruti to Fenchurch Station at 8 A.M. On arriving there he left Baruti and proceeded to visit Tower of London! He says that returning to

station at 2 P.M. he found steamer had gone. Then going to Gray, Dawes & Co., shipping agents, he was discouraged to find that the matter could not be mended. Baruti was found deserted in Fenchurch Station, very hungry and cold, and was brought home by Colonel J. A. Grant.

*January 21st.*—Despatched Mr. Bonny by rail to Plymouth to overtake a steamer bound for India, and instructed him to debark at Suez with boy and await me.

Left Charing Cross at 8.5 P.M. for Egypt. Quite a crowd had collected to shake my hands and to bid me a kindly "God speed."

## CHAPTER II

## EGYPT AND ZANZIBAR

Surgeon T. H. Parke—Views of Sir Evelyn Baring, Nubar Pasha, Professor Schweinfurth and Dr. Junker on the Emin Relief Expedition—Details relating to Emin Pasha and his Province—General Grenfell and the ammunition—Breakfast with Khedive Tewfik: message to Emin Pasha—Departure for Zanzibar—Description of Mombasa town—Visit to the Sultan of Zanzibar—Letter to Emin Pasha sent by messenger through Uganda—Arrangements with Tippu-Tib—Emin Pasha's ivory—Mr. Mackenzie, Sir John Pender and Sir James Anderson's assistance to the Relief Expedition.

*January 27th, 1887.*—Arrived at Alexandria 6 A.M. Surgeon T. H. Parke of the A.M.D. came to my hotel and applied for the position of surgeon to the Expedition. It was the one vacancy not yet filled to my satisfaction. To try if he were in earnest I said, "If you care to follow me to Cairo, I will talk further with you. I have not the time to argue with you here."

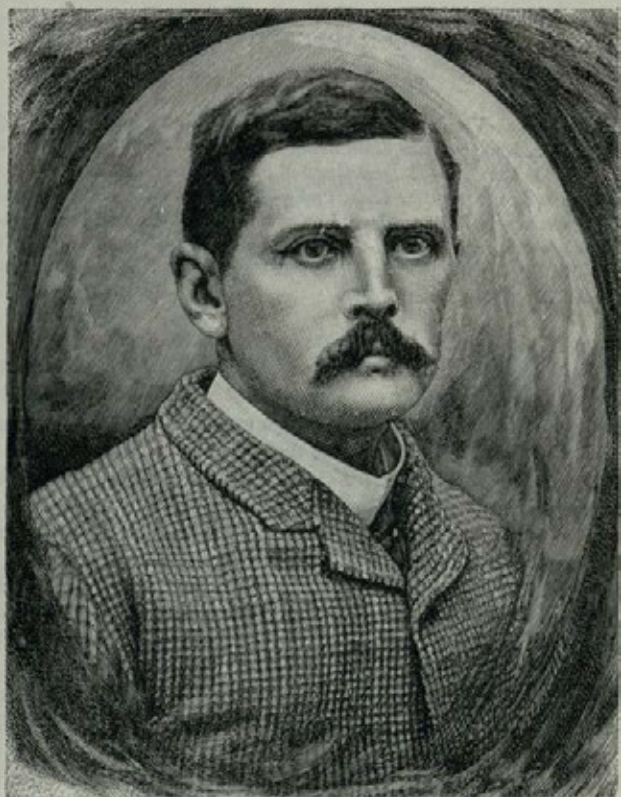
Left Alexandria at 10 A.M. for Cairo. At the station I met Sir Evelyn Baring, so much mentioned in Gordon's journals. We drove to Sir Evelyn's house, where I was told by him in his usual straightforward manner that there was a hitch somewhere. The Khedive and Nubar Pasha, the Prime Minister, were doubtful as to the wisdom of the Congo route. Professor Schweinfurth and Dr. Junker had affected to be struck with consternation at the change of routes, and seemed to regard the idea of proceeding by the Congo as absurd.

"Well, Sir Evelyn," I said, "do you not think that there are as clever men in England as Messrs. Schweinfurth and Junker? On the Relief Committee we have Colonel James Augustus Grant—companion of Speke, Colonel Sir Francis de Winton, late Administrator-General of the Congo, Colonel Sir Lewis Pelly—late Political Agent at Zanzibar, the Honourable Guy Dawnay of the War Office, Sir John Kirk—late Consul-General at Zanzibar, the Rev. Horace Waller and several other distinguished and level-headed men. Nothing has been settled without the concurrence and assent of the Foreign Office. We have considered everything, and I have come thus far resolved to carry the project out as the committee and myself have agreed."

And then I gave Sir Evelyn the pros and cons of the routes, which satis-

fied him. We then drove to the Prime Minister, Nubar Pasha, and the same explanations had to be entered into with him. Nubar, with a kindly, benevolent smile, deferred to Sir Evelyn's superior judgment, and assented to the wisdom and discretion of the change.

*January 28th, Cairo.*—I breakfasted with Nubar Pasha; and at his



SURGEON PARKE, A.M.D.

table I met Mason Bey—the circumnavigator of Lake Albert in 1877, Madame Nubar and three daughters, Tigrane Pasha, his son-in-law, Mr. Fane, formerly Secretary of Legation at Brussels. During breakfast Nubar Pasha conversed upon many things, principally Egypt, Soudan, Africa and Gordon. Of Gordon he is clearly no admirer. He accredits the loss of the



Soudan to him. His views of Baker were that he was a fighter—an eager pioneer—a man of great power.

Showed map to Nubar after breakfast. He examined the various routes carefully, and was convinced the Congo route was the best. He proposes to write instructions to Emin to return to Egypt on the ground that Egypt cannot afford to retain the Soudan under present circumstances. He permits us the use of the Egyptian Flag as the banner of the Expedition. He says he would like to see Emin return with as much ivory as possible and bringing his Makrakas with him. Should any ivory be brought out, he will lay claim to some of the money on behalf of the Egyptian Government—because of the £10,000 furnished by it. Uniforms are being ordered for Emin Pasha and principal officers, for which the Relief Fund will have to pay.

I saw Schweinfurth and Junker, who are considered experts here, and had a long conversation with them.

From Dr. Junker I learn that Emin Pasha is tall,\* thin and short-sighted; that he is a great linguist, and knows Turkish, Arabic, German, French, Italian and English, besides a few African dialects. He does not seem to have impressed Junker with his fighting qualities, though as an administrator, he says he is sagacious, tactful and prudent. His long isolation seems to have discouraged him, for he has been often heard saying, "Egypt does not care for us and has forgotten us, and Europe takes no interest in what we do."

Emin's force is distributed among eight stations, from 200 to 300 men in each, say about 1,800 in all. The garrisons of the four northernmost stations were discontented and mutinous at last accounts. They answered Emin's advice to consolidate with reproaches; his suggestions that they should all withdraw from the equatorial province *viâ* Zanzibar, were responded to by accusations that he intended only to sell them to Zanzibar as slaves.

Junker cannot give an exact figure of the force itself, nor the number of Egyptians with Emin, but being questioned closely as to details, replied that the approximate number of those likely to return with the Expedition would be as follows:—

White Egyptian officers, 10; non-commissioned (black), 15; white clerks (Copts), 20; blacks from Dongola, Wady Halfa, etc., 300 = men 345. White women, 22; black women, 137 = women 159; children of officers, 40; soldiers' children, 60 = children 100. = Total 604.

Besides these the native troops on perceiving a general withdrawal might also desire to return with their friends and comrades to Egypt. It is impossible to state what may be the effect on their minds of the appearance of the Relief Expedition. The decision of Emin Pasha, to remain or withdraw, will probably influence the majority.

\* We consequently bade the tailor make long pantaloons for him, and they were quite six inches too long.

I expect my Soudanese from Wady Halfa to be here this afternoon. They will be armed, equipped and rationed at the Citadel, and on Thursday will accompany me to Suez. The *Navarino* is supposed to arrive at Suez the day following, when we will embark and be off.

*February 1st.*—Saw Sir Evelyn Baring at 10.45 A.M. Accompanied him to Khedive Tewfik. His Highness is most amiable and good-looking. Fine palace within, abundance of room, a host of attendants, &c. Am invited to breakfast with the Khedive at noon to-morrow.

A suggestion was made to me last night, at General Stephenson's by Valentine Baker Pasha, that I should assure myself that the Remington ammunition furnished by Egyptian Government was sound, as his experience of it was that 50 per cent. was bad.

General Grenfell, the Sirdar, said he had already tested the ammunition, and would make another trial, since Valentine Baker Pasha entertained such an opinion of it.

*February 2nd.*—Breakfast with Khedive Tewfik. He protests his patriotism, and loves his country. He is certainly most unaffected and genial.

Before leaving the Khedive, the following "High Order" was given to me with its English translation:—

TRANSLATION.

*Copy of a High Arabic Order to Emin Pasha, dated 8th, Gamad Awal 1304 (1st February, 1887. No. 3).*

We have already thanked you and your officers for the plucky and successful defence of the Egyptian Equatorial provinces entrusted to your charge, and for the firmness you have shown with your fellow-officers under your command.

And we therefore have rewarded you in raising your rank to that of Lewa Pasha (Brigadier-General). We have also approved the ranks you thought necessary to give to the officers under your charge. As I have already written to you on the 29 November, 1886, No. 31, and it must have reached you with other documents sent by His Excellency Nubar Pasha, President of the Council of Ministers.

And, since it is our sincerest desire to relieve you with your officers and soldiers from the difficult position you are in, our Government have made up their mind in the manner by which you may be relieved with officers and soldiers from your troubles.

And as a mission for the relief has been formed under the command of Mr. Stanley, the famous and experienced African Explorer, whose reputation is well known throughout the world; and as he intends to set out on his Expedition with all the necessary provisions for you, so that he may bring you here with officers and men to Cairo, by the route which Mr. Stanley

may think proper to take. Consequently we have issued this High Order to you, and it is sent to you by the hand of Mr. Stanley to let you know what has been done, and as soon as it will reach you, I charge you to convey my best wishes to the officers and men—and you are at full liberty with regard to your leaving for Cairo or your stay there with officers and men.

Our Government has given a decision for paying your salaries with that of the officers and men.

Those who wish to stay there from the officers and men they may do it on their own responsibility, and they may not expect any assistance from the Government.

Try to understand the contents well, and make it well known to all the officers and men, that they may be aware of what they are going to do.

(Signed) MEHEMET TEWFIK.

In the evening Tigrane Pasha brought to me Nubar Pasha's letter of recall to Emin. It was read to me and then sealed.

We stand thus, then: Junker does not think Emin will abandon the Province; the English subscribers to the fund hope he will not, but express nothing; they leave it to Emin to decide; the English Government would prefer that he would retire, as his Province under present circumstances is almost inaccessible, and certainly he, so far removed, is a cause of anxiety. The Khedive sends the above order for Emin to accept of our escort, but says, "You may do as you please. If you decline our proffered aid, you are not to expect further assistance from the Government." Nubar Pasha's letter conveys the wishes of the Egyptian Government, which are in accordance with those of the English Government, as expressed by Sir Evelyn Baring.

*February 3rd.*—Left Cairo for Suez. At the station to wish me success were Sir Evelyn and Lady Baring, Generals Stephenson, Grenfell, Valentine Baker, Abbaté Pasha, Professor Schweinfurth and Dr. Junker. The latter and sixty-one soldiers (Soudanese) from Wady Halfa accompanied me to Suez. At Zagazig, Surgeon T. H. Parke, now an enrolled member of the Expedition, joined me. At Ismailia our party was joined by Giegler Pasha. At Suez met Mr. James S. Jameson, the naturalist of the Expedition. Mr. Bonny of the Hospital Staff Corps, and Baruti, are expected to-morrow per *Garonne* of the Orient line.

*February 6th.*—At 2 P.M. Captain Beyts embarked with us on board the *Rob Roy*, and we steamed out to the Suez harbour, where the *Navarino* from London was at anchor. At 5 P.M., after friendly wishes from Captain Beyts and my good friend Dr. Junker, the *Navarino* sailed for Aden.

*February 8th.*—Weather grows warm. Ther. Fahr. 74° at 8 A.M. in Captain's cabin. My European servant asked me if this was the Red Sea through which we were sailing. "Yes," I replied. "Well, sir, it looks more like a black sea than a red one," was his profound remark.



*February 12th.*—Reached Aden at 2 A.M. We now change steamers. *Navarino* proceeds to Bombay. The B.I.S.N. steamer *Oriental* takes us to Zanzibar. On board the latter steamer we met Major Barttelot.

The first-class passengers include self, Barttelot, Stairs, Jephson, Nelson, Parke, Bonny, Count Pfeil, and two German companions bound for the Rufiji River.

*February 19th.*—Arrived off Lamu at 3 P.M. Soon after s.s. *Baghdad* came in with Dr. Lenz, the Austrian traveller, who had started to relieve Emin Bey, but failing, came across to Zanzibar instead. He is now on his way home.

*February 20th.*—Arrived at Mombasa. Was told that a great battle had been fought lately between the Gallas and Somalis. The former are for the Germans, the latter are hostile to them. We also hear that Portugal has declared war against Zanzibar, or something like it.

*February 22nd.*—Arrived at Zanzibar. Acting Consul-General Holmwood warmly proffered hospitality.

Instructed officers to proceed on board our transport, B.I.S.N. Co. *Madura*, and to take charge of Somalis and Soudanese, and Mackenzie to disembark forty donkeys and saddles from *Madura*, as the route being changed there would be no need for so many animals.

Received compliments from the Sultan of Zanzibar; visits from the famous Tippu-Tib, Jaffar, son of Tarya Topan, his agent, and Kanji the Vakeel of Tarya.

Zanzibar is somewhat changed during my eight years' absence. There is a telegraphic cable, a tall clock-tower, a new Sultan's palace, very lofty and conspicuous, with wide verandahs. The Custom House has been enlarged. General Lloyd Mathews has new barracks for his Military Police; the promenade to Fiddler's grave has been expanded into a broad carriage-way, which extends to Sultan's house beyond Mbweni. Among the innovations are carriages, steam-rollers, and lamp-posts.

*February 23rd.*—Paid, what is called, a State visit to His Highness. As a special mark of honour the troops, under stout General Lloyd Mathews, were drawn up in two lines, about 300 yards in length. A tolerable military band saluted us with martial strains, while several hundreds of the population were banked behind the soldiers. The most frequent words I heard as I passed through with Consul Holmwood were: "Ndio buyu"—"Yes, it is he!" by which I gathered that scattered among the crowds must have been a large number of my old followers, pointing me out to their friends.

State visits are nearly always alike. The "Present arms" by General Mathews, the martial strains, the large groups of the superior Arabs at the hall porch, the ascent up the lofty flights of stairs—the Sultan at the head of the stairs—the grave bow, the warm clasp, the salutation word, the courteous wave of the hand to enter, the slow march towards the throne—



another ceremonious inclination all round—the Prince taking his seat, which intimates that we may follow suit, the refreshments of sherbet after coffee, and a few remarks about Europe, and our mutual healths. Then the ceremonious departure, again the strains of music—Mathews's sonorous voice at "Present arms!" and we retire from the scene to doff our London dress-suits, and pack them up with camphor to preserve them from moths, until we return from "Darkest Africa."

In the afternoon, paid the business visit to the Sultan, first presenting the following letter:—

"TO HIS HIGHNESS SEYYID BARGHASH BIN SAID,  
"Sultan of Zanzibar.

"Burlington Hotel,  
"Old Burlington Street, London, W.  
"28th January, 1887.

"Your Highness,

"I cannot allow another mail to pass without writing to express to you my grateful appreciation of the kindly response you made to my telegram in regard to assisting the Expedition, which proceeds under the leadership of Mr. H. M. Stanley, to relieve Emin Pasha. The cordiality with which you instructed your officers to assist in selecting the best men available is indeed a most important service to the Expedition, and I have reason to know that it has given great satisfaction in England. Mr. Stanley will reach Zanzibar in about four weeks. He is full of enthusiasm as the leader of his interesting Expedition, and his chief reasons for selecting the Congo route are that he may be able to convey the men your Highness has so kindly assisted him in procuring, without fatigue or risk by sea to the Congo, and up the river in boats in comparative comfort, and they will arrive within 350 miles of their destination fresh and vigorous, instead of being worn out and jaded by the fatigue of a long march inland. His services will be entirely devoted to the Expedition during its progress, and he cannot deviate from its course to perform service for the Congo State.

"It is probable also he will return by the east coast land route, and as I know him to be deeply interested in your Highness's prosperity and welfare, I am sure if he can render any service to your Highness during his progress back to the coast, he will do so most heartily. I have had many conversations with him, and have always found him most friendly to Your Highness's interests, and I believe also the confidence of our mutual good friend. I pray you in these circumstances to communicate freely with Mr. Stanley on all points—as freely as if I had the honour of being there to receive the communications myself.

"With the repeated assurance of my hearty sympathy in all the affairs that concern Your Highness's interests,

"I remain,  
"Your very obedient servant and friend,  
"W. MACKINNON."

We then entered heartily into our business. I tried to prove to him how absolutely necessary it was that he should promptly enter into an agreement

with the English within the limits assigned by Anglo-German treaty. It would take too long to describe the details of the conversation, but I obtained from him the answer needed.

"Please God we shall agree. When you have got the papers ready we shall read and sign without further delay, and the matter will be over."

At night, wrote the following letter to Emin Pasha, for transmission overland by couriers, who will travel through Uganda into Unyoro secretly.

"TO HIS EXCELLENCY EMIN PASHA,  
Governor of the Equatorial Provinces.

"H. B. Majesty's Consulate, Zanzibar.  
February 23rd, 1887.

"DEAR SIR,

"I have the honour to inform you that the Government of His Highness the Khedive of Egypt, upon the receipt of your urgent letters soliciting aid and instructions, have seen fit to depute me to equip an Expedition to proceed to Wadelai to convey such aid as they think you require, and to assist you in other ways agreeably with the written instructions which have been delivered to me for you.

"Having been pretty accurately informed of the nature of your necessities from the perusal of your letters to the Egyptian Government, the Expedition has been equipped in such a manner as I hope will meet all your wants. As you will gather from the letters of His Highness and the Prime Minister of Egypt to you, all that could possibly be done to satisfy your needs has been done most heartily. From the translation of the letters delivered to me I perceive that they will give you immense satisfaction. Over sixty soldiers from Wady Halfa have been detailed to accompany me, in order that they may be able to encourage the soldiers under your command, and confirm the letters. We also march under the Egyptian standard.

"The Expedition includes 600 Zanzibari natives, and probably as many Arab followers from Central Africa.

"We sail to-morrow from Zanzibar to the Congo, and by the 18th June next we hope to be at the head of navigation on the Upper Congo. From the point where we debark to the southern end of Lake Albert is a distance of 320 miles in a straight line, say 500 miles by road, which will probably occupy us fifty days to march to the south-western or southern end, in the neighbourhood of Kavalli.

"If your steamers are in that neighbourhood, you will be able to leave word perhaps at Kavalli, or in its neighbourhood, informing me of your whereabouts.

"The reasons which have obliged me to adopt this route for the conveyance of your stores are various, but principally political. I am also impressed with the greater security of that route, and the greater certainty of success attending the venture with less trouble to the Expedition and less annoyance to the natives. Mwanga is a formidable opponent to the south and south-east. The Wakedi and other warlike natives to the eastward of Fatiko oppose a serious obstacle; the natives of Kishakka and Ruanda have never permitted strangers to enter their country. *En route* I do not anticipate much trouble because there are no powerful chiefs in the Congo basin capable of interrupting our march.

"Besides abundance of ammunition for your needs, official letters from the Egyptian Government, a heavy mail from your numerous friends and admirers, I bring with me personal equipments for yourself and officers suitable to the rank of each.

"Trusting that I shall have the satisfaction of finding you well and safe, and that nothing will induce you to rashly venture your life and liberty in the neighbourhood of Uganda, without the ample means of causing yourself and men to be respected, which I am bringing to you,

"I beg you to believe me,

"Yours very faithfully,

"(Signed) HENRY M. STANLEY."

*February 24th and 25th.*—On arriving at Zanzibar, I found our Agent, Mr. Edmund Mackenzie, had managed everything so well that the Expedition was almost ready for embarkation. The steamer *Madura*, of the British India Steam Navigation Company, was in harbour, provisioned and watered for the voyage. The goods for barter, and transport animals, were on board. There were a few things to be done, however—such as arranging with the famous Tippu-Tib about our line of conduct towards one another. Tippu-Tib is a much greater man to-day than he was in the year 1877, when he escorted my caravan, preliminary to our descent down the Congo. He has invested his hard-earned fortune in guns and powder. Adventurous Arabs have flocked to his standard, until he is now an uncrowned king of the region between Stanley Falls and Tanganika Lake, commanding many thousands of men inured to fighting and wild Equatorial life. If I discovered hostile intentions, my idea was to give him a wide berth; for the ammunition I had to convey to Emin Pasha, if captured and employed by him, would endanger the existence of the infant State of the Congo, and imperil all our hopes. Between Tippu-Tib and Mwanga, King of Uganda, there was only a choice of the frying-pan and the fire. Tippu-Tib was the Zubehr of the Congo Basin—just as formidable if made an enemy, as the latter would have been at the head of his slaves. Between myself and Gordon there had to be a difference in dealing with our respective Zubehrs; mine had no animus against me personally; my hands were free, and my movements unfettered. Therefore, with due caution, I sounded Tippu-Tib on the first day, and found him fully prepared for any eventuality—to fight me, or be employed by me. I chose the latter, and we proceeded to business. His aid was not required to enable me to reach Emin Pasha, or to show the road. There are four good roads to Wadelai from the Congo; one of them was in Tippu-Tib's power, the remaining three are clear of him and his myriads. But Dr. Junker informed me that Emin Pasha possessed about 75 tons of ivory. So much ivory would amount to £60,000, at 8s. per lb. The subscription of Egypt to the Emin Pasha Fund is large for her depressed finances. In this quantity of ivory we had a possible means of recouping her Treasury—with a



large sum left towards defraying expenses, and perhaps leaving a handsome present for the Zanzibari survivors.

Why not attempt the carriage of this ivory to the Congo? I thought. Accordingly, I wished to engage Tippu-Tib and his people to assist me in conveying the ammunition to Emin Pasha, and on return to carry this ivory. After a good deal of bargaining I entered into a contract with him, by which he agreed to supply 600 carriers at £6 per loaded head—each round trip from Stanley Falls to Lake Albert and back. Thus, if each carrier carries 70 lbs. weight of ivory, one round trip will bring to the Fund £13,200 net at Stanley Falls.

On the conclusion of this contract, which was entered into in presence of the British Consul-General, I broached another subject, in the name of His Majesty King Leopold with Tippu-Tib. Stanley Falls station was established by me in December, 1883. Various Europeans have since commanded this station, and Mr. Binnie and Lieut. Wester of the Swedish Army had succeeded in making it a well-ordered and presentable station. Captain Deane, his successor, quarrelled with the Arabs, and at his forced departure from the scene set fire to the station. The object for which the station was established was the prevention of the Arabs from pursuing their devastating career below the Falls, not so much by force as by tact, or rather the happy combination of both. By the retreat of the officers of the State from Stanley Falls, the floodgates were opened, and the Arabs pressed down river. Tippu-Tib being of course the guiding spirit of the Arabs west of Tanganika Lake, it was advisable to see how far his aid could be secured to check this stream of Arabs from destroying the country. After the interchange of messages by cable with Brussels—on the second day of my stay at Zanzibar—I signed an engagement with Tippu-Tib by which he was appointed Governor of Stanley Falls at a regular salary, to be paid monthly at Zanzibar, into the British Consul-General's hands. His duties will be principally to defend Stanley Falls in the name of the State against all Arabs and natives. The flag of the station will be that of the State. At all hazards he is to defeat and capture all persons raiding the territory for slaves, and to disperse all bodies of men who may be justly suspected of violent designs. He is to abstain from all slave traffic below the Falls, and to prevent all in his command trading in slaves. In order to ensure a faithful performance of his engagement with the State, an European officer is to be appointed Resident at the Falls. On the breach of any article in the contract being reported, the salary is to cease.

Meantime, while I was engaged with these negotiations, Mr. Mackenzie had paid four months' advance pay—\$12,415—to 620 men and boys enlisted for the Relief Expedition, and as fast as each batch of men was paid, a barge was hauled alongside and the men were duly embarked, and a steam launch towed the barge to the transport. By 5 P.M. all hands were aboard, and the steamer moved off to a more distant anchorage. By midnight Tippu-Tib and



his people and every person connected with the Expedition was on board, and at daybreak next day, the 25th February, the anchor was lifted, and we steamed away towards the Cape of Good Hope.

Before concluding these entries, I ought to mention the liberal assistance rendered to the Relief Expedition by Sir John Pender, K.C.M.G., and the Eastern Telegraph Company. All my telegrams from Egypt, Aden and Zanzibar, amounting in the aggregate to several hundred words, were despatched free, and as each word from Zanzibar to Europe ordinarily costs eight shillings, some idea of the pecuniary value of the favour conferred may be obtained. On my return from Africa this great privilege was again granted, and as I received a score of cablegrams per day for several days, and answers were expected, I should have paid dearly for the rescue of Emin Pasha, and most probably my career had ended in the Bankruptcy Court had not Sir John Pender and Sir James Anderson quickly reassured me. Among the contributors to the Relief Fund to a very generous amount I therefore may fairly place the names of Sir John Pender and Sir James Anderson in behalf of the Eastern Telegraph Company. I should also state that they were prepared to lend me the Telegraph steamer at Zanzibar to convey my force of carriers and soldiers to the Congo had there been any difficulty in the way of engaging the B.I.S.N. Company's s.s. *Madura*.

## CHAPTER III

## BY SEA TO THE CONGO RIVER

The Sultan of Zanzibar—Tippu-Tib and Stanley Falls—On board *s.s. Madura*—“Shindy” between the Zanzibaris and Soudanese—Sketches of my various officers—Tippu-Tib and Cape Town—Arrival at the mouth of the Congo River—Start up the Congo—Visit from two of the Executive Committee of the Congo State—Unpleasant thoughts.

The following private letter to a friend will explain some things of general interest:—

“*S.S. Madura*, March 9th, 1887,  
Near Cape of Good Hope.

“MY DEAR ———,

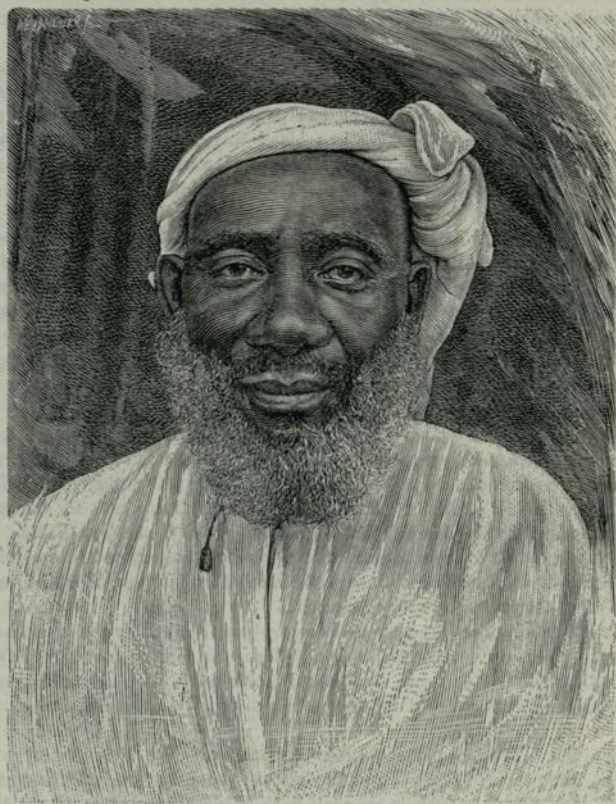
“Apart from the Press letters which are to be published for the benefit of the Relief Fund, and which will contain all that the public ought to know just now, I shall have somewhat to say to you and other friends.

“The Sultan of Zanzibar received me with unusual kindness, much of which I owe to the introduction of Mr. William Mackinnon and Sir John Kirk. He presented me with a fine sword, a shirazi blade I should say, richly mounted with gold, and a magnificent diamond ring, which quite makes Tippu-Tib’s eyes water. With the sword is the golden belt of His Highness, the clasp of which bears his name in Arabic. It will be useful as a sign, if I meet Arabs, of the good understanding between the Prince and myself; and if I reach the Egyptian officers, some of whom are probably illiterate, they will accept the sword as a token that we are not traders.

“You will have seen by the papers that I have taken with me sixty-one soldiers—Soudanese. My object has been to get them to speak for me to the Soudanese of Equatoria. The Egyptians may affect to disbelieve firmans and the writing of Nubar, in which case these Soudanese will be pushed forward as living witnesses of my commission.

“I have settled several little commissions at Zanzibar satisfactorily. One was to get the Sultan to sign the concessions which Mackinnon has been trying to obtain for such a long time. As the Germans have magnificent territory west of Zanzibar, it was but fair that England should have some portion for the protection she has accorded to the Sultan since 1841. The Germans appeared to have recognised this, as you may see by the late Anglo-German Agreement. France had already obtained an immense area in West Africa. All the world had agreed to constitute the domain of King Leopold, on which he had spent a million sterling, as the Independent State of the Congo. Portugal has also been graciously considered by the European Powers; but

England, which had sent out her explorers, Livingstone, Burton, Speke, Grant, Baker, Keith Johnston, Thomson, Elton, &c., had obtained nothing, and probably no people had taken such interest in the Dark Continent, or had undergone such sacrifices in behalf of the aborigines, as the English. Her cruisers for the last twenty years had policed the ocean along the coast to suppress slave-catching; her missions were



PORTRAIT OF TIPPU-TIB

twenty-two in number, settled between East and West Africa. The concession that we wished to obtain embraced a portion of the East African coast, of which Mombasa and Melindi were the principal towns. For eight years, to my knowledge, the matter had been placed before His Highness, but the Sultan's signature was difficult to obtain.

"Arriving at Zanzibar, I saw the Sultan was aging, and that he had not long to

live.\* Englishmen could not invest money in the reserved 'sphere of influence' until some such concessions were granted.

"Please God," said the Sultan, "we shall agree; there will be no further doubt about the matter." But his political anxieties are wearing him fast, and unless this matter is soon completed it will be too late.

"The other affair was with Tippu-Tib. He had actually in his possession three Krupp shells, which he had brought with him from Stanley Falls, to Zanzibar, to exhibit to his friends as the kind of missiles with which the Belgians pelted his settlements—and he was exceedingly wroth, and nourished a deep scheme of retaliation. It took me some time to pacify him. Furious people must be allowed time to vent their anger. When he had poured out his indignation, I quietly asked him if he had finished, saying in a bland way, that I knew well how great and powerful he was, etc., and I told him that it was scarcely fair to blame all the Europeans and King Leopold because an officer at Stanley Falls had been pleased to heave Krupp shells at his settlements; that this trouble had been caused by the excess of zeal of one man in defending a slave woman who had sought his protection in the same way that Rashid, his nephew, had been carried away by the fury of youth to defend his rights. The Governor of the Congo State was absent nearly 1500 miles down the river, and Tippu-Tib, the owner of the settlements, was several hundred miles eastward on the way to Zanzibar. I said that I looked upon the affair as the result of a match between one young white man and a young Arab. The gray heads who would have settled the trouble without fighting were absent: youth is always 'on its muscle,' you know.

"Do you know," I continued, "that that station has given us a great deal of trouble. We sent Amelot, you remember. Well, he just left the station without orders, and died somewhere near Nyangwé; then the next, Gleerup, a Swede, followed suit, and travelled across Africa instead; then we sent Deane, and for a change he would have war with the Arabs. King Leopold is not to blame for all this. It is a difficult thing to get men who are always wise, and understand thoroughly what their orders are. If King Leopold had sent Deane to fight you, he would not have sent him with thirty men you may be sure."

"Now look here. He proposes that you try your hand at governing that station. He will pay you every month what he would pay an European officer. There are certain little conditions that you must comply with before you become Governor."

"Tippu-Tib opened his eyes and snapped them rapidly, as his custom is, and asked, 'Me?'

"Yes, you. You like money; I offer you money. You have a grudge against white men being there. Well, if you do your work rightly there will be no need for any white men, except one whom we shall have to place under you, to see that the conditions are not broken."

"Well, what are they?'

"You must hoist the flag of the State. You must allow a Resident to be with you, who will write your reports to the King. You must neither trade in slaves, nor allow anybody else to trade in them below Stanley Falls. Nor must there be any slave-catching; you understand. Such trade as you make in ivory, gums, rubber, cattle, and anything else, you may do as much as you please. But there is to be no

\* Seyyid Barghash died six months later.



pillaging native property of any description whatever below your station. A monthly allowance will be paid into the hands of your Agent at Zanzibar by the Consul. Don't answer right away. Go and discuss it with your friends, and think of what I offer you. My ship sails on the third day. Give me your answer to-morrow.'

'A favourable answer was given, a proper agreement was drawn up before the Consul-General, and we both signed the document.

'I made another agreement with him about the engagement of carriers to carry ammunition to Lake Albert from the Congo. If there is no ivory I shall be indebted to Tippu-Tib for the sum of £3,600. But there must be some, as both Emin Pasha and Dr. Junker declare there is a large store of it. At the same time I shall not risk the Expedition for the sake of the ivory.

'In consideration of the services which Tippu-Tib had solemnly contracted to perform, I offered him a free passage for himself and ninety-six of his kinsmen from Zanzibar to the Congo, with board included. I also undertook the responsibility of conveying the entire party safely to Stanley Falls, thus incurring not a small expense, which I hope will be repaid in loyal service, as mentioned in the agreement. These negotiations with Tippu-Tib also ensure for us a peaceful march from the Congo through his territory, a thing that would have been by no means possible without him—as his various hordes of raiders will be widely scattered throughout the region; and it is scarcely likely that we should be allowed to pass in peace, resenting, as they must naturally do, their late rupture with Deane. Having bound Tippu-Tib to me I feel somewhat safe against that constant fear of desertion of the Zanzibaris. No Arabs will now persuade the people to desert, as is their custom when a white man's Expedition passes near their settlements. Tippu-Tib dare not countenance such proceedings.

'The *Madura* is a comfortable steamer. On the *Oriental* and *Narciso* we were uncomfortably crowded. 'Tween decks abreast of the boilers is rather a hot place for the people; but we have had agreeable weather, and the men have preferred to stow themselves in the boats, and among the donkeys, and on deck, to enduring the baking heat below.

'Two hours from Zanzibar, what is called a 'shindy' took place between the Zanzibaris and Soudanese. For a short time it appeared as though we should have to return to Zanzibar with many dead and wounded. It rose from a struggle for room. The Soudanese had been located directly in the way of the Zanzibaris, who, being ten times more numerous, required breathing space. They were all professed Moslems, but they forgot their religion, and seized upon firewood and pieces of planking to batter and bruise each other. The battle had raged some time before I heard of it. As I looked down the hatchway the sight was fearful—blood freely flowed down a score of faces, and ugly pieces of firewood flew about very lively. A command could not be heard in that uproar, and some of us joined in with shillelaghs, directing our attacks upon the noisiest. It required a mixture of persuasiveness and sharp knocks to reduce the fractious fellows to order, especially with the Soudanese minority, who are huge fellows. The Soudanese were marched out of their place and located aft, and the Zanzibaris had all the forward half of the ship to themselves. After we had wiped the blood and perspiration away I complimented the officers, especially Jephson, Nelson, and Bonny, for their share in the fray. They had behaved most gallantly. The result of the scrimmage is ten

broken arms, fifteen gashes with spears, contusions on shoulders, and several abrasions of shins.

"Surgeon Parke has been very busy vaccinating the entire community on board ship, and fortunately I had procured a large supply of lymph for this purpose, because of the harsh experience of the past.

"We have also formed the people into seven companies of about ninety men each.

"My Agent has been instructed to send me 200 loads of various goods to meet the Expedition at Msalala, south end of Lake Victoria. They will be sent about October or November, 1887, to arrive at Msalala in February or March, 1888, because if everything proceeds as I should wish, we shall be somewhere near there not very long after that date.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I have been in the company of my officers since I left Aden, and I have been quietly observing them.

"Barttelot appears to be a little too eager, and may have to be restrained. There is abundance of work in him, and this quality would be most lovely if it were always according to orders. The most valuable man to me would be one that had Barttelot's spirit and 'go' in him, and could come and ask if such and such a work ought to be done.

"There is a great deal in Mounteney Jephson, though he was supposed to be effeminate. He is actually fierce when roused, and his face becomes dangerously set and fixed. I noted him during the late battle aboard, and I came near crying out 'Bravo, Jephson!' He will be either made or marred if he is with this Expedition long enough.

"Captain Nelson is a fine fellow, and without the ghost of a hobby: he is the same all round, and at all hours.

"Stairs, of the Royal Engineers, is painstaking, ready, thoughtful, and industrious. He is an invaluable addition to our staff.

"Jameson is still the nice fellow we took him to be at first; there is not an atom of change in him.

"Bonny is simply the soldier. He is not initiative. He seems to have been under a martinet's drill.

\* \* \* \* \*

*March 16th, 1887.*

"At Cape Town, Tippu-Tib, after remarking the prosperity and business stir of the city, and hearing its history from me, said that he formerly had thought all white men to be fools.

"'Really,' I said; 'Why?'

"'That was my opinion.'

"'Indeed! and what do you think of them now?' I asked.

"'I think they have something in them, and that they are more enterprising than Arabs.'

"'What makes you think particularly so now?'

"'Well, myself and kinsmen have been looking at this town, these big ships and piers, and we have thought how much better all these things appear when compared to Zanzibar, which was captured from the Portuguese before this town was built,

and I have been wondering why we could not have done as well as you white people. I begin to think you must be very clever.'

"If you have discovered so much, Tippu-Tib, you are on the high road to discover more. The white men require a deal of study before you can quite make them out. It is a pity you never went to England for a visit.'

"I hope to go there before I die.'

"Be faithful to us on this long journey, and I will take you there, and you will see more things than you can dream of now.'

"Inshallah! if it is the will of Allah we shall go together."

On the 18th March the *Madura* entered the mouth of the Congo River, and dropped her anchor about 200 yards abreast of the sandy point, called Banana.

In a few minutes I was ashore and in the presence of Mr. Lafontaine Ferney, the chief Agent of the Dutch Company, to whom our steamer was consigned. Through some delay he had not been informed of our intending to arrive so soon. Everybody professed surprise, as they did not expect us before the 25th, but this fortunate accident was solely due to the captain and the good steamer. However, I succeeded in making arrangements with the agent by which the Dutch Company's steamer *K. A. Nieman* will be placed at my disposal, for the transport to Mataddi of 230 men.

On returning to the ship, I found my officers had in the meantime been instructed on Congo matters by two English traders, connected with the British Congo Company of Banana. They had heard some unpleasant things about the condition of the State steamers. "There is a piece of the *Stanley* on shore now, which will give you an idea of that steamer. The *Stanley* is a perfect ruin, we are told. However will you leave the Pool? The State has not one steamer in service. They are all drawn up on the banks for repairs which will take months. We don't see how you are to get away from here under six weeks! Look at that big steamer on the sands! she has just come out from Europe; the fool of a captain ran her on shore instead of waiting for a pilot. She has got the sections of a steamer in her hold. The *Heron* and *Belgique*, both State steamers, have first, of course, to float that steamer off. You are in for it nicely, we can tell you."

Naturally this kind of talk was very discouraging to our officers, and two of them, not so well acquainted with the manners of the "natives" of the Lower Congo as I was, hastened to comfort me with the disastrous news. I only marvelled why they had not been politely requested to accompany their new acquaintances to the cemetery, in order that they might be shown the painted headboards which bore such suggestive inscriptions, for that has been the custom of the traders.

I turned to one of the traders, and offered to charter his steamer, the *Albuquerque*. He at once graciously accepted the offer. I then begged that he and his friend would negotiate for the charter of the large paddle boat the *Serpa Pinto*, which they readily promised to do. Their good offices were so entirely successful that by evening I knew that we should leave Banana Point with 680 men and 160 tons cargo on the next day.

On the 19th the steamers *K. A. Nieman*, *Albuquerque*, and *Serpa Pinto*, loaded with the members and effects of the Expedition, departed from Banana Point for Mataddi, the landing-place up river, from whence we were to begin our land march.



On the way up, the *Serpa Pinto* stopped at Boma, to allow me to send an official intimation of the fact that the new Governor of Stanley Falls was aboard, and to receive a hurried visit from two of the Executive Committee charged with the administration of the Congo State.

During our brief interview I learned that there was a "famine in the country"; that "the villages along the road to the Pool were abandoned"; that "the *Stanley* steamer was seriously damaged"; that "the Mission steamers *Peace* and *Henry Reed* were in some unknown parts of the Upper Congo"; that "the *En Avant* was on shore without machinery or boiler"; that "the *A. I. A.* was 500 miles above Stanley Pool"; and that "the *Royal* was perfectly rotten," and had not been employed for a year; in fact, that the whole of the promised "naval stock" was useless; and, said one of the Executive Committee with deliberate emphasis, "The State steamers were only to be lent to you if the State could dispense with their services."

The gruff voice of the Portuguese captain of the *Serpa Pinto* ordered the State officials on shore, and we proceeded on our way up the Congo.

My thoughts were not of the pleasantest. With my flotilla of fifteen whale boats I might have been independent; but there was an objection to the Congo route, and therefore that plan had been abandoned. We had no sooner adopted the East Coast route than the Sovereign of the Congo State invited the Expedition to pass through his territory. When it was too late to order the construction of the whale boats, we had accepted the Congo route, after being assured of transport up the Lower Congo, portorage to Stanley Pool, and the loan of those very steamers on the Upper Congo which were now said to be wrecked, rotten, or without boilers or engines. In my ears rang the cry in England, "Hurry up, or you may be too late!" "Emin will be lost unless immediate aid be given him."

Well, we had given our promise to strive our level best. It was no time for regret, but to struggle and "steer right onward." Having accepted the responsibility, we were bound to perform every article of our verbal bond, and it is the manner of the performance that I now propose to relate.

I shall not delay the narration to give descriptions of the route overland to the Pool, or of the Upper Congo and its banks, as these have been sufficiently treated of in "Through the Dark Continent," and "The Congo and the Founding of its Free State"; and I shall be very brief with the incidents of our journey to Yambuya, at the head of navigation on the Aruwimi River.



## CHAPTER IV

## TO STANLEY POOL.

The journey to Stanley Pool—The Soudanese and the Somalis—Meeting with Mr. Herbert Ward—Mr. and Mrs. Richards—Letters from up river—Necessity of enforcing discipline—Incident at Lukungu Station—The Zanzibaris—Incident between Jephson and Salim at the Inkissi River—A series of complaints—The Rev. Mr. Bentley and the steamer *Peace*—We reach Makoko's village—Leopoldville—The Mission steamers—Visit to Mr. Swinburne at Kinshassa—Orders to and duties of the officers.

ON the 21st of March the Expedition debarked at the landing-place of a Portuguese trading-house, situate at Mataddi, at a distance of 108 miles from the Atlantic. As fast as the river steamers were able to discharge their passengers and cargo, they were cast off for their return to the seaport of Banana.

About noon the Portuguese gunboat *Kacongo* hove in sight. She brought Major Barttelot, Mr. Jephson, and a number of Soudanese and Zanzibaris; and soon after the State steamer *Heron* brought up the remainder of the cargo left on board the *Madura*.

We set up the tents, stored the immense quantity of rice, biscuits, millet, salt, hay, etc., and bestirred ourselves like men with unlimited work before us. Every officer distinguished himself, and the Zanzibaris showed by their alacrity that they were glad to be on shore.

Our European party now consisted of Messrs. Barttelot, Stairs, Nelson, Jephson, Parke, Bonny, who had voyaged with me from Aden, Mr. Walker, an engineer, who had joined us at the Cape, Mr. Ingham, an ex-Guardsman, who was our Congo Agent for collection of native carriers, Mr. John Rose Troup, who had been despatched to superintend the portorage to the Pool from Manyanga, and a European servant.

On the following day 171 porters, carrying 7 boxes of biscuits, 157 bags of rice and beads, departed from Mataddi to Lukungu as a reserve store for the Expedition on arrival. There were 180 sacks of 170 lbs. each besides, ready to follow as carriers offered themselves, which were to be dropped at various places *en route*, and at the Pool. Couriers were also sent to the Pool with a letter to the Commandant asking him to hurry up the repairs of all steamers at Leopoldville.

On the second day of our arrival, Mr. Ingham appeared with 220 carriers, who had been engaged at a sovereign per load to convey our goods to the Pool. Lieutenant Stairs practised with the Maxim automatic gun, which fired 330 shots per minute, to the great admiration of Tippu-Tib and his followers.

On the 25th the trumpets sounded in the Soudanese camp at 5.15 A.M. By

6 o'clock the tents were folded, the companies were mustered and their loads served out to them, and by 6.15 A.M. I marched out with the vanguard, behind which streamed the Expedition in single file, bearing 466 separate "charges." The setting out was admirable, but after the first hour of the march the mountains were so steep and stony, the sunshine was so hot, the loads so heavy, the men so new to the work after the glorious plenty on board the *Madava*, and we ourselves were in such an overfed condition, that the Expedition straggled in the most disheartening manner to those not prepared for such a sight. Arriving at the Mpozo River, we found the *Advance* boat already jointed, and in her we were ferried over to the other bank by fifties, to camp.

The Soudanese were a wretched sight, and in an exceeding bad temper. Covered with their hooded great-coats, they had endured a terrible atmosphere, and the effects of heat, fatigue, and little worries were very prominent. The Somalis were in tolerable form, though they had grumbled greatly because there were no camels.

The next day we camped in the grounds of Palaballa, belonging to the Livingstone Inland Mission, and were most hospitably treated by Mr. Clarke, the superintendent, and ladies. As our men were so new to their work, we halted the next day. By the officers' returns I found that nine had died since leaving Zanzibar, and seventeen were so ill that we were compelled to leave them at Palaballa to recuperate.

We resumed the march on the 28th, and reached Maza Mankengi. On the road we met Mr. Herbert Ward, who volunteered to join the Expedition. He was engaged, and sent to Mataddi to assist Mr. Ingham with the native transport. Mr. Ward had been of late years in the service of the Congo State, and previously had wandered in New Zealand and Borneo, and was always regarded by me as a young man of great promise.

By noon of the 29th we reached Congo la Lemba, a place I knew some years ago as a flourishing village. Its chief was then in his glory, an undisputed master of the district. Prosperity, however, had spoiled him, and he took to exacting tolls from the State caravans. As the route was being blocked by him and his people, the State sent a force of Bangalas, who captured and beheaded him. The village was burnt, and the people fled elsewhere. The site is now covered with tall grass, and its guava, palm, and lemon-trees are choked with reeds.

There was a slight improvement in the marching of this day, but the beginning of an Expedition is always a trying time. Zanzibaris carried 65 lbs. of ammunition, a 9-lb. rifle, four days' rations of rice, and from 4 to 10 lbs. weight of cloth and bedding mats. In time, from habit, this weight appears light to them; but during the first month we have to be very careful not to make long marches, and to exercise much forbearance.

A heavy rain detained us the early part of next day, but soon after nine we moved on and reached the Lufu River after a terribly fatiguing march. The people came streaming in until midnight, cross, tired, and footsore. The officers slept in my tent, and supped on biscuits and rice.

Near the Mazamba Wood we passed a party of Kabindas, hauling the *Florida's* shaft; and at the Bembezi Ford we met a French trader who was descending to Mataddi with a fine lot of ivory tusks.

We passed the Mangola River on the 31st, when I was myself disabled by a fit of sickness from indulging in the guavas of Congo la Lemba, and on the 1st April we travelled to Banza Manteka, where Mr. and Mrs. Richards most kindly entertained

us. At this place a few years' mission work has produced a great change. Nearly all the native population have become professed Christians, and attend Divine service punctually with all the fervour of revivalists. Young men whom I had known as famous gin-drinkers have become sober, decent men, and most mannerly in behaviour.

I received three letters from up river, all giving a distressing account of the steamers *Stanley*, *Peace*, *Henry Reed*, and *En Avant*. The first appears to be damaged throughout, according to my informants, the Mission steamers require thorough overhauling, the *En Avant* has been changed to a barge. Mr. Troup suggests that we carry a lighter or two from Manyanga to the Pool, a thing utterly impossible, as we are already overloaded. In order to lighten our work slightly Messrs. Jephson and Walker were despatched with our steel boat, the *Advance*, by the Congo to Manyanga.

We passed by the Lunionzo River on the 3rd, and the next day camped on the site of the abandoned village of Kilolo. During the march I came across a Soudanese trying to strangle a Zanzibari because the wearied man had slightly touched his shoulder with his box.

A march of three hours brought us, on the 5th, to the Kwilu River, which is 100 yards wide and of strong current. Here we found a canoe without an owner, by which we crossed the Advance Company by tens.

While the ferriage was conducted I wrote appealing letters to the Commandant at Stanley Pool to interpret the orders of General Strauch according to the generous spirit expressed by King Leopold, when he invited us to seek Emin Pasha *via* the Congo. Another was directed to the Rev. Mr. Bentley, of the Baptist Mission, requesting him to remember the assistance I gave the Baptists in 1880-84, and to be prepared to lend the steamer *Peace*, that I might hurry the expedition away from the poverty-stricken region around Stanley Pool. Another was despatched to Mr. Billington, superintendent of the *Henry Reed*, in similar terms, reminding him that it was I who had given to his mission the ground at Stanley Pool. Another was to the Commandant of Lukungu Station, requesting him to collect 400 carriers to lighten the labours of my men.

On reaching Mwembi the 6th April, I was particularly struck with the increase of demoralization in our caravan. In order not to press the people, I had been very quiet hitherto, entrusting the labour of bringing to camp the stragglers to the younger men, that they might become experienced in the troubles which beset Expeditions in Africa; but the necessity of enforcing discipline was particularly demonstrated on this march. The Zanzibaris had no sooner pitched the tents of their respective officers than they rushed like madmen among the neighbouring villages, and commenced to loot native property, in doing which one of them named Khamis bin Athman was shot dead by a plucky native. This fatal incident signally proved that discipline ought not to be relaxed.

It had probably been believed by the mass of the people that I was rather too old to supervise the march, as in former times; but on the march to Vombo, on the 7th, everyone was undeceived, and the last of the lengthy caravan was in camp by 11 A.M., and each officer enjoyed his lunch at noon, with his mind at ease. There is nothing more agreeable than the feeling one possesses after a good journey briefly accomplished, for the remainder of the day is our own to enjoy a luxurious rest. Nor can there scarcely be anything more disagreeable than to be kept dawdling on the road in suffocating high grass, scorched by a blistering sun, suffering from thirst, and almost



famishing. An unreflecting spectator hovering near our line of march might think we were unnecessarily cruel in keeping the column moving, but the application of a few cuts to confirmed stragglers secured eighteen hours' rest to about 800 people.

On the 8th our Expedition was welcomed at Lukungu Station by Messrs. Francqui and Dessauer. These hospitable Belgians had of their own impulse gathered for our 800 people four days' rations of potatoes, bananas, brinjalls, Indian corn, and palm nuts.

No sooner had we all assembled at camp than the Soudanese gathered in a body to demand more food. In fifteen days they had consumed, each one, 40 lbs. of biscuit and rice; and they announced their intention of returning to the Lower Congo if more rations were not served out. The four days' rations of vegetables they disdained to touch. I had resolved to be very patient; and it was too early yet to manifest even the desire to be otherwise. Extra rations of rice and biscuits were accordingly served out.

Fortunately for me personally there were good officers with me who could relieve me of the necessity of coming into conflict with wilful fellows like these sulky, obstinate Soudanese. I reserved for myself the rôle of mediator between exasperated whites and headstrong, undisciplined blacks. Provided one is not himself worn out by being compelled throughout the day to shout at thick-headed men, it is a most agreeable work to extenuate offences and soothe anger. Probably the angry will turn away muttering that we are partial; the other party perhaps thirsts for more sympathy on its side; but the mediator must be prepared to receive a rub or two himself.

Thinking that there would be less chance of the Soudanese storming so furiously against the Zanzibaris on the road, I requested Major Barttelot to keep his Soudanese a day's march ahead of the Zanzibaris.

It will not be surprising that we all felt more sympathy for the loaded Zanzibaris than for the Soudanese. The Zanzibaris were our scouting parties, foragers, and food purveyors; for they pitched our tents, collected fuel, carried the stores, and the main strength of the Expedition consisted of them, and without them the Europeans and Soudanese, if they had been ten times more numerous, would have been of no use at all for the succour of Emin. The Soudanese carried nothing but their rifles, their clothing, and their day's rations. By the time they would be of actual utility we should be a year older; they might perhaps fail us when the hour of need came, but we hoped not; in the meantime, all that was necessary was to keep them moving on with as little trouble as possible to themselves, the Zanzibaris, and us.

The heat was terrible the day we left Lukungu. The men dropped down on all sides; chiefs and men succumbed. We overtook the Soudanese again, and the usual scuffling and profanity occurred as an unhappy result.

On Easter Monday, the 11th, the Soudanese Company was stricken down with fever, lamentation was general, and all but two of the Somalis were prostrated. Barttelot was in a furious rage at his unhappy Company, and expressed a wish that he had been doing Jephson's duty with the boat. I received a letter from Jephson in the evening, wherein he wrote that he wished to be with us, or anywhere rather than on the treacherous and turbulent Congo.

The following day saw a foundering caravan as we struggled most wretchedly into camp. The Soudanese were miles from each other, the Somalis were all ill;



one of those in the boat with Mr. Jephson had died. Liebig, and meat soups, had to be prepared in sufficient quantities to serve out to each weakened man as he staggered in.

Lutete's was reached the next day, and the experiences of the march were similar. We suffered losses on every march—losses of men by desertion and from illness, losses of rifles, boxes of canned provisions, and of fixed ammunition.

At Nselo, on the Inkissi River, we encountered Jephson, who had seen some novelties of life during his voyage up the Congo rapids to Manyanga.

The sun had now painted our faces a vermilion tint; two inflamed circles glowed red and bright under our eyes. Some of the officers, in the belief that it would be more picturesque, more of the ideal explorer type, to have their arms painted also, had bared their milk-white arms until they had become a flaming red.

The 16th April we employed in ferrying the Expedition across the Inkissi River, and by 5.30 P.M. every soul was across, besides our twenty donkeys and herd of Cape goats.

During the ferriage some hot words were exchanged between Salim, a brother-in-law of Tippu-Tib, and Mr. Mounteney Jephson. Salim, having married a sister of Tippu-Tib, had become inordinately conceited and most insolent. At Mataddi he had behaved most arrogantly towards Lieutenant Stairs; but on exhibiting his temper to Mr. Jephson, he was sternly told that if he did not mind his own business he would be tossed into the river. Salim savagely resented such language, and it required the influence of Tippu-Tib to ease his cholera.

At the next camp I received some more letters from Stanley Pool. Lieutenant Liebrichts, the commissaire of the Stanley Pool district, wrote that the steamer *Stanley* and a lighter would be ready at my disposition. The *En Avant* would not be ready for six weeks. Another was from Mr. Billington, who declined most positively to lend the *Henry Reed*.

One of my most serious duties after a march was to listen to all sorts of complaints—a series of them were made on this day. A native robbed by a hungry Zanzibari of a cassava loaf required its restitution; Binza, the goat-herd, imagined himself slighted because he was not allowed to participate in the delicacy of goat tripe, and solicited my favour to obtain for him this privilege; a Zanzibari weakling, starving amidst a well-rationed camp and rice-fed people, begged me to regard his pucker'd stomach, and do him the justice to see that he received his fair rations from his greedy chief. Salim, Tippu-Tib's henchman, complained that my officers did not treat him properly. He said, "They should remember he no Queen man now he Tippu-Tib's brudder-in-law" (Salim was formerly an interpreter on board a British cruiser). Besides which there were charges of thefts against certain incorrigible purloiners.

At our next camp on the Nkalama River, which we reached on the 18th April, I received a letter by courier from Rev. Mr. Bentley, who informed me that no prohibition had been received by him from England of the loan of the Baptist mission steamer *Peace*, and that provided that I assured him that the Zanzibaris did nothing contrary to missionary character, which he as a missionary was desirous of maintaining, that he would be most happy to surrender the *Peace* for the service of the "Emin Pasha Relief Expedition." Though very grateful, and fully impressed with his generosity, in this unnecessary allusion to the Zanzibaris, and to this covert intimation that we are responsible for their excesses, Mr. Bentley has proved that it

must have cost him a struggle to grant the loan of the *Peace*. He ought to have remembered that the privilege he obtained of building his stations at Leopoldville, Kinshassa, and Lukolela was gained by the labours of the good-natured Zanzibaris, who, though sometimes tempted to take freedoms, were generally well-behaved, so much so that the natives preferred them to the Houssas, Kabindas, Kruboyas, or Bangalas.

On the 19th we were only able to make a short march, as the Luila near which we camped had become dangerously turbulent.

On the 20th we reached Makoko's village, where it was observed that the Zanzibaris were weakening rapidly, due no doubt to stinted rations, and their habit of indulging in raw manioc. A pound of rice per day is not a large ration for working men, but if our people had contrived to be contented on this scanty but wholesome fare for a while, they would not be in a robust condition, it is true, but there certainly would have been less illness. During this march from the Lower Congo we had consumed up to date 27,500 lbs. of rice—about 13 tons—and the resources of the entire region had been severely taxed to obtain this extra carriage. The natives having fled from the public paths, and the Zanzibaris being prevented from foraging far from the camp, lest they should commit depredations, had been the main cause of their resorting to the poisonous manioc tubers, and making themselves wretchedly sick. There were about a hundred men on this date useless as soldiers or carriers.

Arriving at Leopoldville on the 21st, to the great delight of all, one of my first discoveries was the fact that the *Stanley*, a small lighter, our steel boat the *Advance*, and the mission steamer *Peace*, were the only boats available for the transport of the Expedition up the Congo. I introduce the following notes from my diary:—

“*Leopoldville, April 22nd.*—We are now 315 miles from the sea, and before us are about 1100 miles of navigable water to Yambuya, on the Aruwimi, whence I propose resuming the land journey to Lake Albert.

“Messrs. Bentley and Whitley called on me to-day to speak concerning the *Peace*. They said the vessel required many repairs. I insisted that the case was urgent. They finally decided, after long consultation, that the repairs could be finished by the 30th.

“In the afternoon I took Major Barttelot and Mr. Mounteney Jephson into my confidence, and related to them the difficulties that we were in, explained my claims on the consideration of the missionaries, and the urgent necessity of an early departure from the foodless district, that provisions were so scarce that the State was able to procure only 60 full rations for 146 people, and that to supply the others the State officers had recourse to hunting the hippopotami in the Pool, and that we should have to pursue the same course to eke out the rice. And if 60 rations can only be procured for 146 people by the State authorities, how were we to supply 750 people? I then directed them to proceed to Mr. Billington and Dr. Sims, and address themselves to the former principally—inasmuch as Dr. Sims was an unsuccessful applicant for a position on this Expedition—and explain matters fairly to him.

“They were absent about an hour and a half, and returned to me crestfallen,—they had failed.

“Monsieur Liebrichts, who had formerly served with me on the Congo at Bolobo, was now the Governor of the Stanley Pool district. He dined with me this evening

and heard the story as related by Major Barttelot and Mr. Mounteney Jephson. Nothing was kept back from him. He knew much of it previously. He agreed heartily with our views of things and acknowledged that there was great urgency. Jephson said, 'I vote we seize the *Henry Reed*.'

"No, my friend Jephson. We must not be rash. We must give Mr. Billington time to consider how much his mission is indebted to me, and he will then see no difficulty in chartering his steamer at double the price the Congo State paid to him. Those who subsist on the charity of others naturally know how to be charitable. We will try again to-morrow, when I shall make a more formal requisition and offer liberal terms, and then if she is not conceded to us, we must think what else can be done.'

"April 23rd.—Various important matters were attended to this morning. The natives from all parts in this neighbourhood came to revive acquaintance, and it was ten o'clock before I was at liberty.

"Ngalyema was somewhat tedious with a long story about grievances that he had borne patiently, and insults endured without complaint. He described the change that had come over the white men, that of late they had become more imperious in their manner, and he and other chiefs suspecting that the change boded no good to them had timidly absented themselves from the stations, by which the markets had been abandoned, and food had become scarce and very dear.

"Having given my sympathy to my old friends, I called Barttelot and Jephson, and read to them a statement of former kindnesses shown to the 'Livingstone Inland Mission,' and said, 'When you have recited these, request in the name of charity and humanity, and all good feeling, that Mr. Billington allow me to offer liberal terms for the charter of the *Henry Reed* for a period of sixty days.'

"Barttelot was confident that his eloquence would prevail, and asked permission to try it in his own way once more.

"Very good, Major, go, and success attend you.'

"I'm sure I shall succeed like a shot,' said the Major confidently.

"The Major proceeded to the Mission House, and Mr. Jephson accompanied him as a witness of the proceedings. Presently I received a characteristic note from the Major, who wrote that he had argued ineffectually with the missionaries, principally with Mr. Billington, but in the presence of Dr. Sims, who had sat in a chair contenting himself with uttering remarks occasionally.

"Lieutenant Liebrichts was informed of the event, and presented himself, saying that this affair was the duty of the State.

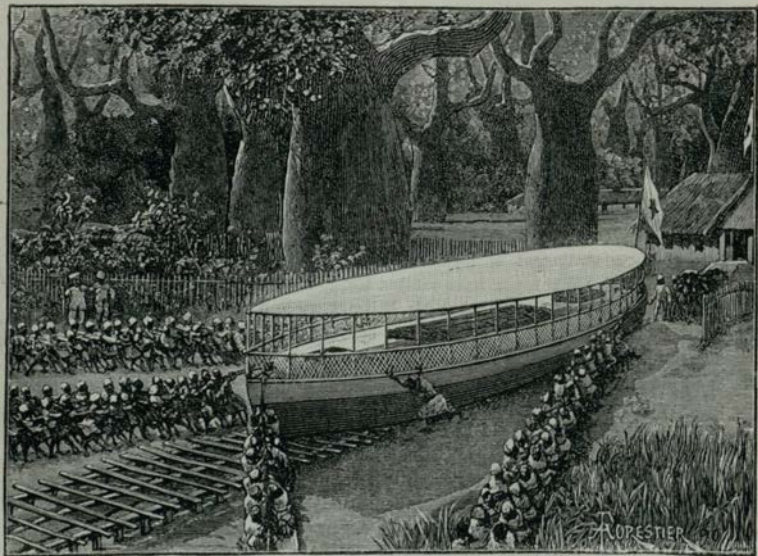
"Monsieur Liebrichts, who is undoubtedly one of the most distinguished officers in the Congo State, and who has well maintained the high character described in a former book of mine, devoted himself with ardour to the task of impressing Mr. Billington with the irrationality of his position in declining to assist the Expedition out of its difficulties. To and fro throughout the day he went, demanding, explaining, and expostulating, and finally, after twelve hours, prevailed on Mr. Billington to accept a charter upon the liberal terms offered, namely, £100 per month.

"April 24th.—Mustered Expedition and discovered we are short of 57 men and 38 Remington rifles. The actual number now is 737 men and 496 rifles. Of billhooks, axes, shovels, canteens, spears, &c., we have lost over 50 per cent.—all in a twenty-eight days' march.

"Some of the men, perhaps, will return to their duties, but if such a large number



desert 3,000 miles from their native land, what might have been expected had we taken the East Coast route? The Zanzibar head-men told me with a cynical bitterness that the Expedition would have been dissolved. They say, 'These people from the clove and cinnamon plantations of Zanzibar are no better than animals—they have no sense of feeling. They detest work, they don't know what silver is, and they have no parents or homes. The men who have homes never desert, if they did they would be so laughed at by their neighbours that they could not live.' There is a great deal of truth in these remarks, but in this Expedition are scores of confirmed bounty jumpers who are only awaiting opportunities. While inspecting the men to-day I



LAUNCHING THE STEAMER "FLORIDA"

was of the opinion that only about 150 were free men, and that all the remainder were either slaves or convicts.

"Mr. J. S. Jameson has kindly volunteered to proceed to shoot hippopotami to obtain meat. We are giving half rations, or 1 lb. of rice to each man. For the officers and our Arab guests I have a flock of goats, about thirty in number. The food presents given to us by the various chiefs around have amounted to 500 men's rations, and have been very acceptable.

"Capt. Nelson is busy with the axemen preparing fuel for the steamers. The *Stanley* must depart to-morrow with Major Barttelot and Surgeon Parke's companies, and debark them at a place above the Wampoko, when they will then march to Mswata. I must avail myself of every means of leaving Stanley Pool before the men become uncontrollable through hunger.



"April 25th.—The steamer *Stanley* steamed up river with 153 men in charge of Major Barttelot and Surgeon Parke.

"I paid a visit to Kinshassa to see my ancient secretary, Mr. Swinburne, who is now manager of an Ivory Trading Company, called the 'Sanford Exploring Company.' The hull of his steamer, *Florida*, being completed, he suggested that if we assisted him to launch her he would be pleased to lend her to the Expedition, since she was of no use to anybody until her machinery and shaft came up with Baron von Rothkirch, who probably would not arrive before the end of July. I was only too glad, and a number of men were at once ordered up to begin the operations of extending the slip to the river's edge.

"Our engineer, Mr. John Walker, was detailed for service on the *Henry Reed*, to clean her up and prepare her for the Upper Congo.

"One Soudanese and one Zanzibari died to-day.

"April 27th.—Thirteen Zanzibaris and one Soudanese, of those left behind through illness, at stations on the way, have arrived. They report having sold their rifles and sapper's tools!

"April 28th.—Struck camp and marched Expedition overland to Kinshassa that I might personally superintend launching of hull of steamer *Florida*, which we hope to do the day after to-morrow, when the slip is finished. We are being hospitably entertained meanwhile by Mr. Antoine Greshoff, of the Dutch Company, and Mr. Swinburne, of the Sanford Company.

"April 29th.—In camp at Kinshassa under the baobabs. The steamers *Stanley* and *Henry Reed*, towing barge *En Avant*, arrived.

"April 30th.—The hull of the *Florida* was launched this morning. Two hundred men pulled her steadily over the extended slip into the river. She was then taken to the landing-place of the Dutch Company and fastened to the steamer *Stanley*.

"To-day each officer was furnished with the plan of embarkation, and directed to begin work of loading the steamers according to programme."

## CHAPTER V

## FROM STANLEY POOL TO YAMBUYA

Upper Congo scenery—Accident to the *Peace*—Steamers reach Kimpoko—Collecting fuel—The good-for-nothing *Peace*—The *Stanley* in trouble—Arrival at Bolobo—The Relief Expedition arranged in two columns—Major Barttelet and Mr. Jameson chosen for command of Rear Column—Arrival at Equator and Bangala Stations—The Basoko villages: Baruti deserts us—Arrival at Yambuya.

As I have already in another book described the scenery of the Upper Congo, I intend in this chapter to confine myself to the incidents of the river voyage to Yambuya.

The days passed quickly enough. Their earlier hours presented to us every morning panoramas of forest land, and myriads of forest isles, and broad channels of dead calm water so beshone by the sun that they resembled rivers of quicksilver. In general one might well have said that the scenery was exceedingly monotonous. But as we skirted one bank or the other, or steered close to an island to avail ourselves of the deep water, we seldom experienced a tedious moment.

Seated in an easy-chair scarcely 40 feet from the shore, every revolution of the propeller caused us to see new features of foliage, bank, trees, shrubs, plants, buds and blossoms. We might be indifferent to, or ignorant of the character and virtues of the several plants and varied vegetation we saw, we might have no interest in any portion of the shore, but we certainly forgot the lapse of time while observing the outward forms, and were often kindled into livelier interest whenever an inhabitant of the air or the water appeared in the field of vision. These delightful views of perfectly calm waters, and vivid green forests with every sprig and leaf still as death, and an almost unbroken front line of thick leafy bush sprinkled with butterflies and moths and insects, and wide rivers of shining water, will remain long in our memories.

From the middle of March to the middle of May is the rainy season, and daily, after 2 P.M., the sky gave signs of a lowering tempest; and soon after the thunderbolts rent the gloom, lightning blazed through it, and the rain poured down with tropical copiousness.

Nature and time were at their best for us. The river was neither too

high nor too low. Had it been high river we should have had the difficulty of finding uninundated ground; had it been low, we should have been tediously delayed by the shallows. We were generally enabled to steer along a line about 40 yards from the left bank, and thus enjoyed without interruption over 1000 miles of changing hues and forms of vegetable life, which for their variety, greenness of verdure, and wealth and scent of flowers, the world cannot equal. Tornadoes were rare during the greater portion of the day, whereby we escaped many terrors and perils; but they were frequent in the evening or the night, when we should be safely moored to the shore. Mosquitoes, gadflies, tsetse and guats were not very troublesome. More than half the voyage was completed before a few incorrigible vagrants of each



STANLEY POOL

species reminded us of their existence. The pugnacious hippopotami and crocodiles were also on this occasion well-behaved. The aborigines were modest in their expectations, and in many instances they gave goats, fowls, and eggs, bananas and plantains, and were content with "chits" on Mr. John Rose Troup, who would follow us later. Our health was excellent, indeed remarkably good, compared with former experiences; why, I know not, but I had certainly fewer complaints on this than on any previous expedition.

On the 1st of May the start up the Congo was commenced with the departure of the *Henry Reed* and two barges, conveying Tippu-Tib and 96 followers and 35 of our men. Soon after her followed the *Stanley*, and her consort the *Florida*, with 336 people, besides 6 donkeys, and cargoes of goods;



and half-an-hour later the *Peace* attempted to follow, with 135 passengers on board; but the good wishes of the people on shore for a successful voyage had scarcely died away, when the rudder of the Mission steamer snapped in two. Her captain commanded the anchors to be dropped where the current was racing six knots, and as they caught the rocks beneath, the boat reeled to her beam ends, and the chains tore her deck. Compelled by the great strain on the ship to remove her from her dangerous berth, we found that the anchors could not be lifted, the flukes being held fast by rocks, and we had to cut the chains to free ourselves and to return to Kinshassa landing-place. Captain Whitley and Mr. David Charters, the engineer, set to to repair the rudder, and at 8 P.M. their task was completed.

The next morning the *Peace* had better fortune, and in due time we reached Kimpoko at the head of the Pool, where the other steamers awaited us.

The *Peace* then led the advance up river; but the *Stanley* drew up, passed us, and reached camp an hour and a half ahead of us. The *Henry Reed* came last.

The *Peace* was spasmodic and gave us great trouble. She would steam well for a short time and then suddenly slackened speed. We would wait half-an-hour, and she would be good for another spurt. Her boiler was a system of coiled tubes, and her propellers were enclosed in twin cylindrical shells under the stern, and required to be driven at a furious rate before any speed could be obtained.

As soon as we camped, which usually was about 5 P.M., each officer mustered his men, for wood-cutting for the morrow's fuel. This was sometimes very hard work, and continued for hours into the night. The wood of dead trees required to be sought for by a number of men and conveyed to the landing-place for the axe and saw men. For such a steamer as the *Stanley* it would take fifty men two hours to search for and carry the wood, and it would require a dozen axemen to cut it up into 30-inch lengths for the furnaces. The *Peace* and *Henry Reed* required half as many axes and an equal amount of time to prepare their fuel. It had then to be stored on board the steamers that no delay might take place in the morning, and this required some more work before silence, which befits the night, could be obtained, and in the meantime the fires were blazing to afford light, and the noise of crashing, cutting, and splitting of logs continued merrily.

The good-for-nothing *Peace* continued to provoke us continually on the 4th May. She was certainly one of the slowest steamers any shipbuilder could build. We were obliged to halt every forty-five minutes or so to "oil up," and sometimes had to halt to clean out the cylinders of the propellers, had to stop to raise steam, and to have the grate cleared out of charcoal, while five minutes after raising steam up to 60°, it would fall to 40°, and then to 35°, and then the poor miserable thing floated down stream at the



rate of a knot an hour. We lost seven days at Stanley Pool through her; a day was lost when the rudder broke; we seemed fated to be belated by her each day.

On the 5th, we made fast to the landing-place of Mswata. The Major and Dr. Parke had arrived four days previously, and had prepared quantities of fuel, besides a large pile of provisions—loaves of manioc bread and Indian corn.

On the 6th the Major and his companions received orders to march their men to Kwamouth, and there await the steamer. The *Stanley* was ordered to proceed to Bolobo, debark her passengers, and descend to Kwamouth to convey Barttelot and men, while we reorganized companies at Bolobo.

On the 7th we observed the *Stanley* steamer ashore on the left bank near Chumbiri, and proceeding to her to inquire into the delay, discovered that she was badly injured by running on a rocky reef. The second section had been pierced in four separate places. We therefore set to with the engineers of all the other steamers to repair her, but Messrs. Charters and Walker, both Scotchmen, were the most effective at the repairs. We cut up some old sheet iron oil drums, formed plates of them, and screwed them in from the outside. This was a very delicate labour, requiring patience and nicety of touch, as there were two feet of water in the hold, and the screws required to be felt to place the nuts on. The punching of holes through the bottom of the steamer was laborious, for the engineer was up to his waist in water, and striking his chisel through an element that broke the blow; then there was the preparation of the plate to correspond with the holes in the steamer, spreading the minium, a layer of canvas, and another layer of minium. When everything was ready for fixing the iron plate, a diver was sent down, the iron plate with its canvas patch and minium layers in one hand, and the end of a string attached to a hole in the plate in the other hand. The diver outside had to feel for the corresponding hole in the steamer, and the engineer up to his hips in water within the hold felt for the end of the twine, which when found, was drawn in gently, and the plate carefully guided. For hours this tedious work went on, and by evening of the 7th, only one large rent in the steel hull had been repaired.

On the 10th, however, the *Stanley* was in a state to resume her voyage and soon caught up with the asthmatic *Peace*, and she in company with the *Henry Reed* passed us. A few hours later the *Peace* sulked altogether, and declined to proceed. Only 30 lbs. steam could be maintained. We were therefore compelled to make fast to the shore. At this period Mr. Charters' face possessed more interest than anything else in the world. We hung on his words as though they were decrees of Fate. He was a sanguine and cheerful little man, and he comforted us exceedingly. He was sure we would arrive in Bolobo in good time, though we did not appear to be proceeding very rapidly while tied to the shore.

The next day we tried again, starting at 4 A.M., resolved to distinguish ourselves. For an hour the *Peace* behaved nobly, but finally she showed symptoms of relapse. The steam descended lower and lower, and could not retain 5 lbs., and we therefore cast anchor. At 10 A.M. the case appearing hopeless, I despatched Mr. Ward in the whale boat to obtain assistance from the *Henry Reed*, and at eight at night she appeared and anchored beside us. All day we had been idly watching the dark brown current flow by, while anchored at least 550 yards from either shore or island, seeing nothing but hippopotami, grassy clumps, weeds, and débris of woods floating by. On the 12th we arrived ignominiously at Bolobo in tow of the *Henry Reed*.

Bolobo is one of the best river ports to obtain food supplies. Here, where the people could recuperate and forget the miseries of limited rations endured since leaving Lukungu, was the place to organise the Relief Expedition into two columns.

It was decided that as the force could not be transported on one voyage to the Upper Congo, the healthiest men should be selected to proceed as a first column to Yambuya, while the weakly should remain at Bolobo to rest under the care of Messrs. Ward and Bonny. Of these weakly men there were about 125, men whom we believed would soon fatten up on the bananas, excellent native bread and fish that were easily procurable here, during the absence of the steamers up river.

Upon the arrival of Major Barttelot and his company from Kwamouth, the vexed question was also settled as to who should take charge of the second, or rear, column. It being the most important post next to mine, all eyes were naturally directed to the senior officer, Major Barttelot. It was said that he had led a column of a thousand men from Kosseir on the Red Sea to Keneh on the Nile, and had distinguished himself in Afghanistan and in the Soudan Campaign. If these facts were true, then undoubtedly he was the fittest commander for the rear column. Had there been a person of equal rank with him, I should certainly have delegated this charge to another, not because of any known unfitness, but because he was so eager to accompany the advance column. After reflecting on the capacities and rank of the other gentlemen, I informed the Major that I could not really undertake the responsibility of appointing youthful lieutenants to fill a post that devolved on him through rank, experience, and reputation.

"One more steamer like the *Stanley* would have done it, Major, completely," I said, cheerfully, for the young officer was sorely depressed. "Only 125 men and a cargo of goods left of the Expedition. All the rest are on board comfortably. If you can discover some better person than yourself to take your place, I would gladly know him. I hope you will not take it too much to heart. For what does it matter after all? You who bring up the rear are as much entitled to credit as we in the advance. If Tippu-Tib will

only be faithful, you will be but six weeks behind us, and you may overtake us, for we shall be naturally delayed a great deal, finding the track and boring our way through all kinds of obstacles. You will follow a plainly marked path, and frequently you may be able to make two of our marches in one day. If Tippu-Tib does not join us, you will be master of your own column, and you will be so occupied with your task that the days will slip by you fast enough. And I tell you another thing for your comfort, Major; there is plenty of work ahead of us, wherein you shall have the most important part. Now tell me, who would you wish for your second?"

"Oh, I would rather leave it to you."

"Nay, I would prefer you would select some one friend as your companion, to share your hopes and thoughts. We all of us have our partialities, you know."

"Well, then, I choose Jameson."

"Very well, Mr. Jameson shall be appointed. I will speak to him myself. I will then leave Mr. Rose Troup, who is a capital fellow, I have reason to believe, and young Ward and Bonny. Both Troup and Ward speak Swahili, and they will be of vast service to you."

In this manner the matter was arranged, and on the 15th of May the flotilla resumed the up-river voyage, conveying 511 persons of the Expedition, besides Tippu-Tib and ninety of his followers.

We made a fair journey on the 16th, the repairs on the *Peace* having greatly improved her rate of progress, and on the 19th made fast to the shore near the Baptist Mission of Lukolela. The *Stanley*, however, did not make her appearance until late on the 19th.

We halted on the 20th at Lukolela, to purchase food for our journey to Equator Station, and we were extremely grateful for the kind hospitality shown to us by the missionaries at this station.

On the 24th of May we arrived at Equator Station, where we found Mr. E. J. Glave, a young and clever Yorkshireman, in charge.

We reached Bangala Station on the 30th May. This place was now a very large and prosperous settlement. It had a garrison of sixty men, and in a bastion two Krupps were mounted. Bricks of excellent quality were now being made at the station; 40,000 had already been manufactured. The establishment was in every way creditable to Central Africa. The chief, Van Kirkhoven, was absent at Langa-Langa. He had lately succeeded in releasing twenty-nine Houssa soldiers from slavery. During the escape of Deane from Stanley Falls, these Houssas had precipitately retreated into a canoe, and had floated as far as Upoto, when they were captured as runaways by the natives of the district.

Among other good qualities of Bangala, there is a never-failing supply of food. The station possessed 130 goats and a couple of hundred fowls. Ten acres of land were green with a promising rice crop. The officers enjoyed



wine of palm and banana, besides fermented beer made of sugar-cane, and exceedingly potent I found the latter to be.

At Bangala I directed Major Barttelot to proceed with Tippu-Tib and party direct to Stanley Falls, having first taken out thirty-five Zanzibaris from the boats, and replaced them with forty Soudanese, that none of the Zanzibaris might become acquainted with the fact that Stanley Falls was but a few days' march from Yambuya.

With the exception of certain irregularities in the behaviour of the steamer *Stanley*, which by some mysterious manœuvres disappeared amid intricate passages, on the plea that sufficient fuel of a right quality could be found, we steamed up to the Aruwimi River without any incident, and arrived at our ancient camp, opposite the Basoko villages, on June 12th.

The Basoko were the countrymen of Baruti, or "Gunpowder," who had been captured by the slave raider Karema when a child, in 1883, and had been taken to England by Sir Francis de Winton, with a view of impressing on him the superiority of civilised customs. From Sir Francis' care Baruti passed into mine, and here we were at last in view of his natal village and tribe, from which he had been absent six years.

Seeing Baruti eyeing with excessive interest the place of his birth, he was encouraged by me to hail the Basoko, and invite them to visit us. My previous attempts at winning the confidence of these forest natives had been failures, though in time I was sure there would be no difficulty. For a long period it had been an interesting question to me why aborigines of the forest were more coy and intractable than natives of the open country. The same methods to win their friendship were resorted to, but they had always ended with disappointment. I believe that as the forest is a handy fastness for retreat, the suspicion of the stranger, and the convenient depth of trackless woods pleads strongly against the risk of making acquaintance with the traveller. The least advance towards a native causes a precipitate backward movement of him until, gaining the limits of the forest, he stands a moment to take a last survey, and finally disappears into the gloom with an air of "It won't do, you know; you can't come over me." In the open country the native has generally some coign of vantage, some eminence, a tree or an ant-hill, from the crest of which he has taken his observations, and been informed of the character of the strangers, whereas in the forest the stranger meets the tenant of the woods abruptly and with a terrifying effect.

Baruti hailed, and some canoes advanced towards us with a tediously slow process until they approached within easy hearing. He then recognized some of the canoe-men, and informed them that they had no cause for fear. He asked for a person whose name he uttered, and the wild men hallooed the word with splendid lung-power across the river, until some one responded, and embarked in a canoe and came close to. This turned out to be Baruti's elder brother. Baruti demanded to know how his brother fared, after so



many years of absence. The brother eyed him vacantly, could not recognize any feature in him, and grunted his doubt.

Baruti mentioned the name of his parents, that of his father, and afterwards that of his mother. Great interest now manifested itself in his brother's face, and he skilfully drew his canoe nearer.

"If you are my brother, tell me some incident, that I may know you."

"Thou hast a scar on thy arm—there, on the right. Dost thou not remember the crocodile?"

This was enough; the young, broad-chested native gave a shout of joy,



BARUTI FINDS HIS BROTHER

and roared out the discovery to his countrymen on the further bank, and Baruti for the first time shed tears. The young fellow drew near to the ship, forgot his fears of the strangers, and gave Baruti a frantic hug, and others of his countrymen advanced to participate in the joy of the two restored brothers.

In the evening Baruti was offered his choice of staying in his village among his tribe, or of following our adventures; at the same time he was advised not to leave us, as life among the Basoko would be very insecure with the Arabs in such close proximity as Stanley Falls.

The lad appeared to think so too, and so declined to be restored to his

native land and tribe; but a day or two after reaching Yambuya he altered his mind, came into my tent in the dead of night, armed himself with my Winchester rifle and a brace of Smith and Wesson revolvers, a supply of rifle and revolver cartridges, took possession of a silver road-watch, a silver pedometer, a handsome belt with fitted pouches, a small sum of money, and, possessing himself of a canoe, disappeared down river to some parts unknown, most probably to his tribe. At any rate, we have never seen or heard of him since. Peace be with him!

On the 15th of June we arrived opposite Yambuya villages, situated on the left bank of the Aruwimi, 96 miles above the confluence of the Aruwimi and the Congo.

## CHAPTER VI

## AT YAMBUYA

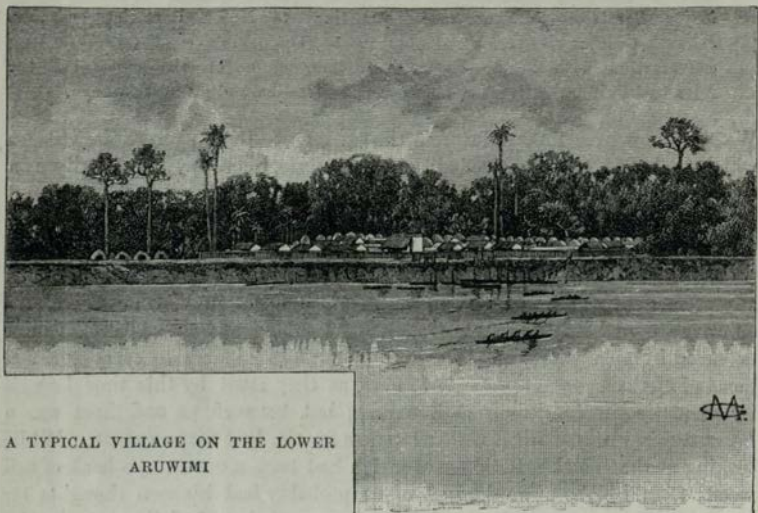
We land at Yambuya—The *Stanley* leaves for Equator Station—Fears regarding Major Barttelot—Safe arrival—Instructions to Major Barttelot and Mr. Jameson—Major Barttelot's doubts as to Tippu-Tib's good faith—A long conversation with Major Barttelot—Memorandum for the officers of the Advanced Column—Illness of Lieutenant Stairs—Last night at Yambuya.

WE were now over 1300 miles from the sea. Opposite to us were the villages which we hoped, with the goodwill of the natives, to occupy temporarily as a depôt for the men and stores left at Bolobo and Leopoldville, 125 men and about 600 porter-loads of impedimenta; if not with the natives' goodwill by fair purchase of the privilege, then by force.

On an exploring visit in 1883 I had attempted to conciliate them without any permanent result. We had a very serious object in view now. In perspective we saw only the distant ports of the Nile and the Albert Nyanza, defended by men who were ever casting anxious glances to every cardinal point of the compass, expectant of relief, as they must by this time be well informed by our couriers from Zanzibar; but between us and them was a broad region justly marked with whiteness on the best maps extant. While looking at that black wall of forest which had been a continuous bank of tall woods from Bolobo upwards, each of us probably had his own thoughts far hidden in the recesses of the mind. Mine were of that ideal Governor in the midst of his garrisons, cheering and encouraging his valiant soldiers, pointing with hand outstretched to the direction whence the expected relief would surely approach, and in the distance beyond I saw in my imagination the Mahdist hordes advancing with frantic cries and thrilling enthusiasm, crying out, "Yallah, Yallah," until from end to end of the swaying lines the cry was heard rolling through the host, and on the other sides multitudes of savages vowed to extermination biding their time, and between them and us was this huge area of the unknown without a track or a path.

Ammunition was served out by the captains of the companies, and instructions were issued to them to have steam up on board their respective steamers, that we might commence the first most important move preparatory to marching towards the Albert Nyanza.

At six o'clock in the morning of the 16th June the *Peace* glided from her berth until she was abreast of the *Stanley*, and when near enough to be heard, I requested the officers to await my signal. Then, steaming gently across the river, we attempted to soothe the fears and quiet the excitement of the natives by remaining abreast of the great crowd that stood upon the bluff bank fifty feet above us, regarding us with wonder and curiosity. Our interpreter was well able to make himself understood, for the natives of the lower Aruwimi speak but one language. After an hour's interchange of compliments and friendly phrases, they were induced to send a few of the boldest down to the river's edge, and by a slight movement of the helm the current pushed the steamer close to the bank, where another hour was passed



A TYPICAL VILLAGE ON THE LOWER  
ARUWIMI

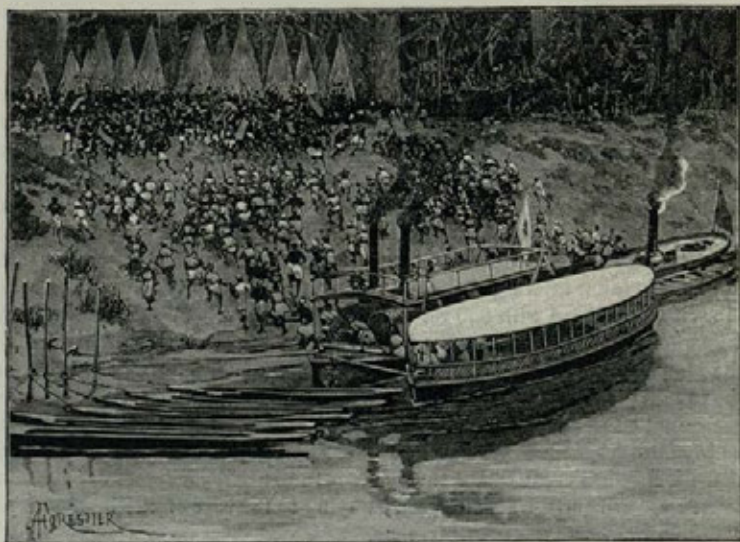
in entreaty and coaxing on our part, denials and refusals on the other. We succeeded in the purchase of one of their knives for a liberal quantity of beads! Encouraged by this, we commenced to negotiate for leave to reside in their village for a few weeks at a price in cloth, beads, wire, or iron, but we were met with consistent and firm denial for another hour.

It was now nine o'clock, my throat was dry, the sun was getting hot, and I signalled to the steamer *Stanley* to come across and join us, and when near enough, according to agreement, a second signal caused the steam whistles to sound, and under cover of the deafening sounds both steamers were steered to the shore, and the Zanzibaris and Soudanese scrambled up the steep sides of the bluff like monkeys, and when the summit was gained not a villager was in sight.



We found Yambuya settlement to consist of a series of villages of conical huts extending along the crest of the bank, whence far-reaching views of the Aruwimi up and down stream could be obtained. The companies were marched to their respective quarters. Guards were set at the end of every path leading out. Some of the men were detailed to cut wood for a palisade, others to collect fuel, and several squads were despatched to ascertain the extent of the fields and their locality.

In the afternoon two natives from a village below Yambuya made their appearance with a flattering confidence in their demeanour. They belonged to the Baburu tribes, to which these various fragments of tribes between



OUR LANDING AT YAMBUYA

Stanley Falls and the Lower Aruwimi belong. They sold us a few bananas, were well paid in return, and invited to return with more food, and assurance was given that they need be under no alarm.

On the next day men were sent to collect manioc from the fields, others were sent to construct a palisade, a ditch was traced, workers were appointed to dig a trench for sinking the stockade poles, woodcutters were set to work to prepare to load the steamers with fuel, that with their weakened crews they might not be surprised on their return journey to the Pool, and everywhere was life and activity.

Several captures were made in the woods, and after being shown every-

thing, the natives were supplied with handfuls of beads to convey to their shy countrymen the assurance that no fear ought to be entertained of us as no harm was intended to them.

By the 19th fuel sufficient had been cut for six days' steaming for the *Stanley* with which she could proceed to Equator Station. A cheque for £50 in favour of the Captain, and another for a similar amount for the engineer, were handed to Mr. Jameson to be presented to these officers on their return to Yambuya about the middle of August. A valuable jewel was sent to Lieutenant Liebrichts as a token of my great regard for him. The *Stanley* left next morning.

The Missionary steamer *Peace* was detained for the sake of accompanying her consort, the *Henry Reed*, which was now hourly expected from Stanley Falls, for according to the instructions given to Major Barttelot, she ought to reach us on the 19th.

In a wild country like this, peopled by cannibals and slave raiders, we were naturally prone to suspect the occurrence of serious events, if one's expectations were not promptly and punctually realised. Major Barttelot had passed the mouth of the Aruwimi on the 11th inst., in command of the steamer *Henry Reed*, conveying Tippu-Tib and party to a settlement from which an English commandant and garrison had been precipitately ousted. It is true that the Arab chief had been very earnest in the assurance that in nine days after arriving at his settlement at Stanley Falls he would present himself at Yambuya with 600 carriers, in accordance with his agreement, and I was loth to believe that he was in any way responsible for this detention of the Major. Yet the Major should have reached Stanley Falls on the 13th, on the evening of the 14th he should have been at the mouth of the Aruwimi again, and on the 16th at Yambuya; that is, provided the Major permitted nothing to delay him. It was now the 21st. The officers were confident that nothing had occurred but the delays natural to circumstances of existence in Africa, but hourly I found myself straying to the edge of the bluff sweeping the view down river with my glass.

On the 22nd my uneasiness was so great that I penned an order to Lieutenant Stairs to take fifty of the best men, and the Maxim machine gun, to proceed down river on the morning of the 23rd with the *Peace* to search for the *Henry Reed*, and if all other eventualities mentioned and explained had not happened to proceed to Stanley Falls. On arriving before this settlement if the vessel was seen at the landing-place, and his friendly signals as he advanced were not responded to, he was to prepare everything for assault and re-capture of the steamer, and to hurry back to me with the news if unsuccessful.

At 5 P.M., however, the Zanzibaris rang out the welcome cry of "Sail ho!" Barttelot was safe, no accident had occurred. Tippu-Tib had not captured the vessel, the Soudanese had not mutinied against the Major, the

natives had not assaulted the sleeping camp by night, the steamer had not been sunk by a snag nor had she been run aground, and the *Henry Reed*, for which we were morally responsible to the Mission, was in as good order and condition as when she left Stanley Pool. But in Africa it is too wearing to be the victim of such anxieties.

The Major had been simply detained by various mischances—fighting with natives, palaver with Tippu-Tib and men, &c., &c.

Two days later the Missionary steamers *Peace* and *Henry Reed* were loaded with fuel and despatched down river, and we of the advance column had severed the last link with civilisation for many a month to come.

On this day I delivered the following letter of instructions to Major Barttelot, and a copy of it to Mr. J. S. Jameson, his second in command:—

June 24th, 1887.

To MAJOR BARTTELOT, &c., &c., &c.

SIR,—As the senior of those officers accompanying me on the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, the command of this important post naturally devolves on you. It is also for the interest of the Expedition that you accept this command, from the fact that your Soudanese company, being only soldiers, and more capable of garrison duty than the Zanzibaris, will be better utilized than on the road.

The steamer *Stanley* left Yambuya on the 22nd of this month for Stanley Pool. If she meets with no mischance she ought to be at Leopoldville on the 2nd of July. In two days more she will be loaded with about 500 loads of our goods, which were left in charge of Mr. J. R. Troup. This gentleman will embark, and on the 4th of July I assume that the *Stanley* will commence her ascent of the river, and arrive at Bolobo on the 9th. Fuel being ready, the 125 men in charge of Messrs. Ward and Bonny, now at Bolobo, will embark, and the steamer will continue her journey. She will be at Bangala on the 19th of July, and arrive here on the 31st of July. Of course the lowness of the river in that month may delay her a few days, but, having great confidence in her captain, you may certainly expect her before the 10th of August.\*

It is the non-arrival of these goods and men which compel me to appoint you as commander of this post. But as I shall shortly expect the arrival of a strong reinforcement of men,† greatly exceeding the advance force which must, at all hazards, push on to the rescue of Emin Pasha, I hope you will not be detained longer than a few days after the departure of the *Stanley* on her final return to Stanley Pool in August.

Meantime, pending the arrival of our men and goods, it behoves you to be very alert and wary in the command of this stockaded camp. Though the camp is favourably situated and naturally strong, a brave enemy would find it no difficult task to capture it if the commander is lax in discipline, vigour and energy. Therefore I feel sure that I have made a wise choice in selecting you to guard our interests here during our absence.

\* She arrived on the 14th of August. Had been detained a few days by running on a snag.

† Tippu-Tib's 600 carriers.



The interests now entrusted to you are of vital importance to this Expedition. The men you will eventually have under you consist of more than an entire third of the Expedition. The goods that will be brought up are the currency needed for transit through the regions beyond the lakes; there will be a vast store of ammunition and provisions, which are of equal importance to us. The loss of these men and goods would be certain ruin to us, and the Advance Force itself would need to solicit relief in its turn. Therefore, weighing this matter well, I hope you will spare no pains to maintain order and discipline in your camp, and make your defences complete, and keep them in such a condition, that however brave an enemy may be, he can make no impression on them. For this latter purpose I would recommend you to make an artificial ditch 6 feet wide, 3 feet deep, leading from the natural ditch, where the spring is, round the stockade. A platform, like that on the southern side of the camp, constructed near the eastern as well as the western gate, would be of advantage to the strength of the camp. For remember, it is not the natives alone who may wish to assail you, but the Arabs and their followers may, through some cause or other, quarrel with you and assail your camp.

Our course from here will be due east, or by magnetic compass east by south as near as possible. Certain marches that we may make may not exactly lead in the direction aimed at. Nevertheless, it is the south-west corner of Lake Albert, near or at Kavalli, that is our destination. When we arrive there we shall form a strong camp in the neighbourhood, launch our boat, and steer for Kibero, in Unyoro, to hear from Signor Casati, if he is there, of the condition of Emin Pasha. If the latter is alive, and in the neighbourhood of the Lake, we shall communicate with him, and our after conduct must be guided by what we shall learn of the intentions of Emin Pasha. We may assume that we shall not be longer than a fortnight with him before deciding on our return towards the camp along the same road traversed by us.

We will endeavour, by blazing trees and cutting saplings along our road, to leave sufficient traces of the route taken by us. We shall always take, by preference, tracts leading eastward. At all crossings where paths intersect, we shall hoe up and make a hole a few inches deep across all paths not used by us, besides blazing trees when possible.

It may happen, should Tippu-Tib have sent the full number of adults promised by him to me, viz., 600 men (able to carry loads), and the *Stanley* has arrived safely with the 125 men left by me at Bolobo, that you will feel yourself sufficiently competent to march the column, with all the goods brought by the *Stanley*, and those left by me at Yambuys, along the road pursued by me. In that event, which would be very desirable, you will follow closely our route, and before many days we should most assuredly meet. No doubt you will find our bomas intact and standing, and you should endeavour to make your marches so that you could utilise these as you marched. Better guides than those bomas of our route could not be made. If you do not meet them in the course of two days' march, you may rest assured that you are not on our route.

It may happen, also, that though Tippu-Tib has sent some men, he has not sent enough to carry the goods with your own force. In that case you will, of course, use your discretion as to what goods you can dispense with to enable you to march. For this purpose you should study your list attentively.

- 1st. Ammunition, especially (fixed) is most important.
- 2nd. Beads, brass wire, cowries and cloth rank next.



3rd. Private luggage.

4th. Powder and caps.

5th. European provisions.

6th. Brass rods as used on the Congo.

7th. Provisions (rice, beans, peas, millet, biscuits).

Therefore you must consider, after rope, sacking, tools, such as shovels (never discard an axe or billhook), how many sacks of provisions you can distribute among your men to enable you to march—whether half your brass rods in the boxes could not go also, and there stop. If you still cannot march, then it would be better to make two marches of six miles twice over, if you prefer marching to staying for our arrival, than throw too many things away.

With the *Stanley's* final departure from Yambuya, you should not fail to send a report to Mr. William Mackinnon, c/o Gray, Dawes and Co., 13, Austin Friars, London, of what has happened at your camp in my absence, or when I started away eastward; whether you have heard of or from me at all, when you do expect to hear, and what you purpose doing. You should also send him a true copy of this order, that the Relief Committee may judge for themselves whether you have acted, or propose to act, judiciously.

Your present garrison shall consist of 80 rifles, and from 40 to 50 supernumeraries. The *Stanley* is to bring you within a few weeks 50 more rifles and 75 supernumeraries, under Messrs. Troup, Ward and Bonny.

I associate Mr. J. S. Jameson with you at present. Messrs. Troup, Ward, and Bonny will submit to your authority. In the ordinary duties of the defence, and the conduct of the camp or of the march, there is only one chief, which is yourself; but, should any vital step be proposed to be taken, I beg you will take the voice of Mr. Jameson also. And when Messrs. Troup and Ward are here, pray admit them to your confidence, and let them speak freely their opinions.

I think I have written very clearly upon everything that strikes me as necessary. Your treatment of the natives, I suggest, should depend entirely upon their conduct to you. Suffer them to return to the neighbouring villages in peace, and if you can in any manner by moderation, small gifts occasionally of brass rods, &c., hasten an amicable intercourse, I should recommend you doing so. Lose no opportunity of obtaining all kinds of information respecting the natives, the position of the various villages in your neighbourhood, &c., &c.

I have the honour to be, your obedient servant,

HENRY M. STANLEY,

*Commanding Expedition.*

The Major withdrew to read it, and then requested Mr. Jameson to make a few copies.

About two o'clock the Major returned to me and asked for an interview. He said he desired to speak with me concerning Tippu-Tib.

"I should like to know, sir, something more regarding this Arab. When I was delayed a few days ago at the Falls, you were pleased to deliver some rather energetic orders to Lieutenant Stairs. It strikes me that you are exceedingly suspicious of him, and if so, I really cannot see why you should have anything to do with such a man."

"Well, sir, I shall be pleased to discuss him or any other subject with you," I replied.

"Three days before your steamer was sighted coming up river, I must confess to have been very anxious about you. You were in command of a steamer which belonged to other parties to whom we were pledged to return her within a certain time. You had a company of forty soldiers, Soudanese, as your escort. The vessel was well fitted and in perfect order. We knew the time you ought to have occupied, provided no accident occurred, and as your instructions were positively to depart from Stanley Falls as soon as the cow promised to our friend Ngalyema was aboard, and if she was not forthcoming within an hour you were to slip away down river. Assuming that no accident happened and that you obeyed orders, you should have been here on the evening of the 16th, or on the 17th at the latest. You did not arrive until 5 P.M. on the 22nd.

"We have no telegraphs here, or posts. As we could gain no intelligence of you, my anxiety about you created doubts. As one day after another passed, doubts became actual dread that something unaccountable had occurred. Had you struck a snag, run aground, like the *Stanley* and *Royal* did, as almost all steamers do, had you been assaulted by natives in the night like Captain Deane in the *A.I.A.* at Bunga, had your Soudanese mutinied as they threatened to do at Lukungu, had you been shot as a Soudanese regiment shot all their white officers in the Soudan once, had you been detained by force because Tippu-Tib had been over persuaded to do by those young fire-eaters of Arabs at the Falls, had you quarrelled with those young fellows, the two Salims, as Stairs and Jephson did below Stanley Pool? If not, what had occurred? Could I, could anybody suggest anything else?"

"But I was obliged——"

"Never mind, my dear Major, say no more about it. Don't think of defending yourself. I am not mentioning these things to complain of you, but as a reply to your question. All is well that ends safely.

"Now as to Tippu-Tib. I have nothing to do with Tippu-Tib, but from necessity, for your sake as well as mine. He claims this as his territory. We are on it as his friends. Supposing we had not made agreement with him, how long should we be left to prepare for the march to the Albert, or how long would you be permitted to remain here, before you had to answer the question why you were on his territory? Could I possibly leave you here, with my knowledge of what they are capable of, alone? With eighty rifles against probably 3000, perhaps 5000 guns? Why, Major, I am surprised that you who have seen Stanley Falls, and some hundreds of the Arabs, should ask the question?"

"You have accompanied Tippu-Tib and nearly a hundred of his followers from Zanzibar. You have seen what boyish delight they took in their weapons, their Winchesters, and valuable double-barrelled rifles. You know

the story of Deane's fight at Stanley Falls. You know that Tippu-Tib is vindictive, that his fiery nephews would like a fight better than peace. You know that he meditated war against the Congo State, and that I had to pass on a relief mission through a portion of his territory. Why, how can you—grown to the rank of Major—ask such questions, or doubt the why and wherefore of acts which are as clear as daylight?

“Our transport the *Madura* was in Zanzibar harbour. The owner of this district, as he calls himself, was preparing munitions against all white men on the Congo, resenting and resentful. Would it have been prudent for me to have left this man in such a state? That he prepared for war against the State did not materially affect me, but that he intended doing so while I had to pass through his territory and in his neighbourhood on a humane mission was everything. Therefore I was as much interested in this affair of patching up a peace between the Congo State and King Leopold as His Majesty himself was, and more so indeed.

“And I suppose you will ask me next, how does it affect your personal interests? Have you not told me over and over again that you are burning to accompany us, that you would infinitely prefer marching to waiting here? And is it not understood—according to your letter of instructions—that failing Tippu-Tib's appearance with his 600 carriers, you are to make double stages, or triple stages rather than stay at Yambuya?

“Look at these pencilled calculations, on this paper—nay, you can keep it, if you please. They represent what you can do with your own men, and what you can do assuming that Tippu-Tib really keeps to the letter of his contract.

“Now I have grounded my instructions principally on your impetuous answer to me at Bolobo: ‘By Jove! I will not stay a day at Yambuya after I get my column together!’

“See here! The letter says:—‘It may happen that Tippu-Tib has sent some men, but not sent enough; therefore, you know, use your discretion; dispense with No. 7, provisions, such as rice, beans, peas, millet, biscuits. See how many sacks of provisions you can issue out to your men—they will eat them fast enough, I warrant you.’

“It goes on—‘If you still cannot march, then it would be better to make marches of six miles twice over—that is to go one march of six miles, and then return to fetch another lot, and march forward again. Such as my work was on the Congo, when with 68 men I made 33 round trips on the stretch of 52 miles to take 2000 loads—5 immense waggons and make a waggon road, building bridges, etc.’ That pencilled paper in your hand informs you how many miles you can do in this fashion in six months.

“But this is how my pact with Tippu-Tib affects you personally. If Tippu-Tib performs his contract faithfully, then on the arrival of the *Stanley* with Messrs. Ward, Troup, and Bonny, and their men, you can set out from



Yambuaya within a day or two, and perhaps overtake us, or on our return from the Albert we shall meet before many days.

"Now which would you personally prefer doing? Travelling backwards and forwards from camp to camp, twice, or perhaps thrice, or have Tippu-Tib with 600 carriers to help your 200 carriers, and march at a swinging pace through the woods on our track, straight for the Albert Nyanza?"

"Oh, there is not a doubt of it. I should prefer marching straight away and try and catch up with you. Naturally."

"Well, do you begin to understand why I have been sweet, and good, and liberal to Tippu-Tib? Why I have given him free passage and board for himself and followers from Zanzibar to Stanley Falls? Why I have shared the kid and the lamb with him?"

"Quite."

"Not quite yet, I am afraid, Major, otherwise you would not have doubted me. There is still a serious reason.

"Assuming, for instance, that I had not brought Tippu-Tib here, that the Arabs at Stanley Falls were not wrathful with white men for Deane's affair, or that they would fear attacking you. They had but to affect friendship with you, sell you goats and food, and then tell your Zanzibaris that their settlement was but six or seven days away—where they had plenty of rice and fish and oil, to tempt three-fourths of your men to desert in a few days, while you were innocently waiting for the Bolobo contingent; and no sooner would the other fellows have reached here than they would hear of the desertion of their comrades for the Falls, and follow suit either wholesale or by twos or threes, sixes and tens, until you would have been left stranded completely. Is it not the fear of this desertion that was one of the reasons I chose the Congo? Having Tippu-Tib as my friend and engaged to me, I have put a stop to the possibility of any wholesale desertion.

"Let these reasons sink into your mind, Major, my dear fellow. Yet withal, your column may be ruined if you are not very careful. Be tender and patient with your people, for they are as skittish as young colts. Still, it was with these people, or men like them, that I crossed Africa—followed the course of the Congo to the sea, and formed the Congo State."

"Well, now, say do you think Tippu-Tib will keep his contract, and bring his 600 people?" asked the Major.

"You ought to know that as well as I myself. What did he say to you before you left him?"

"He said he would be here in nine days, as he told you at Bangala. Inshallah!" replied the Major, mimicking the Arab.

"If Tippu-Tib is here in nine days, it will be the biggest wonder I have met."

"Why?" asked the Major, looking up half wonderingly.

"Because to provide 600 carriers is a large order. He will not be here in



fifteen days or even twenty days. We must be reasonable with the man. He is not an European—taught to be rigidly faithful to his promise. Inshallah! was it he said? To-morrow—Inshallah means the day after—or five days hence, or ten days. But what does it matter to you if he does not come within twenty days? The *Stanley* will not be here until the 10th, or perhaps the middle of August; that will be about seven weeks—forty-two days—hence. He has abundance of time. What do you want to look after 600 men in your camp doing nothing, waiting for the steamer? Idle men are mischievous. No; wait for him patiently until the *Stanley* comes, and if he has not appeared by that time, he will not come at all.”

“But it will be a severe job for us if he does not appear at all, to carry 500 or 600 loads with 200 carriers, to and fro, backwards and forwards, day after day!”

“Undoubtedly, my dear Major, it is not a light task by any means. But which would you prefer: stay here, waiting for us to return from the Albert, or to proceed little by little—gaining something each day—and be absorbed in your work?”

“Oh, my God! I think staying here for months would be a deuced sight the worse.”

“Exactly what I think, and, therefore, I made these calculations for you. I assure you, Major, if I were sure that you could find your way to the Albert, I would not mind doing this work of yours myself, and appoint you commander of the advance column, rather than have any anxiety about you.”

“But tell me, Mr. Stanley, how long do you suppose it will be before we meet?”

“God knows. None can inform me what lies ahead here, or how far the forest extends inland. Whether there are any roads, or what kind of natives, cannibals, incorrigible savages, dwarfs, gorillas. I have not the least idea. I wish I had; and would give a handsome sum for the knowledge even. But that paper in your hand, on which I have calculated how long it will take me to march to the Albert Nyanza, is based on this fact. In 1874 and 1875 I travelled 720 miles in 103 days. The distance from here to the Albert Nyanza is about 330 geographical miles in a straight line. Well, in 1874–75 I travelled 330 geographical miles—Bagamoyo to Vinyata, in Ituru—in 64 days; from Lake Uhimba to Ujiji, 330 miles, in 54 days. These were, of course, open countries, with tolerably fair roads, whereas this is absolutely unknown. Is it all a forest?—then it will be an awful work. How far does the forest reach inland? A hundred—two hundred—three hundred miles? There is no answer. Let us assume we can do the journey to the Albert in three months; that I am detained a fortnight, and that I am back in three months afterwards. Well, I shall meet you coming toward me, if Tippu-Tib is not with you, the latter part of October or November. It is all down on that paper.”

"But it is immaterial. The thing has to be done. We will go ahead, we will blaze the trees, and mark our track through the forest for you. We will avail ourselves of every advantage—any path easterly will suit me until I bore through and through it, and come out on the plains or pastureland. And where we go you can go. If we can't go on, you will hear from us somehow. Are you now satisfied?"

"Perfectly," he replied. "I have it all here"—touching his forehead—"and this paper and letter will be my reminders. But there is one thing I should like to speak about; it refers to something you said to me in London."

"Ah, indeed! What was said that was in any way peculiar?" I asked.

"Well"—here there was a little hesitation—"do you remember when Mr. —, of the India Office, introduced me to you? The words you used sounded strangely, as though someone had been warning you against me."

"My dear Barttelot, take my word for it, I don't remember to have heard the name of Barttelot before I heard your name. But you interest me. What could I have possibly said that was any way peculiar to cling to your memory like this? I remember the circumstance well."

"The fact is," he said, "you said something about 'forbearance,' which reminded me that I had heard that word before, when General — pitched into me about punishing a Somali mutineer in the desert during the Soudan campaign. I was all alone with the Somalis when they turned on me, and I sprang upon the ringleader at last, when there was no other way of reducing them to order, and pistolled him, and at once the Somalis became quiet as lambs. I thought that General —, who is not remarkable for goodwill to me, had mentioned the affair to you."

"Indeed, I never heard the story before, and I do not understand how General — could have warned me, considering he could not have known you were going to apply for membership. It was your own face which inspired the word forbearance. Your friend introduced you to me as a distinguished officer, full of pluck and courage; upon which I said that those qualities were common characteristics of British officers, but I would prefer to hear of another quality, which would be of equal value for a peculiar service in Africa—and that was forbearance. You will excuse me now, I hope, for saying that I read on your face immense determination and something like pugnacity. Now a pugnacious fellow, though very useful at times, you know, is not quite so useful for an expedition like this—which is to work in an atmosphere of irritability—as a man who knows not only how and when to fight, but also how to forbear. Why, a thousand causes provoke irritation and friction here between himself and fellow-officers, his own followers and natives, and frequently between himself and his own person,

Here is bad food always, often none at all, a miserable diet at the best, no stimulant, incessant toil and worry, intense discomfort, relaxed muscles, weariness amounting to fainting, and, to cap all, dreadful racking fevers, urging one to curse the day he ever thought of Africa. A pugnacious man is naturally ill-tempered, and unless he restrains his instincts, and can control his impulses, he is in hot water every minute of his existence, and will find cross rubs with every throb of his heart. To be able to forbear, to keep down rigorously all bitter feelings, to let the thoughts of his duty, his position, plead against the indulgence of his passions. Ah, that quality, while it does not diminish courage, prevents the waste of natural force; but I don't wish to preach to you, you know what I mean.

"And now to close—one word more about Tippu-Tib. Do you see that Maxim out there with its gaping muzzle? I regard Tippu-Tib somewhat as I do that. It is an excellent weapon for defence. A stream of bullets can be poured out of it, but it may get jammed, and its mechanism become deranged from rust or want of good oil. In that event we rely on our Remingtons and Winchester Repeaters. If Tippu-Tib is disposed to help us—he will be a most valuable auxiliary—failure becomes impossible, we shall complete our work admirably. If he is not disposed, then we must do what we can with our own men, and goodwill covers a multitude of errors.

"Do you remember that in 1876 Tippu-Tib broke his contract with me, and returned to Nyangwe, leaving me alone? Well, with about 130 of my own men, I drove my way down the Congo despite his sneer. You said you met Dr. Lenz, the Austrian traveller, at Lamu, after having failed to reach Emin Pasha. Why did he fail? He relied on Tippu-Tib alone; he had no private reserve of force to fall back upon. You have over 200 carriers and 50 soldiers, besides servants and efficient companions. On the Congo work I was promised a contingent of natives to assist me. Only a few came, and those deserted; but I had a faithful reserve of sixty-eight men—they were the fellows who made the Congo State. You remember my letter to the *Times* where I said, 'We do not want Tippu-Tib to assist us in finding Emin Pasha. We want him to carry ammunition, and on his return to bring away ivory to help pay the expenses of the Mission.' Then, as a last proof of how I regard Tippu-Tib, do not forget that written order to Lieutenant Stairs a few days ago, to rake his settlement with the machine gun upon the least sign of treachery. You have read that letter. You ought to know that the gage of battle is not thrown in the face of a trusted friend.

"Now, Major, my dear fellow, don't be silly. I know you feel sore because you are not to go with us in the advance. You think you will lose some *kudos*. Not a bit of it. Ever since King David, those who remain with the stuff, and those who go to the war, receive the same honours. Besides, I don't like the word '*kudos*.' The *kudos* impulse is like the pop of a ginger-beer bottle, good for a V.C. or an Albert medal, but it effervesces in



a month of Africa. It is a damp squib, Major. Think rather of Tennyson's lines—

“ Not once or twice in our fair island story  
Has the path of duty been the way to glory.”

There, shake hands upon this, Major. For us the word is ‘Right Onward’; for you ‘Patience and Forbearance.’ I want my tea. I am dry with talking.”

On the 25th the stockade was completed all round the camp, the ditch was approaching completion. Barttelot superintended the works on one side; Jephson, in shirt-sleeves, looked over another. Nelson was distributing the European provisions—share and share alike; our Doctor, cheery, smiling, anxious as though he were at a surgical operation, was constructing a gate, and performed the carpenter's operation in such a manner that I wrote in my diary that evening, “He is certainly one of the best fellows alive.” Jameson was busy copying the letter of instructions. Stairs was in bed with a severe bilious fever.

A Soudanese soldier, as innocent as a lamb cropping sweet grass before a fox's covert, trespassed for the sake of loot near a native village, and was speared through the abdomen. It is the second fatal case resulting from looting. It will not be our last. We place a Soudanese on guard; his friend comes along, exchanges a word or two with him, and passes on, with the completest unconsciousness of danger that can be imagined. If not slain outright, he returns with a great gash in his body and a look of death in his face. The Zanzibari is set to labour at cutting wood or collecting manioc; he presently drops his task, utters an excuse for withdrawing for a moment—a thought glances across his vacuous mind, and under the impulse he hastes away, to be reported by-and-by as missing.

On the 26th I drew out a memorandum for the officers of the Advance Column, of which the following is a copy:—

We propose to commence our march the day after to-morrow, the 28th of June, 1887.

The distance we have to traverse is about 330 geographical miles in an air line—or about 550 miles English, provided we do not find a path more than ordinarily winding.

If we make an average of ten miles per day, we ought to be able to reach the Albert within two months.

In 1871 my Expedition after Livingstone performed 360 English miles in 54 days = about 6½ miles per day.

In 1874 my Expedition across Africa performed 360 English miles in 64 days, viz., from Bagamoyo to Vinyata = 5½ miles per day.

In 1874-75 the same Expedition reached Lake Victoria from Bagamoyo, 720 miles distance in 103 days = 7 miles per day.



In 1876 the same Expedition traversed 360 miles, the distance from Lake Uhimba to Ujiji in 59 days =  $6\frac{1}{10}$  miles per day.

Therefore if we travel the distance to Kavalli, say 550 miles, at an average of 6 miles per day, we should reach Lake Albert about the last day of September.

A conception of the character of more than half of the country to be traversed may be had by glancing at our surroundings. It will be a bush and forested country with a native path more or less crooked connecting the various settlements of the tribes dwelling in it.

The track now and then will be intersected by others connecting the tribes north of our route and those south of it.

The natives will be armed with shields, spears and knives, or with bows and arrows.

As our purpose is to march on swiftly through the country, we take the natives considerably by surprise. They cannot confederate or meet us in any force, because they will have no time. Whatever hostilities we may meet will be the outcome of impulse, and that naturally an angry one. Officers must therefore be prompt to resist these impulsive attacks, and should at all times now see that their Winchester magazines are loaded, and their bearers close to them. Side arms should not be dispensed with on any account.

The order of the march will be as follows:

At dawn the *reveille* will sound as usual.

First by the Soudanese trumpeter attached to No. 1 Company.

Second by the bugle attached to Captain Stairs's Company, No. 2—Captain Stairs.

Third by the trumpeter attached to the No. 3 Company—Captain Nelson.

Fourth by the drummer attached to Captain Jephson's No. 4 Company.

Officers will feed early on coffee and biscuit, and see that their men are also strengthening themselves for the journey.

At 6 A.M. the march of the day will begin, led by a band of 50 pioneers armed with rifles, bill-hooks and axes, forming the advance guard under myself.

The main body will then follow after 15 minutes, led by an officer whose turn it is to be at the head of it, and whose duty will be specially to see that he follows the route indicated by "blazing" or otherwise.

This column will consist of all bearers, and all men sick or well who are not detailed for rear guard. The major part of three companies will form the column. Close to the rear of it, keeping well up, will be the officer whose turn it is to maintain order in rear of the main body.

The rear guard will consist of 30 men under an officer selected for the day to protect the column from attacks in the rear. These men will not be loaded with anything beyond their private kits. No member of the Expedition must be passed by the rear guard. All stragglers must be driven on at all costs, because the person left behind is irretrievably lost.

At the head of the main body will be the head-quarter tents and private luggage, immediately succeeding the officer in command. This officer will also have to be on the alert for signals by trumpets, to communicate them to those in the rear, or be ready to receive signals from the front and pass the word behind.

The advance guard will "blaze" the path followed, cut down obstructing creepers, and, on arrival at camp, set to at once for building the *homa* or bushfence,

As fast as each company arrives assistance must be given for this important work of defence. No camp is to be considered complete until it is fenced around by bush or trees. Those unemployed in this duty will erect tents.

The boma must be round with two gates well masked by at least five yards of bush.

The diameter of the camp should be about 250 feet. Tents and baggage piled in the centre, the huts will range around an inner circle of about 200 feet in diameter.

The above relates only to the circumstances attending the transit of a caravan through a dangerous country, unattended by more than the troubles naturally arising from the impulsive attacks of savages.

The pulse of the country which we shall traverse will be felt by the advance guard, of course. If the obstacles in the front are serious, and threaten to be something more than a mere impulse, or temporary, messages will be sent to the main body announcing their character.

Wherever practicable we shall camp in villages, if the natives have deserted them, for the sake of obtaining food, but such villages must be rendered defensive at once. Officers should remember that it is in the nature of their black soldiers, Soudanese, Somalis or Zanzibaris, to be thoughtless and indifferent, to scatter themselves about in the most heedless manner. They must take my assurance that more lives are lost in this manner than by open warfare. Therefore their men's lives I consider are in the hands of their officers, and the officer who will not relax his energy and rigid enforcement of orders until everything is made snug and tight for the night, will be the most valuable assistant in this Expedition for me. Arriving at the intended halting place for the night, if a village, the officer should first cast his eyes about for lodgment of his people; select such as will be uniform with those already occupied by the preceding company, and those to be occupied by the succeeding company or companies; then turn to and destroy all those lying without the occupied circle, or use their timbers, all material in the vicinity to defend his quarters from night attack by fire or spear. A cue will be given when and how to do things by the conduct of the advance guard, but the officer must not fail to ascertain what this cue is, nor wait to be told every petty detail. He must consider himself as the Father of his Company, and act always as a wise leader should act.

At all such village camps, Lieutenant Stairs will see to the nightly guards being placed at the more accessible points, every company serving out details as may be necessary.

During the first week we will not attempt any very long marches, that the people and ourselves may be broken in gently, but after a fourth of the distance has been made the marches will sensibly lengthen, and I anticipate that, before the half of the journey has been performed, we shall be capable of making wonderful progress.

Further memoranda will be furnished when necessary.

YAMBUYA.

June 26th, 1887.

(Signed) HENRY M. STANLEY,

Commanding Expedition.

I close this chapter with a quotation from my diary made on the last evening.

"Yambuya, June 27th.—Our men claimed a holiday to-day because it

had been deferred until the steamers were despatched, and the camp was fortified for the protection of the garrison. Numbers of things had also to be done. Companies had to be re-organised, since several had sickened since leaving Bolobo, the weak had to be picked out, as the four companies selected for the march ought to be in as perfect condition as possible. Our pioneers' tools required numbering. Out of one hundred bill-hooks there were only twenty-six, out of one hundred axes there were left twenty-two, out of one hundred hoes there were only sixty-one, out of one hundred shovels there were but sixty-seven. All the rest had been stolen, and sold to the natives, or thrown away. It is a trying work to look after such reckless people.

"Three hundred and eighty-nine souls will march to-morrow—God permitting—into the absolutely unknown. From a native I have heard of names of tribes, or sections of tribes, but of their strength or disposition I know nothing.

"Yesterday we made blood-brotherhood with one of the chiefs of Yambuya. As the Major was Commandant of the post, he went bravely through the ceremony, which was particularly disgusting. On the flowing blood a pinch of dirty salt was placed, and this had to be licked. The chief performed his part as though he loved it. The Major looked up and saw the cynical faces of his friends and was mortified.

"'To ensure peace!'

"'Even so,' replied the Major, and sacrificed his taste.

"These forest natives have not yet been able to win any great regard from me. They are cowardly, and at the same time vicious. They lie oftener than any open country folk. I do not credit any statement or profession made by them. At the same time I hope that after better acquaintance there will be a change. This chief received a liberal gift from the hand of the Major, and in return he received a fortnight-old chick and a feathered bonnet of plaited cane. The oft-promised goat and ten fowls had not yet been seen. And the blood of a Soudanese soldier has been spilled, and we have not avenged it. We are either so poor in spirit, or so indifferent to the loss of a man, that a stalwart soldier, worth twenty of these natives, can be slain unavenged. Not only that, but we entreat them to come often and visit us, for they have fish and goats, fowls, eggs, and what not, to sell, of which we would be buyers. This perhaps will go on for some weeks more.

"It is raining to-night, and the morrow's march will be an uncomfortable one. Stairs is so sick that he cannot move, and yet he is anxious to accompany us. It is rather rash to undertake carrying a man in his condition, though, if death is the issue, it comes as easy in the jungle as in the camp. Dr. Parke has made me exceedingly uncomfortable by saying that it is enteric fever. I lean to bilious fever. We shall put him in a hammock and trust for a favourable issue."



## The Advance Force will consist of—

No. 1 company . . . . .	113 men and boys	99 rifles
„ 2 „ . . . . .	90 „	85 „
„ 3 „ . . . . .	90 „	87 „
„ 4 „ . . . . .	90 „	86 „
Officers—Self . . . . .	1 „	..
„ Stairs . . . . .	1 „	..
„ Nelson . . . . .	1 „	..
„ Jephson . . . . .	1 „	..
„ Parke . . . . .	1 „	..
European servant . . . . .	1 „	..
	<u>389</u>	<u>357 rifles</u>

## The garrison of Yambuya consists of—

Soudanese . . . . .	44 men	44 rifles
Zanzibaris . . . . .	71 „	38 „
Barttelot's servants . . . . .	3 „	..
Jameson's „ . . . . .	2 „	..
Somalis . . . . .	5 „	..
Sick men . . . . .	2 „	..
Barttelot . . . . .	1 „	3 „
Jameson . . . . .	1 „	2 „
	<u>129</u>	<u>87</u>

## Contingent at Bolobo to be joined to garrison of Yambuya—

Zanzibaris . . . . .	128 men and boys	52 rifles
John Rose Troup . . . . .	1 „	..
Herbert Ward . . . . .	1 „	..
William Bonny . . . . .	1 „	..
	<u>131</u>	<u>52</u>
Advance force . . . . .	389 men	357 rifles
Rear Column { Yambuya garrison 129 } = 260 „		139 „
{ Bolobo, Kinshassa, &c., 131 }		
Total . . . . .	<u>649</u>	<u>496</u>
Loss of men from Zanzibar to Yambuya . . . . .	57 „	28 „
	<u>706</u>	<u>524</u>

## CHAPTER VII

## TO PANGA FALLS

An African road—Our mode of travelling through the forests—Farewell to Jameson and the Major—The Rapids of Yambuya—Attacked by natives of Yankondé—Description of our march—The poisoned Skewers—Capture of six Babali—Dr. Parke and the bees—A tempest in the forest—Mr. Jephson puts the steel beat together—Refuse heaps of the villages—The Aruwimi River scenery—Villages of the Bakuti and the Bakoka—The boy Bakula—Our “chop and coffee”—The Baburu dwarfs—The unknown course of the river—The Somalis—Bartering at Mariri and Mupé—The Babé manners, customs, and dress—Jephson’s adventures—Canoe accident—An abandoned village—Arrival at Panga Falls.

AN African road generally is a foot-track tamped by travel to exceeding smoothness and hardness as of asphalt. It is only twelve inches wide from the habit of the natives to travel in single file one after another. When such a track is old, it resembles a winding and shallow gutter, the centre has been trodden oftener than the sides—rain-water has rushed along and scoured it out somewhat—the sides of the path have been raised by humus and dust, the feet of many passengers have brushed twigs and stones and pressed the dust aside. A straight path would be shorter than the usual one formed by native travel by a third in every mile on an average. This is something like what we hoped to meet on defiling out of the gate of the intrenched camp at Yambuya, because during four preceding Expeditions into Africa we had never failed to follow such a track for hundreds of miles. Yambuya consisted of a series of villages. Their inhabitants must have neighbours to the Eastward as well as to the Southward or Westward. Why not?

We marched out of the gate in single file, company after company, each with its flag, trumpeter, drummer, and detail of supernumeraries. Fifty picked men formed the advance guard, who, with billhook and axe, were to cut saplings, “blaze” or peel a portion of the bark of a tree, a hand’s-breadth, to sever the obstructive rattan, and to remove all branches interfering with the free passage of the hundreds of loaded porters behind, to cut trees for the rough bridging of streams for their passage, to form zeribas or bomas of bush and branch around the hutted camp at the end of the day’s travel. The advance guard are also to find a path, or, if none can be found, to choose the

thinnest portions of the jungle and tunnel through without delay, for it is most fatiguing to stand in a heated atmosphere with a weighty load on the head. If no thin jungle can be found, they must cut through anything, however impenetrable it may appear, and be brisk about it, or an ominous murmur will rise from the impatient carriers behind. They must also be clever and intelligent in woodcraft, and be brave and quick to repel assault, for arrows are poisonous and spears are deadly things; their eyes must be quick to search the gloom and shade, and be alert and ready to act on the moment. Dawdlers and *gooo-gooes* are unbearable, for the loaded carriers will have no regard for the ancient, the corpulent, or the dull-witted.



MARCHING THROUGH THE FOREST

Scores of voices are ready to cry out, "Wherein lies this fellow's merit? Is it all in his stomach? Nay, it is in his wooden back—tut—his head is too big for a scout. He has clearly been used to hoeing. What does this field hand want on the Continent? One can see he is only a Banian slave! Nay, he is only a Consul's freed man! Bosh! he is a mission boy." Their bitter tongues pierce like swords through the armour of stupidity, wherefore the billhooks with trenchant edges must be wielded manfully, and the bright, keen axes handled vigorously until the bush is pierced and the jungle gapes open, for fast on their heels continuously presses the mile-long caravan.

This is to be the order and method of the march, and I have stood



observing the files pass by until the last of the rear guard is out of the camp, and the Major and Jameson and the garrison crowd out to exchange their farewells with us.

"Now, Major, my dear fellow, we are in for it. Neck or nothing! Remember your promise, and we shall meet before many months."

"I vow to goodness, I shall be after you sharp. Let me once get those fellows from Bolobo and nothing shall stop me."

"Well, then, God bless you—keep a stout heart—and Jameson—old man—the same to you."

Captain Nelson, who heard all this, stepped up in his turn to take a



THE KIRANGOZI, OR FOREMOST MAN

parting grasp, and I strode on to the front, while the Captain placed himself at the head of the rear guard.

The column had halted at the end of the series of villages of which Yambuya consisted.

"Which is the way, guide?" I asked to probably the proudest soul in the column—for it is a most exalted position to be at the head of the line. He was in a Greekish costume with a Greekish helmet *à la* Achilles on his head.

"This, running towards the sunrise," he replied.

"How many hours to the next village?"

"God alone knows," he answered.

"Know ye not one village or country beyond here?"

"Not one; how should I?" he asked.

This amounted to what the wisest of us knew.

"Well, then, set on in the name of God, and God be with us. Cling to any track that leads by the river until we find a road."

"Bismillah!" echoed the pioneers, the Nubian trumpets blew the signal of "move on," and shortly the head of the column disappeared into the thick bush beyond the utmost bounds of the clearings of Yambuya.

This was on the 28th day of June, and until the 5th of December, for 160 days, we marched through the forest, bush and jungle, without ever having seen a bit of greensward of the size of a cottage chamber floor. Nothing but miles and miles, endless miles of forest, in various stages of growth and various degrees of altitude, according to the ages of the trees, and a varying thickness of undergrowth according to the character of the trees which afforded thicker or slighter shade. It is to the description of the march through this forest and to its strange incidents I propose to confine myself for the next few chapters, as it is an absolutely unknown region opened to the gaze and knowledge of civilised man for the first time since the waters disappeared and were gathered into the seas, and the earth became dry land. Beseeching the reader's patience, I promise to be as little tedious as possible, though there is no other manuscript or missal, printed book or pamphlet, this spring of the year of our Lord 1890, that contains any account of this region of horrors other than this book of mine.

With the temperature of 86° in the shade we travelled along a path very infrequently employed, which wound under dark depths of bush. It was a slow process, interrupted every few minutes by the tangle. The billhooks and axes were constantly in requisition; and the creepers were slashed remorselessly, though lengths of track one hundred yards or so were as fair as similar extents were difficult.

At noon we looked up river round the elbow of the Aruwimi, which is in view of Yambuya, and saw about four miles off another rapid, while that of Yambuya was a little below us. Beneath the upper rapid quite a fleet of canoes hovered with much movement and stir, owing to the alarm that the Yambuyas had communicated to their neighbours. At 4 P.M. we observed that the point abreast of the rapids consisted of islands. These were now being crowded with the women and children of Yankondé, whom as yet we had not seen. About a hundred canoes crowded with native warriors bustled about and followed the movements of the column, jeering, mocking, and teasing us.

The head of the column arrived at the foot of a broad cleared road, twenty feet wide and three hundred yards long, and at the further end probably three hundred natives of the town of Yankondé stood gesticulating and shouting,

with drawn bows in their hands. In all my experience of Africa I had seen nothing of this kind. The pioneers halted, reflecting, and remarked somewhat after this manner: "What does this mean? The pagans have carved to their town a broad highway out of the bush for us, and yet there they are at the other end ready for a fight! It is a trap, lads, of some kind, so look sharp."

With the bush they had cut the natives had banked and blocked all passage to the forest on either side of the road for some distance. But, with fifty pairs of sharp eyes searching around, above, and below, we were not long in finding that this highway through the bush bristled with skewers six inches long, sharpened at both ends, which were driven into the ground half their length, and slightly covered with green leaves, so carelessly thrown over them that we had thought at first these strewn leaves were simply the effect of clearing the bush.

Forming two lines of twelve men across the road, the first line was ordered to pick out the skewers, the second line was ordered to cover the workers with their weapons, and at the first arrow shower to fire. A dozen scouts were sent on either flank of the road to make their way into the village through the woods. We had scarcely advanced twenty yards along the cleared way before volumes of smoke broke out of the town, and a little cloud of arrows came towards us, but falling short. A volley was returned, the skewers were fast being picked out, and an advance was steadily made until we reached the village at the same time that the scouts rushed out of the underwood; and as all the pioneers were pushed forward the firing was pretty lively, under cover of which the caravan pressed through the burning town to a village at its eastern extremity, which was as yet unfired.

Along the river the firing was more deadly. The very noise was sufficient to frighten a foe so prone as savages to rely on the terrors of sound, but unfortunately the noise was as hurtful as it was alarming. Very many, I fear, paid the penalty of the foolish challenge. The blame is undoubtedly due to the Yambuyas, who must have invented fables of the most astounding character to cause their neighbours to attempt stopping a force of nearly four hundred rifles.

It was nearly 9 P.M. before the rear guard entered camp. Throughout the night the usual tactics were resorted to by the savages to create alarm and disturbance, such as vertically dropping assegais and arrows heavily tipped with poison, with sudden cries, whoops, howls, menaces, simultaneous blasts of horn-blowing from different quarters, as though a general attack was about to be made. Strangers unacquainted with the craftiness of these forest tribes might be pardoned for imagining that daylight only was required for our complete extermination. Some of these tactics I knew before in younger days, but there was still something to be gleaned from the craft of these pure pagans. The camp was surrounded by sentries, and the only orders given were to keep strict silence and sharpen their eyesight.



In the morning a narrow escape was reported. A man had wakened to find a spear buried in the earth, which had penetrated his sleeping cloth and mat on each side of him, and slightly pinned him to his bedding. Two men were also wounded with arrows.

We wandered about next morning for ten minutes or so looking for a track, and at last discovered one leading through a square mileage of manioc fields, and at the little village of Bahunga, four miles S.E. of Yankondé, we gladly rested, our object being not to rush at first setting out after a long river voyage, but to accustom the people little by little to the long journey before them.

On the 30th we lit on a path which connected a series of fourteen villages, each separate but in line, surrounded by their respective fields, which were luxuriant with crops of manioc, or, as some call it, the cassava. We did not fail to observe, however, that some disaster had occurred many months before, judging from the traces. The villages we passed through were mostly newly built, in the sharp, conical candle-extinguisher, or rather four-angled spiry type; but burnt poles, ruins of the former villages, marked the sites of the dwellings. Here and there were blazings on trees, and then I knew that Arabs and Manyema must have visited here.

The following day our march was through a similar series of villages, with a common, well-trodden track running from one to another. Sections of the primeval forest separated each village; and along the track were pitfalls for some kind of large forest game, or bow-traps fixed for small animals, such as rabbits, squirrels, rats, small monkeys. In the neighbourhood of each village the skewers were plentiful in the ground, but as yet no hurt had been received from them.

Another serious inconvenience of forest travel was experienced on this day. Every fifty yards or so a great tree, its diameter breast high, lay prostrate across the path, over which the donkeys had to be assisted with a frequency that became very annoying. Between twenty and fifty of these had to be climbed over by hundreds of men, not all of whom were equally expert at this novel travelling, and these obstructions proved to be very serious impediments. The main approaches to the many villages were studded with these poisoned skewers, which made every one except the booted whites tread most gingerly. Nor could the Europeans be altogether indifferent, for, when slightly leaning to, the skewer was quite capable of piercing the thickest boot-leather and burying its head deep in the foot—an agony of so dreadful a nature that was worth the trouble of guarding against.

At 3 P.M. we camped, far removed from a village, near some pools overhung by water lilies, having had three wounded during the traverse through the settlements.

This morning, about three hours before dawn, the camp was wakened by howls, and loud and continued horn-blowing. These were shortly after

hushed, and the voices of two men were heard so clear and distinct that many like myself attempted to pierce the intense darkness in the vain effort to see these midnight orators.

The first Speaker said, "Hey, strangers, where are you going?"

The Parasite echoed, "Where are you going?"

*Speaker.* This country has no welcome for you.

*Parasite.* No welcome for you.

*Speaker.* All men will be against you.

*Parasite.* Against you.

*Speaker.* And you will be surely slain.

*Parasite.* Surely slain.

*Speaker.* Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-aah.

*Parasite.* Ah-ah-aaah.

*Speaker.* Ooh-oooh-oooh-oooh-oooh.

*Parasite.* Ooh-oooh-ooohoooh.

This parasite was such a palpable parasite, with such a sense of humour, that it raised a chorus of laughter so sudden, startling, and abrupt, that scared both speaker and parasite away in precipitate haste.

At dawn of the 2nd, feeling somewhat uneasy at the fact that the track which brought us to these pools was not made by man but by elephants, and feeling certain that the people had made no provision of food beyond the day, I sent 200 men back to the villages to procure each a load of manioc. By the manner these men performed their duty, the reflection came into my mind that they had little or no reasoning faculties, and that not a half of the 389 people then in the camp would emerge out of Africa. They were now brimful of life and vitality,—their rifles were perfect, their accoutrements were new, and each possessed 10 rounds of cartridges. With a little care for their own selves and a small portion of prudence, there was no reason why they should not nearly all emerge safe and sound, but they were so crude, stolid, unreasoning, that orders and instructions were unheeded, except when under actual supervision, and, to supervise them effectually, I should have needed 100 officers of similar intelligence and devotion to the four then with me. Until some frightful calamity overtakes them I shall never, I thought, be able thoroughly to impress on their minds that to lose life foolishly is a crime.

A party of scouts were also sent ahead along the track to observe its general direction, and, about the same time that the foragers returned, the scouts returned, having captured six natives in the forest. They belonged to a tribe called the Babali, of a light chocolate in hue, and were found setting traps for game.

As we endeavoured to draw from them some information respecting the country to which the track led, they said, "We have but one heart. Don't you have two," which meant, Do not speak so fairly to us if you mean any harm to us, and like all natives they asserted strongly that they did not eat

human meat, but that the custom was practised by the Babanda, Babali, Babukwa tribes, who occupied the left bank of the Aruwimi above Yankondé.

Soon after this interview with the natives, Dr. Parke, observing the bees which fluttered about, had mentioned to one of his brother officers that he did not think they stung at all, upon which at the same moment a vicious bee, settling in his neck, drove its sting into it to punish him for his scornful libel. He then came to me and reported the fact as a good joke, whereupon a second bee attacked and wounded him almost in the same spot, drawing from him an exclamation of pain. "By Jove!" he cried, "but they do sting awfully, though." "Just so," said I; "nothing like experience to stimulate reason."

After distributing the manioc, with an injunction to boil the roots three times in different waters, we resumed the march at 1 P.M. and camped at 4 o'clock.

The next day we struck through the forest and undergrowth by compass. My position in the column was the third from the leader, so that I could direct the course. In order to keep a steady progress, each cutter chose one obstructing liané, or obtrusive branch, gave one sharp cut and passed on: the two head-men confined themselves to making a "blaze" on the trees, every ten yards or so, for the benefit of the column, and, as the rear party would not follow us for perhaps two months, we were very particular that these "blazes" should be quite a hand's-breadth peel of bark.

Naturally while penetrating a trackless wild for the first time the march was at a funeral pace; in some places we moved but 400 yards an hour, in more open portions we travelled at the rate of half, three-quarters, and even a mile per hour—so that from 6.30 A.M. to 11 A.M. when we halted for lunch and rest, and from 12.30 P.M., to 3 o'clock or 4 P.M., say from six to seven hours per day, we marched but five miles. On the usual African track we could have gone from fourteen to eighteen miles during the same time.

At 4 P.M. of this day we were still on the march, having passed through a wilderness of creeks, fetid sloughs, muddy scum-faced quagmires green with duckweed into which we sank knee-deep, and the stench of which was most sickening. We had but just emerged out of this baneful stretch of marshy ground when the forest became suddenly darkened, so dark that I could scarcely read the compass, and a distant murmur increasing into loud soughing and wrestling and tossing of branches and groaning of mighty trees warned us of the approach of a tempest. As the ground round about was most uninviting, we had to press on through the increasing gloom, but as the rain began to pour harder we were forced to camp. The tents were hastily pitched, while billhooks crashed and axes rang, as the men lustily cleared a space for the camp. The rain was cold, and every drop, large as a dollar, sent a shiver through the men. The thunder roared above, the lightning flashed through the darkness, and still the weary, hungry caravan filed in until 9 o'clock. The rain was so heavy that fires could not be lit until three in the morning,





IN THE NIGHT AND RAIN IN THE FOREST



and meantime we sat huddled and crouching amid the cold and damp. Then bonfires were kindled, and around scores of flaming pyramids the people sat, to be warmed and to cook their very late suppers.

On the 4th we struck N. by E., and after about an hour's march we heard some natives singing in concert afar off. We sent the scouts ahead to ascertain what it meant, and presently heard firing, which seemed to approach nearer to us. Mustering the men of the nearest company, we deployed them as skirmishers in our front. Soon messengers came and reported that the scouts had struck the river, and, as they were looking upon it, a canoe had advanced into view with its crew standing with drawn bows and fixed arrows, at which sight a little engagement had taken place. Resuming the march, at 8 A.M. we reached the river, in time to see a line of native canoes disappearing round a bend on the opposite bank, and one canoe abandoned tied to the bank with a goat.

Observing that the river was calm and free from rapids, and desirous of saving the people from as much labour as circumstances would offer, the steel boat sections were brought up, and Mr. Jephson, whose company had special charge of the *Advance*, commenced to fit the sections together. In an hour the forty-four burdens, which the vessel formed, had been attached together and fitted to their respective places and launched. As the boat weighed forty-four loads and had a capacity of fifty loads, and at least ten sick, we could thus release ninety-eight people from the fatigue of bearing loads and carry Lieutenant Stairs, who was still very ill. Mr. Jephson and crew were despatched across river and the goat secured.

As the *Advance* was in the river, it was necessary for the column to cling to the bank, not only for the protection of the boat, but to be able to utilize the stream for lessening labour. Want of proper food, coupled with the urgency which drove us on, requiring long marches and their resultant fatigue, would soon diminish the strength of the stoutest. A due regard for the people was incumbent on us, and every means available for their assistance had to be employed. Therefore, the boat keeping pace with the column, we travelled up-stream until 3 P.M. and camped.

On the 5th the boat and column moved up, as on the day previous, and made six-and-half miles. The river continued to be from 500 to 800 yards wide. The river bank was a trifle more open than inland, though frequently it was impossible to move before an impenetrable mass of jungle had been tunnelled through to allow a passage under the vault of close network of branch and climber, cane, and reed. At 2.30 we reached the village of Bukanda. We had come across no track, but had simply burst out of the bush into a somewhat young forest with a clearing. In the middle of the clearing and close to the river side was the village. This fact made me think that communication between tribe and tribe was maintained by water only.

We had reason to rejoice at the discovery of Bukanda, for since the 2nd



the caravan had subsisted on such tubers of manioc as each man took with him on that date. Had another day passed without meeting with a clearing, we should have suffered greatly from hunger.

It was evening before the boat appeared, as the passage of certain rapids and an adventure with a flotilla of eleven canoes had detained her. The canoes had been abandoned in consequence, and the commander of the boat had secured them to an island. One was reported to be a capacious hollow log, capable of carrying nearly as many loads as the boat. Since the river was the highway of the natives, it was deemed wiser to employ it also to lessen the labour of our men, and carry our sick as well as a reserve of food. For we had been narrowly brought to the verge of want on the last day, and we were utter strangers in a strange land, groping our way through darkness. The boat was therefore sent back with an extra crew to secure the canoe and paddle her up to our camp.

Of course as Bukanda had been abandoned long before we reached it, its cone huts were at our disposal, and its field of manioc also. This custom of abandoning their homes was unlike anything I had seen in Africa before. Elsewhere the natives may have retired with their women, but the males had remained at home with spear and target, to represent ownership. But here the very fowls had taken to flight. It was clearly a region unsuitable for the study of ethnology.

At noon of the 6th we defiled out of Bukanda refurnished with provisions, and two hours later were in camp in the wilderness.

We observed that the mornings were muggy, misty and chilly, and each day we were less inclined to leave camp to brave the cold, damp, and fogginess without, to plunge into mud and slush or to ford creeks up to the waist in water. The actual temperature on these cold mornings was but seventy to seventy-two degrees, but had we judged of it by our cheerlessness, it might have been twenty degrees less.

The large refuse heaps of the native villages were piled on the edge of the bank, and were a compost of filth, sweepings of streets and huts, peelings of manioc, skins of plantains, with a vast number of oyster-shells. An interesting chapter on these composts, and the morals, manners, and usages of the aborigines deduced from them, might be written. Just as Owen could prefigure an extinct mammoth of the dead ages from the view of a few bones, the daily life of a tribe could be developed out of these refuse heaps. Revelling in these fetid exhalations were representatives of many insect tribes. Columns of ants wound in and out with more exact formation than aborigines could compose themselves, flies buzzed in myriads over the heaps, butterflies which would have delighted Jameson's soul swarmed exulting in their gorgeous colours, while a perfect cloud of moths hovered above all.

After seven hours' slow marching and incessant cutting through jungle, the villages of the Bakuti were reached on the 7th. I occupied a seat in the

boat on this day, and observed that the banks were from six to ten feet above the river on either side, that numerous traces of former occupation were easily visible despite the luxuriance of the young forest that had usurped the space once occupied by villages and fields; that either wars or epidemics had disturbed the inhabitants twenty years ago, and that as yet only one crocodile had been seen on the Aruwimi, and only one hippo, which I took to be a sure sign that there was not much pasture in this region.

As the rowers urged the boat gently up the stream, and I heard the bill-hooks and axes carving a way through bush and brake, tangle and forest, without which scarcely a yard of progress could be made, I regretted more than ever that I had not insisted on being allowed to carry out my own plan of having fifteen whale-boats. What toil would have been saved, and what anxiety would have been spared me!

On the 9th we gained, after another seven hours' toiling and marching, the villages of the Bakoka. Already the people were looking jaded and seedy. Skewers had penetrated the feet of several, ulcers began to attract notice by their growing virulence, many people complained of curious affections in the limbs.

We passed so many abandoned clearings that our expedition might have been supported for weeks by the manioc which no owner claimed. It was very clear that internecine strife had caused the migrations of the tribes. The Bakoka villages were all stockaded, and the entrance gates were extremely low.

The next day we passed by four villages all closely stockaded, and on the 10th came to the rapids of Gwengweré. Here there were seven large villages bordering the rapids and extending from below to above the broken water. All the population had fled probably to the opposite main, or to the islands in mid-river, and every portable article had been carried away except the usual wreckage of coarse pottery, stools, and benches, and back rests. The stockades were in good order and the villages intact. In one large village there were 210 conical huts, and two square sheds used for public assemblies and smithies. This occupied a commanding bluff sixty feet above the river, whence a splendid view of a dark grey silver stream, flanked by dense and lofty walls of thickest greenest vegetation, was obtained.

Lieutenant Stairs was now recovering from his long attack of bilious fever; my other companions enjoyed the best of health, though our diet consisted of vegetables, leaves of the manioc and herbs bruised and made into patties. But on this day we had a dish of weaver-birds furnished by the Doctor, who with his shot-gun bagged a few of the thousands which had made their nests on the village trees.

On the 11th we marched about a mile to give the canoe-men a chance to pole their vessels through the rapids. The day following we marched six geographical miles, the river turning easterly, which was our course. Several

small rapids were passed without accident. As we were disappearing from view of Gwengweré, the population was seen scurrying from the right bank and islands back to their homes, which they had temporarily vacated for our convenience. It seemed to me to be an excellent arrangement. It saved trouble of speech, exerted possibly in useless efforts for peace, and tedious chaffer. They had only one night's inconvenience, and if many caravans advanced as peaceably as we did, natural curiosity would in time induce the natives to become acquainted with the strangers.

Our people found abundance to eat in the fields and around the villages. The area devoted to cultivation was extensive: plantains flourished around the stockades; herbs for potage were found in little plots close to the villages; also sufficient tobacco for smoking, and pumpkins for dessert, and a little Indian corn; but, alas! we all suffered from want of meat.

There were few aquatic birds to be seen except some specimens of divers, fish eagles, and kingfishers. Somewhere, at a distance, a pair of ibis screamed; flocks of parrots whistled and jabbered in vain struggles to rob the solitude of the forest of its oppressive silence; whip-poor-wills, and sunbirds, and weavers aided them with their varied strains; but insects, flies, and moths were innumerable.

On the 12th we moved on as usual, starting at 6.30 A.M., the caravan preceding the boat and its consorts. Though proceeding only at the rate of a mile and a half per hour, the boat soon overhauled the struggling caravan, and passed the foremost of the pioneers. At 10 A.M. we met a native boy, called Bakula, of about fifteen years, floating down river on a piece of a canoe. He sprang aboard our boat with alacrity. An hour later we rounded the lowest point of a lengthy curve, bristling with numerous large villages. The boy volunteer who had dropped to our aid from the unknown, called the lower village Bandangi, the next Ndumba, and the long row of villages above, the houses of the Banalya tribe. But all were deserted. We halted at Bandangi for lunch, and at 2 P.M. resumed our journey.

An hour's pull brought us to the upper village, where we camped. Our river party on this day numbered forty men; but, as we landed, we were lost in the large and silent village. I had counted thirteen villages—one of these numbered 180 huts. Assuming that in this curve there were 1300 huts, and allowing but four persons to each hut, they must have had a population of 5200.

At 5.30 appeared the advance guard of the column, and presently a furious tempest visited us, with violent accompaniments of thunder and lightning. These were indeed necessary to clear the atmosphere charged with the collected vapours of this humid region, through which the sun appeared daily as through a thick veil. The explosive force of the electric fluid was terrific. All about us it lightened and shattered with deafening explosions the thick, sluggish, vaporous clouds. Nothing less than excessive energy of concentrated elec-





THE RIVER COLUMN ASCENDING THE ARUWIMI RIVER: WITH *ADVANCE* AND SIXTEEN CASOES



tricity could have cleared the heavy atmosphere, and allowed the inhabitants of the land to see the colour of the sky, or to feel the cheering influence of the sun. For four hours we had to endure the dreadful bursts; while a steady stream of rain relieved the surcharged masses that had hung incumbent above us for days. While the river party and advance guard were housed in the upper village, the rear guard and No. 4 Company occupied Bandangi, at the lower end of the *crescent*, and we heard them shooting minute guns to warn us of their presence; while we vainly, for economical reasons, replied with the tooting of long ivory horns.

Such a large population naturally owned extensive fields of manioc and sugar cane, plantations of bananas and plantains, gardens of herbs and Indian corn; and as the heavy rain had saturated the ground, a halt was ordered.

By nine o'clock the rear guard was known to have arrived by Nelson's voice, which was heard crying out for "chop and coffee." Our chop consisted of cassava cakes, a plantain or so roasted, and a mess of garden greens, with tea or coffee. Flesh of goat or fowl was simply unprocurable. Neither bird nor beast of any kind was to be obtained. Hitherto only two crocodiles and but one hippo had been discovered, but no elephant, buffalo, or antelope or wild hog, though tracks were numerous. How could it be otherwise with the pioneers' shouts, cries, noise of cutting and crushing, and pounding of trees, and the murmur of a large caravan? With the continuous gossip, story-telling, wrangling, laughing or wailing that were maintained during the march, it was simply impossible. We could make no progress through the undergrowth without the aid of a heavy knife, machette, or billhook to sever the entangled creepers; and though an animal may have been only a few feet off on the other side of a bush, it would be invisible through such impervious masses of vegetation as those through which we laboured.

I employed the halt for examining the islands near Bandangi. We discovered lengthy heaps of oyster-shells on one island, one of which was sixty feet long, ten feet wide, and four feet high. We can imagine the feasts the aborigines enjoyed during their picnics, and the length of time that had elapsed since the first bivalve had been eaten. On my return I noticed through a bank-slip in the centre of the curve a stratum of oyster-shell buried three feet under alluvium.

Our native boy Bakula informed us that inland north lived the Baburu, a people who were very different from the river tribes, and that up river, a month's journey, would be found dwarfs about two feet high, with long beards; that he had once journeyed as far as Panga, where the river tumbled from a height as high as the tallest tree; that the Aruwimi was now called Lui by the people of the left bank, but that to the Baburu on the right bank it was known as the Luhali. Bakula was an exceptionally crafty lad, and a pure cannibal, to whom a mess of human meat would have been delectable. He was a perfect mimic, and trusted to his native cunning to protect him by



conforming readily to what would be pleasing to the strangers by whom he was surrounded. Had all the native tribes adopted this boy's policy our passage through these novel lands would have been as pleasant as could be desired. I have no doubt that they possessed all the arts of craft which we admired in Bakula.

From Banalya we moved, on the 15th, by river and land to Bungangeta. It was a stern and sombre morning, gloomy with lowering and heavy clouds. It struck me on this dull dreary morning, while regarding the silent and dark river and the unbroken forest frontage, that nature in this region seemed to be waiting the trumpet-call of civilization to awake to her long-neglected duties. I compared this waiting attitude to the stillness preceding the dawn, before insect and animal life frets the air with its murmur, before the day awakens the million minute passions of the wilds; that hour when even Time seems to be drowsy and nodding.

What expansive wastes of rich productive land lie in this region unheeded by man! Populous though the river banks are, there has been but a mere grubbing of parts of the foreshore, where we may find a limited acreage for manioc, and a narrow line of small cotes.

One of my amusements while on the river was to sketch its unknown course, for as the aborigines disappeared like rats into their holes on one's approach, I could gain no information respecting it. How far was it permissible for me to deviate from my eastern course? By the river I could assist the ailing and relieve the strong, transport the goods, and convey reserves of manioc and plantain. But would a somewhat long curve, winding as high as some forty or fifty geographical miles north of our course, be compensated by these advantages? When I noted the number of the sick, and saw the jaded condition of the people, I felt that even if the river took us as far as 2° N., it was infinitely preferable to stick to it than to plunge into the centre of the forest.

The temperature of the air during the clouded morning was 75°, surface of the river 77°. What a relief it was to breathe the air of the river after a night spent in the close impure air in the forest!

On the 16th we possessed one boat and five canoes, which carried seventy-four men and 120 loads, by which half of our men were relieved of loads. We passed by the mouth of a considerable affluent from the south-east, and camped a mile above it. The temperature rose to 94° in the afternoon, and as a consequence rain fell in torrents, preceded by the usual thunder roars and lightning flashes. Until 1 P.M. of the 17th the rain fell unceasingly. It would have been interesting to have ascertained the number of inches that fell during these nineteen hours' rain-pour. Few of us enjoyed any rest; and after it had ceased raining, it was some hours before the men recovered their usual animation. The aborigines must have been also depressed, owing to our vicinity, though if they had known what wealth we possessed, they might

have freely parted with their goats and fowls for our wares, and we and they might have been made happier.

At 3 P.M. the column camped opposite the settlement of Lower Mariri. Besides their immense wooden drums, which sounded the alarm to a ten-mile distance, the cries of the natives could be heard a mile off. The absence of all other noises lends extraordinary power to their voices.

The Somalis, who are such excellent and efficient servants in lands like the Masai, or dry regions like the Soudan, are perfectly useless in humid regions. Five of them had declined to stay at Yambuya, and insisted on accompanying me. Since we had taken to the river I had employed them as boatmen, or rather did employ them when they were able to handle a paddle or a pole, but their physical powers soon collapsed, and they became mere passengers. On shore, without having undergone any exertion, they were so prostrated after a two hours' river voyage, that they were unable to rig shelter against rain and damp, and as they were thievish, the Zanzibaris refused to permit them to approach their huts. The result was that we had the trouble each day to see that a share of the food was doled out to them, as they would have voluntarily starved rather than cut down the plantains above their heads.

From opposite Lower Mariri we journeyed to a spot ten miles below the Upper Mariri. The canoes had only occupied 4 h. 15 m., but the land column did not appear at all.

On the 19th I employed the boat and canoe crews to cut a road to above a section of the rapids of Upper Mariri. This was accomplished in 2½ hours. We returned to camp in 45 minutes. Our pace going up was similar to that of the caravan, consequently an ordinary day's travel through the forest would be six miles. On returning to camp we found the column had arrived, and marched it to the end of the prepared paths; the boat and canoes were punted up the rapids without accident, and in the afternoon the people foraged for food at a village a mile and a half above camp with happy results. On the 20th the advance column marched up and occupied the village.

About two hours after arrival some of the natives of Mariri came in a canoe and hailed us. We replied through Bakula, the native boy, and in a short time were able to purchase a couple of fowls, and during the afternoon purchased three more. This was the first barter we had made on the Aruwimi. Mariri is a large settlement abounding in plantains, while at our village there were none. Two men, Charlie No. 1 and Musa bin Juma disappeared on this day. Within twenty-three days no casualty had as yet happened, and good fortune, which had hitherto clung to us, from this date began to desert us. We were under the impression that those men had been captured by natives, and their heedless conduct was the text of a sermon preached to the men next morning when they were mustered for the march. It was not until thirteen months later that we knew that they had deserted,

that they had succeeded in reaching Yambuya, and had invented the most marvellous tales of wars and disasters, which, when repeated by the officers at Yambuya in their letter to the Committee, created so much anxiety at home. Had I believed it had been possible that two messengers could have performed that march, we certainly had availed ourselves of the fact to have communicated authentic news and chart of the route to Major Barttelot, who, as we believed, in another month would be leaving his camp to follow us. From the village opposite Upper Mariri we proceeded to S. Mupé, a large settlement consisting of several villages, embowered in plantations. The chiefs of Mupé are Mbadu, Alimba, and Mangrudi.

On the 22nd Surgeon Parke was the officer of the day, and was unfortunate enough to miss the river, and strike through the forest in a wrong direction. He finally struck a track on which the scouts found a woman and a large-eyed, brown-coloured child. The woman showed the route to the river, and then was released. Through her influence the natives of N. Mupé on the right bank were induced to trade with us, by which we were enabled to procure a dozen fowls and two eggs.

The bed of the river in this locality is an undisturbed rock of fine-grained and hard, brick-coloured sandstone. This is the reason that the little rapids, though frequent enough, present but slight obstacles to navigation. The banks at several places arose to about forty feet above the river, and the rock is seen in horizontal strata in bluff form, in many instances like crumbling ruins of cut stone.

The sign of peace with the riverine natives appears to be pouring water on the head with the hands. As new-comers approached our camp they cried out, "We suffer from famine, we have no food, but up river you will find plenty, Oh, 'monomopote'! (son of the sea)." "But we suffer from want of food, and have not the strength to proceed unless you give us some," we replied. Whereupon they would throw us fat ears of Indian corn, plantains, and sugar-cane. This was preliminary to a trade, in doing which these apparently unsophisticated natives were as sharp and as exorbitant as any of the Wyyanzi on the Congo.

Trifles, such as empty sardine boxes, jam and milk cans, and cartridge cases, were easily barterable for sugar-cane, Indian corn, and tobacco. A cotton handkerchief would buy a fowl, goats were brought to our view, but not parted with. They are said to be the monopoly of chiefs. The natives showed no fixed desire for any speciality but gaudy red handkerchiefs. We saw some cowries among them, and in the bottom of a canoe we found a piece of an infantry officer's sword nine inches long. We should have been delighted to have heard the history of that sword, and the list of its owners since it left Birmingham. But our ignorance of the native language, and their excitability prevented us from doing more than observing and interchanging words relating to peace and food with the people of Mupé. We may, however, accept the



bit of sword blade as evidence that their neighbours in the interior have had some contact with the Soudanese.

Neither in manners, customs nor dress was there any very great difference between these natives and those belonging to the upper parts of the Upper Congo. Their head-dresses were of basket-work decorated with red parrot feathers, monkey-skin caps of grey or dark fur, with the tails drooping behind. The neck, arm and ankle ornaments were of polished iron, rarely of copper, never of brass.

They make beautiful paddles, finely carved like a long pointed leaf. "Sen-nench" was their peaceful hail as in Man-yuema, Uregga and Usongora, above Stanley Falls. Their complexion is more ochreous than black. When a number of natives is seen on the opposite bank, there is but little difference of colour between their bodies and the reddish clayey soil of the landing-place. Their light brown colour is due to the Camwood powder with which, when mixed with oil, they perform their toilet. But protection from sunshine also probably contributes to this light colour, for the native boy, Bakula, for instance, though deprived of the universal cosmetic, was much lighter than the average of our Zanzibaris.

On the 24th, Mr. Jephson led the van of the column, and under his guidance it made the astonishing march of seven and a half geographical miles, although it had been compelled to wade through seventeen streams



HEAD-DRESS—CROWN OF BRISTLES



PADDLE OF THE UPPER ARUWIMI OR ITURI

and creeks. During these days Jephson exhibited a marvellous vigour. He was in many things an exact duplicate of myself in my younger days, before years and hundreds of fevers had cooled my blood. He is exactly of my own height, build, weight and temperament. He is sanguine, confident,

and loves hard work. He is simply indefatigable, and whether it is slushy mire or a muddy creek, in he enters, without hesitation, up to his knees, waist, neck or overhead; it is all the same. A sybarite, dainty and fastidious at home, he is a traveller and labourer in Africa, and requires to be restrained for his own sake. The other young men, Stairs, Nelson and Parke, are very much of the same mettle. Stairs is the military officer, alert, intelligent, who understands a hint, a curt intimation, grasps an idea firmly, and realises it to perfection. Nelson is a centurion as of old Roman times; he can execute because it is the will of his chief. He does not stay to ask the reason why; he only understands it to be a necessity, and his great vigour, strength, resolution, plain, good sense is at my disposal, to act, suffer, or die; and Parke is a noble, gentle soul, so tender and devoted, so patient, so sweet in mood and brave in temper, and always enduring and effusing comfort as he moves through our atmosphere of suffering and pain. No four men ever entered Africa with such noble qualities as these, nor had a leader ever had such cause to bless his stars as I.

On this day Jephson had two adventures. In his usual free, impulsive manner, and with swinging gait, he was directing the pioneers, and crushing through the jungle, indifferent to his costume, when he suddenly sank out of sight into an elephant pit! We might have imagined a playful and sportive young elephant crashing through the bushes, rending and tearing young saplings, and suddenly disappearing from the view of his more staid mamma in the same manner. Jephson had intelligence, however, and aid was at hand, and he was pulled out none the worse. It was a mere amusing incident to be related in camp to provoke a laugh.

He again rushed ahead of the pioneers to trace the course to be followed, and presently encountered face to face a tall native, with a spear in his hand. Both were so astonished as to be paralysed, but Jephson's impulse was that of a Berserker. He flung himself, unarmed, upon the native, who, eluding his grasp, ran from him, as he would from a lion, headlong down a steep bank into a creek, Jephson following. But the clayey soil was damp and slippery, his foot slipped, and the gallant captain of the *Advance* measured his length face downwards, with his feet up the slope, and such was his impetus that he slid down to the edge of the creek. When he recovered himself, it was to behold the denizen of the woods hurrying up the opposite bank, and casting wild eyes at this sudden pale-faced apparition who had so disturbed him as he brooded over the prospect of finding game in his traps that day.

Our camp on this day was a favourite haunt of elephants from time immemorial. It was near a point round which the river raced with strong swirling currents. Upward, a long view of a broad silent river was seen, and below, of a river disparted by a series of islands.

On the 25th Captain Nelson led the column, and Jephson was requested to assist me with the long narrow canoes laden with valuable goods, and to

direct some of the unskilful "lubbers" who formed our crews. The boat leading the way anchored above the dangerous and swirly point, and cast the manilla rope to the canoe crew, who, hauling by this cord, drew the canoes to quiet water. Then rowing hard against the strong currents, at 11 A.M. we caught the head of the caravan gathered on the bank of a wide and dark sluggish creek, the Rendi, which lazily flowed out of dark depths of woods. By one o'clock the ferriage over this was completed, and the column resumed its march, while we, on the river, betook ourselves to further struggles with



WASPS' NESTS, ETC.

the dangerous waves and reefs of what is now called Wasp Rapids, from the following incident.

These rapids extended for a stretch of two miles. Above them were the villages which became later the scene of a tragic strife, as will be learned in a subsequent chapter, and to reach these settlements was very necessary to obtain shelter and food.

Our first efforts against the rapids were successful, though the current was swift and dangerous, and broke out into great waves now and then. Then began a desperate struggle; the men on the port side rowed hard, while



those on the starboard side grasped at overhanging bushes, and two men on the decked bow stood with boat-hooks outstretched ready to snatch a firm hold. I steered. We advanced slowly but steadily up a narrow rushing branch between rocky islets, which rose in yard square dots of rock above the waves. With our spirits braced for an exciting encounter, we drove the boat hard, until its head rose over the rapids. Eager hands were then held out to catch at the branches, but at the first clutch there issued an army of fierce spiteful wasps which settled on our faces, hands, and bodies, and every vulnerable spot, stinging us dreadfully. Maddened by the stings, we battled with this vicious enemy, but though beset by reefs and rocks, dangerous waves and whirling waters, we tore on with tooth and nail, and in a few minutes were a hundred yards above the awful spot. Then, clinging to the trees, we halted to breathe and sympathise with each other, and exchange views and opinions on the various stings of insects, bees, hornets, and wasps.

One asked my white servant with a grim smile, "Did not you say the other day that you believed there was much honey in these brown paper nests of the wasps? Well, what do you think of the honey now? Don't you think it is rather a bitter sort?" This raised a general laugh. We recovered our good temper, and resuming our work, reached in an hour the village which the land party had already occupied. The crews of the canoes behind us, on seeing our battle with the wasps, fled across the river, and ascended by the right bank. But the Somalis and Soudanese, more trustful in Allah, bravely followed our track, and were fearfully stung; still, they were consoled by being able to exult over the Zanzibaris, the leader of which was Uledi, of the "Dark Continent."

"Oh," I remarked to Uledi, "it is not a brave thing you have done this day, to fly away from wasps."

"Oh, sir," he replied, "naked manhood is nowhere in such a scrape as that. Wasps are more dangerous than the most savage men."

The native settlement on the left bank is called Bandeya; the one facing opposite consists of the villages of the Bwamburi. North of the Bwamburi, a day's march, begin the tribes of the Ababua and the Mabodé, who have a different kind of architecture from that prevailing among the riverine tribes. The Mabodé are said to possess square houses with gable roofs, plaster walls, and verandahs.

On the 26th we halted to rest and recuperate. Those of us who had been attacked by the wasps suffered from fever; and the coxswain of our boat was in great distress. The following day the chief of the Bwamburi came over to pay us a visit, and brought us, as a gift, a month-old chick. We declined his present on the ground that we should be robbing him were we to accept it. His personal ornaments consisted of two small ivory tusks planed flat, which hung suspended from his neck. His head-dress was made

out of a Colobus monkey skin. After exchanging with him professions of amity and brotherhood, we pushed forward on the 28th, and camped opposite Mukupi, a settlement possessing eight villages.

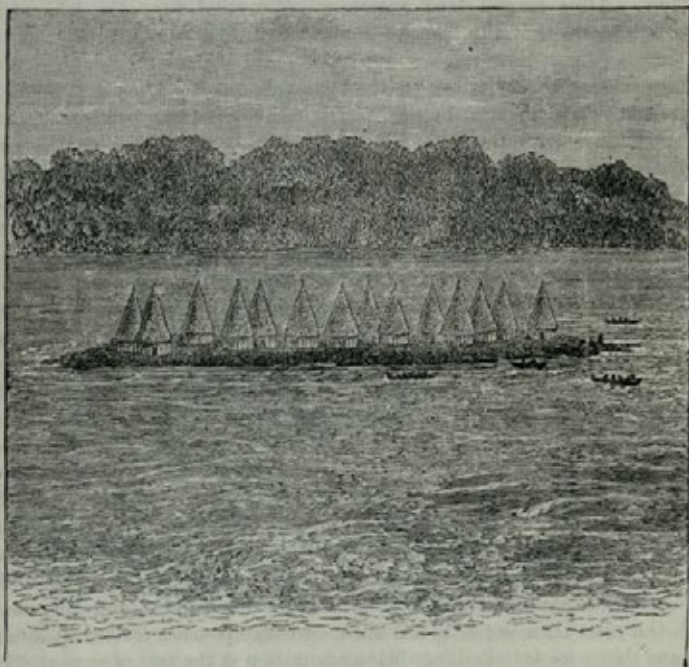
At this place we were informed of a large lake called "No-uma," as being situate somewhere in the neighbourhood of a place called Panga. It was said to be many days' journey in extent. In the centre was a large island, so infested with serpents that natives dreaded to go near it; that from it flowed the Nepoko into the Nowellé, the name now given to the Aruwimi. After several days' march we discovered that the lake story was a myth, and that the Nepoko did not flow from the left bank of the Aruwimi.

Our camp on the 29th was on the left bank opposite My-yui, a series of villages embowered amongst banana groves. It was not long before we struck an acquaintance with the tribe. We recognized a disposition on the part of the aborigines to be sociable. A good report of our doings had preceded us, and trade commenced very pleasantly. Our people had cowries, beads, and brass rods, besides strange trifles, to exchange for food. When the land column arrived, prices advanced somewhat, owing to the greater demand. It was reported that there were no settlements between our camp opposite My-yui and Panga; that we should be nine days performing the journey through the forest.

The next morning, as we needed several days' provisions, the bartering was resumed, for which purpose new ration currency had already been distributed to each man. But we were astonished to find that only three ears of Indian corn were given on this day for a brass rod twenty-eight inches in length, of the thickness of telegraph wire. At Bangala such a brass rod would have purchased five days' provisions per man, but here was a settlement in the wilds where we could only obtain three ears of corn! For one fowl four brass rods were demanded. Cowries were not accepted, and beads they declined. Our men were ravenously hungry, and there was an unusually long wilderness ahead. We expostulated with the natives, but they were firm. Our men then began to sell their cartridge-pouches for two plantains each, and they were found selling their ammunition at the rate of one cartridge for an ear of corn; and their tin canteens for two. Their billhooks and axes were offered next, and ruin stared us in the face. The natives were therefore driven away; one of Mugwye's (the chief's) principal slaves was lifted out of his canoe by a gigantic Zanzibari, and word was sent to the natives that if there were no fair sales of food made as on the first day, the prisoner would be taken away, and that we should cross over and help ourselves.

Having waited all the afternoon for the re-appearance of food, we embarked at dawn on the 31st with two full companies, entered My-yui, and despatched the foragers. By 3 P.M. we had obtained food enough in the camp for ten days.

In the afternoon of the 1st of August, the advance column was encamped opposite Mambanga, but the river party met with an accident. Careless Soudanese had been capsized, and one of the Zanzibari steersmen disobeying orders shoved his canoe under the branchy trees which spread out from the bank to the distance of fifty feet; and by the swift current was driven against a submerged branch, and capsized, causing a loss of much valuable property, especially some fine beads, worth four shillings a neckbecc. Six rifles were also lost.



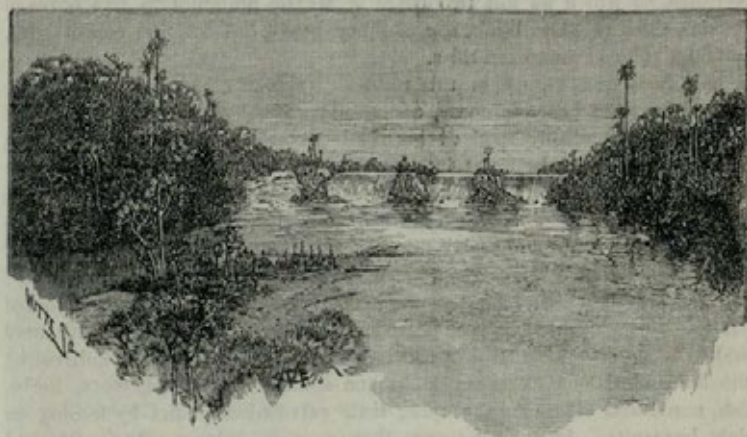
FORT ISLAND, NEAR PANGA FALLS

The first death in the advance column occurred on the 2nd August, the 36th day of departure from Yambaya, which was a most extraordinary immunity considering the hardship and privations to which we were all subjected. Could we but have discovered a plantation of bananas, we should certainly have halted for many days to recuperate. A halt of four or five days at a thriving settlement would have been of vast benefit to all of us, but as such a settlement could not be found, it was necessary for us to march and press on until we could find one.



We traversed a large village, that had been abandoned probably six months earlier, and as it was the hour of camping, we prepared to make ourselves comfortable for the evening. As the tents were being pitched, my attention was called to the cries made by excited groups, and hastening to the scene, heard that there was a dead body almost covered with mildew in a hut. Presently the discovery of another was announced and then another, upon which we hastily packed up again and departed from the dead men's village, lest we might contract the strange disease that had caused the abandonment of the village.

One of our poor donkeys, on this day, unable to find fitting sustenance in a region of trees and jungle, lay down and died. Another appeared weak and pining for grass, which the endless forest did not produce.



PANGA FALLS

Opposite our camp on this day was the mouth of the Ngula River, an affluent on the north side. Within, the river appeared to be of a width of fifty yards.

On the 3rd two hills became visible, one bearing E.S.E., the other S.E. by E.  $\frac{1}{2}$  E., as we moved up the river. We camped at the point of a curve, in the centre of which were two islands. Paying a visit to one of them we found two goats, at which we were so rejoiced, that long before evening one was slaughtered for the officers, and out of the other we made broth for the sick. A flock of a hundred would have enabled us to save many a life that was rapidly fading away.

The next day we arrived at Panga or the Nepanga Falls, about which we had heard so much from Bakula, the native boy.

The Falls are fully thirty feet high, though at first view they appear to be double that height, by the great slope visible above the actual fall. They extend over a mile in length from the foot of the Falls, to above the portage, and were the first serious obstacles to navigation we had encountered. They descend by four separate branches, the largest of which is 200 yards wide. They run by islets of gneissic rock, and afford cover to the natives of Panga, who, when undisturbed, live upon a large island called Nepanga, one mile long and 300 yards wide, situated 600 yards below the Falls. The island contains three villages, numbering some 250 huts of the conical type. There are several settlements inland on both banks, which cultivate plantains and manioc.

An unfortunate Zanzibari steersman capsized his canoe as he approached Nepanga, by which we lost two boxes of Maxim ammunition, five boxes of cowries, three of white beads, one of fancy beads, one box fine copper wire, cartridge pouches and seven rifles.

All things are savage in this region. No sooner had a solitary hippo sighted us than he gave chase, and nearly caught us. He was punished severely, and probably received his death wound. The fowls of Nepanga evaded the foragers by flight into the jungle; the goats were restless, and combative, and very wild. Altogether we captured twelve, which gave us some hopes of being able to save some of our sick people. A few fish were obtained in the weirs and basket-nets.

The result of 3 days' foraging on islands, right and left banks, were 250 lbs. of Indian corn, 18 goats, and as many fowls, besides a few bunches of plantains, which made but poor provision for 383 people. The natives were said to be at war with a tribe called the Engweddé, and instead of cultivating the land, eked out existence on banana stalks, mushrooms, roots, herbs, fish, snails and caterpillars, varying their extraordinary diet by feeding on slain humanity. In such a region there were no inducements to stay, and we accordingly commenced the business of portage. Stairs' Company was detailed for clearing the canoe track, and to strew it with branches placed athwart the road. No. 3 and 4 Companies hauled the canoes, and No. 1 Company carried the whale-boat bodily overland to the sound of wild music and song, and by the end of the 6th, after a busy day, we were encamped above the great Falls of Panga.

## CHAPTER VIII

## FROM PANGA FALLS TO UGARROWA'S

Another accident at the Rapids—Avisibba settlement—Inquiry into a murder case at Avisibba—Surprised by the natives—Lieutenant Stairs wounded—Poisoned arrows—Jephson's caravan missing—Our wounded—Perpetual rain—Deaths from tetanus—Mustering the people—The Nepoko river—Reckless use of ammunition—Halfway to the Albert Lake—We fall in with some of Ugarrowa's men—Hippo Broads and AvaKubi Rapids—Elephants at Memberri—The Arab leader, Ugarrowa—Visit to the Arab settlement—First specimen of the tribe of dwarfs.

IN full view of Panga Falls camp there was an island in mid-river that resembled a water battery. On exploring it on the 7th—by no means an easy task, so strong was the current sweeping down the smooth dangerous slope of river towards Panga—it appeared to have been originally a flat rocky mass of rock a few inches above high river, with inequalities on its surface which had been filled in with earth carried from the left bank. It measured 200 feet in length by about ninety feet in width, and a piscatorial section of a tribe had retreated hither and built some 60 cone huts, and boarded the isle round about with planks cut out of a light wood out of the forest and wrecked canoes. At this period the river was but six inches below the lowest surface of the island.

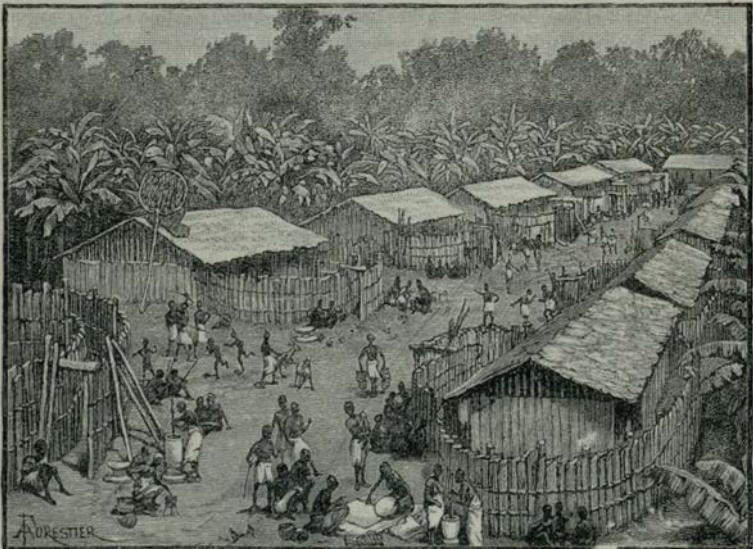
Another serious accident occurred on this day during the journey from above Panga Falls to Nejambi Rapids. A witless canoe coxswain took his canoe among the branches overhanging broken water, got entangled, and capsized. Nine out of eleven rifles which had gone down were recovered; but two cases of gunpowder were lost. The Zanzibaris were so heedless and lubberly among rapids that I felt myself growing aged with anxiety while observing them. How headstrong human nature is prone to be, I had ample proofs daily. My losses, troubles, and anxieties rose solely from the reckless indifference to instructions manifested by my followers. On land they wandered into the forest, and simply disappeared, or were stabbed or pierced with arrows. So far we had lost eight men and seventeen rifles.

On the 8th the caravan had hauled the canoes past Nejambi Rapids, and was camped a few miles below Utiri. The next day we reached the villages,



where we found the native architecture had changed. All houses were now gable-roofed and low, and each was surrounded by strong log palisades, six feet high, nine inches by four inches wide and thick, and ran in two irregular lines, with a street about twenty feet wide between them. They were extremely defensible even against rifles, for a dozen resolute men in each court of one of these villages armed with poisoned arrows might have caused considerable loss and annoyance to us.

On the 10th we halted, and foragers were despatched in three different directions to hunt for food, but only two days' rations were obtained. One man, named Khalfan, was wounded in the wind-pipe by a wooden arrow.



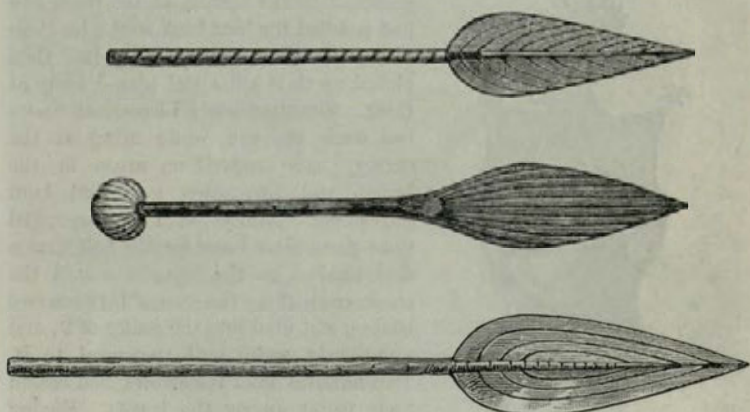
VIEW OF UTIRI VILLAGE

The manner he received the wound indicates the perfect indifference with which our men received instructions. While Khalfan examined the plantains above, a native stood not twenty feet away with a drawn bow. The wound was a mere needle-point puncture, and Dr. Parke attended to him with care, but it had a fatal consequence a few days later.

The 11th was consumed by the river party in struggling against a wild stretch of rapids five miles long, while the land column wound along the river bank on a passable track which led them to Engweddé, where we rejoined them on the 12th. Our day's rate having been shortened by the rapids, foragers were again despatched to collect food, and succeeded in pro-

curing three days' rations of plantains. On the 13th we marched to Avisibba, or Aveysheba, a settlement consisting of five large villages, two of which were situate on the upper side of Ruku Creek.

The river column was the first to occupy the villages above the Ruku. A broad street ran between two rows of low huts; each hut was surrounded by palisades. There was a promising abundance in the plantain groves about. The untouched forest beyond them appeared primeval. From the mouth of the creek to the extremity of the villages there was a hundred yards' thickness of forest, through which a native path ran, and between the village and the Aruwimi stood a belt of timber fifty yards wide. While the ferriage over the Ruku Creek was progressing, the boat's crew was searching eagerly and carefully among the scores of courts for hidden savages, and with rifles projecting



LEAF-BLADED PADDLE OF AVISIBBA

before them were burrowing into the plantain groves and outside the villages.

When the column was safely across I had a murder case to inquire into. For, on the 12th, at Engweddé, one of our Zanzibaris had been killed with a rifle bullet outside of our camp, and it was supposed that some vengeful ruffian in the column had shot him. Meantime, I had suggested to two headmen to take forty scouts and re-cross the creek, to explore if there were any opportunities for foraging on the next day to the south-west of the creek. My little court had just sat down for the inquiry, and a witness was relating his evidence, when a number of rifles was heard firing with unusual energy. Lieutenant Stairs mustered some fifty men, and proceeded on the double-quick to the river. Under the impression that ninety breech-loaders were quite sufficient we resumed the investigation, but as volley after volley rang

out, with continued cracking of scouts' rifles, the Doctor, Nelson, and myself hastened to the scene with a few more men. The first person I saw was Lieutenant Stairs, with his shirt torn open, and blood streaming from an arrow-wound in the left breast near the heart, and I heard a pattering on the leaves around me, and caught a glimpse of arrows flying past. Consigning Lieutenant Stairs to the care of our surgeon, I sought for information. Numbers of our men were crouching about, and firing in the most senseless fashion at some suspicious bushes across the creek. I was told that obstinate savages lay hidden behind them, but I failed to get a glimpse of one. It appeared that as the boat was crossing the creek, a body of natives had suddenly issued from the bush on the other side and shot their arrows at the crew, and that,

surprised by the discharge, they had crouched in the bottom of the boat, and had paddled the boat back to the landing-place with their hands. They had then picked up their rifles and blazed away at them. Simultaneously Lieutenant Stairs had come up, and, while firing at the enemy, had received an arrow in the breast, and five other men had been punctured. Almost as I had received these particulars I saw for the first time a dark shadow, on the opposite side of the creek, creep along the ground between two bushes, and fired into the centre of it, and a curiously weird wail responded to it. Two minutes later the arrows had ceased their patter among the leaves. Having posted a strong guard of the best shots along the bank to observe any movement on the opposite bank of the creek, the rest of the people were withdrawn.



A HEAD-DRESS OF AVISIEBA  
WARRIORS

In the evening some scouts that had searched in the woods inland returned with a flock of seven goats. They had discovered a crossing-place higher up the Ruku Creek, and had scattered a small column going either to the assistance of the enemy or coming from their direction.

At dawn, on the 14th, two companies were pushed over the creek—to hunt up the enemy that had done us such damage—and a company under Captain Nelson was also sent to the forest inland. In a few minutes we heard a volley, and a second, and then incessant rifle-fire, showing that the enemy were of a resolute character. There were some crack shots in No. 1 Company, but it was scarcely possible to do much damage in a thick bush against a crafty enemy, possessing most dangerous weapons and ignorant of





THE FIGHT WITH THE AVISIBBA CANNIBALS



the deadly force of the pellets that searched the bushes. About 300 rounds were fired, four only of which had been fatal, and our party received four wounds from arrows which had been smeared over with a copal-coloured substance. One dead body was brought to me for examination. The head had a crop of long hair banded by a kind of coronet of iron; the neck had a string of iron drops, with a few monkey teeth among them. The teeth were filed into points. The distinguishing mark of the body appeared to be double rows of tiny cicatrices across the chest and abdomen. The body was uncircumcised. Another dead body brought to the landing-stage had a necklace of human teeth and a coronet of plated iron, besides several polished wristlets of the



CORONETED AVISIBBA WARRIOR—HEAD-DRESS

same metal; on the left arm was worn the thick pad of silk cotton covered with goatskin, which had served to protect the arm from the bow string.

After the natives had been chased away on all sides from the vicinity, the people commenced to forage, and succeeded in bringing to Avisibba during the day sufficient plantains to give each of our men four days' rations.

Lieutenant Stairs' wound was found to be one-fifth of an inch in diameter and an inch and a quarter below the heart. The pointed head of the arrow had penetrated an inch and a half deep. The wounded Zanzibaris had only been touched in the wrists, arms, and fleshy parts of the back. At this period we did not know what was this strange copal-coloured substance with which the arrow points had been smeared, nor did we know what were its peculiar

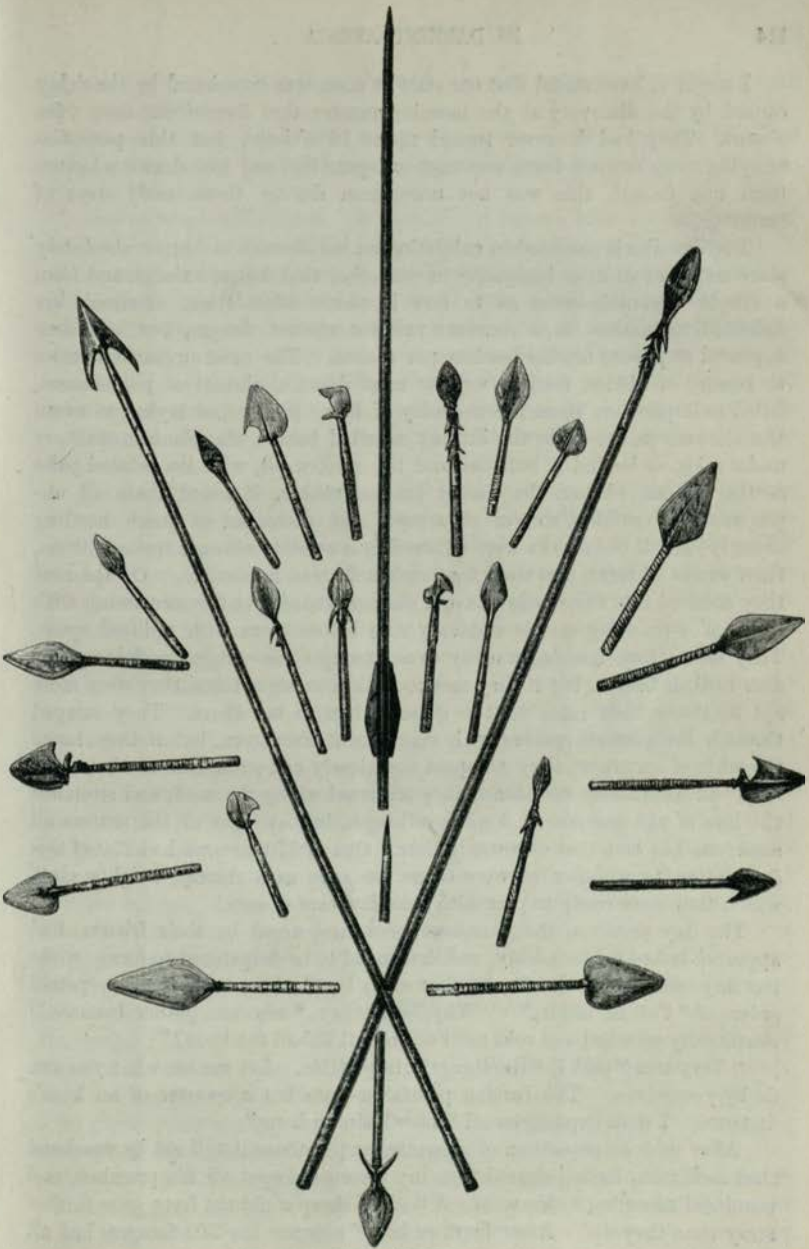


effects when dry or wet; all that the Doctor could do at this time was to inject water in the wounds and cleanse them. The "old hands" of the Zanzibaris affirmed it was poison extracted by boiling from the India-rubber (*Landolphia*), and that the scum formed the poison. A native declared that it was made of a species of arum, which, after being bruised, was boiled; that the water was then poured out into another pot, and boiled again until it had left a strong solution, which was mixed with fat, and this was the substance on the arrows. The odour was acrid, with a suspicion of *asafetida*. Our men believed in its deadly properties, and remarked that elephants and big game were killed by it. All these stories caused us to be very anxious, but our ignorance was excessive, I admit. We could only look on with wonder at the small punctures on the arms, and express our opinion that such small wounds could not be deadly, and hope, for the sake of our friend Stairs and our nine wounded men, that all this was mere exaggeration.

The arrows were very slender, made of a dark wood, twenty-four inches long, with their sharp points hardened by long baking. At their butt end was a slit, in which a leaf was introduced to guide the flight; and half an inch from the point began a curving line of notches for about two inches. The arrow heads were then placed in the prepared and viscid substance, and large leaves were rolled round a sheaf of them before they were placed in the quiver. Another substance with which some of these weapons were smeared was pitch black in colour, resembling Stockholm tar when fresh, which had a very disagreeable smell. A full quiver would contain nearly a hundred arrows. When we observed the care taken of these arrows, rolled up in green leaves as they were, our anxiety for our people was not lessened.

The bow is of stubborn hard brown wood, about three feet long, and its string is a broad strip of rattan carefully polished. During an experiment with one of them I drove a wooden arrow, at six feet distance, through two sides of an empty biscuit tin, and at 200 yards distance from a tall tree I drove an arrow over the top of its highest branch. It then dawned on us all that these wooden arrows were not the contemptible things we had imagined them to be, and we judged, from what we saw, that the stiff spring of this little bow was sufficient to drive an arrow clean through a human body.

At noon on the 15th of August the land column filed out of the palisaded villages of Avisibba, being led by Mr. Jephson, whose turn it was to be the officer of the day. As a captive had informed us that there were three cataracts a little higher up the river, I instructed Mr. Jephson to follow the river and halt at the first convenient spot about 2.30 P.M., and added that I would halt the river column, now consisting of the boat and fourteen canoes, until the rear guard under Captain Nelson had quite left the settlement; but as the canoes would proceed faster than the land caravan, I would probably overtake him, or he would find us encamped. The instructions were also repeated to the pioneers.



WOODEN ARROWS OF THE AVISIBBA  
(From a photograph)

I ought to have stated that our start at noon was occasioned by the delay caused by the discovery at the morning muster that five of our men were absent. They had however turned up at 10 o'clock; but this perpetual straying away without leave was most exasperating, and had drawn a lecture from me, though this was not uncommon during these early days of training.

The Zanzibaris persisted in exhibiting an indifference to danger absolutely startling, from an utter incapacity to remember that danger existed, and from a stupid unconsciousness as to how it would affect them. Animals are indebted to instinct as a constant monitor against danger, but our men appeared to possess neither instinct nor reason. The most urgent entreaties to beware of hidden foes, as well as most dreadful threats of punishment, failed to impress on them the necessity of being prudent, of trying to avoid the skewers in the path, the lurking cannibal behind the plantain stalk, or under a log, or behind a buttress, and the sunken pit, with its pointed pales at the bottom. When the danger became visible, it found them all unprepared. A sudden shower of arrows sent them out of reach howling abjectly; and if the arrows were followed by a resolute advance towards them, their excess of terror was such that resistance was impossible. On the road they sneaked into the woods to avoid the rear guard, but flew screaming with terror if a prowling savage suddenly rose before them with uplifted spear. They would rove far, singly or by twos, amongst the villages, as looting was dear to their hearts; but if they met the wild owners of them, they were more apt to throw their rifles on the ground than to use them. They strayed through the plantain groves with magnificent unconcern, but if they heard the whiz of an arrow, they collapsed nervelessly and submitted to their fate. With an astounding confidence they scattered along the road, and stretched the line of the column to 3 miles in length, but at sight of the natives all sense was lost save that of cowardly fear. Out of 370 men we had 250 of this description, to whom rifles were of no use save as a clumsy, weighty club, which they were ready to part with for a few ears of corn.

The day previous, the Zanzibari head-men, urged by their friends, had appeared before me in a body, and demanded to be despatched to forage without any officers, as the officers, they said, bored them with their perpetual orders of "Fall in, fall in." "Why," said they, "who can gather bananas if continually watched and told to 'Fall in, fall in,' all the time?"

"Very true," said I, "the thing is impossible. Let me see what you can do by yourselves. The banana plantations are but a quarter of an hour's distance. I shall expect you all back within an hour."

After such an exposition of character as the above it will not be wondered that each man, having cleared from my presence, forgot all his promises, and wandered according to his wont. A flock of sheep could not have gone further astray than they did. After fourteen hours' absence the 200 foragers had all



returned save five. But these five had departed no one knew whither until 10 A.M. of this day.

Ah, those early days! But worse were to come, and then these wretched people, after being purified by suffering, and taught by awful experience—became Romans.

But to return to Jephson. We pulled up stream, after seeing that every one was out of Avisibba, at the rate of a knot and a half an hour, and at 2.45, discovering a convenient camp, halted for the night. We waited in vain for Mr. Jephson, and the column fired signal guns, rowed out into the stream, and with a glass searched the shore up and down to see if there were any signs of the people coming, but there was no sign of camp-fire, or smoke above the woods, which generally covered the forest as with a fog in still weather, no sound of rifle shot, blare of trumpet, or human voice. The caravan, we thought, must have found a fine track, and proceeded to the cataracts ahead.

On the 16th the river column pulled hard up stream, and passing Mabengu villages, came up to a deep but narrow creek flowing from the south bank into the Nevva, as the Aruwimi was now called. We looked anxiously up the creek, and an hour later reached the foot of Mabengu Rapids. On the right bank, opposite to the camping-place, was a large settlement—that of Itiri. Then, having up to now met no traces of the absent column, I sent the boat's crew up the creek to search for a ford. After ascending several miles up the creek, the boat's crew returned unsuccessful. I then despatched it down river again to within half-an-hour's distance of Avisibba, but at midnight the boatmen returned to announce their failure to find any traces of the missing Expedition.

On the 17th the boat's crew, with seven scouts, were sent to our camping-place of the 15th, with orders that the scouts should find the trail of the column, and follow it and return with the column to the river. On the boat's return, the coxswain informed me that the scouts had found the trail about 7 miles inland. I concluded that Mr. Jephson had led his column south, instead of following the river, and that consequently the land party was going at a right-angled course from us. The condition of those with me was dreadful in the extreme. Besides thirty-nine canoeemen and boatmen, we had twenty-eight sick people, three Europeans, and three boys. One of the Europeans (Lieutenant Stairs) was suffering from a dangerous wound, and required the constant care of the surgeon. We had a dying idiot in camp, who had become idiotic some days before. We had twenty-nine suffering from pleurisy, dysentery, incurable debility, and eight suffering from wounds. One called Khalfan was half strangled with the wound in his windpipe, another called Saadi, wounded in the arm, was now dangerously ill, his arm was swollen, and gave him great pain. Out of the thirty-nine available men I had despatched three separate parties in different directions to search for

news of the missing column, lest it was striking across some great bend to reach the river a long distance higher up, while we, unable to stir, were on the other side of the curve. Across the river the people of Itiri, perceiving we were so quiet on our side of the river, seemed to be meditating an attack, and only two miles below us was the large settlement of Mabengu, from whose inhabitants we might hear at any moment, while our little force of thirty-nine men, scattered in various directions, were searching for the missing 300. But the poet said that it became

"No man to nurse despair;  
But in the teeth of clenched antagonisms  
To follow the worthiest till he die."

I quote from my diary of August 18th.

The idiot fell asleep last night. His troubles are over, and we have buried him.

I wonder if Tennyson, who wrote such noble lines, were here, what he would think of our state. A few days ago I was chief of 370 men, rich in goods, munitions of war, medicines, and contented with such poor comforts as we had, and to-day I have actually only eighteen men fit for a day's march, the rest have vanished. I should be glad to know where.

If 389 picked men, such as we were when we left Yambuya, are unable to reach Lake Albert, how can Major Barttelot with 250 men make his way through this endless forest. We have travelled, on an average, eight hours per day for forty-four days since leaving Yambuya. At two miles per hour we ought, by this date, to have arrived on the Lake shore, but, instead of being there, we have accomplished just a third of the distance. The poet says we must not "nurse despair," for to do that is to lie down and die, to make no effort, and abandon hope.

The wounds of our men take considerable time to heal. The swelling around them is increasing, and they have become most painful. Not one has yet proved fatal, but the men are all quite incapacitated from duty.

The fifth rain of this month began at 8 A.M. Had we not enough afflictions without this perpetual rain? One is almost tempted to think that the end is approaching. Such a body of rain is falling that the view of all above is obscured by the amazing fall of rain-drops. Think of the countless numbers of leaves in this forest, and that every leaf drops ten to twenty times per minute, and that from the soaking ground rises a grey cloud of minute rain in vapour, and that the air is full of floating globules of water and flying shreds of leaves! And add to all this the intense fall of rain as the blast comes bearing down from the forest top, and whips drowning showers on us, swaying the countless branches, wailing through the glades, and rushing through with such force, as though it would wrench the groaning trees out of the earth. The moaning and groaning of the forest is far from

comforting, and the crashing and fall of mighty trees is far from assuring, but it is a positive terror when the thunder rumbles above, and the sound reverberates through the aisles and corridors of the forest, and the blazing lightning darts spitefully hither and thither to explode over our heads with deafening shocks. It would be a vast relief for our sick and wounded to be free of such sounds. Throughout the day this has continued unceasingly. It is now about the tenth hour of the day. It is scarcely possible daylight will ever appear again, at least so I judge from the human faces around me. They appear quite stupefied by terror and general wretchedness. The men are crouching under plantain-leaf sheds, native shields, cotton shelters, straw mats, earthen and copper pots above their heads, even saddles, tent canvas covers, blankets, each body wreathed in blue vapour, and self-absorbed from speechless anguish. The poor asses with their ears drawn back, inverted eyes and curving backs, and the captive fowls with drooping crests also represent abject discomfort. Alas! the glory of this earth is quite extinguished. When she finally recovered her beauty, and her children assumed their proud bearing, and the growing lakes and increasing rivers were dried up, and how out of chaos the sun rose to comfort the world again I know not. My own feeling of misery and anxiety about Jephson and his party had so exhausted me that a long sleep wrapped me in merciful oblivion.

*August 19th.*—Still without news of land caravan. The scouts have returned without having seen any traces of the missing. Two of the wounded men are now very bad, and their sufferings appear to be terrible.

*August 20th.*—Still without news of caravan. Young Saadi, wounded by a poisoned arrow on the morning of the 14th, is attacked with tetanus, and is in a very dangerous condition. Khalfan's neck and spine have become rigid. I have given both morphine by injection, but half-grain doses do not appear to ease the sufferers much. Stairs is just the same as yesterday, neither worse nor better. His wound is painful, but he eats and sleeps well. I fear the effect on him of knowing what the other patients are undergoing.

It is strange that out of 300 people and 3 officers, not one had sense enough to know that he had lost the road, and that the best way of recovering it would have been to retrace their steps to Avisibba and try again.

*August 21st.*—Poor Khalfan, wounded in the windpipe on the 10th inst., and the young fellow Saadi, hurt on the morning of the 14th, died last night, after intolerable agonies, the first at 4 A.M., and the other about midnight. Khalfan's wound was caused by a poisoned arrow, but the poison must have been laid on the arrow some days before it was used. He had been daily getting weaker because the pain in the throat compelled him to abstain from food. Outwardly the wound did not seem dangerous; it had closed up, and there were no signs of inflammation; but the poor fellow complained he could not swallow. He subsisted on liquid food made of plantain flour gruel.



On the 8th day his neck became rigid and contracted; he could not articulate, but murmur; the head was inclined forward, the abdomen was shrunk, and on his face lines of pain and anxiety became fixed. Yesterday he had some slight spasms. I gave two injections of half a grain hypodermically, which relieved him for an hour, but not much accustomed to treat patients with morphia, I feared giving larger doses. Saadi was punctured on the right forearm, midway between wrist and elbow—a mere wound, such as a coarse stocking-needle would have made. The wound was sucked by a comrade; it was syringed with warm water and dressed, but on the morning of the fourth day he was attacked with tetanus of so severe a kind that his case was hopeless. Morphia injections rendered him slightly somnolent; but the horrible spasms continued, and Saadi died on the 11th hour after receiving the wound. I am inclined to think that the arrow was smeared for the first of the 14th the night previous.

A third man died of dysentery before noon, making the fourth death in this camp.

At 5 P.M. Jephson and his long absent caravan arrived. Its sufferings have been great from mental distress. Three deaths have taken place in the land column. Maruf, punctured in shoulder, died of tetanus on the night of the 19th, 24 hours earlier than Saadi. This may have been due to travel accelerating the action of the poison. One man named Ali was shot by an iron-barbed arrow, and died of internal hæmorrhage, the arrow having pierced the liver. Another succumbed to dysentery immediately after the heavy rain which had afflicted us on the 18th; thus we have had seven fatal cases since the 14th. We have several sick men in whom life is merely flickering. Two other men of Jephson's column have been wounded by arrows. The wounds are much inflamed, and exude a gangrenous matter.

Lieutenant Stairs continues hearty, and appears as though he was recovering, despite the influence these many deaths might have on his nerves. Surgeon Parke having come, I feel an intense relief. I hate to see pain, and take no delight in sick men's groans. I feel pleasure in ministering to their needs only when conscious I can cure.

We have now about 373 in camp, though 60 of them appear fitter for a hospital than for our wandering life; but in this savage region there is no rest possible for the weary souls.

A few more days of the disheartening work of attending on the sick, looking at the agonies of men dying from lockjaw, listening to muffled screams, in the midst of such general distress and despondency, with the loss of 300 men impending over me, would have quite exhausted me. I am conscious of the insidious advance of despair towards me. Our food has been bananas or plantains, boiled or fried, our other provisions being reserved for perhaps an extreme occasion which may present itself in the near future. The dearest passion of my life has been, I think, to succeed in my under-

takings; but the last few days have begun to fill me with a doubt of success in the present one.

What the feelings of the officers have been I have not heard yet; but the men frankly confess that they have been delivered from a hell.

The following note has just been placed in my hands:—

"August, 1887.

"DEAR SIR,

"Saot Tato (the head scout) reached us at 3 P.M. yesterday with your order to follow him. We at once recrossed the river (the creek which the boat's crew had searched) and hope to reach you to-night. I can understand how great your anxiety must have been, and deeply regret having caused it.

"I have the honour to be,

"&c., &c., &c.

"A. M. JEPHSON."

On the 22nd we moved camp to the foot of the highest Mabengu Rapids and on the following day proceeded above the rapids, and mustered the people.

The following returns tell their own tale:—

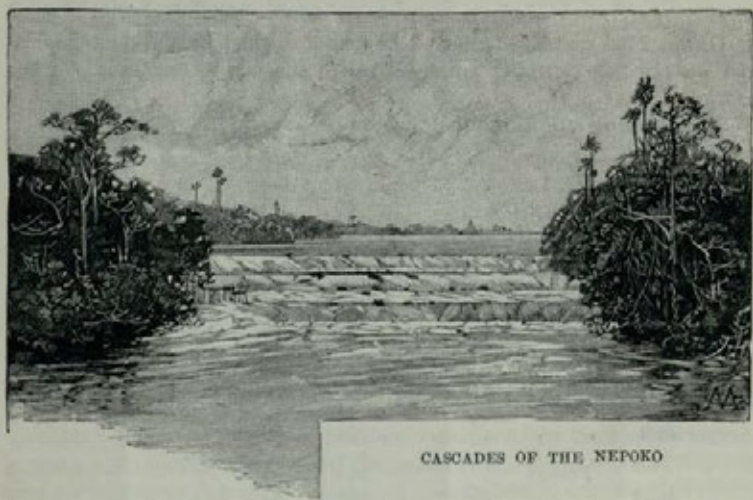
	Healthy.	Sick.	Dead.	Lea's.
Company No. 1 . . . . .	80	6	4	43
Captain Stairs, No. 2 . . . . .	69	14	5	50
Captain Nelson, No. 3 . . . . .	67	16	4	72
Captain Jephson, No. 4 . . . . .	63	21	3	72
Europeans . . . . .	6			
Boys . . . . .	12			
Soudanese . . . . .	10			
Somalis . . . . .	6			
Cooks . . . . .	2			
Donkey boy . . . . .	1			
Sick . . . . .	57			
Present . . . . .	373			
Dead . . . . .	16			
On leaving Yambuya	389			

The experiences of the column during its wanderings confirmed me in my impressions that the Arawimi in this region of rapids was not so much utilised by the natives as it was below. The river banks were not so populous, the settlements were now generally a little way inland, and along the river bank was a perceptible path which materially assisted us. Ever since leaving Utiri we had noted this fact. On the 24th we travelled a few miles, and camped near a rich plantain grove below Avugadu Rapids. The next day we passed the rapids and formed a comfortable camp in a somewhat open portion of forest, which evidently was often visited by fishermen. On

the 26th the land column swung along at a good rate, while we had a long stretch of undisturbed river, and had to pull hard to keep pace with the shore party. The columns met in one of the largest villages of the Avejeli tribe established opposite the Nepoko mouth.

This latter river, about which Dr. Junker was the first to inform us, tumbled into the Aruwimi, now called the Itiri, in a series of cascades, caused by reefs of shaly rock. Its mouth was about 300 yards wide, narrowing to about 250 yards above the cascades. The natives had planted hundreds of tall stakes in the rapids, to which they had attached large funnel-shaped baskets for the reception of such fish as were washed down. The colour of the Nepoko was of chocolate, that of the Itiri was of tea and milk.

Had I known that one week later I should encounter Arabs and



CASCADES OF THE NEPOKO

Manyuema, there is no doubt that I should have endeavoured to put a degree of latitude between the centre of their influence and our route. Even as it was, I mentally debated a change of route, from some remarks made to me by Binza (Dr. Junker's Monbuttu boy), who suggested that it were better to travel through lands inhabited by "decent men," to such a horrid region infested by peoples who did not deserve the name of men applied to them, and that the Momvu tribes were sure of according a welcome to those who could show in return that they appreciated hospitality. Binza was most enticing in his descriptions of the Momvu nation. But food with the Avejeli was abundant and various, and we hoped that a change had come over the land. For ever since we had observed a difference in the architecture of the native dwellings, we had observed a change for the better in the diet of the



people. Below Panga Falls the aborigines subsisted principally on manioc, and on the different breads, puddings, cakes, and porridges to which they converted these tubers. But above Panga Falls plantain groves were more numerous than manioc fields, and the plantain is a much superior edible than manioc for an expedition. The groves had been also clearly growing larger, therefore we hoped that happier days were in store for us. At Avejeli were also fields of Indian corn, manioc, yams, and colocassia, plots of tobacco for the smokers, and to our great joy we came across many fowls. A halt was therefore ordered that the sorely tried people might recuperate.

In their very excusable eagerness for meat the Zanzibaris and Soudanese were very reckless. No sooner was a fowl sighted than there was a general scramble for it; some reckless fellows used their rifles to shoot the chickens, and many a cartridge was expended uselessly for which due punishment was frequently awarded. The orders were most positive that no ammunition was to be wasted, and the efforts made to detect all breaches of these orders were most energetic, but when did a Zanzibari obey orders when away from his employer's eye? The indiscriminate shooting of this day resulted in the shooting of one of the brave band of hard-working pioneers. A bullet from a Winchester struck him in the foot, the bones of which were pulverised, and its amputation became imperative. Surgeon Parke performed the operation in a most skilful and expeditious manner, and as the good surgeon was most resolute when "one of his cases" required his care—this unfortunate\* young man had to be lifted in and out by eight men, must needs have the largest share of a canoe that nothing might offend the tender wound, and of necessity required and received the most bounteous supply of the best food, and had servants to wait upon him—in short, such a share of good things and ready services that I often envied him, and thought that for a sixpence in addition I would not mind exchanging places with him.

Of course another severe lecture followed, and there were loud protestations that they would all pay implicit attention in the future, and of course before the next day every promise was forgotten. There is much to be said for these successive breaches of promise. They relieve the mind from vast care and all sense of responsibility. No restraint burdens it, and an easy gladness brightens the face. Why should a man, being an animal, continually fetter himself with obligations as though he were a moral being to be held accountable for every idle word uttered in a gushing moment?

On the 28th the river column, consisting now of the *Advance* steel boat and sixteen canoes, pushed up river to a camp five miles above Avejeli. The land party was left far behind, for they were struggling through a series of streams and creeks, and depths of suffocatingly close bush, and did not arrive

\* Was he very unfortunate? I paid Ugarrowa for thirteen months' board, sent him to Stanley Falls, thence down the Congo, and by sea to Madeira, *viâ* the Cape to Zanzibar, where he arrived "as fat as butter."

until the next day at noon, when they were urged to proceed about two hours higher, whither we followed them.

We arrived at the foot of a big cataract on the 30th, and by observation ascertained that we had reached half-way to the Albert Lake, Kavalli being in  $30^{\circ} 30'$  and Yambuya in  $25^{\circ} 34'$ . Our camp on this day was in about  $27^{\circ} 47'$ .

We had 163 geographical miles in an air line to make yet, which we could never accomplish within 64 days, as we had performed the western half of the route. The people were in a too impoverished state of body, and ulcers raged among them like an epidemic. They were told the half-way camp was reached, but they replied with murmurs of unbelief. They asked, "How can the master tell? Will that instrument show him the road? Will it tell him which is the path? Why does it not tell us, then, that we may see and believe? Don't the natives know their own country better? Which of them has seen grass? Do they not all say that the whole world is covered with trees and thick bush? Bah—the master talks to us as though we were children and had no proper perception."

The morning of the evil date, August 31st, dawned as on other days. It struggled through dense clouds of mist, and finally about nine o'clock the sun emerged as a mere circle of lustreless light. But in the meantime we were hard at our task of cutting a broad highway through bush and forest, so that the boat could be carried bodily by 60 men past the Falls; the crew of the flotilla were wrestling with the mad waters, and shoving their vessels up the steep slopes of a racing river.

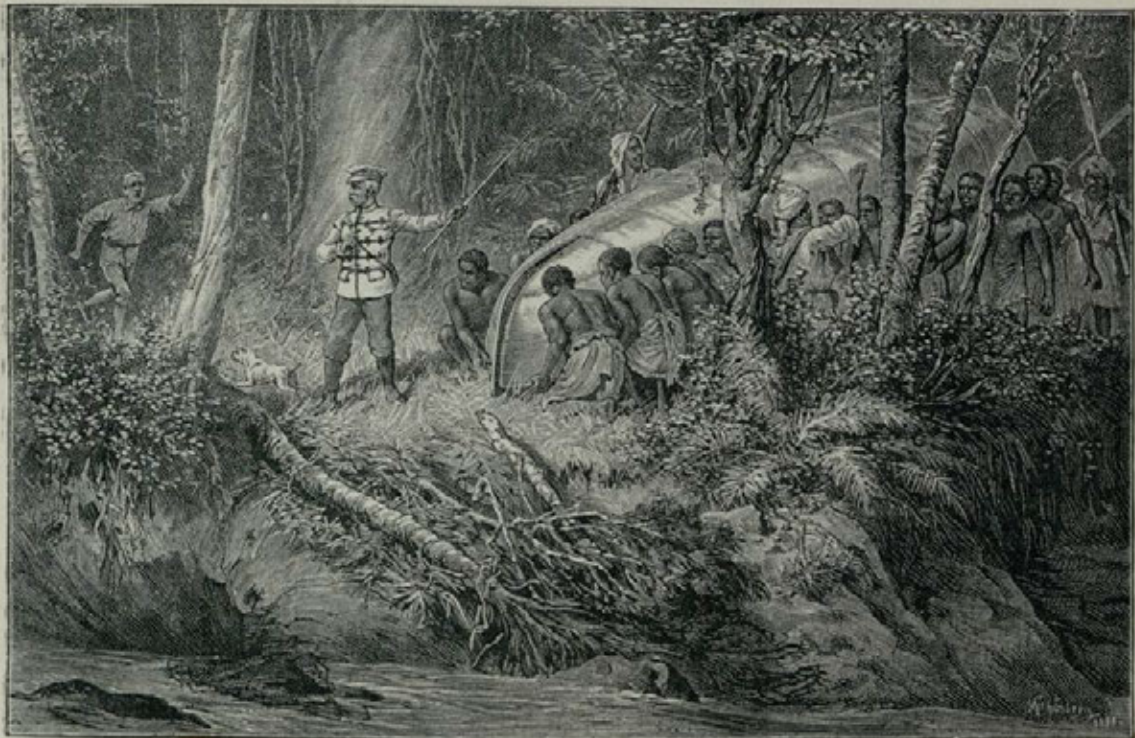
The highway was finished in an hour, and a temporary camp was located above. The canoes began to arrive. I left the Doctor to superintend the pioneers bearing the boat, but he presently returned to report that the boat could not be lifted. I retraced my steps to oversee the operation personally. I had succeeded in conveying it half-way when my European servant came running at a mad pace, crying out as he ran: "Sir, oh, sir, Emin Pasha has arrived!"

"Emin Pasha!"

"Yes, sir. I have seen him in a canoe. His red flag, like ours (the Egyptian), is hoisted up at the stern. It is quite true, sir!"

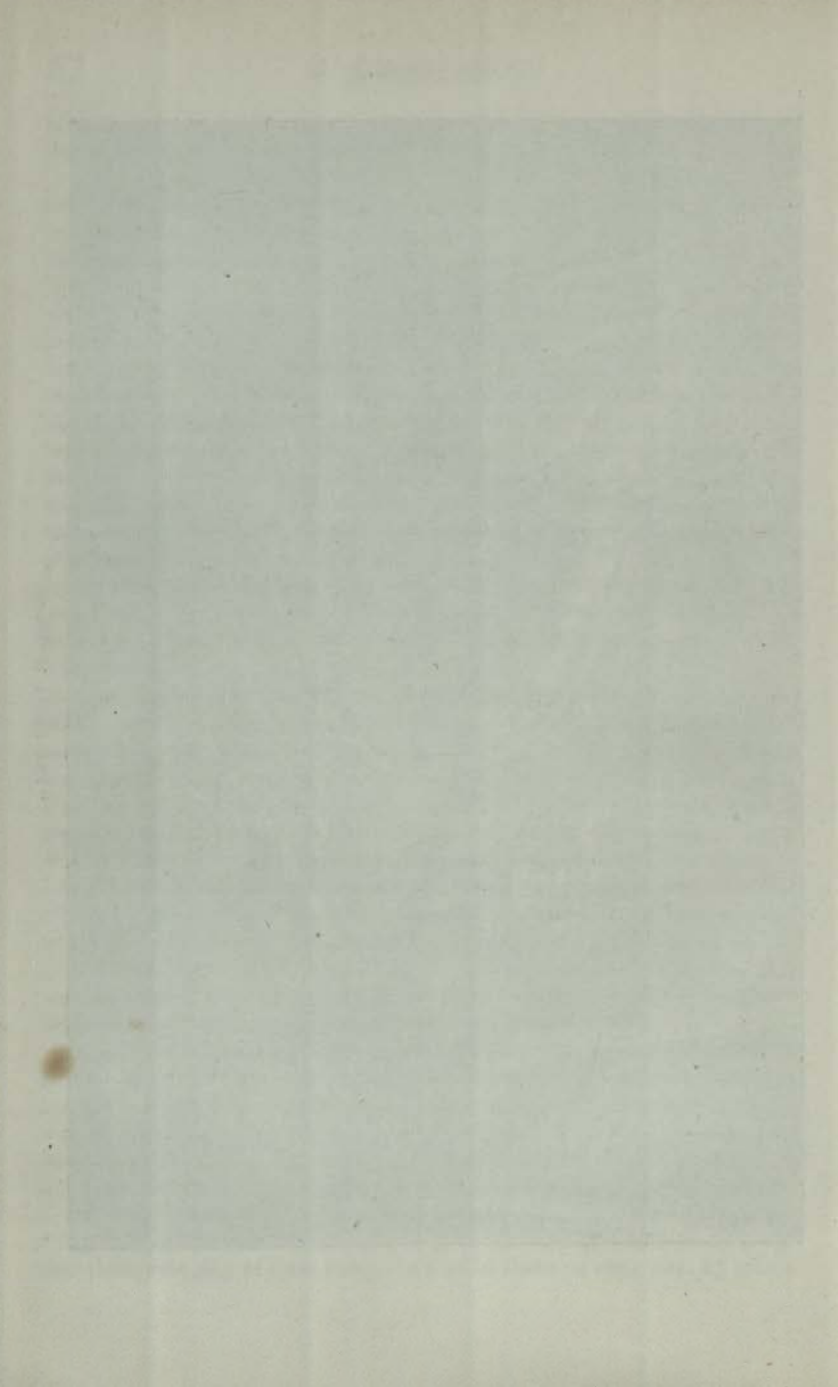
Of course we bounded forward; the boat was dropped as though it was red hot. A race began, master and man striving for the lead. In the camp the excitement was also general. It was owing, we soon heard, to the arrival of nine Manyema, who served one called Uledi Balyuz, known to natives by the name of Ugarrowa, said to be settled about eight marches up river, and commanding several hundred armed men.

The Arabs were, then, so far inland on the Upper Aruwimi, and I had flattered myself that I had heard the last of these rovers! We were also told that there were fifty of them camped six miles above on their way, by orders



"THE PASHA IS COMING"





of Ugarrowa, to explore the course of the river, to ascertain if communication with Stanley Falls could be obtained by the unknown stream on whose banks they had settled.

We imparted the information they desired, whereupon they said they would return to their camp and prepare for a hospitable reception on the morrow. The Zanzibaris were considerably elated at the news, for what reason may shortly be seen. The first absconder was one Juma, who deserted with half a hundredweight of biscuit that night.

On the 1st September, in the early morning, we were clear of the rapids, and, rowing up in company with the caravan, were soon up at the village where the Manyema were said to be camped. At the gate there was a dead male child, literally hacked to pieces; within the palisades was a dead woman, who had been speared. The Manyema had fled. We suspected that some of our men had damped the joy of the Manyema at the encounter with us, by suggesting that the slaves with them might probably cause in us a revulsion of feeling, and that their fears had impelled them to decamp instantly. Their society was so much regretted, however, by our people that five Zanzibaris, taking five loads, four of ammunition and one of salt, disappeared.

We resumed our journey, and halted at the base of another series of rapids.

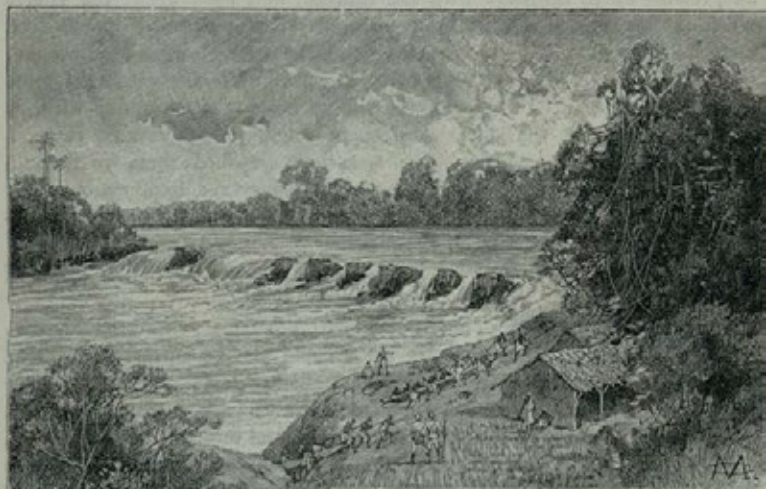
The next day Saat Tato, having explored the rapids, expressed his confidence that without much difficulty these could also be surmounted. This report stimulated the boatmen to make another trial. While the river column was busy in its own peculiar and perilous work, a search party was despatched to hunt news of the missing men, and returned with one man, a box of ammunition, and three rifles. The search party had discovered the deserters in the forest bending over an opened case of ammunition. As they were being surrounded, the deserters became alarmed and scudded away, leaving three of their rifles and a case behind them.

On the 3rd of September five more men deserted, taking with them one case of Remington cartridges, one case of Winchester cartridges, one box of European provisions, and one load of fine Arab clothing, worth £50. Another was detected with a box of provisions open before him, having already abstracted a tin of sago, one tin of Liebig, a tin of butter, and one of milk. Ten men had thus disappeared in a couple of days. At this rate, in sixty days the Expedition would be ended. I consulted the chiefs, but I could gain no encouragement to try what extreme measures would effect. It was patent, however, to the dullest that we should be driven to resort to extremities soon to stop this wholesale desertion and theft. Since leaving Yambuya we had lost forty-eight rifles and fifteen cases of Maxim, Winchester, and Remington ammunition.

The day following four men deserted, and one was caught in the act of

desertion. The people were accordingly mustered, and sixty men, suspected of being capable of desertion, as no head-man would guarantee their fidelity, were rendered helpless by abstracting the mainsprings of the rifles, which we took and locked up. Demoralisation had set in rapidly since we had met the Manyema. Nothing was safe in their hands. Boxes had been opened, cloth had been stolen, beads had been pilfered, much ammunition had been taken out of the cases, and either thrown away or secreted as a reserve, pending their flight.

On September 5th we camped near Hippo Broads, so called because the



VIEW OF BAFALDO CATARACT

river was fine and broad, and a large herd of hippopotami were seen. The site of our resting-place was an abandoned clearing, which had become the haunts of these amphibians, and exquisite bits of greensward caused us to imagine for a moment that possibly the open country was not far. Foragers returned after a visit into the interior, on both banks, with four goats and a few bananas, numbers of roast rats, cooked beetles, and slugs. On the 6th we reached a cataract opposite the Bafaldo settlement, where we obtained a respectable supply of plantains. The day following we dragged our canoes over a platform of rock, over a projecting ledge of which the river tumbled 10 feet.

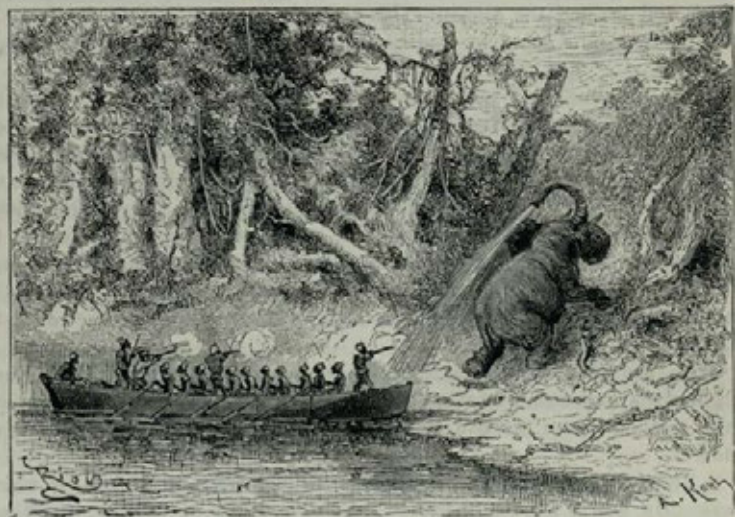
From the Bafaldo cataract we moved up along a curving river to Avakubi



Rapids, and formed a camp at the landing-place. A path led hence into the interior, which the hungry people soon followed. While scouring the country for food, a woman and child were found, who were brought to me to be examined. But the cleverest interpreter was at fault. No one understood a syllable of their meaningless babble.

Some more rapids were reached the next day. We observed that the oil-palm flourished throughout this section.

Palm nuts were seen in heaps near each village. We even discovered some palms lately planted, which showed some regard for posterity. Achmet, the Somali, who had insisted on leaving Yambuya to accompany us, and had



ATTACKING AN ELEPHANT IN THE ITURI RIVER

been a passenger ever since we had struck the river above Yankondé, was reported to be dying. He was said to suffer from melanosis. Whatever the disease might be, he had become singularly emaciated, being a literal skeleton covered lightly with skin.

From this camp we rounded a point, passed over a short winding course of river, and in an hour approached in view of an awful raging stream choked by narrowing banks of shale. The outlook beyond the immediate foreview was first of a series of rolling waves which here and there were tossed into spray, and a great fall of about 30 feet, and above that a steep slope of wild rapids, the whole capped with mist, and tearing down tumultuously towards us. This was an appalling sight to us on account of the weakened state of

the column. For we had now about 120 loads in the canoes, and between fifty and sixty sick and emaciated people. To leave these men in the woods to their fate was impossible, to carry the loads and advance appeared equally so; yet to drag the canoes and bear the boat past such a long stretch of wild water appeared to be a task beyond our utmost powers.

Leaving the vessels below the falls and rapids, I led the Expedition by land to the destroyed settlement of Navabi, situated near a bend of the Itiri (Aruwimi) above the disturbed stream, where we established a camp. The sick dragged themselves after the caravan, those too feeble and helpless to travel the distance were lifted up and borne to the camp. The officers then mustered the companies for the work of cutting a broad highway through the bush and hauling the canoes. This task occupied two whole days, while No. 1 Company foraged far and near to obtain food, but with only partial success.

Navabi must have been a remarkable instance of aboriginal prosperity once. It possessed groves of *elais* palm and plantain, large plots of tobacco and Indian corn; under the palms the village must have looked almost idyllic; at least so we judged from two huts which were left standing, which gave us a bit of an aspect at once tropical, pretty, and apparently happy. Elsewhere the whole was desolate. Some parties, which we conjectured belonged to Ugarrowa, had burnt the settlement, chopped many of the palms down, levelled the banana plantations, and strewed the ground with the bones of the defenders. Five skulls of infants were found within our new camp at Navabi.

On the 12th, as we resumed our journey, we were compelled to leave behind us five men who were in an unconscious state and dying. Achmet, the Somali, whom we had borne all the way from Yambuya, was one of them.

From Navabi we proceeded to the landing-place of Memberri, which evidently was a frequent haunt of elephants. One of these not far off was observed bathing luxuriously in the river near the right bank. Hungry for meat, I was urged to try my chance. On this Expedition I had armed myself with the Express rifles of .577 bore, which Indian sportsmen so much applaud. The heavy .8 bores were with Major Barttelot and Mr. Jameson. I succeeded in planting six shots in the animal at a few yards distance, but to no purpose except to unnecessarily wound him.

At Memberri we made a muster, and according to returns our numbers stood:—

August 23rd	.	.	.	.	.	373 men.
September 12th	.	.	.	.	.	343 men.
14 deserted and 16 deaths; carriers 235; loads 227; sick 58.						

Added to these eloquent records, every member of the Expedition suffered

from hunger, and the higher we ascended, the more the means for satisfying the ever-crying want of food appeared to diminish, for the Bakusu and Basongora slaves, under the Manyuema head-men of Ugarrowa, had destroyed the plantations, and either driven the populations to unknown recesses in the forest or had extirpated them.

On the following day we reached Amiri Falls. The previous day the head-man, Saadi, had been reproached for leaving one named Makupeté to return along the track to search for a box of ammunition that was reported to be missing, whereupon Saadi took the unwise resolution of proceeding to hunt up Makupeté. Then one, Uledi Manga, disgusted with the severe work and melancholy prospect before us, absconded with another box of ammunition.

We had only three Zanzibari donkeys left, out of the six with which we had started from Yambuya. One of the three, probably possessed with a presentiment that the caravan was doomed, took it into his head that it was better to return before it was too late, and deserted also. Whither he went no one knew. It is useless to search in the forest for a lost man, donkey, or article. For as the waves divided by a ship's prow unite at the stern and leave no trace behind, so the trackless forest enfolds past finding within its deep shades whatsoever enters into it, and reveals nothing.

Near a single old fishing hut our camp was pitched on the 15th. The river after its immense curve northward and eastward now trended south-easterly, and we had already reached S. Lat.  $1^{\circ} 24'$  from  $1^{\circ} 58'$ .

Having been in the habit of losing a box of ammunition per diem for the last few days, having tried almost every art of suppressing this robbery, we now had recourse to lashing the boxes in series of eights, and consigning each to the care of a head-man, and holding him responsible for them. This we hoped would check the men disappearing into the forest under all kinds of excuses.

On the 16th of September, while halting for the mid-day rest and lunch, several loud reports of musketry were heard up-river. I sent Saat Tato to explore, and in half-an-hour we heard three rifle-shots announcing success, and shortly after three canoes besides our own appeared loaded with men in white dresses, and gay with crimson flags. These came, so they reported, to welcome us in the name of Ugarrowa, their chief, who would visit my evening camp. After exchanging compliments, they returned up-river, firing their muskets and singing gaily.

At the usual hour we commenced the afternoon march, and at 4 P.M. were in camp just below Ugarrowa's station. At the same time a roll of drums, the booming of many muskets, and a flotilla of canoes, announced the approach of the Arab leader. About 50 strong, robust fellows accompanied him, besides singers and women, every one of whom was in prime condition of body.



The leader gave his name as Ugarrowa. He was known formerly as Uledi Balyuz (or the Consul's Uledi), and had accompanied Captains Speke and Grant, 1860-3, as a tent-boy, and had been left or had deserted in Unyoro. He offered as a gift to us two fat goats and about 40 lbs. of pickled rice, a few ripe plantains, and fowls.

Upon asking him if there was any prospect of food being obtained for the people in the vicinity of his station, he admitted, to our sorrow, that his followers in their heedless way had destroyed everything, that it was impossible to check them because they were furious against the "pagans" for the bloody retaliation and excesses the aborigines had committed against many and many of their countrymen during their search for ivory.

Asked what country we were in, he replied that we were in Bunda, the natives of which were Babunda; that the people on the north bank in the neighbourhood of his station were called Bapai or Bavaiya.

He also said that his raiders had gone eastward a month's journey, and had seen from a high hill (Kassololo?) a grassy country extending to the eastward.

Further information was to the effect that his caravan, 600 strong, had left the Lualaba at Kibongé's (above Leopold R.), and that in nine moons he had travelled the distance of 370 geographical miles, about a N.E. course, throughout continuous forest, without having seen as much grass as would cover the palm of his hand; that he had only crossed one river, the Lindi, before he sighted the Ituri, as the Aruwimi was now called; that he had heard from Arab traders that the Lulu (Lowwa) rose from a small lake called the Ozo, where there was a vast quantity of ivory.

Four days higher up, near the Lenda River, Ugarrowa possessed another station manned with 100 guns. His people had sown rice, of which he had brought us some, and onions; but near each settlement was a waste, as it was not policy to permit such "murderous pagans" to exist near them, otherwise he and his people's lives were not safe. He had lost about 200 men of the Bakusu and Basangora tribes, and many a fine Manyema headman. One time he had lost 40, of whom not one had returned. He had an Arab guest at his station who had lost every soul out of his caravan.

I observed a disposition on his part to send some men with me to the Lake, and there appeared to be no difficulty in housing with him my sick men for a consideration—to be hereafter agreed upon.

On the 17th we proceeded a short distance to encamp opposite Ugarrowa's station.

In the afternoon I was rowed across in my boat to the Arab settlement, and was hospitably received. I found the station to be a large settlement, jealously fenced round with tall palisades and short planks lashed across as screens against chance arrows. In the centre, facing the river, was the

house of the chief, commodious, lofty, and comfortable, the walls of which were pierced for musketry. It resembled a fortlet with its lofty and frowning walls of baked clay. On passing through a passage which separated Ugarrowa's private apartments from the public rooms, I had a view of a great court 60 feet square, surrounded by buildings and filled with servants. It suggested something baronial in its busy aspect, abundant service, multitude of domestics, amplitude of space, and plenty. The place was certainly impregnable against attack, and, if at all spiritedly defended, a full battalion would have been necessary to have captured this outpost of a slave trader.

I was informed that the river for many days' march appeared to flow from the eastward; that the Ihuru, a considerable distance up, flowed from the northward and joined the Ituri, and that, besides the Lenda, which came from the south, there was another affluent called the Ibina, which entered from the south.

Somewhere higher up also, vaguely given as ten days', by others twenty days' march, another Arab was settled who was called Kilonga-Longa, though his real name was also Uledi.

At Ugarrowa's settlement I saw the first specimen of the tribe of dwarfs who were said to be thickly scattered north of the Ituri, from the Ngaiyu eastward. She measured thirty-three inches in height, and was a perfectly formed young woman of about seventeen, of a glistening and smooth sleekness of body. Her figure was that of a miniature coloured lady, not wanting in a certain grace, and her face was very prepossessing. Her complexion was that of a quadroon, or of the colour of yellow ivory. Her eyes were magnificent, but absurdly large for such a small creature—almost as large as those of a young gazelle; full, protruding, and extremely lustrous. Absolutely nude, the little demoiselle was quite possessed, as though she were accustomed to be admired, and really enjoyed inspection. She had been discovered near the sources of the Ngaiyu.

Ugarrowa, having shown me all his treasures, including the splendid store of ivory he had succeeded in collecting, accompanied me to the boat, and sent away with me large trays of exquisitely cooked rice, and an immense bowl full of curried fowl, a dish that I am not fond of, but which inspired gratitude in my camp.

Our landing-place presented a lively scene. The sellers of bananas, potatoes, sugar-cane, rice, flour of manioc, and fowls clamoured for customers, and cloths and beads exchanged hands rapidly. This is the kind of life which the Zanzibaris delight in, like almost all other natives, and their happy spirits were expressed in sounds to which we had long been strangers.

Early this morning I had sent a canoe to pick up any stragglers that might have been unable to reach camp, and before 3 P.M. five sick men, who had surrendered themselves to their fate, were brought in, and shortly

after a muster was held. The following were the returns of men able to march:—

	Men.	Chiefs.
No. 1 Company . . . . .	69	4
No. 2 „ . . . . .	57	4
No. 3 „ . . . . .	60	4
No. 4 „ . . . . .	61	4
Cooks . . . . .	3	..
Boys . . . . .	9	..
Europeans . . . . .	6	..
Soudanese . . . . .	6	..
	—	—
	271	16
Sick . . . . .	56	
	—	
	327	
Departed from Yambuya . . . . .	389	
	—	
Loss by desertion and death . . . . .	62	
	—	

The boat and canoes were manned, and the sick transported to the Arab settlement, arrangements having been made for boarding them at the rate of five dollars each per month until Major Barttelot should appear, or some person bearing an order from me.

It will be remembered that we met Ugarrowa's men on the 31st of August, one day's march from Avejeli, opposite the Nepoko mouth. These men, instead of pursuing their way down river, had returned to Ugarrowa to inform him of the news they had received from us, believing that their mission was accomplished. It was Ugarrowa's wish to obtain gunpowder, as his supply was nearly exhausted. Major Barttelot possessed two and a quarter tons of this explosive, and, as reported by us, was advancing up river, but as he had so much baggage, it would take several months before he could arrive so far. I wished to communicate with Major Barttelot, and accordingly I stipulated with Ugarrowa that if his men continued their way down river along the south or left bank until they delivered a letter into his hands, I would give him an order for three hundredweight of powder. He promised to send forty scouts within a month, and expressed great gratitude. (He actually did send them, as he promised, between the 20th and 25th of October. They succeeded in reaching Wasp Rapids, 165 miles from Yambuya, whence they were obliged to return, owing to losses and the determined hostility of the natives.)

Our Zanzibari deserters had been deluded like ourselves. Imagining that Ugarrowa's people had continued their journey along some inland route westward, they had hastened westward in pursuit to join them, whereas we



discovered they had returned eastward to their master. The arrangements made with Ugarrowa respecting deserters, and the public proclamation of the man himself before all, would, I was assured, suffice to prevent further desertion.

We were pretty tired of the river work with its numerous rapids, and I suggested to Ugarrowa that I should proceed by land; the Arab, however, was earnest in dissuading me from that course, as by river the people would be spared the necessity of carrying many loads, the sick having been left behind, and informed me that his information led him to believe that the river was much more navigable above for many days than below.

## CHAPTER IX

## UGARROWA'S TO KILONGA-LONGA'S

Ugarrowa sends us three Zanzibari deserters—An execution—The "Express" rifles—The Lenda River—Troublesome rapids—Scarcity of food—Some of Kilonga-Longa's followers—Meeting of the rivers Ihuru and Ituri—State and numbers of the Expedition—Illness of Captain Nelson—We send couriers ahead to Kilonga-Longa's—The sick encampment—Randy and the guinea fowl—Illness caused by the forest pears—Fanciful menus—More desertions—Asmani drowned—My donkey is shot for food—We strike the track of the Manyema and arrive at their village.

ONCE more the Expedition consisted of picked men. My mind was relieved of anxiety respecting the rear column, and our sick men were in comfortable quarters. We set out from Ugarrowa's station with 180 loads in the canoes and boat, and only forty-seven loads to be carried by land once in four days by alternate companies. The Arabs accompanied us for a few hours on the 19th to start us on our road and to wish us success in our venture.

We had scarcely reached camp, and the evening was rapidly becoming dusky, when a canoe from Ugarrowa appeared with three Zanzibari prisoners. Inquiring the cause of this, I was astonished to find that they were deserters whom Ugarrowa had picked up soon after reaching his station. They had absconded with rifles, and their pouches showed that they had contrived to filch cartridges on the road. I rewarded Ugarrowa with a revolver and 200 cartridges. The prisoners were secured for the night, but before retiring I debated carefully as to what method was best to deal with these people. If this continued desertion was permitted to proceed, we should in a short time be compelled to retrace our steps, and all the lives and bitter agonies of the march would have been expended in vain.

In the morning "all hands" were mustered, and I solemnly addressed the men. All agreed that we had endeavoured to the utmost to do our duty, that we had all borne much, but that some of our people possessed no moral sense whatever. They readily conceded also to questions given to them that if natives attempted to steal our rifles we should be justified in shooting them dead, and that if any men who were paid for their labour and kindly treated, attempted to cut our throats in the night, they equally deserved to be shot.

"Well then," said I, "what are these deserters doing, but taking our arms and running away with our means of defence. You say that you would shoot natives, if they stood in your way preventing your progress onward or retreat backward. What are these doing? For if you have no rifles left, or ammunition, can you march either forward or backward?"

"No," they admitted.

"Very well, then, you have condemned them to death. One shall die to-day, another to-morrow, and another the next day, and from this day forward, every thief and deserter who leaves his duty and imperils his comrades' lives shall die."

The culprits were then questioned as to who they were. One replied that he was the slave of Farjalla-bill Ali—a head-man in No. 1 company; another that he was the slave of a Banyan in Zanzibar, and the third that he was the slave of an artizan at work in Unyanyembé.

Lots were cast, and he who chose the shortest paper of three slips was the one to die first. The lot fell upon the slave of Farjalla, who was then present. The rope was heaved over a stout branch. Forty men at the word of command lay hold of the rope, and a noose was cast round the prisoner's neck.

"Have you anything to say before the word is given?"

He replied with a shake of the head. The signal was given, and the man was hoisted up. Before the last struggles were over the Expedition had filed out of the camp, leaving the rear guard and river column behind.

We made good progress on this day. A track ran along the river which greatly assisted the caravan. In passing through we searched but found only ten bunches of miniature plantains. We formed camp an hour's distance from the confluence of the Lenda and Ituri.

Another noble tusker was bathing opposite the river, and Captain Nelson, with a double-barrelled rifle similar to my own, myself, and Saat Tato the hunter, crossed over and floated down within fifteen yards of the elephant. We fired three bullets simultaneously into him, and in a second had planted two more, and yet with all this lead fired at vital parts the animal contrived to escape. From this time we lost all confidence in these rifles. We never bagged one head of game with the Expresses during the entire Expedition. Captain Nelson sold his rifle for a small supply of food to Kilonga-Longa some time afterwards, and I parted with mine as a gift to Antari, King of Ankori, nearly two years later. With the No. 8 or No. 10 Reilly rifle I was always successful, therefore those interested in such things may avail themselves of our experience.

As the next day dawned and a grey light broke through the umbrageous coping of the camp, I despatched a boy to call the head chief Rashid.

"Well, Rashid, old man, we shall have to execute the other man presently. It will soon be time to prepare for it. What do you say?"

"Well, what can we do else than kill those who are trying to kill us? If



we point to a pit filled at the bottom with pointed pales and poisoned skewers, and tell men to beware of it, surely we are not to blame if men shut their ears to words of warning and spring in. On their own heads let the guilt lie."

"But it is very hard after all. Rashid bin Omar, this forest makes our men's hearts like lead, and hunger has driven their wits out of their heads; nothing is thought of but the empty belly and crying stomach. I have heard that when mothers are driven by famine they will sometimes eat their children. Why should we wonder that the servant runs away from his master when he cannot feed him?"

"That is the truth as plain as sunshine," said he. "But if we have to die, let us all die together. There are plenty of good men here who will give you their hearts whenever you bid them do it. There are others—slaves of slaves—who know nothing and care for nothing, and as they would fly with what we need to make our own lives sure, let them perish and rot. They all know that you, a Christian, are undergoing all this to save the sons of Islam who are in trouble near some great sea, beyond here; they profess Islam, and yet would leave the Christian in the bush. Let them die."

"But supposing, Rashid, we could prevent this break-up and near ruin by some other way not quite so severe as to hang them up until they are dead, what would you say?"

"I would say, sir, that all ways are good, but, without doubt, the best is that which will leave them living to repent."

"Good, then, after my coffee the muster will be sounded. Meanwhile, prepare a long rattan cable; double it over that stout branch yonder. Make a good noose of a piece of that new sounding line. Get the prisoner ready, put guards over him, then when you hear the trumpet tell these words in the ears of the other chiefs, 'Come to me, and ask his pardon, and I will give it you.' I shall look to you, and ask if you have anything to say; that will be your signal. How do you like it?"

"Let it be as you say. The men will answer you."

In half-an-hour the muster signal sounded; the companies formed a square enclosing the prisoner. A long rattan cable hung suspended with the noose attached to a loop; it trailed along the ground like an immense serpent. After a short address, a man advanced and placed the noose around the neck; a company was told off to hoist the man upward.

"Now, my man, have you anything to say to us before you join your brother who died yesterday?"

The man remained silent, and scarcely seemed conscious that I spoke. I turned round to the head-man. "Have you anything to say before I pass the word?"

Then Rashid nudged his brother chiefs, at which they all rushed up, and threw themselves at my feet, pleading forgiveness, blaming in harsh terms

the thieves and murderers, but vowing that their behaviour in future would be better if mercy was extended for this one time.

During this scene the Zanzibaris' faces were worth observing. Their eyes dilated, their lips closed, and their cheeks became pallid, as with the speed of an electric flash the same emotion moved them!

"Enough, children! take your man, his life is yours. But see to it. There is only one law in future for him who robs us of a rifle, and that is death by the cord."

Then such a manifestation of feeling occurred that I was amazed—real big tears rolled down many a face, while every eye was suffused with emotions. Caps and turbans were tossed into the air. Rifles were lifted, and every right arm was up as they exclaimed, "Until the white cap is buried none shall leave him! Death to him who leaves Bula Matari! Show the way to the Nyanza! Lead on now—now we will follow!"

The prisoner wept, and after the noose was flung aside, knelt down and vowed to die at my feet. We shook hands, and I said, "It is God's work, thank Him."

Merrily the trumpet blared once more, and at once every voice cried, "By the help of God! By the help of God!" The detail for the day sprang to their posts, received their heavy loads for the day, and marched away rejoicing as to a feast. Even the officers smiled their approval. Never was there such a number of warmed hearts in the forest of the Congo as on that day.

The land and river columns reached the Lenda within an hour, and about the same time. This river was apparently deep and about a hundred yards in width. On the west side of the confluence were the relics of a small village, but its former plantain groves had been long ago despoiled of fruit. Soon after the ferriage was completed the men were permitted to scour the country in search of food; some on the north bank, and others on the south bank, but long before night they all returned, having been unable to find a morsel of any kind of edible.

On the 22nd, while pursuing our way by river and by land as usual, I reflected that only on the 18th I had left fifty-six invalids under the care of an Arab; yet on observing the people at the muster, I noticed that there were about fifty already incapacitated by debility. The very stoutest and most prudent were pining under such protracted and mean diet. To press on through such wastes dispeopled by the ivory raiders appeared simply impossible, but on arriving at Umeni we had the good fortune to find sufficient for a full day's rations, and hope again filled us.

The following day, one man, called "Abdallah the humped," deserted. We, on the river, were troubled with several rapids and patches of broken water, and in discharging cargo, and hauling canoes, and finally we came in view of a fall of forty feet with lengths of rapids above and below.

One would have thought by this time the Ituri would have become an insignificant stream, but when we saw the volume of water precipitated over the third large cataract, we had to acknowledge that it was still a powerful river.

The 24th was passed by us in foraging, and cutting a highway to above the rapids and disconnecting boat sections for transport. The pioneers secured a fair quantity of plantains, the three other companies nothing. The obstructions to this cataract consisted of reddish schistose rock.

On the next day we were clear of the third cataract and halted at an old Arab encampment. During this day no new supply of food was obtained.

The day following we reached another series of rapids, and after a terrible day's work unloading and reshipping several times, with the fatigues and anxiety incurred during the mounting of the dangerous rapids, we reached camp opposite Avatiko.

How useful the boat and canoes were to us may be imagined from the fact that it required us to make three round trips to carry 227 loads. Even then the work occupied all the healthy men until night. The people were so reduced by hunger, that over a third could do no more than crawl. I was personally reduced to two bananas on this day from morning to night. But some of our Zanzibaris had found nothing to subsist on for two entire days, which was enough to sap the strength of the best. A foraging party of No. 1 Company crossed the river to Avatiko settlement, and found a small supply of young fruit, but a woman who was captured stated that she knew and could guide us to plantains as large as her arms.

The 27th of September was a halt. I despatched Lieutenant Stairs to explore ahead along the river, and 180 men across river to forage for food, with our female captive as guide. The former returned to report that no village had been seen, and to detail an exciting encounter he had had with elephants, from which it appeared he had a narrow escape. The foragers came back with sufficient plantains to distribute from sixty to eighty per man. If the people had but followed our plan of economising their food, we should have had less suffering to record, but their appetites were usually ungovernable. The quantity now distributed impartially ought to have served them for six or eight days, but several sat up all night to eat, trusting in God to supply them with more on peremptory demand.

On the 30th the river and land parties met at lunch time. This day the officers and myself enjoyed a feast. Stairs had discovered a live antelope in a pit, and I had discovered a mess of fresh fish in a native basket-net at the mouth of a small creek. In the afternoon we camped at a portion of the river bank which showed signs of its having been used as a landing near a ferry. Soon after camping we were startled by three shots. These indicated the presence of Manyema, and presently about a dozen fine-looking men stalked into the camp. They were the followers of Kilonga-Longa, the rival



of Ugarrowa in the career of devastation to which these two leaders had committed themselves in this region.

The Manyema informed us that Kilonga-Longa's settlement was but five days' journey, and that as the country was uninhabited, it would be necessary to provide rations of plantains which could be procured across river, and that still a month's journey lay between us and the grass land. They advised us to stay at the place two days to prepare the food, to which we were very willing to agree, the discovery of some kind of provisions being imperative.

During the first day's halt, the search for food was unsuccessful, but on the second day at early dawn a strong detachment left for the north bank, under Lieutenant Stairs and Surgeon Parke. In the afternoon the foragers returned with sufficient plantains to enable us to serve out forty to each man. Some of the most enterprising men had secured more, but extreme want had rendered them somewhat unscrupulous, and they had contrived to secrete a small reserve.

On the 3rd of October, soon after leaving our camp in the morning, we entered into a pool-like expansion, surrounded by hills rising from 250 to 600 feet above the river, and arriving at the upper end saw a crooked, ditch-like, and very turbulent stream. The scenery reminded us of a miniature Congo can<sup>o</sup>n, banked as it was with lines of lofty hills. A presentiment warned us that we were about to meet more serious obstacles than any we had yet met. We progressed, however, upward about three miles, but the difficulties of advance were so numerous that we were unable to reach the caravan camp.

On the 4th we proceeded about a mile and a half, and crossed the Expedition to the north bank, as we had been told that the Manyema settlement of Ipoto was situated on that side. The Manyema had disappeared, and three of our deserters had accompanied them. Two men had also died of dysentery. We experienced several narrow escapes; a canoe was twice submerged, the steel boat was nearly lost, and the severe bumping she received destroyed the rate of our chronometers, which hitherto had been regular. I should have abandoned the river on this day, but the wilderness, the horrible, lonely, uninhabited wilderness, and the excessive physical prostration and weakness of the people, forbade it. We hoped and hoped that we should be able to arrive at some place where food and rest could be obtained, which appeared improbable, except at Kilonga-Longa's settlement.

The next day we arrived, at 10 A.M., after a push through terribly wild water, at a sharp bend curving eastward from N.E., distinguished by its similarity of outline on a small scale to Nsona Mamba, of the Lower Congo. Stepping on shore before we had gone far within the bend, and standing on some lava-like rock, I saw at a glance that this was the end of river navigation by canoes. The hills rose up to a bolder height, quite 600 feet, the stream was contracted to a width of twenty-five yards, and about a hundred

yards above the point on which I stood, the Ihuru escaped, wild and furious, from a gorge; while the Ituri was seen descending from a height in a series of cataracts, and, both uniting at this point, and racing madly at the highest pitch and velocity, bellowed their uproar loudly amongst the sombre forest heights.

I sent messengers across the river to recall the caravan which was under the leadership of Stairs, and on their return recrossed the people to the south bank.

On the morning of the 6th of October we were 271 in number, including white and black. Since then two men had died of dysentery, one from debility, four had deserted, and one man was hanged. We had therefore 263 men left. Out of this number fifty-two were reduced to skeletons, because, attacked by ulcers, they had been unable to forage. There were, therefore, only 211 men able to march, and as among these there were forty who were non-carriers, and I had 227 loads, it followed that when I needed carriage, I had about eighty loads more than could be carried. Captain Nelson for the last two weeks had also suffered from a dozen small ulcers, which had gradually increased in virulence. Thus, when the wild state of the river quite prohibited further progress by it, he and fifty-two men were utterly incapable of travelling.

It was a difficult problem that now faced us. Captain Nelson was our comrade, whom to save we were bound to exert our best force. To the fifty-two black men we were equally bound by the most solemn obligations; and dark as was the prospect around us, we were not so far reduced but that we entertained a lively hope that we could save them. As the Manyema had reported that their settlement was only five days' journey, and we had already travelled two days' march, then probably the village or station was still three days ahead of us. It was suggested by Captain Nelson that if we despatched intelligent couriers ahead, they would be enabled to reach Kilonga-Longa's settlement long before the column. As this suggestion admitted of no contradiction, and as the head-men were naturally the most capable and intelligent, the chief of the head-men and five others were hastened off, and instructed to proceed along the south bank of the river until they discovered some landing-place, whence they would have to cross the Ituri and find the settlement, and obtain an immediate store of food.

Before starting officers and men demanded to know from me whether I believed the story of Arabs being ahead. I replied that I believed it most thoroughly, but that it was possible that the Manyema had underestimated the distance to gratify or encourage us.

After informing the unfortunate cripples of our intention to proceed forward until we could find food, and promising them that relief would be sent as quickly as it could be obtained, I consigned the fifty-two men, with eighty-one loads, and ten canoes, to the charge of Captain Nelson—bade

him be of good cheer, and hoisting our loads and boat on our shoulders, we marched away.

No more gloomy spot could have been selected for a camp than that sandy terrace, encompassed as it was by rocks and by those dark woods, which rose in tier above tier from the river's edge to the height of 600 feet, and the never-ceasing uproar of the writhing and tortured stream and the twin cataracts eternally thundering in the ear. The imagination shudders at the hapless position of those crippled men, doomed to remain inactive, listening every moment to the monotonous roar of plunging rivers, with eyes fixed on leaping waves, coiling and twisting waters, or dark, relentless woods spread upward and around them. The night, with its palpable blackness, dead black shadows of wooded hills, ceaseless boom of cataracts, indefinite forms born of fearfulness, misery engendered by loneliness and the creeping sense of abandonment, would be still worse. If we can realise this, then something will be understood of the true position of these poor men.

Our condition also as we trudged up these wooded slopes to gain the crest of the forest uplands, to tramp on and on, whither we knew not, for how long a time we dared not think, seeking for food with the double responsibility weighing us down for these trustful, brave fellows with us, and for those, no less brave and trustful, whom we had left behind at the bottom of the horrible cañon, was not much better.

As I looked at our poor men struggling wearily onward, it appeared to me as though a few hours only were needed to ensure our fate. One day, perhaps two days, and then life would ebb away. How their eyes searched the wild woods for the red berries of the phrynica, and the tartish, crimson, and oblong fruit of the amoma! How they rushed for the flat beans of the forest, and gloated over their treasures of fungi! In short, nothing was rejected in this severe distress to which we were reduced except leaves and wood. We passed several abandoned clearings; and some men chopped down pieces of banana stalk to satisfy their hunger, then searched for wild herbs to make potage, and the bastard jack fruit, or the *fenessi*, and other huge fruit became dear objects of interest as we straggled on.

"Return we could not, nor  
Continue where we were; to shift our place  
Was to exchange one misery with another.                     { :  
And every day that came, came to decay  
A day's work in us."

On the 7th of October at 6.30 A.M. we resumed our funereal pace through the trackless forest uplands. We picked up fungi, and the *matonga* wild fruit, as we travelled, and after seven hours' slow march we rested for the day. At 11 A.M. we had halted for lunch at the usual hour. Each officer had economised his rations of bananas. Two were the utmost that I could



spare for myself. My comrades were also as parsimonious in their diet, and a cup of sugarless tea closed our repast. We were sitting conversing about our prospects, discussing the probabilities of our couriers reaching some settlement on this day or the next, and the time that it would take them to return, and the officers desired to know whether in my previous African experiences I had encountered anything so grievous as this.

"No; not quite so bad as this," I replied. "We have suffered; but not to such an extremity. Those nine days on the way into Ituru were wretched. On our flight from Bumbiré we certainly suffered much hunger, and also while floating down the Congo our condition at times was much to be pitied; but we had a little of something, and at least large hope. The age of miracles is past, it is said, but why should it be? Moses drew water from the rock at Horeb for the thirsty Israelites. Of water we have enough and to spare. Elijah was fed by ravens at the brook Cherith, but there is not a raven in all this forest. Christ was ministered unto by angels. I wonder if any one will minister unto us?"

Just then there was a sound as of a large bird whirring through the air. Little Randy, my fox-terrier, lifted up a foot and gazed inquiringly; we turned our heads to see, and that second the bird dropped beneath the jaws of Randy, who snapped at the prize and held it fast, in a vice as of iron.

"There, boys," I said, "truly the gods are gracious. The age of miracles is not past," and my comrades were seen gazing in delighted surprise at the bird, which was a fine fat guinea-fowl. It was not long before the guinea-fowl was divided, and Randy, its captor, had his lawful share, and the little doggie seemed to know that he had grown in esteem with all men, and we enjoyed our prize each with his own feelings.

On the next day, in order to relieve the boat-bearers of their hard work, Mr. Jephson was requested to connect the sections together, and two hours after starting on the march came opposite an inhabited island. The advance scouts seized a canoe and bore straight on to the island, to snatch, in the same unruly manner as Orlando, meat for the hungry.

"What would you, unruly men?"

"We would have meat! Two hundred stagger in these woods and reel with faintness."

The natives did not stand for further question, but vanished kindly, and left their treasures of food. We received as our share two pounds of Indian corn and half-a-pound of beans. Altogether about twenty-five pounds of corn were discovered, and distributed among the people.

In the afternoon I received a note from Mr. Jephson, who was behind with the boat: "For God's sake, if you can get any food at the village, send us some."

We despatched answer to Jephson to hunt up the wounded elephant that I had shot, and which had taken refuge on an island near him, and in reply to his anxious letter, a small handful of corn.

On the 9th of October 100 men volunteered to go across river and explore inland from the north bank with a resolute intention not to return without food of some kind. I went up river with the boat's crew, and Stairs down river to strike inland by a little track in the hope that it might lead to some village; those who were too dispirited to go far wandered southward through the woods to search for wild fruit and forest beans. This last article



RANDY SEIZES THE GUINEA-FOWL

was about four times the size of a large garden bean, encased in a brown leathery rind. At first we had contented ourselves with merely skinning it and boiling it, but this produced sickness of the stomach. An old woman captured on the island was seen to prepare a dish of these beans by skinning them and afterwards cleaning the inner covering, and finally scraping them as we would nutmegs. Out of this floury substance she made some patties for her captor, who shouted in ecstasies that they were good. Whereupon everybody bestirred themselves to collect the beans, which were fairly plentiful. Tempted by a "lady finger" cake of this article that was brought to me, I

ventured to try it, and found it sufficiently filling, and about as palatable as a mess of acorns. Indeed, the flavour strongly reminded me of the acorn. The fungi were of several varieties, some pure and perfect mushrooms, others were of a less harmless kind; but surely the gods protected the miserable human beings condemned to live on such things. Grubs were collected, also slugs from the trees, caterpillars, and white ants—these served for meat. The *mabengu* (*nux vomica*) with *fenessi* or a species of bastard jack fruit furnished the dessert.

The following day some of the foragers from across the river returned empty-handed. They had discovered such emptiness on the north bank as we had found on the south bank; but "Inshallah!" they said, "we shall find food either to-morrow or the next day."

In the morning I had eaten my last grain of Indian corn, and my last portion of everything solid that was obtainable, and at noon the horrid pains of the stomach had to be satisfied with something. Some potato leaves brought me by Wadi Khamis, a head-man, were bruised fine and cooked. They were not bad, still the stomach ached from utter depletion. Then a Zanzibari, with his face aglow with honest pride, brought me a dozen fruit of the size and colour of prize pear, which emitted a most pleasant fruity odour. He warranted them to be lovely, and declared that the men enjoyed them, but the finest had been picked out for myself and officers. He had also brought a pattie made out of the wood-bean flour which had a rich custardy look about it. With many thanks I accepted this novel repast, and I felt a grateful sense of fulness. In an hour, however, nausea attacked me, and I was forced to seek my bed. The temples presently felt as if constricted by an iron band, the eyes blinked strangely, and a magnifying glass did not enable me to read the figures of Norie's Epitome. My servant, with the rashness of youth, had lunched bravely on what I had shared with him of the sweetly smelling pear-like fruit, and consequently suffered more severely. Had he been in a little cockle boat on a mad channel sea, he could scarcely have presented a more flabby and disordered aspect than he now did from the effect of the forest pears.

Just at sunset the foragers of No. 1 Company, after an absence of thirty-six hours, appeared from the N. bank, bringing sufficient plantains to save the Europeans from despair and starvation; but our men received only two plantains each, equal to four ounces of solid stuff, to put into stomachs that would have required eight pounds to satisfy.

The officers Stairs, Jephson, and Parke had been amusing themselves the entire afternoon in drawing fanciful *menus*, where such things figured as—

Filet de bœuf en Chartreuse.

Petites bouchées aux huîtres de Ostende.

Bécassines rôties à la Londres.



Another had shown his Anglo-Saxon proclivities for solids such as—

Ham and eggs and plenty of them.  
Roast beef and potatoes unlimited.  
A weighty plum pudding.

There were two of the foragers missing, but we could not wait for them. We moved from this starvation camp to one higher up, a distance of eleven miles.

A man of No. 3 Company dropped his box of ammunition into a deep affluent and lost it. Kajeli stole a box of Winchester ammunition and absconded. Salim stole a case containing Emin Pasha's new boots and two pairs of mine and deserted. Wadi Adam vanished with Surgeon Parke's entire kit. Swadi, of No. 1 Company, left his box on the road and departed to parts unknown. Bull-necked Uchungu followed suit with a box of Remington cartridges.

On the 12th of October we marched four-and-a-half miles E. by S. The boat and crew were far below, struggling in rapids. We wished now to cross the river to try our fortune on the N. bank. We searched for a canoe, and saw one on the opposite side, but the river was 400 yards wide, and the current was too strong against the best swimmers in their present state of debility.

Some scouts presently discovered a canoe fastened to an island only forty yards from the south bank, which was situate a little above our halting place. Three men volunteered, among whom was Wadi Asman, of the Pioneers, a grave man, faithful, and of much experience in many African lands. Twenty dollars reward was to be the prize of success. Asman lacked the audacity of Uledi, the coxswain of the *Advance*, as well as his bold, high spirit, but was a most prudent and valuable man.

These three men chose a small rapid for their venture, that they might obtain a footing now and then on the rocks. At dusk two of them returned to grieve us with the news that Asman had tried to swim with his Winchester on his back, and had been swept by the strong current into a whirlpool and drowned.

We were unfortunate in every respect; our chiefs had not yet returned, we were fearing for their fate, strong men deserted. Our rifles were rapidly decreasing in number. Our ammunition was being stolen. Feruzi, the next best man to Uledi as a sailor, soldier, carrier, good man and true, was dying from a wound inflicted on the head by a savage's knife.

The following day was also a halt. We were about to cross the river, and we were anxious for our six chiefs, one of whom was Rashid bin Omar, the "father of the people," as he was called. Equipped with only their rifles, accoutrements, and sufficient ammunition, such men ought to have travelled in the week that had elapsed since our departure from Nelson's camp over a hundred miles. If they, during that distance, could not discover the Manyema settlement, what chance had we, burdened with loads, with a

caravan of hungry and despairing men, who for a week had fed on nothing but two plantains, berries, wild fruit, and fungi? Our men had suffered severely during this protracted starvation. Three of them had succumbed the day before.

Towards evening Jephson appeared with the boat and a small supply of Indian corn, which sufficed to give twelve cupfuls to each officer. It was a reprieve from death for the Europeans.

The next day, the 15th, having blazed the trees around the camp, and drawn broad-arrow marks with charcoal for the guidance of Rashid's party when they should return, the Expedition was crossed over to a landing-place on the north bank, on the upper side of a range of hills. Here Feruzi Ali died of his wound soon after.

Our men were in such a desperately weak state that I had not the heart to command the boat to be disconnected for transport, for had a world's treasure been spread out before them, they could not have exhibited a better disposition to work than they were willing to show at a word from me. I stated the case fairly to them thus:—

“You see, my men, our condition is this. We started from Yambuya 389 in number and took 237 loads with us. We had 80 extra carriers to provide for those who by the way might become weak and ailing. We left 56 men at Ugarrowa's Settlement, and 52 with Captain Nelson. We should have 271 left, but instead of that number we have only 200 to-day, including the chiefs who are absent. Seventy-one have either died, been killed, or have deserted. Now we have only 150 of you fit to carry anything, and therefore we cannot carry this boat any further. I say, let us sink her here by the riverside, and let us press on to get food for ourselves and those with Captain Nelson, who are wondering what has become of us, before we all die in these woods. You are the carriers of the boat—not we white men. Do you speak, what shall be done unto her?”

Many suggestions were made by the officers and men, but Uledi of ‘Through the Dark Continent,’ always Uledi—the ever faithful Uledi, spoke straight to the purpose. “Sir, my advice is this. You go on with the caravan and search for the Manyema, and I and my crew will work at these rapids, and pole, row, or drag her on as we can. After I have gone two days up, if I do not see signs of the Manyema, I will send men after you to keep touch with you. We cannot lose you, for a blind man could follow such a track as the caravan makes.”

This suggestion was accepted by all as the best, and it was arranged that our rule of conduct should be as Uledi sketched out.

We separated at 10 A.M., and in a short time I had my first experience among the loftier hills of the Aruwimi valley. I led the caravan northward by compass through the trackless forest, sheering a little to the north-east to gain a spur, and using animal tracks when they served us. Progress was

very slow, the undergrowth was dense; berries of the phrynium and fruit of the *Amomum fenessi* and nux vomica, besides the large wood beans and fungi of all sorts, were numerous, and each man gathered a plentiful harvest. Unaccustomed to hills, our hearts palpitated violently as we breasted the steep wooded slopes, and cut and slashed at the obstructing creepers, bush and plants.

Ah, it was a sad sight, unutterably sad, to see so many men struggling on blindly through that endless forest, following a white man who was bound whither none knew, whom most believed did not know himself. They were in a veritable hell of hunger already! What nameless horrors awaited them further on none could conjecture. But what matter, death comes to every man soon or late! Therefore we pushed on and on through the bush, trampling down the plants, winding along the crest of spurs which zigzagged from north-east to north-west, and, after descending to a bowl-like valley, lunched on our corn and berries by a clear stream.

During our mid-day halt, one Umari, having seen some magnificent and ripe *fenessi* at the top of a tree thirty feet high, essayed to climb it, but on gaining that height, a branch yielded to his weight, and he tumbled headlong upon the heads of two other men who were waiting to seize the fruit. Strange to say, none of them were very seriously injured. Umari was a little lame in the hip, and one of those upon whom he fell complained of a pain in the chest.

At 3.30, after a terrible struggle through a suffocating wilderness, we came to a dark amphitheatral glen, and at the bottom found a camp which had been just deserted by the natives, in such hot haste that they had thought it best not to burden themselves with their treasures. Surely some divinity provided for us always in the most stressful hours, for we found two bushels of Indian corn and a bushel of beans in this camp.

My poor donkey from Zanzibar now showed symptoms of great weakness. Arums and amoma every day since June 28th were no fit food for a dainty Zanzibar ass, therefore to end his misery I shot him. The meat was as carefully shared as though it were the finest venison, for a wild and famished mob threatened to defy discipline. When the meat was fairly served, a free fight took place over the skin, the bones were taken up and crushed, the hoofs were boiled for hours, there was nothing left of the animal but the spilled blood and hair; a pack of hyenas could not have made a more thorough disposal of it. That constituent of the human being which marks him as superior to all others of the animal creation was so deadened by hunger that our men had become merely carnivorous bipeds, inclined to be as ferocious as any beast of prey.

On the 16th we crossed through four deep gorges one after another, through wonderful growths of phrynium. Many of the trees bore *fenessi* nearly ripe, the average size of the fruit being one foot long and eight inches in



diameter. Some of it was equal to pineapple in flavour: it was at least wholesome. Even the rotten fruit was not rejected. When the *fenessi* were absent, the wood-bean tree flourished and plentifully sprinkled the ground with its fruit. Nature seemed to confess that the wanderers had borne enough of pain and grief, and in her deepest solitudes showed tenderness for the weary and long-suffering. The phrynias gave us their brightest red berries, the amoma furnished us with the finest and ripest scarlet fruit, the *fenessi* were in a state of perfection, the wood-beans were larger and fatter, the streams of the wood glens were clear and cold; no enemy was in sight, nothing was to be feared but hunger, and Nature did her best with her unknown treasures to console us, besides shading us with her fragrant shades, and whispering sweetly to us unspeakable things.

During the mid-day halt the men discussed our prospects. They said, with solemn shaking of their heads, "Know you that such and such a man is dead? that the other is lost! that another will probably fall this afternoon! and that the rest will perish to-morrow!" The trumpet summoned all to their feet, to march on, and strive, and press forward to the goal.

Half-an-hour later the pioneers broke through a growth of amoma, and reached a road. And lo! on every tree we saw the peculiar "blaze" of the Manyema, a discovery that was transmitted by every voice from the head to the rear of the column, and was received with jubilant cheers.

"Which way, sir?" asked the delighted pioneers.

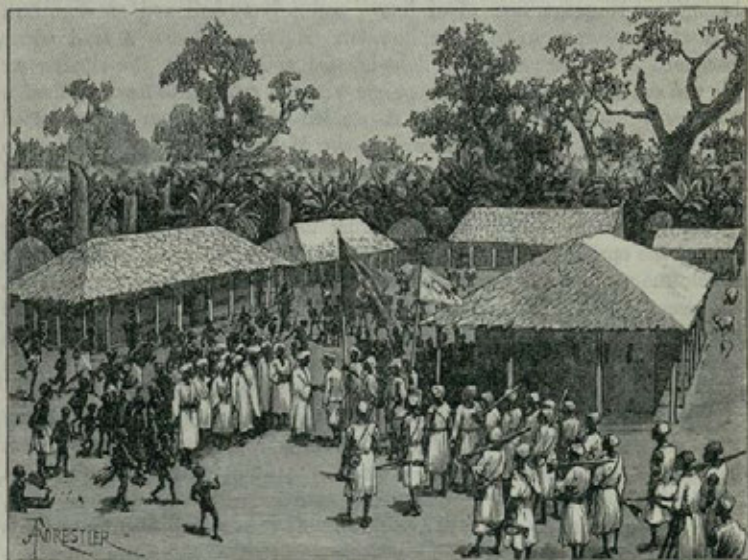
"Right turn, of course," I replied, feeling far more glad than any, and full of longings for the settlement that was to end this terrible period, and shorten the misery of Nelson and his dark followers.

"Please God," they said, "to-morrow or the next day we shall have food," which meant that after suffering unappeasable hunger for 336 hours, they could patiently wait if it pleased God another thirty-six or sixty hours more.

We were all frightfully thin, the whites not so much reduced as our coloured men. We thought of the future and abounded with hope, though deep depression followed any inspection of the people. We regretted that our followers did not have greater faith in us. Hunger intensified by despair killed many. Freely expressing their thoughts, we had heard them declare to one another that we knew not whither we were marching. And they were not far wrong, for who knew what a day might bring forth in unexplored depths of woods? But as they said, it was their fate to follow us, and therefore they followed fate. They had fared badly and had suffered greatly. It is hard to walk at all when weakness sets in through emptiness; it is still worse to do so when burdened with a sixty-pound load. Over fifty of the men were yet in fair condition; but 150 were mere skeletons covered with ashy-grey skins, with every sign of wretchedness printed deep in their eyes, in their bodies and movements. These could hardly do more than creep on and moan, and shed tears and sigh. My only dog "Randy," alas!

how feeble he had become! Meat he had not tasted—except of the ass's meat—for weeks. Parched corn and beans were not fit for a terrier, and *fenessi* and *mabengu*, and such other acid fruit he disdained, and so he lost flesh, until he became as gaunt as the pariah of a Moslem. Stairs had never failed me. Jephson every now and then had been fortunate in discoveries of grain treasures, and always showed an indomitable front, and Parke was ever striving, patient, cheerful and gentle. Deep down to undiscovered depths, our life in the forest had enabled me to penetrate human nature and discover in it many wonderful virtues.

Along the track of the Manyema it was easy to travel. Sometimes we



KILONGA-LONGA'S STATION

came to a maze of roads; but once the general direction was found, there was no difficulty to point to the right one. It appeared to be well travelled, and it was clearer at every mile that we were approaching a populous settlement. As recent tracts became more numerous, the bush seemed more broken into, with many a halt and many wayward strays. Here and there trees had been lopped of their branches. Cording vines lay frequently on the track; pads for native carriers had often been dropped in haste. Most of the morning was expended in crossing a score of lazy rillets, which had formed large breadths of slime-covered swamp. Wasps attacked the

column at one crossing, and stung a man into high fever, and being in such an emaciated condition, there was little chance of his recovery. After a march of seven miles south-eastwardly we halted on the afternoon of the 17th.

The night was ushered by a tempest which threatened to uproot the forest and bear it to the distant west, and was accompanied by floods of rain, and a severely cold temperature. Nevertheless, fear of famishing drove us to march at an early hour on the following morning. In about an hour and-a-half we stood on the confines of a large clearing, but a dense fog prevented us from seeing anything further than 200 feet in front. Here, while resting awhile to consult upon our course, we heard a sonorous voice singing in a language none of us knew, and a lusty hail and an argument with what appeared to be some humour. As this was not a land where aborigines would dare to be so light-hearted and frivolous, the singing we believed could only proceed from people who had nothing to fear. I fired a Winchester rapidly in the air. A sudden response from heavy-loaded muskets revealed that the singers were the Manyema whom we had been so long seeking, upon which the caravan relieved its joy by long continued hurrahs.

We descended the slope of the clearing to a little valley, and from all sides of the opposite slope were seen lines of men and women coming down to welcome us. On our right and left were thriving fields of Indian corn, rice, sweet potatoes and beans. Well-known sounds of Arab greeting and hospitable tenders of friendship soon burst upon our ears; and our hands were clasped by many lusty Manyema, who seemed to enjoy life in the wilds as much as they could have enjoyed it in their own lands.

The Manyema conducted us up the sloping clearing through fields of luxuriant grain, while troops of stout slaves and youngsters, gladdened at the sight of new arrivals and the promise of a holiday, frolicked about us. Arriving at the village, we were invited to take our seats on a deep verandah, where we had to answer hosts of questions. As the caravan filed by us to its allotted quarters, we heard numerous praises to God escaping from the men for their marvellous deliverance from the terrible wilderness, in which we most heartily joined.



## CHAPTER X

## WITH THE MANYUEMA AT IPOTO

The ivory raiders at Ipoto and their methods—A suggestion for the prevention of wholesale devastations—Crusade preached by Cardinal Lavigerie—Our Zanzibar chiefs—Anxiety respecting Captain Nelson and his followers—Our men sell their weapons for food to the Manyema—Their return demanded—Uledi turns up with news of the missing chiefs—Contract drawn up with the Manyema headmen for the relief of Captain Nelson—Jephson's report on his journey—Reports of Captain Nelson and Surgeon Parke—The process of blood brotherhood between myself and Ismaili—We leave Ipoto.

THIS community of ivory raiders established at Ipoto had arrived from the banks of the Lualaba five months previous to our coming. Their journey hither had occupied them seven-and-a-half months, during which time they had seen neither grass nor open country. They had halted a month at Kinnena on the Lindi to build a station-house for their chief Kilonga-Longa. When he had joined them with the main body, he sent about 200 guns and 200 slave carriers to strike further in a north-easterly direction, to discover another settlement, whence they could sally out in bands to destroy, burn, and enslave the natives. Through continual fighting, and the carelessness which the unbalanced mind is so apt to fall into after one or more successes, this force had decreased within seven-and-a-half months to about ninety guns. On reaching the Lenda River they had heard of the settlements of Ugarrowa, their predecessor in the forest region, and sheered off the limits of his raiding circle to obtain a centre of their own, and, crossing the Lenda, succeeded in reaching the south bank of the Ituri, not far from their present settlement at Ipoto.

As the natives of the Ituri would not assist them to gain the north bank, the raiders cut down a big tree and hollowed it into a canoe, in which they crossed to Ipoto. Since that date they had launched out on one of the most sanguinary and devastating careers, to which even Tippu-Tib's or Tagamoyo's raiding campaigns cannot be compared in destructive effect. As far as the Ihuru River every settlement was now but black ashes. Every plantain grove had been destroyed, every canoe on the Lenda, Ituri and Ihuru rivers had been split into pieces, every island had been depopulated, and into the

darkest recesses, whither a track could be traced, they had penetrated with only one dominating passion, which was to kill the men and capture the women and children. However far northward or eastward these people had reached, one said nine days' march, another fifteen days', they had reduced the forest land into a howling wilderness, and throughout all the immense area had left scarcely a hut standing.

Whatever these destroyers had left standing of plantations of plantain and bananas, manioc, and corn-fields, elephants, chimpanzees, and monkeys had trampled and crushed into decaying and putrid muck, and in the place of cultivated fruit and grain, hosts of large-leaved plants, briars, calamus and bush had grown with the swiftness of mushrooms. Each season the bush grew more robust and taller, and in a short time all traces of former habitation and labour would be covered by it.

From Ipoto to the Lenda the distance by our track is 105 miles. Assume that this is the distance eastward to which their ravages have extended, and northward and southward, and we have something like 44,000 square miles. We know what Ugarrowa has done from the preceding pages, and we know what the Arabs in the Stanley Falls are doing on the Lumami, and what sort of devil's work Mumi Muhala and Bwana Mohammed are perpetrating around Lake Ozo, the source of the Lulu, and, once we know where their centres are located, we may with a pair of compasses draw great circles round each, and park off areas of 40,000 and 50,000 square miles into which half-a-dozen resolute men, aided by their hundreds of bandits, have divided about three-fourths of the Great Upper Congo Forest for the sole purpose of murder, and possessing themselves of the natives' ivory.

At the date of our arrival at Ipoto, the Manyema head-men, named Ismailia, Khamisi, and Sangarameni, were responsible to Kilonga-Longa, their chief, for the conduct of operations. At alternate periods each set out from Ipoto to his own special sub-district. Thus, all roads from Ipoto to Ibwiri and east to the Ituri were accepted by Ismailia as his special charge. Khamisi's area was along the line of the Ihuru, then east to Ibwiri; while Sangarameni operated in the land east and west between the Ibina and Ihuru affluents of the Ituri. Altogether these chiefs had 150 fighting men, though only about 90 of them were armed with guns. Kilonga-Longa was still at Kinnena, and was not expected for three months yet.

The fighting men under the three Manyema leaders consisted of Bakusu, Balegga, and Basongora youths, who were specially trained by the Manyema as raiders in the forest region, in the same manner as in 1876 Manyema youths had been trained by Arabs and Waswahili of the east coast. We see in this extraordinary increase in number of raiders in the Upper Congo basin the fruits of the Arab policy of killing off the adult aborigines and preserving the children. The girls are distributed among the Arab, Swahili and Manyema harems, but the boys are taught in the use of fire-

arms, and in early manhood are rewarded with wives from the female servants of the harem, after which they are admitted as partners in these bloody ventures. So many parts of the profits are due to the great proprietor, such as Tippu-Tib, or Said bin Abed, a less number becomes the due of the head-men, and the remainder becomes the property of the bandits. At other times large ivories, over 35 lbs. each, become the property of the proprietor, all over 20 lbs. to 35 lbs. belong to the head-men, scraps, pieces and young ivory are permitted to be kept by the lucky finders. Hence every member of the caravan is inspired to do his best. The caravan is well armed and well manned by the proprietor, who resides on the Congo River just above Stanley Falls, indulging in rice and pilaf and the excesses of his harem. The head-men, inspired by greed and cupidity, become more ferocious and stern, and the hardened bandits fling themselves upon a settlement without mercy to obtain the largest share of loot, of children, flocks, poultry, and ivory.

All this would be clearly beyond their power if they possessed no gunpowder. Not a mile beyond their settlements would the Arabs and their followers dare venture. It is more than likely that if the sale of gunpowder was prohibited on the coast, there would be a general migration of all Arabs from inner Africa to the sea, as the native chiefs would be immeasurably stronger than any combination of Arabs armed with spears. What possible chance could Tippu-Tib, Abed bin Salim, Ugarrova and Kilonga-Longa have against the Basongora and Bakusu? How could the Arabs of Ujiji resist the Wajiji and Warundi, or how could those of Unyamembé live among the bowmen and spearmen of Unyamwezi?

There is only one remedy for these wholesale devastations of African aborigines, and that is the solemn combination of England, Germany, France, Portugal, South and East Africa, and Congo State against the introduction of gunpowder into any part of the Continent except for the use of their own agents, soldiers, and employés, or seizing upon every tusk of ivory brought out, as there is not a single piece nowadays which has been gained lawfully. Every tusk, piece and scrap in the possession of an Arab trader has been steeped in human blood. Every pound weight has cost the life of a man, woman or child, for every five pounds a hut has been burned, for every two tusks a whole village has been destroyed, every twenty tusks have been obtained at the price of a district with all its people, villages and plantations. It is simply incredible that, because ivory is required for ornaments or billiard games, the rich heart of Africa should be laid waste at this late year of the nineteenth century, and that native populations, tribes and nations should be utterly destroyed. Whom after all does this bloody seizure of ivory enrich? Only a few dozens of half-castes, Arab and Negro, who, if due justice were dealt to them, should be made to sweat out the remainder of their piratical lives in the severest penal servitude.



On arriving in civilization after these terrible discoveries, I was told of a crusade that had been preached by Cardinal Lavigerie, and of a rising desire in Europe to effect by force of arms in the old crusader style and to attack the Arabs and their followers in their strongholds in Central Africa. It is just such a scheme as might have been expected from men who applauded Gordon when he set out with a white wand and six followers to rescue all the garrisons of the Soudan, a task which 14,000 of his countrymen, under one of the most skilful English generals, would have found impossible at that date. We pride ourselves upon being practical and sensible men, but let some enthusiast—whether Gladstone, Gordon, Lavigerie or another—speak, and a wave of Quixotism spreads over many lands. The last thing I heard in connection with this mad project was that a band of 100 Swedes, who had subscribed £25 each, were about to sail to some part of the East Coast of Africa, and proceed to Lake Tanganika to commence the extirpation of the Arab slave-trader. If true, these people are simply going to commit suicide.

However, these matters are not the object of this chapter. We are about to have a more intimate acquaintance with the morals of the Manyema, and to understand them better than we ever expected we should.

They had not heard a word or a whisper of Rashid's party, that we had despatched ahead of us to obtain relief for Nelson and his people, and, as it was scarcely possible that a starving caravan could accomplish the distance between Nelson's camp and Ipoto before six active and intelligent men, we began to fear that among the lost men we should have to number our Zanzibari chiefs. Their track was clear as far as the crossing-place of the 14th and 15th December. It was most probable that the witless men would continue up the river until they were overpowered by the savages of some unknown village. Our minds were never free from anxiety respecting Captain Nelson and his followers. Thirteen days had already elapsed since we had parted from them. During this period their position was not worse than ours had been. The forest was around them as it had been around us. They were not loaded down as we were. The most active among them could search about for food, or they could employ their canoes to ferry themselves over to the scene of the forage of the 3rd December. It was but a day's journey by land, or an hour by water. Berries and fungi abounded on the crest of the hills above their camp as in other parts. Yet we were most anxious for them, and one of my first duties was to try and engage a relief party to take food to Nelson's camp. I was promised that it should be arranged next day.

For ourselves we received three goats and twelve baskets of Indian corn, which, when distributed, gave six ears of corn per man. They furnished us with two good meals, and many must have felt revived and refreshed, as I did.

On the second day's halt at Ipoto we suffered considerable lassitude. Nature

either furnishes a stomach and no food, or else provides a feast and robs us of appetite. On the day before, and on this, we had fed sumptuously on rice and pilaf and goat stew, but now we began to suffer from many illnesses. Our digestive organs disdained the dainties, as a natural result of over-eating. Corn mush, grits, parched corn, beans and meat are solids requiring gastric juice, which, after such a long famish, was not in sufficient supply to meet the demand.

The Manyema possessed about 300 or 400 acres under corn, five acres under rice, and as many under beans. Sugar-cane was also grown largely. They also had about 100 goats—all, of course, stolen from the natives. In their store-huts they had immense supplies of Indian corn drawn from some village near the Ihuru, and as yet unshucked. Their banana plantations were well stocked with fruit. Indeed the condition of every man in the settlement was prime.

It is but right to acknowledge that we were received on the first day with ostentatious kindness, but on the third day something of a strangeness sprang up between us. Their cordiality probably rose from a belief that our loads contained some desirable articles, but unfortunately the first-class beads that would have sufficed for the purchase of all their stock of corn were lost by the capsizing of a canoe near Panga Fall, and our gold-braided Arab *burnooses* were stolen below Ugarrova by deserters. Disappointed at not receiving the expected quantity of fine cloth or fine beads, they proceeded systematically to tempt our men to sell everything they possessed, shirts, caps, *daoles*, waist cloths, knives, belts, to which we could make no objection. But the lucky owners of such articles having been seen hugely enjoying varieties of succulent food were the means of inspiring our more improvident men to envy and finally to theft. Reckless of consequences, these sold their ammunition, accoutrements, billhooks, ramrods, and finally their Remington rifles. Thus after escaping the terrible dangers of starvation and such injuries as the many savage tribes could inflict on us, we were now in peril of becoming slaves to Arab slaves.

Despite entreaties for corn, we could obtain no more than two ears per man per day. I promised to pay triple price for everything received on the arrival of the rear column, but with these people a present possession is better than a prospective one. They professed to doubt that we had cloth, and to believe that we had travelled all this distance to fight them. We represented on the other hand that all we needed were six ears of corn per day during nine days' rest. First three rifles disappeared, and the Manyema head-men denied all knowledge of them. We were then compelled to reflect that, if it were true they suspected we entertained sinister intentions towards them, surely the safest and craftiest policy would be to purchase our arms secretly, and disarm us altogether, when they could exact what terms they pleased from us.

On the 21st six more rifles were sold. At this rate the Expedition would

be wrecked in a short time, for a body of men without arms in the heart of the great forest would be lost beyond hope of salvation. Both advance and retreat were equally cut off, and no resource would be left but absolute submission to the chief who chose to assert himself to be our master, or death. Therefore I proposed for my part to struggle strongly against such a fate, and either to provoke it instantly, or ward it off by prompt action.

A muster was made, the five men without arms were sentenced to twenty-five lashes each and to be tied up. After a considerable fume and fuss had been exhibited, a man stepped up, as one was about to undergo punishment, and begged permission to speak.

"This man is innocent, sir. I have his rifle in my hut. I seized it last night from Juma (one of the cooks), son of Forkali, as he brought it to a Manyema to sell. It may be Juma stole it from this man. I know that all these men have pleaded that their rifles have been stolen by others, while they slept. It may be true as in this case." Meantime Juma had flown, but was found, later on, hiding in the corn-fields. He confessed that he had stolen two guns, and had taken them to the informer to be disposed of for corn, or a goat, but it was solely at the instigation of the informer. As this story was lame and unreasonable, it was rejected. Another now came up and recognized Juma as the thief who had abstracted his rifle—and having proved his statement, and confession having been made—the prisoner was sentenced to immediate execution, which was accordingly carried out by hanging.

It now being proved beyond a doubt that the Manyema were purchasing our rifles at the rate of a few ears of corn per gun, I sent for the head-men, and made a formal demand for their instant restitution, otherwise they would be responsible for the consequences. They were inclined to be wrathful at first. They drove the Zanzibaris from the village out into the clearing, and there was every prospect of a fight, or, as was very probable, the Expedition was about to be wrecked. Our men, being so utterly demoralized, and broken in spirit through what they had undergone, were not to be relied on; and as they were ready to sell themselves for corn, there was but little chance of our winning a victory in case of a struggle. It requires fulness of stomach to be brave. At the same time death was sure to end us in any event, for to remain quiescent under such circumstances could ultimately terminate only in an appeal to arms. With these eleven rifles, 3,000 rounds of ammunition had been sold. No option presented itself to me than to be firm in my demand for the rifles; and it was peremptorily reiterated, under a threat that I would proceed to take other means—and as a proof of it they had but to look at the body hanging from a tree, for if we proceeded to such extremities as putting to death one of our own men, they certainly ought to know that we should feel ourselves perfectly justified in taking vengeance on those who had really caused his death by keeping open doors to receive stolen property.

After an hour's storming in their village they brought to me five rifles,



and to my astonishment pointed out the thieves. Had it not been impolitic in the first place to drive things to the extreme, I should have declined receiving one of them back before all had been returned, and could I have been assured of the aid of fifty men, I should have declared for a fight; but just at this critical juncture Uledi, the faithful coxswain of the *Advance*, strode into camp, bringing news that the boat was safe at the landing-place of Ipoto, and of his discovery of the six missing chiefs in a starving and bewildered state four miles from the settlement. This produced a revulsion of feelings. Gratitude for the discovery of my lost men, the sight of Uledi—the knowledge that, after all, despite the perverseness of human nature, I had some faithful fellows, left me for the time speechless.

Then the tale was told to Uledi, and he undertook the business of eradicating the hostile feelings of the Manyuema, and pleaded with me to let bygones be bygones on the score that the dark days were ended, and happy days he was sure were in store for us.

“For surely, dear master,” he said, “after the longest night comes day, and why not sunshine after darkness with us? I think of how many long nights and dark days we pulled through in the old times when we pierced Africa together, and now let your heart be at peace. Please God we shall forget our troubles before long.”

The culprits were ordered to be bound until morning. Uledi, with his bold frank way, sailed straight into the affections of the Manyuema head-men. Presents of corn were brought to me, apologies were made and accepted. The corn was distributed among the people, and we ended this troublesome day in much greater content than could have been hoped for in the morning.

Our long wandering chiefs who were sent as heralds of our approach to Ipoto arrived on Sunday, the 23rd. They surely had made but a fruitless quest, and they found us old residents of the place they had been despatched to seek. Haggard, wan and feeble from seventeen days' feeding on what the uninhabited wilderness afforded, they were also ashamed at their failure. They had reached the Ibina River which flows from the S.E., and struck it two days above the confluence with the Ituri; they had then followed the tributary down to the junction, had found a canoe and rowed across to the right bank, where they had nearly perished from hunger. Fortunately Uledi had discovered them in time, and informed them of the direction of Ipoto, whither they had crawled as they best could.

Before night, Sangarameni, the third head-man, arrived from a raid with fifteen fine ivories. He said he had penetrated a twenty days' journey, and from a high hill had viewed a country covered with grass.

Out of a supply I obtained on this day I was able to give two ears of corn per man, and to store a couple of baskets for Nelson's party. But events were not progressing smoothly. I could obtain no favourable answer to my

entreaty for a relief party. One of our men had been speared to death by the Manyuema on a charge of stealing corn from the fields. One had been hanged, twenty had been flogged for stealing ammunition, another had received 200 cuts from the Manyuema for attempting to steal. If only the men could have reasoned sensibly during these days, how quickly matters could have been settled otherwise!

I had warned them with all earnestness to "endure, and cheer up," and had told them that there were two ways of settling all this, but that I was afraid they preferred the refuse of the Manyuema to our wages and work. The Manyuema were daily proving to them what they might expect from them; while with us the worst days were over, and a few days' march would take us beyond the utmost bounds of the Manyuema raids, when we should all become robust and strong. But I might as well have addressed my words to the trees of the forest as unto wretches so sodden with despair.

The Manyuema had promised me three several times to send eighty men as a relief party to Nelson's camp, but the arrival of Sangarameni, the daily misunderstandings, and other incidents, had interfered with arrangements.

On the 24th firing was heard on the other side of the river, and, under the plea that it indicated the arrival of Kilonga-Longa, the relief caravan was again prevented from setting out.

The next day, those who had fired arrived in camp, and proved to be the Manyuema knaves whom we had seen on the 2nd of October. Out of fifteen men they had lost one man from an arrow wound. They had wandered for twenty-four days to find the track, but having no other loads than provisions, these had lasted with economy for fifteen days, but for the last nine days they had subsisted on mushrooms and wild fruit.

On this evening I succeeded in getting the three Manyuema head-men to agree to the following written and signed contract:—

"To send thirty men to the relief of Captain Nelson, with 400 ears of corn for his party.

"To provide Captain Nelson and Surgeon Parke, and all the men unable to work in the fields, with provisions, until our return from Lake Albert.

"To give us guides from Ipoto to Ibwiri.

"For the performance of these three articles they were to be paid one bale and a half of cloth on the arrival of the rear column."

With some articles of personal property I succeeded in purchasing for Mr. Jephson and Capt. Nelson 250 ears of Indian corn, and for 250 pistol cartridges. I bought another quantity, and for an ivory-framed mirror from a dressing-case I obtained two baskets full; for three bottles of ottar of roses I got three fowls, so that I had 1000 ears of corn for the relieving and relieved parties.

On the 26th Mr. Mounteney Jephson, forty Zanzibaris, and thirty Manyuema slaves started on their journey to Nelson's camp. I cannot do better than give Mr. Jephson's own report on his journey.

" Arab Settlement at Ipoto,

" *November 4th, 1887.*

" DEAR SIR,

" I left at midday on October 26th, and on arriving at the river crossed over with 30 Manyuema and 40 Zanzibaris under my charge the same afternoon and camped on landing. The next morning we started off early, and by midday reached the camp where we had crossed the river when we were wandering about in a starving condition in search of the Arabs. The signs and arrow heads we had marked on the trees to show the chiefs we had crossed were still fresh. I reached another of our camps that night. The next day we did nearly three of our former marches. The camp where Feruzi Ali got his death wound, and where we had spent three such miserable days of hunger and anxiety, looked very dismal as we passed through it. During the day we passed the skeletons of three of our men who had fallen down and died from sheer starvation; they were grim reminders of the misery through which we had so lately gone.

" On the morning of the 29th I started off as soon as it was daylight, determining to reach Nelson that day and decide the question as to his being yet alive. Accompanied by one man only, I soon found myself far ahead of my followers. As I neared Nelson's camp a feverish anxiety to know his fate possessed me, and I pushed on through streams and creeks, by banks and bogs, over which our starving people had slowly toiled with the boat sections. All were passed by quickly to-day, and again the skeletons in the road testified to the trials through which we had passed. As I came down the hill into Nelson's camp, not a sound was heard but the groans of two dying men in a hut close by, the whole place had a deserted and woe-begone look. I came quietly round the tent and found Nelson sitting there; we clasped hands, and then, poor fellow! he turned away and sobbed, and muttered something about being very weak.

" Nelson was greatly changed in appearance, being worn and haggard looking, with deep lines about his eyes and mouth. He told me his anxiety had been intense, as day after day passed and no relief came; he had at last made up his mind that something had happened to us, and that we had been compelled to abandon him. He had lived chiefly on fruits and fungus which his two boys had brought in from day to day. Of the fifty-two men you left with him, only five remained, of whom two were in a dying state. All the rest had either deserted him or were dead.

" He has himself given you an account of his losses from death and desertion. I gave him the food you sent him, which I had carefully watched on the way, and he had one of the chickens and some porridge cooked at once: it was the first nourishing food he had tasted for many days. After I had been there a couple of hours, my people came in and all crowded round the tent to offer him their congratulations.

" You remember Nelson's feet had been very bad for some days before we left him; he had hardly left the tent the whole time he had been here. At one time he had ten ulcers on one foot, but he had now recovered from them in a great measure, and said he thought he would be able to march slowly. On the 30th we began the return march. I gave out most of the loads to the Manyuema and Zanzibaris, but was obliged to leave thirteen boxes of ammunition and seven other loads; these I buried, and Parke will be able to fetch them later on.

" Nelson did the marches better than I expected, though he was much knocked up at the end of each day. On the return march we crossed the river lower down, and



made our way up the right bank and struck your old road a day's march from the Arab camp. Here again we passed more skeletons, at one place there were three within 200 yards of each other.

"On the fifth day, that is November 3rd, we reached the Arab camp, and Nelson's relief was accomplished. He has already picked up wonderfully in spite of the marching, but he cannot get sleep at night and is still in a nervous and highly strung state; the rest in the Arab camp will, I trust, set him up again. It is certain that in his state of health he could not have followed us in our wanderings in search of food; he must have fallen by the way.

"I am, &c., &c.,

(Signed) "A. J. MOUNTENEY JEPHSON."

The following are the reports of Captain Nelson and Surgeon Parke:—

"Arab Village, Ipoto,

"6th November, 1887.

"DEAR SIR,

"Mr. Jephson arrived at my camp on the 29th October with the men for the loads and with the food you sent for me. Many thanks for the food, it was badly needed. He will tell you what state he found me in and of the few men still alive.

"You left me on the 6th October last; on the morning of the 9th I got up a canoe and sent Umari and thirteen of the best men I could find (they were all very bad) over the river to look for food. On the 8th Asani (No. 1 Company) came to me and said that he had returned from the column sick. Same day Uledi's brother came into camp, told me he had lost the road while looking for bananas, near the camp, where we met the Manyema. On the 10th I found that Juma, one of Stairs' chiefs, had cleared in the night with ten men, and stolen a canoe and gone down river. On the 11th I counted the men and could only find seventeen (I had fifty-two the first day); the rest had gone away either after the column or down river. On the 14th one man died. Umari returned with very few bananas, about enough for two days; however, they were very welcome, as I had nothing but herbs and fungi to eat up to this time. On the 15th another man died, and I found that Saadi (No. 1) with some other men had come into camp in the night and stolen the canoe (Umari had re-crossed the river in) and gone down river. On the 17th Umari went away with twenty-one men to look for food; 19th, man died; 22nd, two men died; 23rd, man died; 29th, two men died: Jephson arrived; 30th, one man died; we left camp on way here. Umari had not returned; he, however, if alive, will come on here, I feel sure, but how many men with him I cannot tell, perhaps five or six may reach here with him. With the exception of the few bananas I got from Umari I lived entirely on herbs, fungi, and a few mabengu. I had ten ulcers on my left leg and foot, and so was unable to look for food myself, and was kept alive entirely by my two boys and little Baruk, one of my company, and Abdalla, a man Stairs left with me. I was very weak when Jephson arrived. Now, however, I feel a little better. We arrived at the village on the 3rd November; the chief Ismail brought me the day I came a very small quantity of coarse meal and two small dried fish, about enough for one meal.

"Yesterday, no food having come for two days, we sent for it, and after a good



THE RELIEF OF NELSON AND SURVIVORS AT STARVATION CAMP





deal of trouble Ismail sent us a little meal. At present I am living on my clothes; we get hardly anything from the chief. To-day Dr. Parke and I went to the chief, with Hamis Pari as interpreter, and talked to him about food. He told us that *no arrangement had been made by you for my food*, and that he was feeding the Doctor and me entirely from his own generosity, and he refused to feed our boys, three in number (fewer we cannot possibly do with), as you never told him to do so.

"I have the honour to be,  
" &c., &c.,  
" R. H. NELSON."

" Arab Camp, Ipoto,  
" November 6th, 1887.

" MY DEAR MR. STANLEY,

" Captain Nelson and Mr. Jephson arrived here on the 3rd inst., a few of the Zanzibaris and Manyema men getting in with their loads the previous day. Of all those men left at Nelson's camp only five have arrived here; the remaining live ones were away on a foraging tour with Umari when the relief party arrived. It is very likely that some of them may find their way here; if so, I shall get Ismaili to allow them to work for their food. Nelson staggered into camp greatly changed in appearance, a complete wreck after the march, his features shrunken and pinched, and a frame reduced to half its former size. I have done the best I could for him medically, but good nourishing food is what he requires to restore him to his health; and I regret to say that my experience here and the conversation which we had to-day with Ismaili goes to show that we shall have to exist on scanty fare. Since you left I have had some flour and corn from the chiefs, but this was generally after sending for it several times. By a lucky accident I got a goat, most of which I distributed amongst the sick men here, for I am informed by Ismaili, through H. Pari, that only those who work in the field get food, and there are some here who certainly cannot do so; therefore they are trusting to the generosity of the other men, who get five heads of corn each day they work. Both Nelson and myself have much trouble in getting food from Ismaili for ourselves, and he has refused to feed our boys, who are absolutely necessary to draw water, cook, &c., &c., although I have reduced mine to one.

" Nelson and myself went and saw him to-day (Hamis Pari, interpreter), and Ismaili stated that you had told the chiefs that a big Mzungu was to come (Nelson), and he would make his own arrangements about food, and that I was here living on his (Ismaili's) generosity, as no arrangements had been made for me. I reminded him of the conversation you had with him in your tent the evening you called me down and gave me your gold watch, and I said that you had told me that you had made a written arrangement with the chiefs that both Nelson and myself should be *provisioned*. We both told him that we did not want goats and fowls, but simply what he can give us. Not having seen any agreement I could not argue further, but asked to see the document, so that we might convince him; this he said he could not do, as Hamis, the chief, had it, and he was away, and would not return for two months. He however sent us up some corn shortly afterwards. This is a very unhappy state of affairs for us who shall have to remain here for so long a time. Nelson has sold much of his clothes, and out of my scanty supply (my bag having

been lost on the march) I have been obliged to make a further sale so as to provide ourselves with sufficient food.

"We shall get along here as best we can, and sacrifice much to keep on friendly terms with the Arabs, as it is of such essential importance. I sincerely hope you will have every success in attaining the object of the Expedition, and that we shall all have an opportunity of meeting soon and congratulating Emin Pasha on his relief.

"With best wishes, &c.,

(Signed) "T. H. PARKE,  
"A.M.D."

"Arab Village, Ipoto,

"10th November, 1887.

"DEAR SIR,

"I am sorry to have to tell you that several attempts have been made to rob the hut, and last night unfortunately they managed to get a box of ammunition out of Parke's tent while we were having dinner; also one attempt to burn the hut, which happily I frustrated, owing to my not being able to sleep well. We have spoken to the chief Ismail about the thieving: he says it is done by Zanzibaris and not by his people; but if there were no sale for the cartridges they would not be stolen. It is of course most unfortunate. Since Jephson left, the enormous quantity of forty small heads of Indian corn has been given to us by Ismail; this is of course quite absurd; as we cannot live on it, we get herbs, with which we supplement our scanty fare.

"Uledi returned this afternoon and goes on to-morrow, and by him I send this letter.

"With kindest regards to you, Sir, Stairs and Jephson,

"I have the honour to be, &c., &c.,

(Signed) "R. H. NELSON.

"P.S.—Just as I finished this letter the chief sent us a little meal, which evidently was done so that Uledi, who was waiting for the letter, could tell you that we were getting plenty (!) of food.

"H. M. STANLEY, Esq.,

"Commanding E. P. R. Expedition."

On the evening of the 26th Ismaili entered my hut, and declared that he had become so attached to me that he would dearly love to go through the process of blood-brotherhood with me. As I was about to entrust Captain Nelson and Surgeon Parke and about thirty sick men to the charge of himself and brother chiefs, I readily consented, though it was somewhat *infra dig.* to make brotherhood with a slave, but as he was powerful in that bloody gang of bandits, I pocketed my dignity and underwent the ceremony. I then selected a five-guinea rug, silk handkerchiefs, a couple of yards of crimson broadcloth, and a few other costly trifles. Finally I made another written agreement for guides to accompany me to the distance of fifteen

camp, which he said was the limit of his territory, and good treatment of my officers, and handed to him a gold watch and chain, value £49 in London, in presence of Surgeon Parke, as pledge that I would perform my part of the agreement.

The next day after leaving Surgeon Parke to attend to his friend Nelson and the sick men, we left Ipoto with our reduced force to strive once more with the hunger of the wilderness.



## CHAPTER XI

## THROUGH THE FOREST TO MAZAMBONI'S PEAK

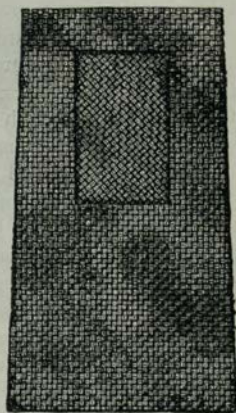
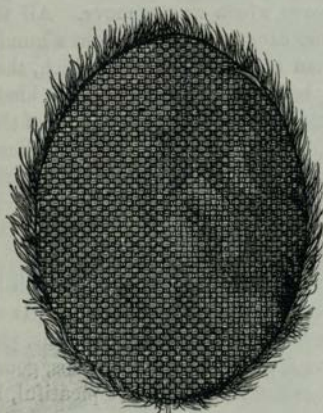
The country of the Balessé—The first village of dwarfs—Our rate of progress increased—A little storm between "Three O'clock" and Khamis, the Manyema guide—We reach Ibwiri—Khamis and the "vile Zanzibaris"—Plentiful provisions—Khamis captures Boryo—Jephson returns from the relief of Captain Nelson—Departure of the Manyema—Memorandum of charges against Messrs. Kilonga-Longa & Co. of Ipoto—Suicide of Simba—Sali's reflections—Lieutenant Stairs reconnoitres—Mustering and re-organisation at Ibwiri—Improved condition of the men—Mount Pisgah—Heaven's light at last! The beautiful grass-land—The Ituri river again—We emerge upon a rolling plain—Natives attack the camp—The course of the Ituri—Mazamboni's Peak—A mass of plantations—Demonstration by the natives—Our camp on the crest of Nzera Kum—"Be strong and of a good courage"—Friendly intercourse with the natives—Peace arranged.

WE marched for two hours to Yumbu, and in four and a quarter hours on the following day to Busindi.

We were now in the country of the Balessé. The architecture was peculiar. Its peculiarity consisted in a long street flanked by a long low wooden building, or rather planked building, on either side, from 200 to 400 feet long. At first sight one of these villages appeared like a long gable-roofed structure sawn in exact half along the ridge of the roof, and each half removed backward for a distance of 20 or 30 feet, and then along the inner sides been boarded up, and pierced with low doors, to obtain entrance into independent apartments. The light wood of the Rubiacæ affords good material for this kind of house. A sizeable tree, 1 foot, 18 inches, or 2 feet in diameter, is felled, and the log is cut into short pieces from 4 to 6 feet in length; the pieces are easily split into planks by hard wedges, and with their small neat adzes they contrive to shape the plank smooth, tolerably even, and square. For what is called the ceiling or inner boarding, the boards are thinner and narrower. When a sufficient number of boards and planks are ready, the inner ceiling is lashed to the uprights, frequently in as neat a fashion as a carpenter's apprentice might do it with saw, nails and hammer; on the outer side of the uprights are lashed the thicker slabs, the hollow between the inner and outer frame is then stuffed with the phrynica, or banana leaves. The

inner wall facing the street may be 9 feet high, the outer wall facing the forest or clearing is only 4 or  $4\frac{1}{2}$  feet high, and the width of the house varies from 7 to 10 feet. Altogether it is a comfortable and snug mode of building, rather dangerous in case of fire, but very defensible, with trifling labour.

Another peculiarity of the Balessé is the condition of their clearings, and some of these are very extensive, quite a mile and a half in diameter, and the whole is strewn with the relics, débris, and timber of the primeval forest. Indeed I cannot compare a Balessé clearing to anything better than a mighty abattis surrounding the principal village, and over this abattis the traveller has to find his way. As one steps out of the shadow of the forest, he has to climb first along the trunk of a great tree for 100 feet, he then turns at right



SHIELDS OF THE BALESSÉ

angles along a great branch a few feet. After a few paces on the ground, he finds himself in front of a fallen tree 3 feet in diameter or so, which has to be climbed, when he finds himself facing the outspreading limbs of another big tree, amongst which he must creep, and twist, and crawl to get footing on a branch, then from the branch to the trunk. After a half turn to the right, a man has to walk along the tree, from which he must climb again to another that has fallen atop of it. On gaining this, he ascends the inclined trunk until he is 20 feet above the ground. At this dizzy height one needs judgment and nerve. After a good deal of delicate balancing, one begins a cautious descent along the steep incline until he is 6 feet from the ground, when he must jump on to another tapering branch, and follow that to a height of 20 feet, then along the monster trunk, and down to the ground; and so on for hours, the hot, burning sun, and the close, steamy atmosphere of the clearing forcing the perspiration in streams from his body. I have

narrowly escaped death three times during these frightful gymnastic exercises. One man died where he fell. Several men were frightfully bruised. It is not so dangerous to the barefooted traveller, but any attempt with boots, especially when the timber is smeared with greasy clay, is sure to end disastrously. I have had six falls in an hour. It is a most curious sight to see a caravan laden with heavy burdens walking over this wreck of a forest, and timbered clearing. Streams, swamps, water-courses, ditches are often twenty to twenty-five feet below a tapering slippery tree, which crosses them bridge-like. Some men are falling, some are tottering, one or two have already fallen, some are twenty feet above the ground, others are on the ground creeping under logs. Many are wandering among a maze of branches, thirty or more may be standing on one delicate and straight shaft, a few may be posted like sentries on a branch, perplexed which way to move. All this, however, is made much harder, and more dangerous, when, from a hundred points, the deadly arrows are flying from concealed natives, which, thank Heaven! was not common. We have been too cautious for that kind of work to happen often, though we have seldom been able to leave one of these awful clearings without having some man's foot skewered, or some one lamed.

On the 29th we marched to Bukiri or Myyulu's, a distance of nine miles in six hours. At this place we met a few natives, who greeted us with cries of "Bodo! Bodo! Ulenda! Ulenda!"; which they accompanied with a flinging motion of the hand, as though they were motioning us away.

Their chief was styled Mwani. On their limbs they wore much polished ironwork, rings, bells, and anklets, and appeared to be partial to armlets and leglets made of calamus fibre. In their fields we found maize, beans, plantains, and bananas, tobacco, sweet potatoes, yams, brinjalls, melons, gourds. Their goats are of a fine breed, and of good size. Fowls are plentiful, but fresh eggs are rare.

The following day we halted, during which the Manyema guides took particular care to show their great contempt for our people. They would not allow them to trade with the natives for fear some desirable article would be lost to themselves; they vociferated at them loudly if they were seen proceeding to the clearing to cut plantains. As I had told the Zanzibaris, they had not advanced in favour with the Manyema by abandoning the whites. For a word, or even a defiant look, was now visited with a sharp cut on the naked body with a rattan from slave boys of the six Manyema guides with us. What awful oaths of vengeance were uttered by our people for all the indignities they suffered!

On the morning of the 31st we came across the first village of Dwarfs. During the day we passed several empty settlements belonging to them, and after a march of nine miles we camped in a dwarf's village in the woods.

On examining our men's cartridge pouches this day, we found there was only one cartridge among three pouches. The cartridges were lost, of course!





GYMNASTICS IN A FOREST CLEARING



Hilallah, a boy of sixteen, deserted with my cartridge pouch, and thirty cartridges in it. A man who carried my satchel ran away with seventy-five Winchester cartridges.

The next day we entered the extensive clearing and large settlement of Mambungu's or Nebassé.

The track which we now followed was so fair that it enabled us to increase our rate of progress. Along the river bank, by dint of continued work, and devoting seven, eight, nine hours—sometimes ten hours—we could only make from 3 to 7 miles. We now made  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to  $1\frac{3}{4}$ , and even 2 miles per hour; but the pace was still retarded often by roots, stumps, climbers, lianes, convolvuli, skewers, and a multitude of streams, and green-scummed sinks. We could rarely proceed a clear hundred yards without being ordered to halt by the pioneers.

Each day towards evening the clouds gathered, the thunder reverberated with awful sounds through the echoing forest; lightning darted hither and thither, daily severing some tree-top, splitting a mighty patriarch from crown to base, or blasting some stately and kingly tree; and the rain fell in torrents which chilled and depressed us greatly in our poor-blooded and anæmic state. But during the march, Providence was gracious; the sun shone, and we saw its light through the woods, which brightened the shades, converted the tree-shafts into marbly-grey pillars, and the rain-drops of the past night into sparkling brilliants; cheered the invisible birds to pour out their songs; inspired parrot flocks to vent gleeful screams and whistlings; and roused hosts of monkeys to activity; and the shy chimpanzees were animated to sport.

The road from Mambungu's, eastward, was full of torments, fears, and anxieties. Never were such a series of clearings as those we found around Mambungu, and the neighbouring settlement of Njalis. The trees were of the largest size; and these lay, in all imaginable confusion, tree upon tree, log above log, branches rising in hills above hills; and amongst all this wild ruin of woods grew in profusion bananas, plantains, vines, parasites; ivy-like plants, palms, calamus, convolvuli, etc., through which the poor column had to burrow, struggle, and sweat, while creeping, crawling, and climbing, in, through, and over obstacles and entanglements that baffle description.

On the 4th November we were  $13\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Mambungu's in the settlement of Ndugubisha, having passed, in the interval, through five deserted forest villages of pigmies. On this day I came near smiling—for I fancied I observed the dawn of happier days foretold by Uledi. Each member of the caravan received one ear of corn and 15 plantains as rations.

Fifteen plantains and one ear of corn make a royal ration compared to two ears of corn, or a handful of berries, or a dozen fungus. It was not calculated, however, to make men too cheerful, though our people were naturally light-hearted and gay.



"But never mind, my boys," I said, as I doled the spare diet to the hungry creatures; "the morning is breaking; a week more, and then you shall see the end of your troubles."

Verbal reply was not given to me; only a wan smile lightened the famine-sharpened features. Our officers had borne these privations with the spirit ascribed by Caesar to Antony, and as though they were to the manner born. They fed on the flat wood beans of the forest, on the acid wild fruit and strange fungus, with the smiling content of Sybarites at a feast. Yet one of them paid £1,000 for this poor privilege, and came near being thought too dainty for rough African life. They had been a living example to our dark followers, many of whom had probably been encouraged to strive for existence by the bright, hopeful looks our officers wore under our many unhappy afflictions.

On the following day we crossed the watershed between the Ihuru and Ituri rivers, and we now plunged into cool streams flowing to leftward, or towards the Ihuru. Hills rose to the right and left in wooded cones and ridgy mounts, and after a march of nine and three-quarter miles, we halted for the night at West Indekaru, at the base of a hill whose top rose 600 feet above the village. Another short march brought us to a village perched half-way up a tall mount, which may be designated as East Indekaru, and by aneroid we were 4,097 feet above the ocean. From this village we enjoyed a first view of our surroundings. Instead of crawling like mighty bipeds in the twilight, 30 fathoms below the level of the white light of the day, compelled to recognize our littleness, by comparison with the giant columns and tall pillar-like shafts that rose by millions around us, we now stood on the crest of a cleared mount, to look upon the leafy world below us. One almost felt as if walking over the rolling plain of leafage was possible, so compact and unbroken was the expanse. It extended to a lovely pale blueness as the eyesight followed it to the furthest limits of distinctness. Far away to an unknown distance, the forest tops resembled a variegated green of plushy texture, with broad red patches of tree flowering, and rich russety circles of leaves, not unfrequent. How one envied the smooth, easy flight of the kites and white-collared eagles, sailing gracefully without let or hindrance through the calm atmosphere! Ah! that we had the wings of kites, that we might fly and be at rest from these incorrigibly wicked Manyuema!

On the 7th, while we halted on the mount, the Manyuema monopolizing the village, and our men in the bush, unworthy to be near their nobility, there was a little storm between Saat Tato (Three O'clock), the hunter, and Khamis, the chief of the Manyuema guides. It threatened, from the sound of words, to explode hurtfully at one time. Khamis slapped him in the face. Both were tall men, but Saat Tato was two inches taller, and was a good soldier, who had seen service in Madagascar as a sergeant, but who, from his habits of getting drunk by the third hour of each day, had been nicknamed "Three O'clock." He was an excellent man, faithful, strong,

obedient, and an unerring shot. Given the benefits of twenty-five pounds of food, Saat Tato, at a hint, would have smilingly taken hold of Khamis, and snapped his vertebræ across his knee with the ease that he would have broken a spear staff. I observed Saat Tato closely, for it must be remembered that it had become fully impressed on my mind that my men were quite too broken-spirited ever to show resentment. Saat Tato looked at him a second severely; then, lifting his forefinger, said to Khamis, "It is well, but I should like to see you repeat that blow a little time hence, after I have had a little food in me, and filled this stomach of mine. Strike me again, do; I can bear it."

Advancing, and touching Khamis on the shoulder, I said, "Khamis, do not do that again. I do not allow even my officers to strike my men like that."

The men's temper was rising, and, little as the Manyema imagined, they were assisting me to restore the spirit of the Zanzibaris by their cruelty. There were signs that we Christians would prevail after all. The mutual affection expressed between the Moslem co-religionists, at the altar of which our men were ready to sacrifice our lives and liberties and their own freedom, had been cooled by the cruelty, perverseness, and niggardliness of the Manyema. All we had to do was to watch it, bear patiently, and be ready.

To our great comfort Khamis confessed that West Indekaru was the utmost limit of his master Ismaili's territory.

We, however, were not to part from him until we reached Ibwiri.

We marched eleven miles on the 8th of November through a much more open forest, and we could see further into its interior. The road was better, so much so that our rate of marching increased to two miles per hour. The gritty and loamy soil had absorbed the rain, and walking became pleasant. The lianes were not so riotously abundant, only a strong creeper now and then requiring severance. At several places there were granite outcroppings of a colossal size, which were a novelty, and added a kind of romantic and picturesque interest to the woods, darkly suggestive of gitanos, bandits, or pigmies.

A march of nine and a half miles on the 9th of November took us to a Pigmies' camp. Until noon a mist had hung over the land. Towards the latter part of the tramp we passed through several lately deserted villages of the dwarfs, and across eight streams. Khamis, the guide, and his followers, and about half-a-dozen of the pioneers proceeded to Ibwiri, which was only one and a half miles distant, and on the next day we joined them. This was one of the richest and finest clearings we had seen since leaving Yambuya, though had the Expedition been despatched eight months earlier, we should have found scores in the same prosperous condition. It was about three miles in diameter and abounded in native produce, having been hitherto unvisited by the Manyema. Almost every plantain stalk bore an enormous branch of fruit, with from fifty to one hundred and forty plantains attached. Some

specimens of this fruit were twenty-two inches long, two and a half inches in diameter, and nearly eight inches round, large enough to furnish Saat Tato, the hunter, with his long-desired full meal. There was an odour of ripe fruit pervading the air, and, as we climbed over the logs and felt our way gingerly along the prostrate timber, I was often asked by the delighted people to note the bunches of mellow fruit hanging temptingly before their eyes.

Before reaching the village, Murabo, a Zanzibari head-man, whispered to me that there were five villages in Ibwiri, and that each hut in every village was more than a fourth full of Indian corn, but that Khamis and his Manyuema had been storing corn in their own huts, which, according to right of preemption, they had reserved for themselves.

On entering the street of the village, Khamis met me with the usual complaints about the wickedness of the "vile Zanzibaris." Looking down on the ground, I saw many a trail of corn which went to corroborate Murabo's story, and, as Khamis proposed that the Expedition should occupy the western half of the village, and he and his fifteen Manyuema would occupy the eastern half, I ventured to demur to the proposition on the ground that as we had departed out of his master's territory, we claimed all the land to the eastward, and would in future dispense with any suggestion as to what we should do, and that, furthermore, not a grain of corn, nor plantain, banana, or any other native product in the land would leave the country without my permission. He was also told that no people on earth could have borne so uncomplainingly such shames, affronts, and insults as had been put upon the Zanzibaris, and that in future they should be permitted to resent all such injuries as they best knew how. Khamis assented submissively to all this.

The first thing after storing goods and distributing the men to their quarters, was to give fifty ears of corn per man, and to arrange with the natives as to our future conduct towards one another.

Within an hour it was agreed that the western half of the Ibwiri clearing should be granted to us for foraging; that the eastern half, from a certain stream, should be the reserve of the natives. Khamis, the Manyuema, was also induced to enter into the pact. In return for a packet of brass rods, Boryo, the principal chief of the Balessé of the district, presented us with five fowls and a goat.

This was a great day. Since August 31st not one follower of the Expedition had enjoyed a full meal, but now bananas, plantains ripe and green, potatoes, herbs, yams, beans, sugar-cane, corn, melons in such quantities were given them that were they so many elephants, they could not have exhausted the stock provided for them in less than ten days. They could gratify to the full the appetite so long stinted and starved.

As we were compelled to wait for Mr. Jephson and some sixty Zanzibaris—forty of the relief party, boat's crew, and convalescents from Ipoto—the good effect of this abundance would be visible in a few days. It was also



one of those settlements we had been anxiously searching for as a recuperating station. On this date the men were hideous to look upon, because of their gaunt nakedness. They were naked, for they had stripped themselves to obtain food from the slaves of the Manyema at Ugarrowa's and Ipoto; of flesh they had none, for they had been reduced to bones by seventy-three days of famine and thirteen days of absolute want; of strength they had but little, and they were ill-favoured in every respect; their native colour of oiled bronze had become a mixture of grimy black and wood ashes; their rolling eyes betrayed signs of disease, impure blood, and indurated livers; that beautiful contour of body, and graceful and delicate outlines of muscles—alas, alas!—were all gone.

Khamis, the Manyema guide, offered the next morning to proceed east to search out the road from Ibwiri, for, as he informed me, Boryo, the chief, had told him of a grass-land being not many days off. He thought that with a few of Boryo's natives and thirty of our riflemen he could discover something of interest. Calling Boryo to me, he confirmed, as well as we could understand him, that from a place called Mandé, which he said was only two days' good marching—say forty miles—the grass-land could be seen; that herds of cattle came in such numbers to the Ituri river to drink that the river "swelled up." All this chimed with my eager desire to know how far we were from the open country, and as Boryo said he was willing to furnish guides, I called for volunteers. Twenty-eight men came forward, to my surprise, as willing and as eager for new adventures as though they had been revelling in plenty for the last few months. Khamis and his party departed shortly after.

Despite strict prohibition to touch anything on the native reservation of Ibwiri, one of our raiders paid it a visit, and captured nineteen fowls, two of which he had already despatched; the remaining seventeen he had decapitated, but our detectives pounced upon him and his stock as he and his chum were debating what they should do with the feathers. The flesh and bones did not promise to be any trouble to them. Close by them two men had despatched an entire goat, excepting the head! These facts serve to illustrate the boundless capacity of Zanzibari stomachs.

The natives of Ibwiri had behaved most handsomely, and personally I felt a sense of shame at the ingratitude of my followers. The chief and his family were living with us, and exchanged their greetings of "Bodo, Bodo, ulenda, ulenda," half-a-dozen times a day. Yet our men had undergone such extremes of wretchedness during the last two and a half months that we might have well anticipated some excesses would be committed upon the first opportunity. No other body of men in the wide world that I am acquainted with could have borne such a period of hunger so meekly, so resignedly. Not a grain or a bit of human food discoverable anywhere, their comrades dying at every camp, or falling dead along the track, others less patient plunging into the depths of the wilderness maddened by hunger, leaving them to fare

as they might under the burdens of war-munitions and baggage. Goaded by the protracted hunger, and fierce despair, and loss of trust in their officers, they might have seized their Remingtons and, by one volley, have slain their white chiefs, and, in a moment, shaken the clutch of authority which, so far as they knew, was only dragging them down to certain doom.

While I pitied the natives who had lost their property when they least deserved it, I could not forget my men's long fast in the area of desolation and forest wilderness stretching for 197 miles between the Basopo Rapids and Ibwiri, on the edge of which we were even now located, or their patient obedience—thefts and evil practices notwithstanding—their unflinching fidelity, their kindness to us while we were starving, in bestowing upon us the choicest and finest of the wild fruit they had discovered, and their altogether courageous bearing and noble hopefulness during the terrible days of adversity. All these virtues must needs extenuate their offences, and it was best to awaitfulness and reflection to assist us in reclaiming them into tractableness and good order. Every mile or two almost of that hungry forest solitude between the Ihuru and Ituri confluence and Ipoto had been marked by the dead bodies of their comrades; there they lay fast mildewing and rotting in the silent gloom, and, but for the fidelity of the survivors, none of those capable of giving intelligent testimony of the stern trials endured during September, October, and the half of November would have lived to relate the sad and sorrowful details.

The more experience and insight I obtain into human nature, the more convinced do I become that the greater portion of a man is purely animal. Fully and regularly fed, he is a being capable of being coaxed or coerced to exertion of any kind, love and fear sway him easily, he is not averse to labour, however severe; but when starved it is well to keep in mind the motto "Cave Canem," for a starving lion over a raw morsel of beef is not so ferocious or so ready to take offence. Rigid discipline, daily burdens, and endless marching into regions of which they were perfectly ignorant, never seemed to gall our men much when their stomachs were filled; but even hanging unto death was only a temporary damper to their inclination to excessive mischief when pinched with hunger. The aborigines of Ibwiri surrounded by plenty are mild and meek enough through pure sleekness, but the dwarfish nomads of the forest are, I am told, as fierce as beasts of prey, and fight till their quivers are empty.

I received word on the 12th that Khamis, the Manyema who was supposed to have gone for my gratification to explore the country ahead, and to make friends with the aid of the natives, had, owing to perverseness, been unable to accomplish his mission; that he was greatly disappointed, and that he had been attacked by the natives of East Ibwiri, and had lost two men. I sent word to him to return.

The fleas of Ibwiri became so intolerable that, in order to obtain rest, I had to set my tent in the open street.

On the 13th of November, while making an inspection of the village camp, and examining into the condition of the men, I was amazed at the busy scene of eating I beheld. Almost every man was engaged in pounding corn, reducing dried bananas into flour, and in many ways making amends for their three months' compulsory fast.

Khamis returned on the 14th with a large flock of goats obtained from somewhere. He was gracious enough to allow us sixteen head. This inclined us to suspect that the real object of his design was not to explore, but to extend the conquests of his master, Ismaili, farther east through our assistance, and to reduce the natives of Ibwiri into the same state of poverty as the neighbourhood of Ipoto, for instance. But though Khamis possessed force sufficient to have accomplished even this last, the silly fellow's greed caused him to behave with such reckless disregard of the poisoned shafts of the natives that he lost three of his men. It seems that as soon as a flock of goats was sighted, Khamis forgot his design to explore, urged his Manyuema to their capture, and retained our people by him. Our men by these tactics of his returned uninjured. Then, as Khamis was returning to our village, mourning the loss of three of his most active comrades, he suddenly met Boryo, the Chief of East Ibwiri, and without a word made him a prisoner; and then, on arrival, ordered his men to strangle the chief in revenge for the death of his men. Happening to hear of it, I sent a guard to take Boryo by force out of Khamis's hands, and placed him in a hut out of harm's way.

We luxuriated during our days of rest. There had been discovered such an abundance of food that we might safely have rested six months without fear of starving. We enjoyed ripe plantains made into puddings with goats' milk, fritters, patties and bread, sweet potatoes, manioc, yams, herbs, fowls and goat meat without stint.

Already I noted a change in the appearance of our followers. There was certainly more noise, and once or twice I heard an attempt at singing, but as there was a flaw in the voice, the song was postponed to another day.

At 3 P.M. of the 16th Mr. Jephson appeared, having performed his mission of relief most brilliantly. As will be seen by Mr. Jephson's letter descriptive of his success, he had been able to proceed to the relief of Captain Nelson, and to return with him to Ipoto within seven days, after a journey of about a hundred miles. Judging from Captain Nelson's letter, he seemed to have been delivered out of his terrible position to fall into a similar desperate strait in the midst of the plenty of Ipoto.

The next day Khamis and his Manyuema returned homeward without taking leave. I despatched a letter to the officers at Ipoto, sent Khamis's ivory and a present of cloth with it to Indékaru, whence the Manyuema might be able to obtain assistance from their own natives. I was never so dissatisfied with myself as when I was compelled to treat these men thus so



kindly, and to allow them to depart without even the small satisfaction of expressing my private opinion of Manyuema in general and of the gang at Ipoto in particular. At all points I was worsted; they had compelled a generous treatment from me, and had finally trapped me into the obligation of being the carrier of their stolen ivory.

Yet I felt grateful to them somewhat that they had not taken greater advantage of my position. With Captain Nelson and Dr. Parke and about thirty men in their power, they might have compelled a thousand concessions from me, which happily they did not. I hoped that after a season of forbearance divine justice would see fit to place me in more independent circumstances. When the Doctor and Nelson and their sick men, together with the 116 loads and boat that had been left at Ipoto, would be in my camp, then would I be able to cast up accounts, and demand a peremptory and final settlement. The charges against the Manyuema were set forth in a memorandum as follows:—

Messrs. KILONGA-LONGA and Co., Ipoto.

To Mr. Stanley, officers and men of the E. P. R. Expedition,  
November 17th, 1887.

	<i>Dr.</i>
To having caused the starvation to death, between the Lenda River and Ibwiri, of 67 men . . . . .	67
To 27 men at Ipoto too feeble to travel, many of whom will not recover.	
To spearing to death Mufta Mazinga . . . . .	1
To flogging one man to death . . . . .	1
To flogging Ami, a Zanzibari, 200 lashes.	
To attempting to starve Captain Nelson and Dr. Parke.	
To instigating robbery of two boxes of ammunition.	
To receiving thirty stolen Remington rifles.	
To various oppressions of Zanzibaris.	
To compelling Sarboko to work as their slave.	
To various insults to Captain Nelson and Dr. Parke.	
To devastating 44,000 square miles of territory.	
To butchery of several thousands of natives.	
To enslaving several hundreds of women and children.	
To theft of 200 tusks of ivory between May, 1887, and October, 1887.	
To many murders, raids, crimes, devastations, past, present, and prospective.	
To deaths of Zanzibar's . . . . .	69
To mischiefs incalculable!	

During the afternoon of the 17th we experienced once again the evils attending our connection with the Manyuema. All Ibwiri and neighbouring districts were in arms against us. The first declaration of their hostilities took place when a man named Simba proceeded to the stream close to the

camp to draw water, and received an arrow in the abdomen. Realizing from our anxious faces the fatal nature of the wound, he cried out his "Buryani brothers!" and soon after, being taken into his hut, loaded a Remington rifle near him, and made a ghastly wreck of features that were once jovial and not uncomely.

The reflections of the Zanzibaris on the suicide were curious, and best expressed by Sali, the tent boy.

"Think of it, Simba! a poor devil owning nothing in the world, without anything or anybody dear to him, neither name, place, property, nor honour, to commit suicide! Were he a rich Arab now, a merchant Hindu, a captain of soldiers, a governor of a district, or a white man who had suffered misfortune, or had been the victim of dishonour or shame, yea, I could understand the spirit of the suicide; but this Simba, who was no better than a slave, an outcast of Unyanyembé, without friends on the face of the earth, save the few poor things in his own mess in this camp, to go and kill himself like a man of wealth! Faugh! pitch him into the wilderness, and let him rot! What right has he to the honour of a shroud and a burial?" This was the sentiment of the men who were once his comrades—though not so forcibly expressed as was done by little Sali in his fierce indignation at the man's presumption.

Early on this morning Lieutenant Stairs and thirty-six rifles were despatched to make a reconnaissance eastward under the guidance of Boryo, and a young Manyuema volunteer, as we had yet a few days to wait for the arrival of several convalescents, who, wearied of the cruelties practised at Ipoto on them, preferred death on the road to the horrible servitude of the Manyuema slaves.

On the 19th, Uledi, the coxswain of the *Advance*, with his boat's crew, arrived, reporting that there were fifteen convalescents on the way. By night they were in the camp.

On the 21st the reconnoitring party under Lieutenant Stairs returned, Boryo still accompanying them. Nothing new about the grass-land had been obtained, but they reported that a tolerably good path led steadily eastward, as far as they had gone, which was as comforting news as we could expect.

On the 23rd, the last day of our stay at Ibwiri, there was a muster and reorganization:—

No. 1 Company, Jephson . . . . .	80 men.
No. 2 " Stairs . . . . .	76 "
Soudanese . . . . .	5 "
Cooks . . . . .	3 "
Boys . . . . .	6 "
Europeans . . . . .	4 "
Manyuema guide . . . . .	1 man.

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175 men.

Inclusive of Captain Nelson and Dr. Parke, there were twenty-eight men at Ipoto and fifty-six at Ugarrowa's. Some from Nelson's starvation camp, probably ten, might return to us; so that we reckoned the number of the advance column to be 268 still living out of 389 men who had departed from Yambuya 139 days previously, and put down our loss at 121. We were greatly mistaken, however, for by this date many of the sick at Ugarrowa's had died, and the condition of many of the sick at Ipoto was hopeless.

Since our arrival at Ibwiri the majority of our followers had improved in weight of body at the rate of a pound per day. Some were positively huge in girth; their eyes were once more lustrous, and their skins shone like oiled bronze. For the last three nights they had ventured upon songs; they hummed tunes as they pounded their corn; they sang as they gazed at the moon after their evening meal. Frequently a hearty laugh had been heard. In the afternoon of this day a sparring match took place between two young fellows, and a good deal of severe thumping was exchanged. Life had come back by leaps and bounds. Brooding over skeletons and death, and musing on distant friends in their far-away island, had been abandoned for hopeful chat over the future, and about the not distant grass-land with its rolling savannahs and fat herds. Full udders and massive humps of cattle, heavy tails of sheep, granaries of millet and sesame, pots of zogga, pombe, or some other delectable stimulant, and the Lake Haven, where the white man's steamers were at anchor, were incessant topics of conversation.

They all now desired the march. The halt had been quite sufficient. There were twenty, perhaps, for whom another fortnight's rest would have been beneficial, but as they all appeared to me to be recovering, the mere marching without loads would not be hurtful.

At dawn of the 24th of November, the Soudanese trumpeter blew the signal with such cheery strains that found a ready response from every man. The men shouted their "Ready, aye ready, Master!" in a manner that reminded me of former expeditions. There was no need now for officers to become exasperated at the delays of laggards, and there was not a malingerer in the camp. A prospective abundance of good cheer invited them on. For two days ahead the path was known, and the members of the reconnoitring party had, like Caleb and Joshua, expatiated upon the immense clusters of ripe plantains, and the garden plots of potatoes and waving fields of maize which they had seen. Therefore, for once, we were relieved from the anxiety as to who should take this load, or that box; there was no searching about for the carriers, no expostulations nor threats, but the men literally leaped to the goods pile, and, snatching up their loads, rushed to take up their positions in the line of march.

We filed out of the village, a column of the happiest fellows alive. The accursed Manyema were behind us, and in our front the fancy sketched



pictures of pastoral lands, and a great lake on whose shores we were to be greeted by a grateful Pasha, and a no less grateful army of men.

In forty-five minutes we arrived at Boryo's village (the chief had been released the day before), a long, orderly arrangement of a street 33 feet wide, flanked by four low blocks of buildings 400 yards in length. According to the number of doors leading to the compartments, we judged that fifty-two families had formed Boryo's particular community. The chief's house was recognized by an immense slab of wood four feet by six feet, and two inches thick; the doorway being cut out of this in a diamond figure.

The height of the broad eaves was 10 feet above the ground, and the houses were 10 feet in width. The eaves projected 30 inches in front, and 2 feet over the back walls. Outside the village extended the fields, gardens, and plantations, which were banked all round by the untouched forest. Altogether, Boryo's village was the neatest and most comfortable we had seen throughout the valley of the Aruwimi. One hundred yards from the western end ran a perennial and clear stream, which abounded with fish of the *silurus* kind.

After a short halt we resumed our journey and entered the forest. Four miles beyond Boryo's we passed over a swamp, which was very favourable to fine growths of the *Raphia* palm, and soon after lunched. In the afternoon I undertook, as an experiment, to count my paces for an hour, and found that the average rate in a fair track through the forest was 4800 paces of 26 inches long = 3470 yards per hour. At 3 o'clock we camped in an extensive pigmies' village. The site commanded four several roads, leading to villages. There is no doubt it was a favourite spot, for the village common being tamped smooth was well adapted for sport, gossip, and meetings. The bush around the camp was quite undisturbed.

On the 25th, after  $8\frac{1}{2}$  miles march, we reached Inde-mwani. Our track had led along the water-parting between the Ituri and Ihuru rivers. The village was of oval shape, similar in architecture to Boryo's. A wealth of plantains surrounded it, and Indian corn, tobacco, beans, and tomatoes were plentiful. In passing through the clearing, over a fearful confusion of logs, one of our men toppled over, and fell and broke his neck.

From Inde-mwani we moved on the 26th to West Inde-nduru, through a most humid land. Streams were crossed at every mile; moss, wet and dripping, clothed the trees from base to top. Even shrubs and vines were covered with it.

During this day's march we came across a broad highway which had been cut and cleared for 3 miles through the undergrowth, and terminated in a large village of the pigmies, which we suspected was but recently vacated. It consisted of ninety-two huts, which probably represent ninety-two families, or thereabouts. One hut more pretentious than the others was taken by us to be the chief's house. We had seen now about twenty villages of the

forest pigmies, but as yet we had only seen one specimen of the little people—viz., the pretty little woman at Ugarrowa—the miniature Hebbè.

Lieutenant Stairs, during his late reconnaissance, had reached West Inde-nduru, and had left the village standing; but because he had occupied it, the natives had set fire to it after his departure. We observed also that the Balessé seldom ate of the produce of a field twice, and that a plantain grove, after bearing fruit once, is abandoned for another; and a corn plot, after being once tilled, sown, and harvested, is left to revert to wilderness. They appear to be continually planting bananas and preparing ground for corn, which accounted for the immense clearings we had passed, and for the thousands of trees that littered the ground in one great ruin. When laying out their banana plantations, they simply cut down the underwood and plant the young bulbs in a shallow hole, with sufficient earth to keep them upright. They cut the forest down, and let the trees lie where they fall. In six months the *Musa* bulbs have thriven wonderfully under shade and among roots and débris, and are grown to 8 feet in height; within a year they have borne fruit. The Indian corn or maize requires sunshine. The trees are cut down well above the buttress, by building scaffolds 10, 15, or even 20 feet high. The logs are cut up, and either split for slabs or lining for the inner and outer walls of their huts, or are scooped out as troughs for the reception of plantain juice when pressing the fruit to make wine. The branches are piled around the plot to rot; they do not burn them, because that would impoverish the soil, and as the surface soil is rich in humus, it would burn down to the clay.

Considering what great labour is involved in the clearing of a portion of primeval forest, we were tempted to regard the Balessé as very foolish in burning their villages for such a trivial cause as one night's occupation of them by strangers; but it is an instance of the obstinate sullenness of these people. Boryo's village, for instance, could scarcely be constructed under a twelvemonth. The population of the largest village we saw could not exceed 600 souls; but while we wonder at their prejudices, we must award credit to them for great industry and unlimited patience to produce such splendid results as we observed.

East Inde-nduru was also an exceedingly well-built village, with one long, clean street, but the houses within swarmed with vermin. The street, however, was so narrow that a fire occurring in the night would probably consume half the inhabitants. The huts were higher than at Boryo's, and as the buildings were a few hundred yards in length, and had only one principal exit at the eastern end, the danger of a fire was such that we did not occupy it without having taken every precaution to avoid being burnt. At this place our people gathered field-beans, of a dark variety, by the bushel, and revelled in the juice of the sugar-cane.

We were now in S. Lat.  $1^{\circ} 22\frac{1}{2}'$  and south of the watershed, all streams flowing towards the Ituri.

On the 28th we halted, and sent three separate reconnoitring parties to obtain a knowledge of the general direction of the routes leading out of the settlement. For having discovered a native path which had been of such service to us, we were loth to revert to the tedious labour of cutting through jungles and undergrowth again.

Jephson's party proceeded S.S.E., and finally S., and at noon turned back to report. This road would not do for us. Rashid's party took one leading E.N.E., and finally north, through two small villages, one path returning southerly, another going north-easterly. Continuing his explorations along the latter he came to a native camp. There was a slight skirmish; the natives fled, and he obtained a prize of nine fat goats, only five of which they brought to camp. This road would not suit us either.

A third search party was led by a famous scout, who discovered a path running easterly. We resolved to adopt this.

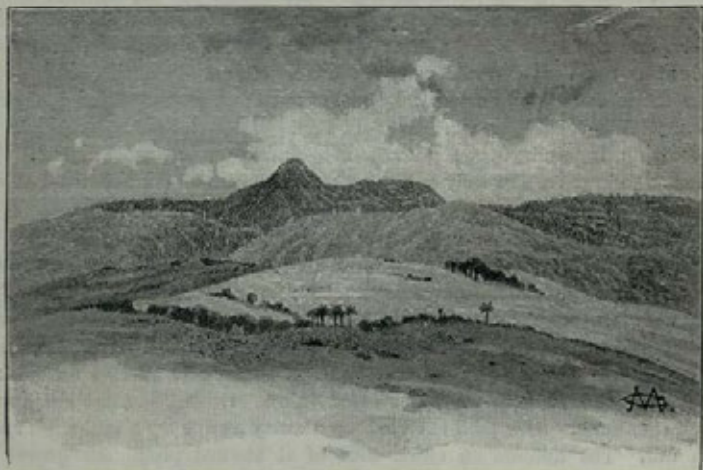
Leaving Inde-nduru, we journeyed to Inde-pessu by noon, and in the afternoon followed a northerly path to the settlement of the Baburu, having accomplished a distance of ten miles in five hours, which was exceedingly fair walking.

On the next morning, after a march of an hour and a half along a tolerably good track, we emerged in front of an extensive clearing of about 240 acres. The trees were but recently cut, thus marking the advent of a powerful tribe, or a late removal to new ground of old settlers of some numerical force. A captive woman of the Waburu led the way through the middle of this formidable litter, and after an hour we had crossed it, not without bruised shins and much trembling. The path then led up an easy ascent up a prolonged span of a hill. The hollows on either side of it showed prodigious groves of plantains and many ill-kept gardens, devoted to herbs and gourds. Within thirty minutes we had reached an altitude that promised to give us shortly a more extended view than any we had been lately accustomed to, and we pressed gladly upwards, and soon entered a series of villages that followed the slope. A village of these parts generally gave us a well-trodden highway from forty to sixty feet wide; in a series of this type of villages we could soon pace a mile. We had passed between several long blocks of low structures when the foremost of the advance guard was seen running swiftly down to meet me. He asked me to look towards the sunrise, and, turning my eyes in that direction, they were met by the gratifying sight of a fairly varied scene of green pasture-land and forest, a veritable "grass-land of hills and valleys, that drinketh the rain of heaven." That the open country was well watered was indicated by the many irregular lines of woods which marked the courses of the streams and by the clumps of trees, whose crowns just rose above their sloping banks.



The great forest in which we had been so long buried, and whose limits were in view, appeared to continue intact and unbroken to the N.E.; but to the E. of it was an altogether different region of grassy meads and plains and hills, freely sprinkled with groves, and thin lines of trees up to certain ranges of hills that bounded the vision, and at whose base I knew must be the goal which we had for months desired to reach.

This, then, was the long-promised view and the long-expected exit out of gloom! Therefore I called the tall peak terminating the forested ridge, of which the spur whereon we stood was a part, and that rose two miles E. of us to a height of 4600 feet above the sea, Pisgah,—Mount Pisgah,—



VIEW OF MOUNT PISGAH FROM THE EASTWARD

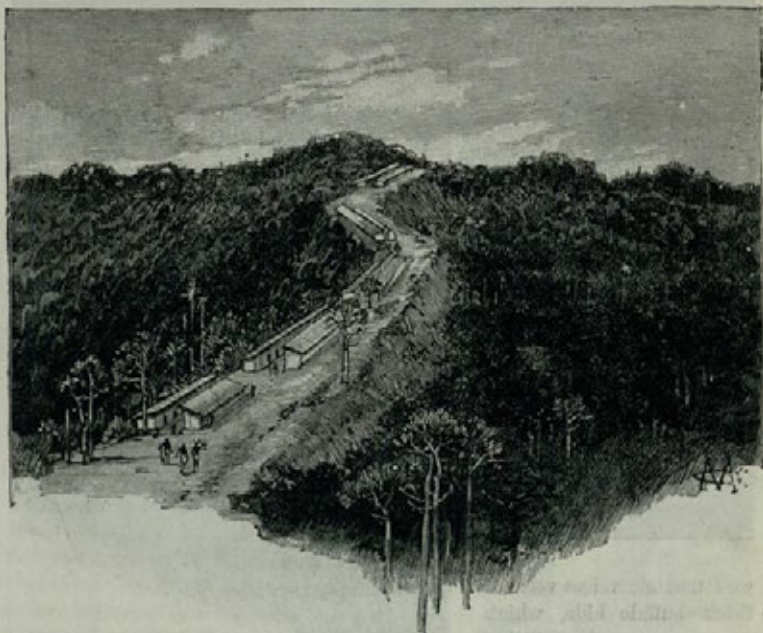
because after 156 days of twilight in the primeval forest, we had first viewed the desired pasture-lands of Equatoria.

The men crowded up the slope eagerly with curious and inquiring looks, which, before they worded their thoughts, we knew meant "Is it true? Is it no hoax? Can it be possible that we are near the end of the forest?" They were convinced themselves in a few moments and regarded the glorious view with wondering and delighted surprise.

"Aye, friends, it is true. By the mercy of God we are well-nigh the end of our prison and dungeon!" They held their hands far out yearningly towards the superb land, and each looked up to the bright blue heaven in grateful worship. After they had gazed on the scene as though fascinated, they recovered themselves with a deep sigh, and as they turned their heads, lo! the sable forest heaved away to the infinity of the west, and they shook

their clenched hands at it with gestures of defiance and hate. Feverish from sudden exaltation, they apostrophised it for its cruelty to themselves and their kinsmen; they compared it to Hell, they accused it of the murder of one hundred of their comrades, they called it the wilderness of fungi and wood-beans; but the great forest which lay vast as a continent before them, and drowsy, like a great beast, with monstrous fur thinly veiled by vaporous exhalations, answered not a word, but rested in its infinite sullenness, remorseless and implacable as ever.

From S.E. to S. extended a range of mountains between 6,000 and 7,000



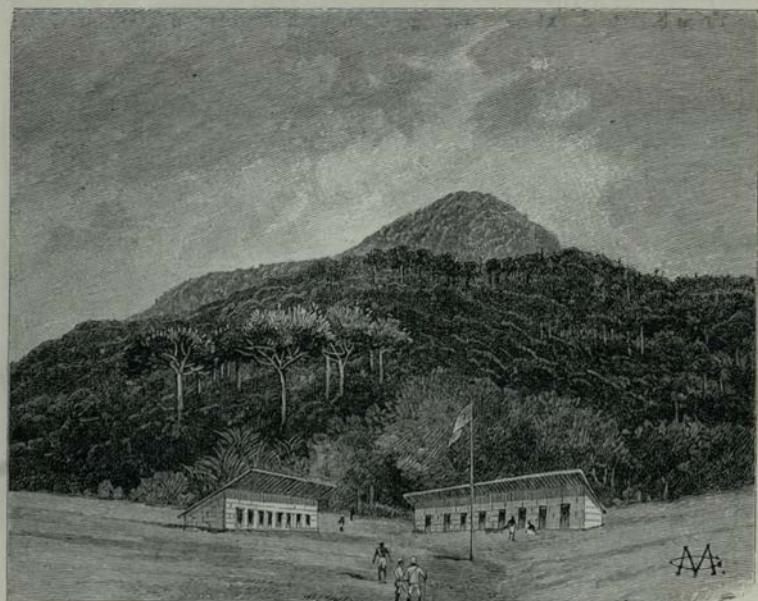
VILLAGES OF THE BAKWURU ON A SPUR OF PISGAH

feet above the sea. A female captive indicated S.E. as our future direction to the great water that "rolled incessantly on the shore with a booming noise, lifting and driving the sand before it," but as we were in S. Lat.  $1^{\circ} 22'$ , on the same parallel as Kavalli, our objective point, I preferred aiming east straight towards it.

Old Boryo, chief of Ibwiri, had drawn with his hand a semicircle from S.E. to N.W. as the course of the Ituri River, and said that the river rose from a plain at the foot of a great hill, or a range of hills. To the S.E. of

Pisgah we could see no plain, but a deep wooded valley, and unless our eyes deceived us, the forest seemed to ascend up the slopes of the range as far as its summits. Five months of travel in one continuous forest was surely experience enough; a change would therefore be agreeable, even if we varied but our hardships. This was another reason why I proposed to decline all advice upon the proper path leading to the "great water."

In the village of the Bakwuru, in which we now prepared to encamp,



we found sleeveless vests of thick buffalo hide, which our men secured, as fitting armour against the arrows of the tribes of the grass-land.

On the 1st of December we retraced our steps down the spur, and then struck along a track running easterly. In a short time we ascended another spur leading up to a terrace below Pisgah peak, where we obtained the highest reading of the aneroid that we had yet reached. We then followed a path leading from the terrace down another spur to the average level. A number of well-defined and

A VILLAGE AT THE BASE  
OF PISGAH



trodden roads were crossed, but our path seemed to increase in importance until, at 11.15 A.M., we entered the large village of Iyugu, which, of course, was quite deserted, so quickly do the natives of the forest seem to be apprised of new arrivals. The street of this village was forty feet wide.

We presently observed a considerable dryness in the woods between Pisgah base and Iyugu, which was a great change from that excessive humidity we had felt hitherto. The fallen forest leaves had a slightly crispy look about them and crackled under our feet, and the track, though still in primeval shade, had somewhat of the dusty appearance of a village street.

After the noon halt we made a two hours' march to a small village consisting of three conical huts, near which we camped. Though we had travelled over ten miles, we might have been hundreds of miles yet from the open country for all we could gather from our surroundings. For they were, as usual, of tall dense woods, truly in tropic character, dark, sombrous and high, bound one to the other with creepers and vines, with a thick undergrowth underneath.

We picked up a strange arrow in one of the huts, which differed greatly from any we had as yet seen. It was twenty-eight inches in length, and its point was spear-shaped, and three inches long. Its shaft was a light reed cane, beautifully and finely notched for decoration; a thin triangular-shaped piece of kid leather directed the arrow, instead of the leaf used by the forest tribes. A quiver full of forest-tribe arrows was also found, and they were twenty inches long, and each arrow-head differed from the other, and murderously sharp and barbed.

On the 2nd of December, soon after leaving the camp, we lost the native road, and had to pick our way amongst a perplexing number of buffalo and elephant tracks. A stupid fellow, who had been out wandering, had informed us that he had reached the plain the night before, and that he could easily guide us to it. Trusting in him, we soon lost all signs of a track, and began a crooked and erratic course through the woods, as in times past. After



CHIEF OF THE IYUGU

nearly three hours' travelling N. by E. we stumbled upon a village, whose conical roofs were thatched with grass. This was a grand discovery, and was hailed with cheers. One fellow literally rushed to the grass and kissed it lovingly. Already there were two characteristics of pasture-land before us, the cone hut and the grass thatch. We halted for a noon rest, and a few young men took advantage of it to explore, and before the halting-time was expired brought to us a bunch of green grass, which was hailed with devout raptures, as Noah and his family may have hailed the kindly dove with the olive branch. However, they reported that the way they had followed led to a swamp, and swamps being a horror to a laden caravan, our afternoon march was made in a S.S.E. direction, which in ninety minutes brought us to Indesura, another village, or rather a district, consisting of several small settlements of cone huts thatched with grass. Here we halted.

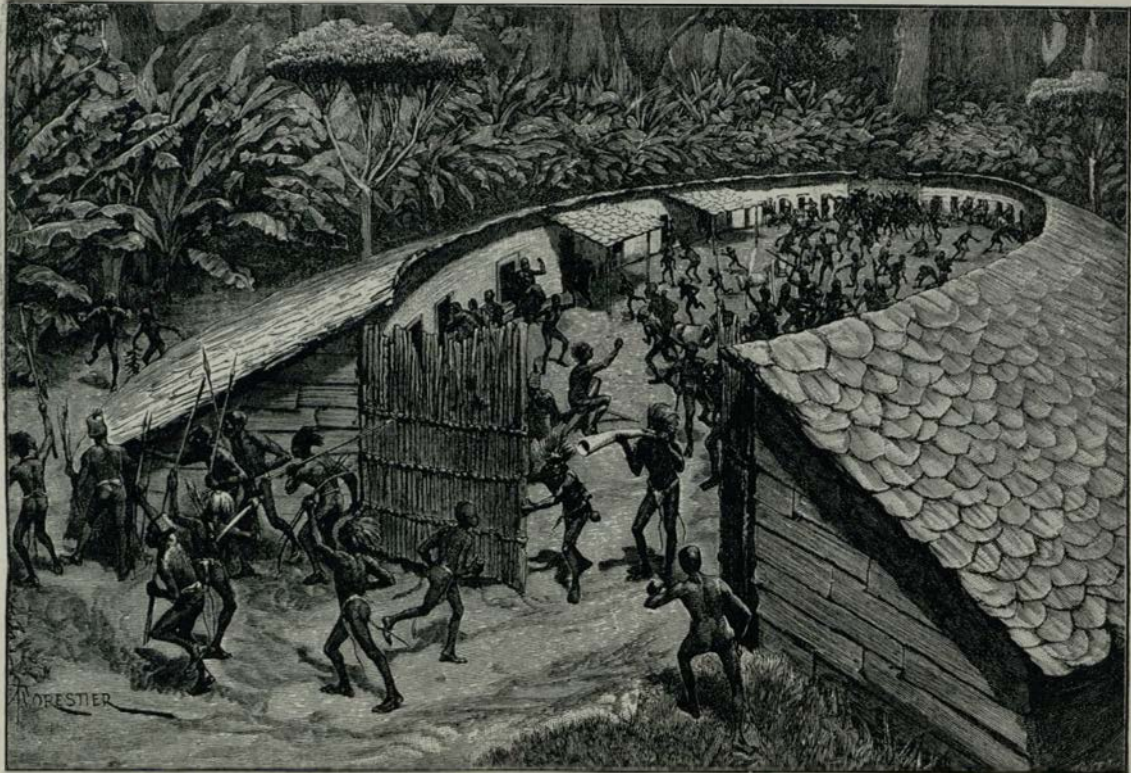
Having occasion to repair a roof, a man mounted to the top of a house, and looking round languidly was presently seen to lift his hand to his eyes and gaze earnestly. He then roared out loud enough for the entire village to hear, "I see the grass-land. Oh, but we are close to it!"

"Nay," said one in reply, mockingly, "don't you also see the lake, and the steamer, and that Pasha whom we seek?"

Most of us were, however, stirred by the news, and three men climbed up to the roofs with the activity of wild cats, others climbed to the tops of trees, while a daring young fellow climbed one which would have tasked a monkey almost, and a chorus of exclamations rose, "Aye, verily, it is the truth of God, the open land is close to us, and we knew it not! Why, it is merely an arrow's flight distant! Ah, when we reach it, farewell to darkness and blindness."

As a man went to draw water from the stream close by, an ancient crone stepped out of the bush, and the man dropped his water-pot and seized her. She being vigorous and obstinate, like most of her sex just previous to dotage, made a vigorous defence for her liberty. A Countess of Salisbury could not have been more resolute, but the man possessed superior strength and craft and hauled her into camp. By dint of smiles and coaxing and obsequiously filling a long pipe for her, we learned that we were in Indesura, that the people were called Wanya-Sura, that the villagers quenched their thirst with the waters of the Ituri. "The Ituri?" "Ay, the Ituri; this stream close by;" that many days east of us was a great broad river, ever so much broader than the Ituri, with canoes as wide as a house (ten feet) which would carry six people (*sic*); that a few days north there was a mighty tribe called the Banzanza, and east of them another people called the Bakandi, who possessed numerous herds of cattle, and were very valorous and warlike, and were rich in cattle, cowries, and brass wire.

Our ancient captive, who was somewhat peculiar for her taste in personal decoration by having a wooden disk of the size of an ulster button intruded



IYUGU: A CALL TO ARMS





into the centre of her upper lip, was now seized with another fit of obstinacy, and scowled malignantly at all of us except at a bashful, smooth-faced youth upon whom she apparently doted, but the foolish youth ascribed the ugliness of agedness to witchcraft, and fled from her.

Indé-sura—like all the villages situated on the edge of the forest—was remarkable for the variety and excellent quality of its products. In nearly every hut we found large baskets of superior tobacco, which weighed from twenty to fifty pounds each—in such quantities, indeed, that every smoker in the camp received from five to ten pounds. The crone called the leaf “*Taba*”; in Ibwiri it was called *Tabo*. Owing to the imperfect drying the tobacco was not fragrant, but was smokable. Fifty pipefuls a day of it would not produce so much effect on the nerves as one pipeful of the article known as *Cavendish*. But here and there among the leaves there were a few of rich



PIPES

brown colour, slightly spotted with nitre, which produced a different effect. Two of our officers experimented on a pipeful of the brown leaf, and were inconceivably wretched in consequence. When, however, these leaves were picked out, the tobacco was mild and innocuous. In every district near the grass-land the plant is abundantly cultivated, for the purpose of commerce with the herdsmen of the plains in exchange for meat.

The castor-oil plant was also extensively cultivated. Requiring a supply of castor-oil, a quantity of the beans were roasted, which, after being pounded in a wooden mortar and pressed, yielded a fair amount of medicinal oil. We also required a supply for rifles and their mechanisms, and the men used it to anoint their bodies, which made them appear fresh, clean, and vigorous.

Being informed that four of our scouts were strangely absent, I despatched Rashid bin Omar and twenty men in search of them. They

were discovered and brought to us next morning, and to my surprise the four absentees, led by the incorrigible Juma Waziri, were seen driving a flock of twenty fine goats, which the chief scout had captured by a ruse. I had often been tempted to sacrifice Juma for the benefit of others, but the rogue always appeared with such an inoffensive, and crave-your-humble-pardon kind of face, that could not be resisted. He was of a handsome Abyssinian type, but the cunning on his features marred their natural beauty. A Mhuma, Masai, Mtaturu, or Galla must have meat, even more so than the Englishman. It is an article of faith with him, that life is not worth living without an occasional taste of beef. I therefore warned Juma again, and consoled myself with the reflection, that his career as a scout could only be for a brief time, and that he would surely meet natives of craft and courage equal to his own some day.

We had made an ineffectual start on this day, had actually left the village a few hundred yards when we were stopped by the depth of a river forty yards wide and with a current of two and a half miles an hour. The old crone called this the Ituri. Marvelling that between Ipoto and Ibwiri a river 400 yards wide could be contracted to such a narrow stream, we had returned to Indé-sura for a day's halt, and I had immediately after sent Lieutenant Stairs and Mr. Jephson with sufficient escort back along yesterday's path to find a ford across the Ituri.

At 4 P.M. both officers returned to report a successful discovery of a ford a mile and a half higher up the stream, and that they had set foot upon the grass-land, in proof of which they held a bunch of fine young grass. Meantime, Uledi and his party had also found another ford waist deep, still nearer Indé-sura.

On the evening of this day a happier community of men did not exist on the face of the earth than those who rejoiced in the camp of Indé-sura. On the morrow they were to bid farewell to the forest. The grassy region of which they had often dreamed was close at hand. Their pots contained generous supplies of juicy meat; in the messes were roast and boiled fowls, corn mush, plaintain flour porridge, and ripe bananas. No wonder they were now exuberantly happy, and all except ten or twelve men were in finer condition than when they had embarked for the journey in the port of Zanzibar.

On the 4th of December we filed out of Indé-sura and proceeded to the ford. It was waist deep, and at this place fifty yards wide. Two of the aneroids indicated an altitude of 3050 feet above the ocean—1850 feet higher than the level of the river at the landing-place of Yambuya, and 2000 feet higher than the Congo at Stanley Pool.

From the Ituri bank we entered a narrow belt of tall timber, and, after waiting for the column to cross, we marched on, led by Mr. Mounteney Jephson along a broad elephant track for about 600 yards, and then, to our





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EMERGING FROM THE FOREST



undisguised joy, emerged upon a rolling plain, green as an English lawn. Judging of the feelings of others by my own, we felt as if we had thrown a score of years away, as we stepped with invigorated limbs upon the soft sward of young grass into the warm, bright sunshine. We strode forward at a pace most unusual, and finally, unable to suppress our emotions, the whole caravan broke into a run. Every man's heart seemed lifted up with boyish gladness. The blue heaven above us never seemed so spacious, lofty, and pure as at this moment. We gazed at the sun itself undaunted by its glowing brightness. The young grass, only a month old, was caressed by a bland, soft breeze, and turned itself about showing its lovely shades of tender green. Birds, so long estranged from us, sailed and soared through the atmosphere; antelopes and elands stood on a grassy eminence gazing and wondering, and then bounded upward and halted snorting their surprise; buffaloes lifted their heads in amazement at the intruders on their silent domain, heaved their bulky forms, and trooped away to a safer distance. A hundred square miles of glorious country opened to our view, apparently deserted, for we had not as yet been able to search out the fine details of it. Leagues upon leagues of it undulated in gentle waves, and was intersected by narrow winding lines of umbrageous trees; scores of gentle hills studded with dark clumps of thicket, graced here and there by a stately tree, rose above level breadths of pasture; and far away to the east rose some frowning ranges of mountains, beyond which we were certain slept in its deep gulf the blue Albert. Until breathlessness forced a halt, the caravan had sped on the double-quick—for this was also a pleasure that had been long deferred.

Then we halted on the crest of a commanding hill to drink the beauty of a scene which had been the subject of our thoughts and dreams for months, and now we were made "glad according to the days wherein we had been afflicted and the period wherein we had seen evil." Every face gloated over the beauty of the landscape and reflected the secret pleasure of the heart. The men were radiant. Distrust and sullenness were now utterly banished. We were like men just out of durance, having exchanged foulness and damp for sweetness and purity, darkness and gloom for divine light and wholesome air. Our eyes followed the obscure track, roved over the pasture hillocks, great and small, every bosky islet and swarded level around it, along the irregularities of the forest line that rose darkly funereal behind us, which advanced here and receded there, yonder assuming a bay-like curve, and here a cape-like point. A score of years hence, if we live so long, let but allusion be made to this happy hour when every soul trembled with joy, and praise rose spontaneously on every lip, and we shall be able to map the whole with precision and fidelity.

After examining the contour of the new region before us, I led the Expedition N.N.E. to a rocky knoll which was about four miles from us, in order to strike the southern base of a certain hilly range that ran E. by S.



from the knoll. I imagined we should then be able to travel over upland, trending easterly, without much inconvenience.

We reached the base of the rock-heap that stood about 300 feet above the valley to our right, then perceiving that the obscure game track we had followed had developed into a native highway running N.E., we struck across the grassy upland to retain our hold upon the ridge we had gained, the short young grass enabling us to do so without fatigue. But near noon the tall unburnt grass of last season interrupted our too-easy advance with its tangle of robust stalks of close growth; but we bore on until 12.30, and, after an hour of serious exercise, halted by the side of a crystal stream for refreshments.

In the afternoon we breasted the opposing grassy slope, and, after an hour and a half of rapid pacing, selected a camp near the junction of two streams, which flowed south-easterly. Relieved from their burdens, a few tireless fellows set out to forage in some villages we had observed far below our line of march in the valley. The suddenness of their descent among the natives provided them with a rich store of fowls, sugar-cane, and ripe branches of bananas. They brought us specimens of the weapons of this new land: several long bows and lengthy arrows; shields of a rectangular form, of very neat workmanship, and altogether impenetrable to arrows or spears. Besides these shields the natives wore protective vests of buffalo hide, which appeared to be quite impervious to pistol shots.

Our course as far as the rocky knoll already described was nearly parallel with the edge of the forest, our path varying in distance from it from a half mile to a mile and a half. As a sea or a lake indents its shore, so appeared the view of the line of forest.

The trend of the Ituri that we had crossed, which we must call West Ituri, was E.S.E. I should have estimated the source of the river to have been distant from the crossing about 25 geographical miles N.N.W.

On the next day we advanced up a long slope of grass-land, and on the crest halted to arrange the column with more order, lest we might be suddenly confronted by an overwhelming force, for we were as yet ignorant of the land and the habits of the people among whom we had dropped so suddenly. Marching forward, we chose a slight track that followed the crest leading E. by S., but soon all traces of it were lost. However, we were on a commanding upland, and a score of miles were visible to us in any direction out of which we might select any course. A village was in view N.E. of us, and to it we directed our steps, that we might avail ourselves of a path, for the closely packed acreages of reedy cane, that we stumbled upon occasionally, were as bad as the undergrowth of the jungle. The very tallest and rankest grass impeded us, and prevented rapid advance. We crossed jungly gullies, on whose muddy ground were impressed the feet of lions and leopards, and finally entered a track of acacia thorn, which was a sore annoyance, and out

of this last we emerged into the millet-fields of Mbiri. In a few seconds the natives were warned of our approach, and fled instinctively, but Parthian-like, shot their long arrows at us. The scouts dashed across every obstacle, and seized a young woman and a lad of twelve, who were the means of instructing our poor ignorance. No long conversation could be maintained with them, owing to our very imperfect knowledge of any dialect spoken near this region, but a few names of nouns assisted by gestures brought out the fact that we were in the district of Mbiri, that the main road easterly would take us to the Babusessé country, that beyond them lay the Abunguma, all of which naturally we heard with supreme indifference.

"Had any of them heard of Muta, or Luta Nzige?" A shake of the head.

"Of Unyoro?"

"Unyoro? Yes. Unyoro lies a great way off," pointing east.

"Of a great water near Unyoro?"

"The Ituri, you mean?"

"No, wider; ever so much wider than the Ituri—as wide as all this plain."

But instead of confining themselves to monosyllables, which we might easily have understood, the wretched woman and boy, anxious to convey too much information, smothered comprehension by voluble talk in their dialect, and so perplexed us that we had recourse to silence and patience. They would show us the way to Babusessé at least.

The mode of hut construction is similar to that seen all over East and Central Africa. A cone roof occupies two-thirds of the height; one-third is devoted to the height of the walls. Huts of this pattern, scattered amongst the banana groves, are found every few dozen yards. Paths lead from one to the other, and are most baffling to the stranger, who without a local guide must necessarily go astray. To every group of huts there are attached out-houses for cooking sheds, for gossip, to store fuel, and do chores. There were also circular little granaries raised a foot or so above the ground to protect the grain from vermin and damp.

Our people obtained a large quantity of ripe plantains and ripe bananas. A few goats were also added to our flock, and about a dozen fowls were taken. All else was left untouched, according to custom, and we resumed our journey.

The path was well trodden, and traffic and travel had tamped it hard and smooth. It led S.E. by E. up and down grassy hills and vales. Near noon we halted at a place shaded by fine woods, for refreshments. Close by us boomed a loud cataract of the Ituri. We could not at first understand how the Ituri, which we had forded the day before, could be roaring over precipices and terraces at this high altitude, and after we had purposely struck away from its valley to avoid it.

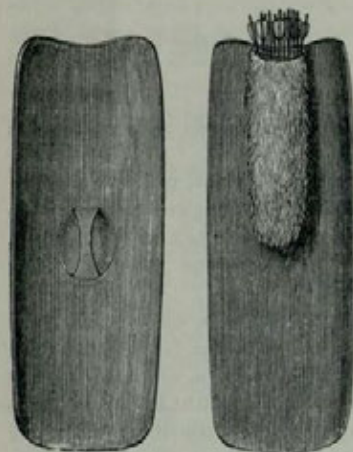
A march of an hour and a half in the afternoon brought us to the populous

district of the Babusessé. The banana plantations were very extensive, reminding me of Uganda, and in their cool shades were a multitude of huts. Fields of millet and sesame, plots of sweet potatoes, occupied the outskirts of these plantations, and there was ample evidence round about that the land was thickly peopled and industriously cultivated.

Before entering the banana shades we repaired our ranks, and marched in more compact order. A strong body of men armed with Winchesters formed the advance guard; a similar number of men armed with Remingtons, under the command of Stairs, closed the rear of the column. But however well cautioned the men were against breaking rank, no sooner had the advance guard passed safely through a dangerous locality than the main body invariably despatched scores of looters into huts and granaries to hunt up booty and

fowls, bananas, goats, sugar-cane, and trivial articles of no earthly use. These plantations hid a large number of natives, who permitted the advance to pass because their files were unbroken, and their eyes on the watch, but these straggling looters in the rear soon gave the aborigines their opportunity. Some arrows flew well aimed; one pinned a man's arm to his side, another glancing from a rib admonished its owner of his folly. A volley from rifles drove the men away from their covert without harm to any of them.

At the easternmost settlement we camped. There were only two large conical huts and other outhouses in it, and around these our men arranged hastily their sheds, roofed with banana-



SHIELDS OF BABUSESSÉ

leaves just sufficient to protect them from rain and dew.

At dusk I called the captives to me again, and attempted, during half-an-hour, to gain a lucid answer to the question as to whether there was a great body of water or great river east of us. One of my head-men, who was assisting us, demanded to know which was the largest Nyanza, that of Unyoro or that of Uganda.

"Nyanza!" cried the native boy—"Nyanza? Ay, the Nyanza lies this way" (pointing east) "and extends that way" (north-east) "a long distance;" and when asked how many "sleeps" intervened between the Babusessé and it, held up three fingers on his dexter hand and answered "three."

When it was dark we were suddenly startled by a shriek of pain, a sequent yell singularly weird with a note of triumph in it, and in the



silence that followed we heard the hurtling of arrows through the banana leaves above our heads.

"Put out the fires! Keep cool. Where are the sentries? Why are they not at their posts?" were the next words uttered.

The natives had stolen on us at the very hour when the camp was least watched, for it was supper-time, and the guards, except on unusual occasions, were permitted to feed before going out on guard duty for the night. We soon ascertained that one arrow had penetrated the thigh of a man named Salim to the depth of four inches, another had pierced the roast leg of a kid before the fire, several others had perforated banana-stalks. Salim, after a little coaxing, bravely drew out the shaft until the barbed point was seen, when, with a wrench, I extracted it with a pair of pincers. Eucalyptine was then applied to the wound, and the man was sent to his quarters.

Half-an-hour later, all the guards being now on duty, however, the natives essayed another quarter of the camp, but the rifle-shots rang out quickly in reply, and there was a scamper and a rustle heard. In the distance we heard two rifles fired, and an agonised cry, by which we knew that there were some of our incorrigible looters abroad.

Our force was weak enough, in all conscience, for the carriage of our goods, and I could not spare a man, and these wanderers and marauders continued to be a source of great anxiety to me. It was useless to reason and expostulate: only downright severity restrained them, and as yet, so fresh were we from the horrors of the forest, that I had not the moral courage to apply the screw of discipline; but when I assumed mildness their own heedless imprudence incurred punishments far more severe than any of us would ever have thought of inflicting.

A heavy rain fell on us during the night, which detained us next morning until eight o'clock. I employed the time in extracting something intelligible respecting the character of the natives in front, but we were all so profoundly ignorant of the language that we could make but little headway. In the endeavour to make herself clear, the woman drew on the ground a sketch of the course of the Ituri. This illustrated one of the strangest facts in African geography that one could imagine. The river was represented as going up to the crest of the watershed, flowing steeply upward parallel with Lake Albert, and finally lifting itself over to be precipitated into the Nyanza! Stupefied by what she said, I kept her by me as we marched out of camp into the open. From the crown of a hill she pointed out, half a mile below, the Ituri River flowing eastward. The stretch in view ran east by south.

Now here was a deep puzzle. We had crossed from the right bank to the left bank of the Ituri two days previously, in N. Lat.  $1^{\circ} 24'$ ; we were now in N. Lat.  $1^{\circ} 28'$ . Yet the Ituri we saw flowed E. by S. and E.S.S., and my route to Kavalli was obviously south of east.

I declined to perplex myself any more with the problem, or in trying to understand what the woman meant, that the river we had ascended for 600 miles from the Congo flowed to the Nyanza. The only solution possible was that there were two Ituris, one flowing to the Congo, the other into the Nile basin; but both she and her brother stoutly maintained that there was only one Ituri.

We continued on our journey, following a path which dipped down into the valley. We presently stood on the banks of the stream, and the solution was at hand. It was the main Ituri River, flowing south of west! We are all wise after the event.

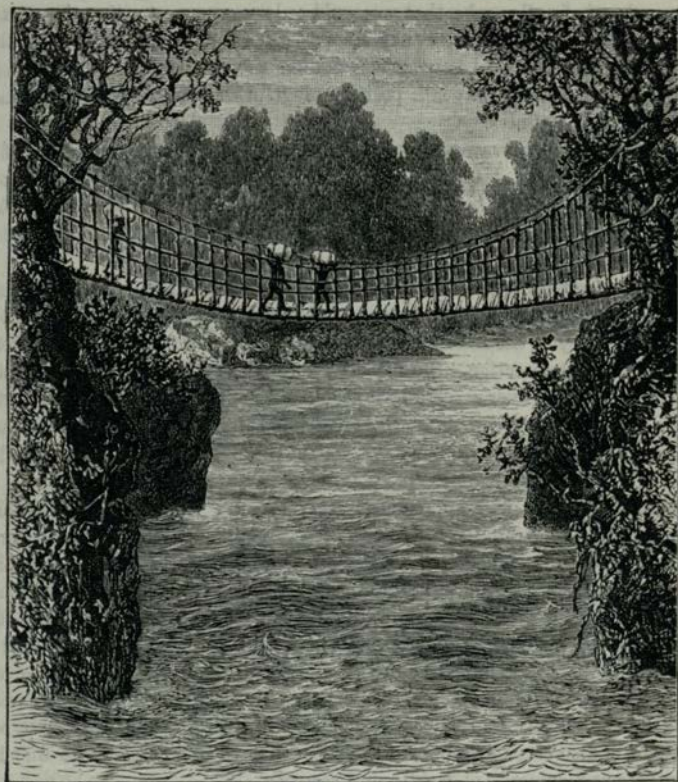
There was a clumsy, mis-shapen canoe in the river, and as Saat Tato was an expert canoeist, he was detailed to ferry the caravan over for a reward of 20 dollars. The river was 125 yards broad, about seven feet average depth, with a current of two knots. It was a cataract of this stream whose low thunder we had heard near Mbiri.

The natives of Abunguma, on the left or south side of the river, watched our operations from a hill-top a mile off, with an air of confidence which seemed to say, "All right, friends. When you are through you will have to reckon with us." Nothing could be done in such an open land as this without "all the world knowing it." The Abunguma shook their spears bravely at us; the Babusessé occupied every prominent point on the right side of the river. It appeared once or twice as if our manhood was about to be tested on an important scale. There was the comfort, however, that knowing the natives to be alert and active, we could not be surprised on a pasture slope where the grass around the camp was but three inches high.

Since we had entered Ibwiri we had fared luxuriously. We had enjoyed meat and milk daily. We had lived on fowls, young and dried beans, sugar-cane, sweet potatoes, yams, colocassia, tomatoes, brinjalls, melons, plantains, and bananas. On the people the effect was wonderful. They were men in every respect superior both in body and spirit to the gaunt and craven wretches whom the Arab slaves of Ipoto scourged and speared without more than a mild protest. On the whites also the effect had been most beneficial; though spare, we were no longer meagre and haggard.

A gentle grassy slope, on the next morning, took us, in the course of an hour, to the crown of one of those long undulations so characteristic of this region. It furnished us with another all-round view peculiarly interesting to us. Our intended direction was south-east, as we were bearing for a high conical peak at the end of a range of grass-covered mountains, which afterwards became known to us as Mazamboni's Peak. We dipped down into delightful vales, watered by cool and clear brooks. Close to these were small clusters of native homesteads, with their fields of unripe sorghum, sweet potato, and sugar-cane patches, &c. But the homesteads were all abandoned,

and their owners were observing us from the sky-line of every superior hill. Finally we passed an empty cattle zeriba, the sight of which was loudly cheered, and cries of "Ay, the master is right, and every word comes to pass. First will come the grass-land, then the cattle, with brave men to defend them, then hills, then the Nyanza, and lastly the white man. The grass-



SUSPENSION BRIDGE ACROSS THE E. ITURI

land we have seen, here is the cattle-yard, yonder are the mountains, the brave men and the Nyanza and the white man we shall yet see, please God."

We descended to a valley through which another river rushed and roared. On our left was a rugged line of rocks that rose in huge and detached masses, on the top of which a dozen men might be seated comfortably. Connecting these rocky masses was a lower line of rocks, more uniform, which form the



bare spine of a ridge. At some places we passed so close to the base of this hill that we were within easy stone's throw of the summits. But though we were prepared for a demonstration, the natives remained singularly quiet. The path we followed halted at a suspension bridge across a third "Ituri," which had better be distinguished as East Ituri to prevent misunderstanding. This last river was deep, thirty yards wide, and swift as a rapid. Spanned by a bridge of such fragile make that we could only pass one at a time in safety, it required one hundred and twenty seconds for a single person to cross the ninety-foot span, and the caravan was not on the other side entirely before 6 P.M. As the crossing was in a position of great disadvantage, riflemen had been on the look-out all day.

In the afternoon we saw a fine black cow and her calf issue out of a defile in the rocky ridge just described, and clamours of "Beef, beef—ay, beef, how are you? we have not seen you since we were young!" rose loud. The Abunguma had hidden their cattle among the rocky hills, and these specimens had probably been refractory.

Leaving the picturesque valley of East Ituri on the 8th, we ascended an easy slope to the top of a hill, where we obtained a long view of the crooked and narrow valley of the East Ituri, and were able to observe that it came from an east-south-east direction. Shortly after something more like a plain opened before us, extending over a score of miles to the south, bordered on the north by the stony ridge and valley we had just left behind, while to the eastward rose Mazamboni's mountain range, whose northern end, conspicuous by the tall peak, was our present objective point.

At 9.30 A.M. we had approached several miles nearer this mountain range, and before descending into the valley of a streamlet flowing northward, we observed with wonder that the whole intervening space as far as the mountains was one mass of plantations, indicative of a numerous population. Here then, we thought, "will be the tug of war. The Abunguma have left their settlements in order to join this numerous tribe, and meet us with a fitting reception." No more populous settlements had been seen since we had departed from Bangala on the Congo. A suspicion that these were among the confederation of tribes who hemmed in the poor anxious governor of Equatoria also crept into our minds, as we looked upon this great display of numbers and evidence of wealth and security.

With the view of not provoking the natives, and of preventing the incorrigible looters of the column from the commission of mischief, we took a south-east track to skirt the district. We were able to steer our course between the plantations, so that no cover was afforded to an enemy. At 11.30 we had reached the eastern extremity of the district, and then rested for the noon halt for refreshment.

Resuming the march at 1 P.M., we entered the depths of banana plantations, marvelling at the great industry evinced, and the neatness of the

cultivated plots. The conical homesteads were large and partitioned within, as we observed while passing through a few open doorways. Every village was cleanly swept, as though they were specially prepared for guests. Each banana stalk was loaded with bananas, the potato fields were extensive, the millet fields stretched away on either side by hundreds of acres, and the many granaries that had lately been erected manifested expectations of a bountiful harvest.

We finally emerged from the corn-fields without being once annoyed. We thought the natives had been cowed by exaggerated reports of our power, or they had been disconcerted by our cautious manoeuvre of leaving a fair open margin between the line of march and the groves; but much to our surprise we encountered no opposition, though large masses of the aborigines covered the eminences bordering our route.

The broad and well-trodden path towards the mountains which we were now rapidly approaching bisected an almost level plain, three miles wide, rich with pasture-grass in flower. The Eastern Ituri was not far off on our left flank, and on the other side of it another populous settlement was in view.

At 3 P.M. we arrived at the base of the Mountain of the Peak, which we estimated to be about 800 feet high above the plain. Many of the highest points were crowned with clusters of huts, and hamlets nestled in the folds of the mountain. The natives were gathered in large groups on the nearest summits, and when we were near enough, they cried out their defiance in loud and strident voices.

Much to our relief, the path, instead of ascending the mountain, skirted its base, and turning east, pursued the direction we wished. A valley unfolded to our view presently as we rounded the corner of the Peak Range, with a breadth of one to two miles wide, and clothed with luxuriant sorghum ripening for the sickle. On our right, rising immediately above us, was the north side of Mazamboni's range; to our left, the ground, hidden by crops of grain, sloped gradually to a branch of the East Ituri, and beyond, it rose, an easy slope, to a broad crescent-shaped grassy ridge, studded with homesteads, green with millet and corn, and rich in banana groves. One sweeping view of our surroundings impressed us with the prosperity of the tribe.

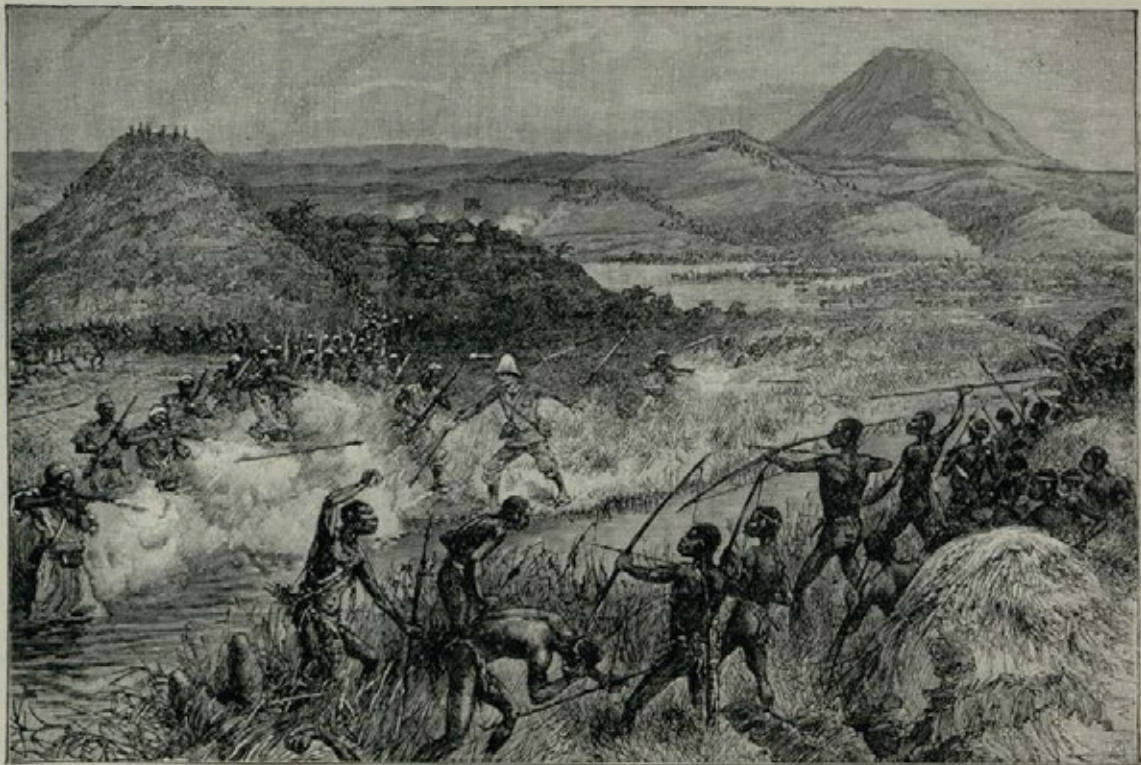
We had no sooner entered this rich crop-bearing valley than a chorus of war-cries pealed menacingly above our heads and caused us to look up. The native groups had already become more numerous, until there were probably 300 warriors shaking their flashing weapons, gesturing with shield and spear, and crying out wrathfully at us. Waxing more ungovernable, they made a demonstration to descend; then altered their intentions, and returning to the summit, kept pace with us—we along the base, they along the crest of the fore hills, snarling and yelling.

Upon issuing out of the corn-fields, we heard the war-cries of the valley natives, and comprehended that they were taking position in favourable

localities, and that the hill natives were warning and guiding them. It was now near 4 P.M., a time to pick out camp, to make ready for the night in the midst of a population overwhelming in its numbers. Fortunately, close at hand rose the steep hill of Nzera Kum with a spur, whose level top rose a hundred feet above the general face of the valley. It stood like an islet, and was distant from the river 500 yards, and from the base of Mazamboni's range 200 yards. Fifty rifles could hold a camp on such a position against a thousand. We hurried up towards it, the warriors on the range slopes converging downward as if divining our intentions; a mass of noisy belligerents hastening towards the line of march from the river banks. The scouts in the advance fired a few solitary shots to clear the front, and we succeeded in reaching the islet hill and scrambled up to its summit. The loads were thrown down, a few picked skirmishers were ordered to either flank of the column to assist the rear guard, others were directed to form a zeriba around the crown of the spur; a body of thirty men was sent to secure water from the river. In half-an-hour the column was safe on the hill, the zeriba was near completion, there was water for the thirsty, and we had a few minutes to draw breath and to observe from our commanding elevation what our surroundings were. Our bird's-eye view was not a bit encouraging. About fifty villages were sprinkled over the valley; plantation after plantation, field after field, village after village met our vision in every direction. What lay on the mountains we did not know. The swarms of lusty-voiced natives on the slopes now numbered over 800. The air seemed filled with the uproar of the shouts.

The mountaineers appeared disposed to try conclusions at once. We were fatigued with the march of 13 miles; the hot sun and weight of burdens had weakened the physical powers of the men. Some of the best, however, were picked out and sent to meet the mountaineers, while we stood and watched to weigh the temper of our opponents. Four of the scouts were foremost. An equal number of the mountaineers, not a whit loth for the encounter, bounded gallantly to meet them. They intuitively felt that the courage of our four men was not of the highest order. They approached to within 100 yards of them, and prepared their bows against the rifles. Our men delivered their fire harmlessly, and then backed; the mountaineers advanced, with fingers on their bow-strings. Our four men fled, while a hundred voices from our camp, looking down upon the scene, execrated them. This was a bad beginning for our side; the natives accepted it as a favourable omen for them, and yelled triumphantly. To check this glow, our riflemen sought cover, and seriously annoyed the natives. Some at the extremity of the hill of Nzera Kum did execution among the mountaineers on the slope of the range opposite, at 400 yards distance; others crept down into the valley towards the river, and obtained a triumph for us; others, again, working round the base of Nzera Kum, effected a diversion in our favour. Saat Tato,





OUR FIRST EXPERIENCES WITH MAZAMBONI'S PEOPLE. VIEW FROM NZERA KUM HILL



our hunter, carried away a cow from her owners, and we thus obtained a taste of beef after eleven months' abstinence. As night fell, natives and strangers sought their respective quarters, both anticipating a busy day on the morrow.

Before turning in for the night, I resumed my reading of the Bible as usual. I had already read the book through from beginning to end once, and was now at Deuteronomy for the second reading, and I came upon the verse wherein Moses exhorts Joshua in those fine lines, "Be strong and of a good courage; fear not, nor be afraid of them: for the Lord thy God, He it is that doth go with thee; He will not fail thee, nor forsake thee."

I continued my reading, and at the end of the chapter closed the book, and from Moses my mind travelled at once to Mazamboni. Was it great fatigue, incipient ague, or an admonitory symptom of ailment, or a shade of spiteful feeling against our cowardly four, and a vague sense of distrust that at some critical time my loons would fly? We certainly were in the presence of people very different from the forest natives. In the open our men had not been tested as they were to-day, and what my officers and self had seen of them was not encouraging. At any rate, I had a keener sense of the danger incurred by us in adventuring with such a small force of cowardly porters to confront the tribes of the grass-land than I remember to have had on any previous occasion. It seemed to me now that I had a more thorough grasp of what might be expected. Whether from a larger view of land and population that I had obtained, or that I was more impressed by the volume of human voices, whose uproar yet seemed to sound in my ears, I know not. But a voice appeared to say, "Be strong and of a good courage; fear not, nor be afraid of them." I could almost have sworn I heard the voice. I began to argue with it. Why do you adjure me thus? I cannot run if I would. To retreat would be far more fatal than advance; therefore your encouragement is unnecessary. It replied, nevertheless, "Be strong and of a good courage. Advance, and be confident, for I will give this people and this land unto thee. I will not fail thee nor forsake thee; fear not, nor be dismayed."

Still—all this in strict confidence—before I slept I may add that though I certainly never felt fitter for a fight, it struck me that both sides were remarkably foolish, and about to engage in what I conceived to be an unnecessary contest. We did not know even the name of the land or of the people, and they were equally ignorant of our name as well as of our purpose and motives. I sketched out my plans for the morrow, adjured the sentries to keep strict watch, and in sleep became soon oblivious of this Mazamboni—lord of the mountains and plains.

December 9th was a halt. In the morning we completed our thorn-bush fence, distributed cartridges, and examined rifles. By 9 o'clock the chill of early day disappeared before the warmth of a hot sun, and shortly



after the natives mustered in imposing numbers. War-horns, with such weird notes as I had heard in Usoga and Uganda in 1875, sounded the gathering, and over twenty drums boomed from each mountain top. There were shouts and cries flying in currents from mountain to valley, and back again, for we were quite surrounded. About 11 A.M. some few natives descended close enough for one of our men named Fetteh, a man of Unyoro, to distinguish what was said, and he exchanged a hot abuse with them, until there was quite a wordy war. Hearing that one of our people understood the language, I directed the wrathful tongues in the interests of peace, and a more amicable language resulted.

"We on our side," was said, "only fight in defence. You assail us while quietly passing through the land. Would it not be better to talk to each other, and try to understand one another first, and then, if we cannot agree, fight?"

"True, those are wise words," a man replied. "Tell us who you are, where you are from, and where you are going."

"We are of Zanzibar, from the sea, and our chief is a white man. We are bound for the Nyanza of Unyoro."

"If you have a white man with you, let us see him, and we shall believe you."

Lieutenant Stairs promptly stepped out of the zeriba and was introduced by Fetteh.

"Now you tell us who you are," said Fetteh. "What land is this? Who is your chief? And how far is the Nyanza?"

"This land is Undussuma, the chief is Mazamboni, and we are Wazamboni. The Ruweru (Nyanza) is reached in two days. It will take you five days. It lies east. There is only one road, and you cannot miss it."

This began the exchange of friendly intercourse. Strangerhood was broken. We then learned that there were two chiefs in Undussuma, one of whom would not be averse to peace, and exchange of friendly gifts, if it were agreeable to us. We gladly assented, and several hours were passed without a hostile cry being heard, or a shot fired, except at the river, the natives on whose shores were obstinate, and declined listening to anything but war proposals.

In the afternoon a message came from Mazamboni, saying he would like to see the pattern and quality of our moneys. We sent two yards of scarlet uniform cloth, and a dozen brass rods, and a promise was given that early next morning the chief himself would appear and go through the ceremony of brotherhood with me.

The next day we rose refreshed after an undisturbed night, and fondly indulged in anticipations that in a few hours, perhaps, our camp would be filled with friendly natives. We had been requested not to depart until a return gift should arrive from Mazamboni. We accordingly had resolved on

another day's halt. The morning was still raw and cold, for we were 4235 feet above the sea. A mist covered the tall mountain tops, and a slight drizzle had set in, which excused our friends from a too early appearance; but at the third hour the mist cleared away, and the outline of the entire range was clear against a pale blue sky. Lieutenant Stairs, Mr. Jephson, and myself were out at the extreme west end of the spur enjoying the splendid view, admiring the scenery, and wondering when such a beautiful land would become the homesteads of civilized settlers. Stairs thought it resembled New Zealand, and said that he would not mind possessing a ranche here. He actually went so far as to locate it, and pointed out the most desirable spot. "On that little hill I would build my house"—"Shebang" he called it. "There I would herd my cattle; my sheep could browse on the mountain slope behind, and——"

But meantime the natives had appeared on the crests of the mountain in lengthy columns, converging towards a common centre—a butt end of a truncated hill—a thousand yards in an air-line from where we stood, and a voice like that of a mob orator, clear and harmonious, broke on our ear. It proceeded from a man who, with a few companions, had descended to about 300 feet above the valley. He was ten minutes speaking, and Fetteh had been brought to listen and translate. Fetteh said that he commanded peace in the name of the king; but strange to say, no sooner had the man concluded his speech than loud, responsive yells rose from the valley in a hideous and savage clamour, and then from every mountain top, and from the slopes there was a re-echo of the savage outburst.

We surmised that such forceful yelling could not signal a peace, but rather war; and in order to make sure, sent Fetteh down into the valley below the speaker to ask him. The replies from the natives left us no room to doubt. The two sounds—Kanwana, "peace," and Kurwana, "war," were so similar that they had occasioned Fetteh's error.

"We do not want your friendship," they cried. "We are coming down to you shortly to drive you out of your camp with our herdsmen's staffs." And a treacherous fellow, who had crawled under cover of low bush, came near causing us a severe loss—our interpreter especially having an exceedingly narrow escape. Fetteh picked up the arrows and brought them to us, and delivered his news.

There was then no alternative but to inflict an exemplary lesson upon them; and we prepared to carry it out without losing a moment of time, and with the utmost rigour.

The companies were mustered, and fifty rifles were led out by Lieutenant Stairs towards those obstinate and fierce fellows on the other side of the Ituri branch. A party of thirty rifles were sent under Mr. Jephson to skirmish up the slopes to the left; and twenty picked men were sent with Uledi to make a demonstration to the right. Rashid was ordered with ten men to the top of

Nzera Kum to guard against surprise from that quarter. Jephson and Uledi would be marching to their positions unobserved by the mountaineers, because the crowns of the forehills would obstruct the view, and could approach to them within 200 yards without being seen, while Lieutenant Stairs' company, being further out in the valley, would absorb their attention.

In a few minutes Stairs' company was hotly engaged. The natives received our men with cool determination for a few minutes, and shot their arrows in literal showers; but the Lieutenant, perceiving that their coolness rose from the knowledge that there was a considerable stream intervening between them and his company, cheered his men to charge across the river. His men obeyed him, and, as they ascended the opposite bank, they opened a withering fire, which in a few seconds broke up the nest of refractory and turbulent fellows who had cried out so loudly for war. The village was taken with a rush, and the banana plantations scoured. The natives broke out into the open on a run, and fled far northward. Lieutenant Stairs then collected his men, set fire to the village, and proceeded to the assault of other settlements, rattling volleys from the company announcing the resistance they met.

Meanwhile, Uledi's party of chosen men had discovered a path leading up the mountain along a spur, and, after ascending 500 feet, led his men up into view on the right flank of the mob, observing and cheering their countrymen in the valley. The Winchesters were worked most handsomely. At the same time Mr. Jephson's party came out of the left ravine, and together they had such a disastrous effect on the nerves of the natives that they fled furiously up the slopes, Uledi and his men chasing them.

Mr. Jephson, after seeing them in full flight, faced eastward, and pushed on for two miles, clearing every inhabitant out. By 1 P.M. all our men were in camp, with only one man slightly wounded. Every man had behaved wonderfully well; even the four cowards, who had been marked men, had distinguished themselves.

At 2 P.M., the natives in the valley having returned, each party was despatched once again. Stairs led his men across the Ituri branch, and followed the running fugitives far northward, then veered sharply about to join Jephson, who had continued his way eastward. Uledi's scouts were sent up to the very summit of the mountain range; but on observing the immense number of homesteads that dotted it, he prudently halted.

Until the afternoon the contest continued; the natives were constantly on the run, charging or retreating. By evening not one was in sight, and the silence around our camp was significant of the day's doings. The inhabitants were on the mountains or far removed eastward and northward. In the valley around us there was not a hut left standing to be a cover during the night. The lesson, we felt, was not completed. We should have to re'urn by that route. In the natural course of



things, if we met many tribes of the quality of this, we should lose many men, and if we left them in the least doubt of our ability to protect ourselves, we should have to repeat our day's work. It was, therefore, far more merciful to finish the affair thoroughly before leaving a tribe in unwhipped insolence in our rear. The natives must have entertained an idea that we could not fight outside our bush fence, which no doubt accounted for their tall talk of driving us out with sticks.

A cow neglected by her owner was burnt in one of the villages close by and furnished us with a second limited ration of roast beef.

On the 11th it rained again during the early morning, which kept us indoors until 10 A.M. Some natives having then come out to demonstrate their hostility on the mountains, Stairs, Jephson and Uledi led their men up the mountain slopes in three separate small columns to the attack, and made a successful tour among their strongholds. A small flock of goats was captured and distributed to the men, and the natives must have learned that they had nothing to gain by fighting.

At one time it appeared as though the day would end with reconciliation, for a native stood on a high hill above our position after all had reached camp, and announced that he had been sent by Mazamboni to say that he had received our gifts, but had been prevented from visiting us by his young men, who insisted on fighting. But now, as many of them had been killed, he was ready to pay tribute, and be a true friend in future.

We replied that we were agreeable to peace and friendship with them, but as they had mocked us, kept our peace presents, and scornfully called us women, they must purchase peace with cattle or goats, and if they held up grass in their hands, they could approach without fear.

It should be mentioned that when the warriors descended the mountain slopes for the fight, every little squad of men was accompanied by a hound, of somewhat slender build, but courageous, and prompt to attack.

The arms of the Wazamboni consisted of long bows, arrows twenty-eight inches in length, and a spear. Their shields were long and narrow generally, but they had also many of the true Uganda form. Their arrows were cruelly barbed, and their spears were similar to those of the Central Lakes region.



SHIELD OF THE  
WAZAMBONI

## CHAPTER XII

## ARRIVAL AT LAKE ALBERT, AND OUR RETURN TO IBWIRI

We are further annoyed by the natives—Our march to the lake—We keep the natives at bay—Plateau of Unyoro in view—Night attack by the natives—We reach Lake Albert—Parley with the lake natives—No news of the Pasha—We consider our position—Lieutenant Stairs converses with the people of Kasenya Island—The only sensible course left us—Again attacked by natives—Scenery on the lake's shore—We determine on returning to Ibwiri in the forest—The rich valley of Undussuma—Our return journey and construction of Fort Bodo.

On the 12th December we left camp at dawn, and up to 9 A.M. it did not appear as if anybody was astir throughout the valley. Our road led E. by S. and dipped down into ravines and narrow valleys, through which the tributaries of the Ituri flowed under depths of jungle and reed-cane. Villages were seen nestling amid abundance, but we left them unmolested in the hope that the wild people might perceive that when left alone we were an extremely inoffensive band of men. But at nine o'clock, the chill and fog of the morning having disappeared, we heard the first war-cries, and traced them to a large group of villages that crowned the forehills of the Undussuma range. Observing that we continued our march without appearing to notice them, the natives descended and boldly hovered on our right flank and rear.

By 11 A.M. there were two separate bands of natives following us. One band had come from the eastward, the other was formed out of the population of the villages in the valley which we had left untouched.

By noon these bands had become numerous and frantic mobs, who cried out, "We will prove to you before night that we are men, and every one of you shall perish to-day."

At this hour, refreshed by our halt, we resumed the march through a grassy wilderness. There were no villages in view on either hand, but the mobs followed us, now and then making annoying demonstrations. An expert shot left the line of march, and wounded two of them at a range of 400 yards. This silenced them for a while, as though they were absorbed in wondering what missile could inflict injuries at such a distance. But soon their numbers received fresh accessions, and their audacity became more marked. Our rear guard became presently engaged, and a check was given to the natives.

At 3.30, we came in view of the Bavira villages, situated on an open plain and occupying both banks of a deep and precipitous ravine hollowed out of the clay by a considerable tributary of the East Ituri. We in the front reached the eastern bank, for the natives were too late to prevent the crossing. But as they were now rushing down to dispute our passage, the loads were at once dropped, skirmishers were despatched from the advance to recross the river, and to assist the rear guard, and a lively scene occurred, at the end of which the natives retreated on the full run. To punish them for four hours' persecution of us we turned about and set fire to every hut on either bank, then re-forming we hastened up a steep hilly plateau that rose 200 feet above the plain, to meet the natives who had gathered to oppose us. Long, however, before we could reach the summit, they had abandoned their position and left us to occupy a village in peace. It being now a late hour we camped, and our first duty was to render our quarters safe against a night attack.

It should be observed that, up to the moment of firing the villages, the fury of the natives seemed to be increasing, but the instant the flames were seen devouring their homes the fury ceased, by which we learned that fire had a remarkable sedative influence on their nerves.

The village of the Bavira, wherein we slept that night, was 4657 feet above the sea. It had been a fine day for travel, and the S.E. breeze was most cooling. As the sun set it became very cold; by midnight the temperature was 60°. We had travelled nine miles, and nearly all the men complained of fatigue from the strain and excitement of the day.

On the 13th we set off easterly a little after dawn, in order that we might cover some distance before the aborigines ventured out into the cold raw air of the morning. The short pasture grass was beaded with dew and wet as with rain. The rear guard, after disarranging our night defences that the natives might not understand the manner of them, soon overtook us, and we left the district in compact order ready for fresh adventures. Until the third hour of the morning we were permitted to travel amid scenes of peaceful stillness. We enjoyed the prospects and admired the features of the great plain north of the Ituri River, and the multitude of hilly cones that bounded the northern horizon. We observed how the lines of conical hills massed themselves into a solid and unbroken front to the east and west; how to the south of us the face of the country consisted of a series of great land-waves, every hollow of which had its own particular stream; and how, about five miles off, the mountain range continued from Undussuma East to the Balegga country, formed itself into bay-like curves wherein numerous settlements found water and sweet grass for their cattle and moisture for their millet fields, and finally prolonged itself, rounding northward until its extremity stood east of us. The direction we were going would take us before many hours between the northern and southern ranges, to the top of a saddle that



appeared to connect them. A group of villages situated on the skyline of this saddle was our objective point at present, until we could take further bearings thence.

But at 9 A.M. the natives began to stir and look around, for every feature of the wide landscape was then free from mist and fog. Our long winding line of men was soon detected and hailed with war-cries, the sound of which drew hundreds of hostile eyes burning with ferocity and hate upon us. Village after village was passed by us untouched, but, as we experienced the day before, this forbearance was not to our credit, but was rather due to pusillanimity according to them. We felt it in our veins that we were being charged with weakness. A crowd of fifty natives stood aside, 300 yards from our path, observant of our conduct. They saw us defile through their settlements with kindly regard for their property, and eyes fixed straight before us, intent on our own business of travel only. Far from accepting this as a proof that there was some virtue in us, they closed behind the column, loudly and imperiously summoned their countrymen to gather together and surround us—a call their countrymen appeared only too willing to obey. As soon as they deemed their numbers strong enough to take the offensive they charged on the rear guard, which act was instantly responded to by good practice with rifles.

Every half-hour we came to a stream, with a breadth of cane-brake on either side, and at such times we had to repeat our efforts to keep the impulsive natives at bay.

The group of villages on the skyline already mentioned, between the converging lines of hills to north and south of us, became more and more distinct as we steadily pressed on eastward, and I began to feel a presentiment that before another hour was passed we should see the Albert Nyanza. But as though there was some great treasure in our front, the natives waxed bolder and more determined, and increased in numbers, the war-cries were incessantly vociferated from every eminence, and we felt that a supreme effort was about to be made by them. As we cast our eyes about, we saw each elevation black with masses of men, while the broad and rolling plain showed lines of figures like armies of ants travelling towards us.

A 11 A.M. we were near the crest of the last ridge intervening between us and the saddle to which we were advancing, when we caught a view of a small army moving along a road, which we knew must cross our track. The attacking point I felt sure would be a knoll above the source of a stream, and when the advance guard was about a hundred yards from it, it was ordered to wheel sharply to the right, and stack goods on its summit.

When we reached the top of the knoll, the head of the native army was at the foot of it on the other side, and without an instant's hesitation both sides began the contest. The rapid fire of the Winchesters was however altogether too much for the natives, for, great as was the power of the

united voices, the noise of the Winchesters was more deafening, while the fierce hissing of the bullets paralysed the bravest. The advance guard rushed down the slopes towards them, and in a few seconds the natives turned their backs and bounded away with the speed of antelopes. Our men pursued them for about a mile, but returned at the recall, a summons they obeyed with the precision of soldiers, which pleased me more even than the gallantry they had displayed. The greatest danger in reality with half-disciplined men is the inclination to follow the chase, without regard to the design the enemy may have in view by sudden flight. On this occasion forty men were chasing 500, while 1500 natives at least were surveying the field on a hill to the right of us, and a similar number was posted to the left of us.

Again we re-formed our ranks, and marched forward in close order as before, but at 12.30 we halted for refreshments, with a pretty wide circle around us, clear of noisy and yelling natives. Our noon halt permitted them to collect their faculties, but though they were undoubtedly sobered by the events of the morning, they still threatened us with imposing numbers of the Balegga, Bavira, and Wabiassi tribes.

After an hour's rest the line of march was resumed. We found an exceedingly well-trodden path, and that it was appreciated was evident from the rapid and elastic tread of the column. Within fifteen minutes we gained the brow of the saddle, or rather plateau, as it turned out to be, and, about twenty-five miles away, we saw a dark blue and uniform line of table-land, lifted up into the clouds and appearing portentously lofty. The men vented a murmur of discontented surprise at the sight of it. I knew it was Unyoro, and that between us and that blue table-land was an immense gulf, and that at the bottom of this gulf Lake Albert lay. Our people, on viewing the plateau of Unyoro in the distance, cried out in a vexed manner, "Mashallah! but this Nyanza keeps going further and further away from us;" but I cheered them up with, "Keep your eyes open, boys! You may see the Nyanza any minute now," which remark, like many others tending to encourage them, was received with grunts of unbelief.

But every step we now took proved to me that we were approaching the chasm occupied by the Nyanza, for the Unyoro plateau rose higher into view, the slopes on either hand of our road descended lower until at last all eyes rested on a grey cloud, or what is it, mist? Nay, it was the Nyanza sleeping in the haze. The men gazed upon the lake fully two minutes before they realised that what they looked upon was water, and then they relieved their feelings with cheers and enthusiastic shouts.

We continued our pace a few minutes longer, until we stood on the verge of the steep descent from the plateau, and near a small village perched on this exposed situation we made a short halt to take bearings, inspect aneroids, and reflect a little upon our next step.

Though the people were shouting and dancing and thronging around me with congratulations for having "hit the exact spot so well," a chill came over me, as I thought of the very slight chance there was, in such a treeless country as this, of finding a canoe fit to navigate the rough waters of the Albert. With my glass I scrutinized anxiously the distant shore of the Lake, but I could not see any canoe, neither could I see a single tree in all the long stretch of slope and extended plain of a size suitable for a canoe, and the thought that, after all, our forced march and continual fighting and sacrifice of life would be in vain, struck me for the first time, even while upon every man's lips was the pious ejaculation, "Thank God!"

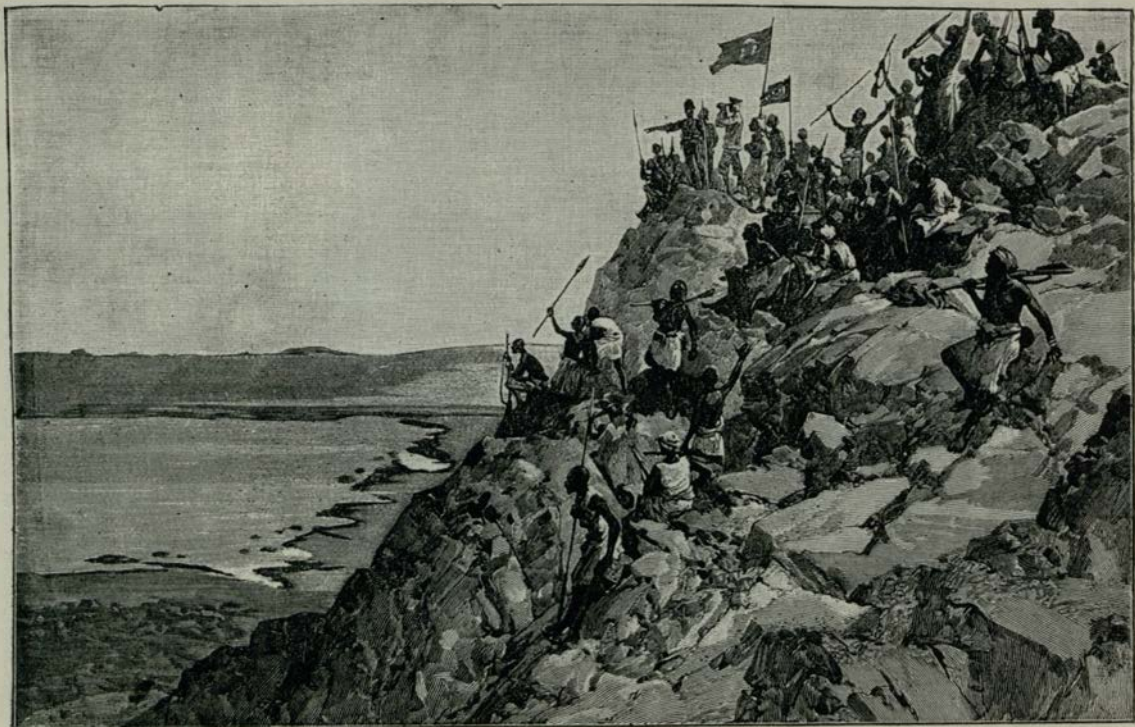
And yet it was just possible we might be able to buy a canoe. It would be too hard if our long travels hither were to be quite in vain.

The scene I looked upon was very different to what I had anticipated. I had circumnavigated the Victoria Nyanza and the Tanganika, and I had viewed the Muta Nzigé from a plateau somewhat similar to this, and canoes were procurable on either Lake. But I saw here about twenty miles of most barren slopes, rugged with great rocks, and furrowed with steep ravines and watercourses, whose banks showed a thin fringe of miserable bush, and between them were steeply descending sharp and long spurs, either covered with rocky and clayey débris or tall green grass. Between the base of this lengthy fall of slope and the Lake was a plain about five or six miles in breadth, and about twenty miles long, resembling a well-wooded park land, but the trees spread out their branches too broadly to possess the desirable stems. They appeared to me to be more like acacia and thorn-trees and scrub, which would be utterly useless for making canoes.

Our aneroids indicated an altitude of 5000 feet. The islet marked on Mason's chart as near Kavalli bore E.S.E., magnetic, about six miles from our position. Laying Colonel Mason's chart of the Albert Nyanza before us, we compared it with what was spread so largely and grandly over 2500 feet below us, and we were forced to bear witness to the remarkable accuracy of his survey. Here and there some trifling islets and two or three small inlets were observed as omissions.

I had often wondered at Sir Samuel Baker's description of the Albert Nyanza's extension towards the south-west, perhaps oftener after Colonel Mason's mysteriously brusque way of circumscribing its "illimitability," but I can feel pure sympathy with the discoverer now, despite the terrible "cutting off" to which it has been subjected. Whether limited or unlimited, the first view of water and mountain is noble, and even inspiring. But even at its extremity Lake Albert has a spacious breadth. As we follow the lines of its mountain banks the breadth widens grandly, the silver colour of its shallow head soon changes into the deep azure of ocean, the continuing expanding breadth, immense girdle of mountains and pale sky, lose their outlines and become fused into an indefinite blueness at the sea-horizon north-eastward.





THE SOUTH END OF THE ALBERT NYANZA. DECEMBER 13, 1887



Our point of observation was in N. Lat.  $1^{\circ} 23' 00''$ . The extreme end of the eastern end of the Lake bore S.E. magnetic, and the extreme western end bore S.E. and S.E. by S. Between the two extremities there were five inlets, one of which reached two miles further south than any of those observed points.

The table-land of Unyoro maintained an almost uniform level as far as we could see, its terminable point being cut off from view by a large shoulder of mountain, that thrust itself forward from the western range. Southward of the Lake and between these opposing heights—that of the table-land of Unyoro on the east, and that of the table-land on the west—extended a low plain which formerly, but not recently, must have been inundated by the



VIEW OF THE SOUTH END OF ALBERT NYANZA

waters of the Lake, but now was dry firm ground, clothed with sere grass, gently rising as it receded south, and finally producing scrubby wood, acacia and thorn, like the terrace directly below us.

After a rest of about twenty minutes, we commenced the descent down the slopes of the range. Before the rear guard under Lieutenant Stairs had left the spot, the natives had gathered in numbers equal to our own, and before the advance had descended 500 feet, they had begun to annoy the rear guard in a manner that soon provoked a steady firing. We below could see them spread out like skirmishers on both flanks, and hanging to the rear in a long line up the terribly steep path.



While they shot their arrows, and crept nearer to their intended victims, they cried, "*Ku-la-la heh lelo?*"—"Where will you sleep to-night? Don't you know you are surrounded? We have you now where we wanted you."

Our men were not a whit slow in replying, "Wherever we sleep, you will not dare come near; and if you have got us where you wanted us to be, why not come on at once?"

Though the firing was brisk, there was but little hurt done; the ground was adverse to steadiness, and on our side only one man was wounded with an arrow, but the combat kept both sides lively and active. Had we been unburdened and fresh, very few of these pestilent fellows would have lived to climb that mountain again.

The descent was continued for three hours, as we had to halt every fifteen minutes to repel the natives, who, to the number of forty, or thereabouts, followed us down to the plain.

Half a mile from the base of the mountain we crossed a slightly saline stream, which had hollowed a deep channel, banked by precipitous and in some places perpendicular walls of débris 50 feet high, on either side. On the edge of one of these latter walls we formed a camp, the half of a circle being thus unassailable; the other half we soon made secure with brushwood and material from an abandoned village close by. Having observed that the daring natives had descended into the plain, and knowing their object to be a night attack, a chain of sentries were posted at a distance from the camp, and well hidden by the grass. An hour after dark the attack was made by the band of natives, who, trying one point after another, were exceedingly surprised to receive a fusilade from one end of the half circle to the other.

This ended a troublous day, and the rest we now sought was well earned.

Inspecting the aneroid on reaching the camping-place, we discovered that we had made a descent of 2250 feet since we had left our post of observation on the verge of the plateau above.

On the 14th we left the base of the plateau, and marched across the plain that gently sloped for five miles to the Lake. As we travelled on, we examined closely if among the thin forest of acacia any tree might be available for a canoe; but the plain was destitute of all but acacia, thorn-bush, tamarind, and scrub—a proof that the soil, though sufficiently rich for the hardier trees, had enough acrid properties—nitre, alkali, or salts—to prevent the growth of tropical vegetation. We, however, trusted that we should be enabled to induce the natives to part with a canoe, or, as was more likely, Emin Pasha had visited the south end of the lake, according to my request, and had made arrangements with the natives for our reception. If not, why ultimately perhaps we should have legitimate excuse for taking the temporary loan of a canoe.

About a mile and a half from the lake we heard some natives cutting fuel in a scrubby wood, not far from the road. We maintained silence while

the interpreter attempted to obtain a reply to his friendly hail. For ten minutes we remained perfectly still, and then, for the first time in Africa, I heard as gross and obscene abuse from a woman as the traditional fish-woman of Billingsgate is supposed to be capable of uttering. We were obliged to desist from the task of conciliating such an unwomanly person.

We sent the interpreter ahead with a few men to the village at the Lake side, which belonged to a chief called Katonza, and sometimes Kaiya Nkondo, with instructions to employ the utmost art possible to gain the confidence of the inhabitants, and by no means to admit rebuff by words or threats, hostile action only to be accepted as an excuse for withdrawal. We, in the meantime, were to follow slowly, and then halt until summoned, close to the settlement.

The villagers were totally unconscious of our approach and neighbourhood, and their first impulse, on seeing our men, was to fly; but, observing that they were not pursued, they took position on an ant-hill at an arrow-flight's distance, more out of curiosity than goodwill. Perceiving that our men were polite and altogether harmless, they sanctioned the approach of the caravan, and on seeing me they advanced nearer, while assurances of friendliness were being assiduously reiterated. About forty natives mustered courage to draw near enough for easy parley, and then harangues and counter-harangues, from one side to the other, one party vowing by their lives, by the love of their throats, by the blue sky above, that no harm was intended or evil meditated—that only friendship and goodwill were sought, for which due gifts would be given, the other averring that though their hesitation might be misjudged, and possibly attributed to fear, still they had met—often met—a people called the Wara-Sura, armed with guns like ours, who simply killed people. Perhaps, after all, we were Wara-Sura, or their friends, for we had guns also, in which case they were quite ready to fight the instant they were assured we were Wara-Sura or their allies.

“Wara-Sura! Wara-Sura! What men are these? We never heard of the name before. Whence are they?” etc., etc., and so on unceasingly for three mortal hours in the hot sun. Our cajolings and our winsomest smiles began to have effect, but they suddenly assumed moodiness, and expressed their suspicion in the harsh, rasping language of Unyoro, which grated horribly on the hearing. In the end our effort was a complete failure. We had, unknown to ourselves, incurred their suspicion by speaking too kindly of Unyoro and of Kabba Rega, who, we found later, was their mortal enemy. They would not accept our friendship, nor make blood-brotherhood, nor accept even a gift. They would give us water to drink, and they would show the path along the Lake.

“You seek a white man, you say. We hear there is one at Kabba Rega's (Casati). Many, many years ago a white man came from the north in a smoke-boat (Mason Bey), but he went away, but that was when we were

children. There has been no strange boat on our waters since. We hear of strange people being at Buswa (Mswa), but that is a long way from here. There northward along the Lake lies your way. All the wicked people come from there. We never heard any good of men who came in from the Ituri either. The Wara-Sura sometimes come from that direction."

They condescended to show us the path leading along the shore of the Lake, and then stood aside on the plain, bidding us, in not unfriendly tones, to take heed of ourselves, but not a single article for their service would they accept. Wondering at their extraordinary manner, and without a single legitimate excuse to quarrel with them, we proceeded on our way meditatively, with most unhappy feelings.

While pondering upon the strange dead stop to that hopefulness which had hitherto animated us, it struck us that a more heartless outlook never confronted an explorer in wild Africa than that which was now before us. From the date of leaving England, January 21, 1887, to this date of 14th December, it never dawned on us that at the very goal we might be baffled so completely as we were now. There was only one comfort, however, in all this; there was henceforward no incertitude. We had hoped to have met news of the Pasha here. A governor of a province, with two steamers, life-boats and canoes, and thousands of people, we had imagined would have been known everywhere along the shore of such a small Lake as the Albert. We now concluded that Emin could not, or he would not, leave Wadelai, we thought, or he knew nothing yet of our coming.\* When compelled through excess of weakness to leave our steel boat at Ipoto, we had hoped one of three things: either that the Pasha, warned by letters from Zanzibar of my coming, would have prepared the natives for our appearance, or that we could purchase or make a canoe of our own. The Pasha had never visited the south end of the Lake; there was no canoe to be obtained, nor was there any tree out of which one could be made.

Since we had entered the grass-land we had expended five cases of cartridges. There remained forty-seven cases with us, besides those at Ipoto in charge of Captain Nelson and Dr. Parke. Wadelai was distant twenty-five days' journey by land, though it was only four by water. If we travelled northward by land, it was most likely we should expend twenty-five cases more in fighting to reach Wadelai, assuming that the tribes were similar to those in the south. On reaching Emin Pasha we should then have only twenty-two left. If we then left twelve cases only with him, we should have only ten to return by a route upon which we had fired thirty cases. Ten

\* In November, 1887, Emin Pasha wrote to his friend Dr. Felkin: "All well; on best terms with chiefs and people; will be leaving shortly for Kibiro, on east coast of Lake Albert. Have sent reconnoitering party to look out for Stanley, which had to return with no news yet. Stanley expected about December 15th (1887)." We arrived on December 14th.



cases would be quite as inadequate a supply for us as twelve would be for Emin. This was a mental review of our position as we trudged northward along the shore of the Albert. But hoping that at Kasenya Island, to which we were wending, we might be able to obtain a canoe, I resolved upon nothing except to search for a vessel of some kind for a couple of days, and failing that, discuss the question frankly with my companions.

At our noon halt, a few miles north of Katonza's, the first note of retreat was sounded. The officers were both shocked and grieved.

"Ah, gentlemen," said I, "do not look so. You will make my own regrets greater. Let us look the facts fairly in the face. If the island of Kasenya has no canoe to give us, we must retrace our tracks; there is no help for it. We will devote to-day and to-morrow to the search, but if unsuccessful, we shall be then face to face with starvation if we linger longer in this deserted plain. There is no cultivation on this acrid Lake terrace, nothing nearer than the plateau. Our principal hope was in Emin Pasha. I thought that he could make a short visit in his steamers to this end of the Lake, and would tell the natives that he expected friends to come from the west. What has become of him, or why he could not reach here, we cannot say. But Katonza's villagers told us that they had never seen a steamer or a white man since Mason Bey was here. They have heard that Casati is in Unyoro. Without a boat it means a month's journey to us to find Emin.

"There is but one way besides retreating that appears feasible to me, and that is to seize upon some village on the Lake shore, build an entrenched camp, and wait events—say, for the news to reach Unyoro, or Wadelai or Kabba Rega; and Casati, Emin, or the Unyoro king may become curious enough to send to discover who we are. But there is the food question. These Lake villagers do not cultivate. They catch fish and make salt to sell to the people on the plateau for grain. We should have to forage, ascending and descending daily that dreadful mountain slope. For a week or so the natives of the plateau might resist every foraging party, but finally surrender, and emigrate elsewhere to distant parts, leaving a naked land in our possession. You must admit that this would be a most unwise and foolish plan.

"Were our boat here, or could a canoe be procurable by any means, our position would be thus:—We could launch and man her with twenty men, supply them with ten or twelve days' provisions and an officer, while we could re-ascend to the plateau, seize upon a good position near the edge of the plateau, render it quickly unassailable, and forage north, south, and west in a land abounding with grain and cattle, and keep sentries observing the Lake and watching for the signal of fire or smoke. On the boat's return a hundred rifles could descend to the Lake to learn the news of Emin Pasha's safety, or perhaps of his departure to Zanzibar. The last is probable, because the latest news that I received from the Foreign Office showed that he meditated taking such a step. But now, as we are without canoe or boat, I feel, though we

are but four days by water from Wadelai, that we are only wasting valuable time in searching for expedients, when common-sense bids us be off to the forest, find some suitable spot like Ibwiri to leave our surplus stores, sick men and convalescents, and return here again with our boat and a few dozen cases of ammunition. In this inexplicable absence of Emin, or any news of him, we should be unwise in wasting our strength, carrying the too great surplus of ammunition, when perhaps the Pasha has departed from his province."

During our afternoon march we travelled along the Lake until the island of Kasenya was about a mile distant.

We made a bush fence, and halted at an early hour. We spent the afternoon in considering our position more fully under the new light thrown upon it by the determined refusal of Katonza and his followers to entertain our friendship.

The next morning (15th December) I sent Lieutenant Stairs and forty men to speak with the people of Kasenya Island. The islanders sent a canoe with two fishermen in it in answer to the hail, but they appeared to be unable to approach him within several hundred yards. The mud near the shore was of unfathomed depth, and none dared to put a foot into it. After awhile the fishermen vaguely pointed out a locality further up the Lake where they could approach nearer, the distance they were then at barely allowing the sounds of the voice to be heard. We spent the morning awaiting Lieutenant Stairs, but finding considerable difficulty with the mud and swamps along the Lake, he returned in the afternoon without having spoken with them. I then sent Mr. Jephson with a party to the landing-place indicated by the natives, which was a low bluff wooded at the summit, with depth of water sufficient for all practical purposes. In reply to a hail a fisherman and his wife came to within a good bow-shot from the shore, and deigned to converse with our party. They said—

"Yes, we remember a smoke-boat came here a long time ago. There was a white man (Colonel Mason) in her, and he talked quite friendly. He shot a hippopotamus for us, and gave it to us to eat. The bones lie close to where you stand, which you may see for yourselves. There are no large canoes on this Lake or anywhere about here, for the biggest will but hold two or three people safely. We buy our canoes from the Wanyoro on the other side for fish and salt. Will we carry a letter for you to Unyoro? No (with a laugh). We could not think of such a thing; that is a work for a chief and a great man, and we are poor people, no better than slaves. Will we sell a canoe? A little canoe like this will carry you nowhere. It is only fit for fishing close to shore in shallow waters like these. Which way did you come here? By the way of the Ituri? Ah! that proves you to be wicked people. Who ever heard of good people coming from that direction? If you were not wicked people, you would have brought a big boat with you, like the other white man, and shoot hippos like him. Go your ways—yonder lies your

road; but as you go you will meet with people as bad as yourselves, whose work is to kill people. There is no food close to this Lake or in all this plain. Fishermen like us have no need of hoes. Look around everywhere and you will not find a field. You will have to go back to the mountains where there is food for you; there is nothing here. Our business is to make salt and catch fish, which we take to the people above to exchange for grain and beans. This island is Kasenya, and belongs to Kavalli, and the next place is Nyamsassi. Go on. Why do you not go on and try your luck elsewhere? The first white man stopped in these waters one night in his boat, and the next morning he went on his way, and since then we have not seen him or any other."

Go! The inevitable closed around us to fulfil the law that nothing worth striving for can be obtained but by pain and patience. Look where we might, a way to advance was denied to us, except by fighting, killing, destroying, consuming and being consumed. Marching to Wadelai would only be a useless waste of ammunition, and its want of it would probably prevent our return, and so reduce us to the same helplessness as Emin Pasha was reported to be in. If we cast our eyes lakewards, we became conscious that we were bipeds requiring something floatable to bear us over the water. All roads except that by which we came were closed, and in the meantime our provisions were exhausted.

At the evening's council we resolved to adopt the only sensible course left us—that is, to return to Ibwiri, an eighteen days' journey, and there build a strong stockade, then to send a strong party to Ipoto to bring up the boat, goods, officers, and convalescents to our stockade, and after leaving fifty rifles there under three or four officers, hurry on to Ugarrowa's settlement, and send the convalescents from there back to Ibwiri, and afterwards continue our journey in search of the Major and the rear column before he and it was a wreck, or marched into that wilderness whence we so narrowly escaped, and then, all united again, march on to this place with the boat, and finish the mission thoroughly, with no anxieties in the rear bewildering or enfeebling us.

The following day, December 16th, a severe rainstorm detained us in camp until 9 A.M. The hard plain absorbed the water but slowly, and for the first hour we tramped through water up to the knee in some places. We then emerged on a gently rolling plain, where the grass was but three inches high, with clumps of bush and low trees a few score of yards apart, making the whole scene resemble an ornamental park. Arriving at the path connecting the landing-place at Kasenya with the mountain path by which we descended, we crossed it, keeping parallel to the Lake shore, and about a mile and a half from it. Presently herds of game appeared, and as our people were exceedingly short of provisions, we prepared to do our best to obtain a supply of meat. After some trouble a male kudu fell to my share, and Saat Tato, the hunter,



dropped a hartebeest. Two miles beyond the landing-place of Kasenya we halted.

Our object in halting here was to blind the natives of Katonza's, who we felt sure would follow us to see if we had moved on, for naturally, having behaved so unruly to us, they might well entertain fears, or at least anxiety, respecting us. At night we proposed to retrace our steps, and follow the road to the foot of the mountain pass, and before dawn commence the steep and stony ascent, and be at the summit before the natives of the table-land above would be astir—as a struggle with such determined people, heavily loaded as we were, was to be avoided if possible.

About 3 P.M., as we were occupied in dividing the game among the hungry people, some native yells were heard, and half-a-dozen arrows fell among us. Nothing can give a better idea of the blind stupidity of these savages than this instance of half-a-score of them assaulting a well-appointed company of 170 men in the wilderness, any two of whom were more than a match for them in a fight. Of course, having delivered their yells and shot their arrows, they turned sharply about and fled. Probably they knew they could rely upon their speed, for they left our pursuing men far out of sight in an incredibly short time. The ten savages who thus visited us were the same who had affected such solicitude as to come to ascertain if we had lost the road yesterday.

In my rambles after meat during the day, far down the shore of the Lake from the halting-place, I came to vast heaps of bones of slaughtered game. They seemed to have been of many kinds, from the elephant and hippopotamus down to the small bush-bok. It is probable that they had been surrounded by natives of the district, who, with the assistance of fire, had slaughtered them in heaps within a circle of not more than 300 yards in diameter.

Saat Tato the hunter, after wounding a buffalo, was deterred from following it by the appearance of a full-grown lion, who took up the chase.

The shore of the Lake, as it trends north-easterly, increases greatly in beauty. Over a score of admirable camping places were seen by me close by the edge of the Lake, with slopes of white firm sand, over much of which the waves rolled ceaselessly. Behind was a background of green groves isleted amid green sward, and game of great variety abounding near by; while a view of singular magnificence and beauty greeted the eye in every direction.

At 5.30 P.M. we gathered together, and silently got into order of march for the base of the mountain. We had three sick people with us; two of them had not yet recovered from the effects of our miserable days in the great forest, another suffered from a high fever incurred in last night's rain-storm.

At 9 P.M. we stumbled upon a village, which confused us somewhat, but the huge mountain, rising like a dark cloud above us, prevented us from

retracing our steps. In dead silence we passed through the sleeping village, and followed a path out of it, which, degenerating into a mere trail, was soon lost. For another hour we bore on through the dark, keeping our eyes steadily fixed on the darker shadow that rose to the starry sky above us, until at last wearied nature, betrayed by the petulance of the advance guard, demanded a halt and rest. We threw ourselves down on the grass even where we halted, and were soon in deepest slumber, indifferent to all troubles.

At dawn we rose from a deep sleep, drenched with dew and but little refreshed, and gazing up at the immense wall of the table-land that rose in four grand terraces of about 600 feet each, we discovered that we were yet about two miles from the foot of the pass. We therefore pressed forward, and shortly reached the base of the ascent. By aneroids we were 150 feet above the level of the Lake, which was 2400 feet above the sea, and we were 2500 feet below the summit of the mountain.

While the carriers of the expedition broke their fast on the last morsels of meat received from yesterday's hunting, thirty picked men were sent up to seize the top of the ascent, and to keep the post while the loaded caravan struggled upward.

After half-an-hour's grace we commenced the ascent of the rocky and rain-scoured slope, with a fervid "Bismillah" on our lips. After the fatiguing night-march, the chill of the dew, and drizzling rain and cold of the early morn, we were not in the best condition to climb to a 2500-foot altitude. To increase our discomfort, the Eastern sun shone full on our backs, and the rocks reflected the heat in our faces. One of the sick men in delirium wandered away; another suffering from high bilious fever surrendered and would proceed no further. When we were half-way up twelve natives of Katonza's were seen far below on the plains, bounding along the track in hot chase of the Expedition, with the object of picking up stragglers. They probably stumbled across our sick men, and the ease with which a delirious and unarmed person fell a sacrifice to their spears would inspire them with a desire to try again. However, Lieutenant Stairs was in charge of the rear guard, and no doubt would give a good account of them if they approached within range.

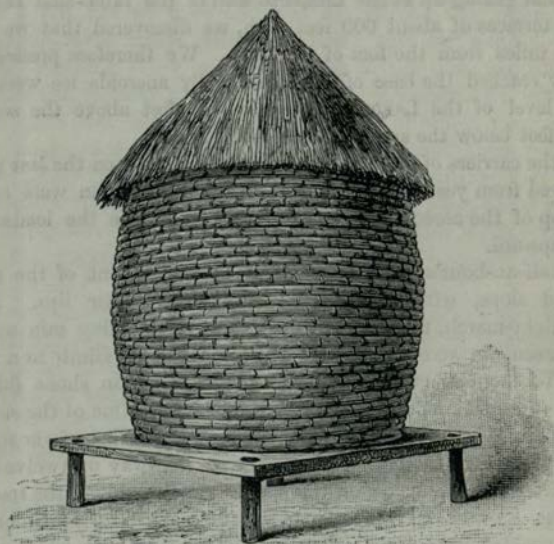
At the top of the second terrace we found a little stream, which was refreshingly cool, for the bare rocks and boulders were scorching. That the column suffered terribly was evident by the manner it straggled in fragments over the slopes and terraced flats, and by the streams of perspiration that coursed down their naked bodies. It was a great relief that our sharpshooters held the brow of the hill, for a few bold spearmen might have decimated the panting and gasping sufferers.

At the top of the third terrace there was a short halt, and we could command a view far down to the rear of the column, which had not yet reached

the summit of the first terrace, and perceived the twelve natives steadily following at about 500 yards' distance, and one by one they were seen to bend over an object, which I afterwards found from the commander of the rear guard was our second sick man. Each native drove his spear into the body.

Observing their object, it was resolved that their hostility should be punished, and Saat Tato, the hunter, and four other experts were posted behind some large rocks to await them.

In two and three-quarter hours we reached the brow of the plateau, and were standing by the advance guard, who had done excellent service



CORN GRANARY OF THE BABUDESSE

in keeping the enemy away, and as the rear guard mounted the height we heard the sharp crack of rifles from the ambushed party, who were avenging the murder of two of their comrades.

During the short breathing-pause the advance guard were sent to explore the village near by, which, it seems, was the exchange place between the plateau natives and the Lakists, and the gratifying news of a rich discovery soon spread through the column. A large store of grain and beans had been found, sufficient to give each man five days' unstinted rations.

At 1 P.M. we resumed our march, after giving positive command that



close order should be maintained, in order to avoid accidents and unnecessary loss of life. From the front of the column, the aborigines, who had in the interval of the halt gathered in vast numbers, moved away to our flanks and rear. A large number of them hid themselves in some tall grass through which they supposed we should pass, but we swerved aside through a breadth of short grass. Baffled by this movement, they rose from their coverts and sought by other means to gratify their spleenish hate.

In crossing a deep gully near the knoll, which had already witnessed a stirring contest between us, the centre and rear of the column became somewhat confused in the cany grass, and crossed over in three or four broken lines; our third sick man either purposely lagged behind, or felt his failing powers too weak to bear him further, and laid down in the grass, but it is certain he never issued from the gully. We in the advance halted for the column to re-form, and just then we heard a storm of triumphant cries, and a body of about 400 exulting natives came leaping down the slopes, infatuated with their noisy rage and indifferent to rear guards. Doubtless the triumphant cries were uttered when the sick man's fate was sealed. We had lost three. The rush was in the hopes of obtaining another victim. And, indeed, the rear guard, burdened with loads and harassed by their duties, seemed to promise one speedily. But at this juncture an expert left the advance and proceeded to take position three hundred yards away from the line of march, and nearer to the exultant natives, who were bounding gleefully towards the tired rear guard. His first shot laid a native flat, a second smashed the arm of another and penetrated his side. There was an instant's silence, and the advance leaped from their position to assist the rear guard, who were immediately relieved of their pursuers.

An hour's journey beyond this scene we camped for the night on a tabular hill which commanded a wide view of rich plains, footsore and weary beyond any former experience.

On this afternoon I reflected upon the singularity that savages possessing such acute fear of death should yet so frequently seek it. Most men would have thought that the losses which had attended their efforts on the 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th would deter them from provoking strangers so well able to defend themselves. At one time we had almost been convinced that fire would teach them caution; we had also thought that keeping in a quiet line of march, abstaining from paying heed to their war-cries and their manœuvres, and only acting when they rushed to the attack, were sufficient to give them glimpses of our rule of conduct. But this was the fifth day of our forbearance. We were losing men, and we could ill-afford to lose one, for a vast work remained unfinished. We had still to penetrate the forest twice, we had to proceed to Ipoto to carry our boat to the Nyanza, search the shores of the Lake as far as Wadelai—even Dufflé, if necessary—for news of Emin, to return back again to the assistance of Major Barttelot and the rear column

—who were by this time no doubt looking anxiously for help, wearied with their overwhelming task—and again to march through these grass-land tribes to be each time subject to losses. I resolved, then, that the next day we should try to find what effect more active operations would have on them, for it might be that, after one sharp and severe lesson, they would consider whether war was as profitable as peace.

Accordingly, the next day before dawn I called for volunteers. Eighty men responded with alacrity. The instructions were few—

“You see, boys, these natives fight on the constant run; they have sharp eyes and long limbs. In the work of to-day we white men are of no use. We are all footsore and weary, and we cannot run far in this country. Therefore you will go together with your own chiefs. Go and hunt those fellows who killed our sick men yesterday. Go right to their villages and bring away every cow, sheep, and goat you can find. Don't bother about firing their huts. You must keep on full speed, and chase them out of every cane-brake and hill. Bring me some prisoners that I may have some of their own people to send to them with my words.”

Meanwhile we availed ourselves of the halt to attend to our personal affairs. Our shoes and clothing needed repair, and for hours we sat cobbling and tailoring.

At five in the afternoon the band of volunteers returned, bringing a respectable herd of cattle with several calves. Six bulls were slaughtered at once, and distributed to the men according to their companies, who became nearly delirious with happiness.

“Such,” said Three O'clock the hunter, “is life in this continent with a caravan. One day we have a feast, and on the next the stomach is craving. Never are two days alike. The people will eat meat now until they are blind, and next month they will thank God if they get as much as a wood-bean.” Saat Tato had, like myself, discovered that life in Africa consists of a series of varied sufferings with intervals of short pleasures.

The cold was very great on this high land. Each night since we had entered the grass country we had been driven indoors near sunset by the raw misty weather of the evening, and we shivered with chattering teeth in the extreme chilliness of the young day. On this morning the temperature was at 59° Fahrenheit. The men, stark naked owing to the extortions of the Manyema, had taken kindly to the leather dresses of the natives, and the bark cloths worn by the aborigines of the forest. After experiencing the extremes of cold to which these open pasture-lands were subject, we no longer wondered at the tardiness shown by the inhabitants to venture out before nine o'clock, and it would have been manifest wisdom for us to have adopted their example had our task permitted it.

On the 19th of December we struck across the rolling plains towards Mazamboni. As we came near Gavira's we were hailed by a group of natives,

who shouted out, "The country lies at your feet now. You will not be interfered with any more; but you would please us well if you killed the chief of Undussuma, who ordered us to drive you back."

At noon, as we were abreast of the Balegga Hills, two parties of forty men each were observed to be following us. They hailed us finally, and expressed a wish to "look us in the face." As they declined the permission to approach us without arms, they were sharply ordered away, lest we should suspect them of sinister designs. They went away submissively.

In the afternoon we came to the villages of those who had so persistently



A VILLAGE OF THE BAVIRI: EUROPEANS TAILORING, ETC.

persecuted us on the 12th. The people were spread over the hills vociferating fiercely. The advance guard were urged forward, and the hills were cleared, despite the storms of abuse that were poured out by the Balegga.

A few of the captured cattle furnished milk. Our goats also gave an ample supply for tea and coffee, from which it was evident that the heart of Africa could supply a few comforts.

On the 20th our march lay through the rich valley of Undussuma, the villages of which had been fired on the 10th and 11th. Already it had recovered its aspect of populousness and prosperity, for the huts were all built



anew, but it was still as death, the inhabitants sitting on the mountains looking down upon us as we marched past. Not being challenged or molested, we passed through in close order amidst a voiceless peace. May it not be that by comparing one day's conduct with another, the now with then, the children of Mazamboni will accept the proffer of friendship which we may make on our return? We felt that the next time we came into the land we should be received with courtesy, if not with hospitality. Thus steadily, in view of hundreds of Mazamboni's warriors, we passed through the renovated



GREAT ROCK NEAR INDÉ-TONGO

valley. The millet was now ripe for the harvest, and with our departure westward happy days were yet in store for them.

The next day we entered the Abunguma country, and after fording the East Ituri River, camped on the right bank.

The 22nd was a halt—both Lieutenant Stairs and myself being prostrated by ague and footsores. On the 23rd we reached the main Ituri River, where we found that the Babussé had withdrawn every canoe. We proceeded down along the bank to a part of the stream that was islanded. By 2 P.M. of the 24th we had made a very neat and strong suspension bridge from the left bank to an island in midstream, though only two men could travel by

it at a time. Uledi, the coxswain of the *Advance*, with a chosen band of thirteen men, swam from the island to the right bank with their rifles over their shoulders, and the gallant fellows scoured up and down the banks for canoes, but were unsuccessful. In the meantime a terrible storm of hail as large as marbles beat down our tents, nearly froze the men, and made everybody miserable with cold. The temperature had suddenly fallen from 75° to 52° Fahrenheit. The hailstorm lasted fifteen minutes, then the sun shone again on a camp ground strewn with hail.

At daylight, Christmas morning, I sent Mr. Jephson and Chief Rashid across the river with instructions to make a raft of banana stalks. It was noon before it was finished, but in the meantime the caravan was passing by the suspension bridge to the island, and the ferriage by raft commenced, taking



VIEW OF FORT BODO AFTER CONSTRUCTION

four men with loads at one trip. In one hour we transported forty men and their loads by these banana stalks. Getting more confident, we sent six men and six loads at one trip, and by 4 P.M. No. 2 Company was safe across. No. 1 Company then turned to haul the cattle from the left bank island, and after the rear guard had crossed by the bridge, "Three O'clock" laid his billhook to the suspension bridge, and with a few strokes destroyed it.

By noon of the 26th the Expedition was across the main Ituri River. Six calves were slaughtered for a Christmas ration of beef. The next day one of our head-men died from inflammation of the lungs, caused by a chill caught while halting on the brow of the plateau after the perspiring ascent from the Lake plain. By the 29th we had reached Indé-sura; we thence proceeded to the small village of three huts near Iyugu. On the 1st of January, 1888, we camped at Indé-tongo, and the next day passed by a

gigantic granite rock in the forest, which sometimes is used by the forest natives as a refuge during internecine strife.

On the 6th of January we passed by Indé-mwani, and came across the spot where Msharasha, a Zanzibari, had fallen from a log and broken his neck. The scavengers of the woods, the red ants, had eaten the scalp and picked the skull clean, until it resembled a large ostrich egg. The chest of the body was still entire, but the lower limbs were clean consumed. On the next day we entered Ibwiri, and came to Boryo's village; but, alas! for our fond hopes of rendering the village comfortable for occupation, the natives had set fire to their own fine dwellings. Fortunately for us, they had taken the precaution to pick out the finest boards, and had stacked many of them in the bush. The large stores of Indian corn had been hastily removed into temporary huts built within the recesses of impervious bush. We set to at once to collect the corn as well as the boards, and before night we had begun the construction of the future Fort Bodo, or the "Peaceful Fort."



## CHAPTER XIII

## LIFE AT FORT BODO

Fort Bodo—Instructions to Lieutenant Stairs—His departure for Kilonga-Longa's—Pestered by rats, mosquitoes, &c.—Nights disturbed by the lemur—Armies of red ants—Snakes in tropical Africa—Hoisting the Egyptian flag—Arrival of Surgeon Parke and Captain Nelson from Ipoto—Report of their stay with the Manyema—Lieutenant Stairs arrives with the steel boat—We determine to push on to the Lake at once—Volunteers to convey letters to Major Barttelot—Illness of myself and Captain Nelson—Uledi captures a Queen of the Pigmies—Life at Fort Bodo—We again set out for the Albert Nyanza.

ON arriving at the site of Fort Bodo, I felt precisely like a "City man" returning from his holiday to Switzerland or the sea-side, in whose absence had gathered piles of business letters which required urgent attention. Our holiday trip had been the march to the Albert Lake, to serve a Governor who had cried to the world, "Help us quickly, or we perish." For Emin's sake, Major Barttelot had been allowed to bring up the rear column, the sick had been housed at Ugarrowa's and Kilonga-Longa's stations, the extra goods had been buried in a sandy caché at Nelson's starvation camp or stored at Ipoto, the boat *Advance* had been disconnected and hidden in the bush, and Nelson and Surgeon Parke had been left behind with the Manyema, and everything that had threatened to impede, delay, or thwart the march had been thrust aside, or eluded in some way.

But now that the Governor, who had been the cynosure of our imaginations and the subject of our daily arguments, had either departed homeward, or could or would not assist in his own relief, the various matters thrust aside for his sake required immediate attention. So I catalogued our impending duties thus:—

To extricate Nelson and Parke from the clutches of the Manyema, also to bring up the convalescents, the *Advance* steel boat, Maxim machine gun, and 116 loads stored at Ipoto.

To construct Fort Bodo, make a clearing, and plant corn, beans, tobacco for the sustenance and comfort of the garrison.

To communicate with Major Barttelot by couriers, or proceed myself to him; to escort the convalescents at Ugarrowa's.

If boat was stolen or destroyed, then to make a canoe for transport to the Nyanza.

If Barttelot was reported to be advancing, to hasten supplies of corn and carriers to his assistance.

And first, the most needful duty was to employ every soul in the building of the stockade, within which the buildings could be constructed. Boryo's fine village was a smoking ruin when we entered, but the finest boards had been stripped off the huts and were stacked outside, and the corn had been hastily removed to temporary huts in impervious bush two hundred yards away. These were now invaluable to us.

By the 18th of January the stockade of Fort Bodo was completed. At three angles of the fort, towers sixteen feet high had been erected, fenced, and boarded, from the top of which sentries could securely observe any movement in the fields. For, while engaged in the accomplishment of our stated tasks, the Manyema might possibly unite to assault the fort, and the defences were therefore made bullet-proof as well as arrow-proof.

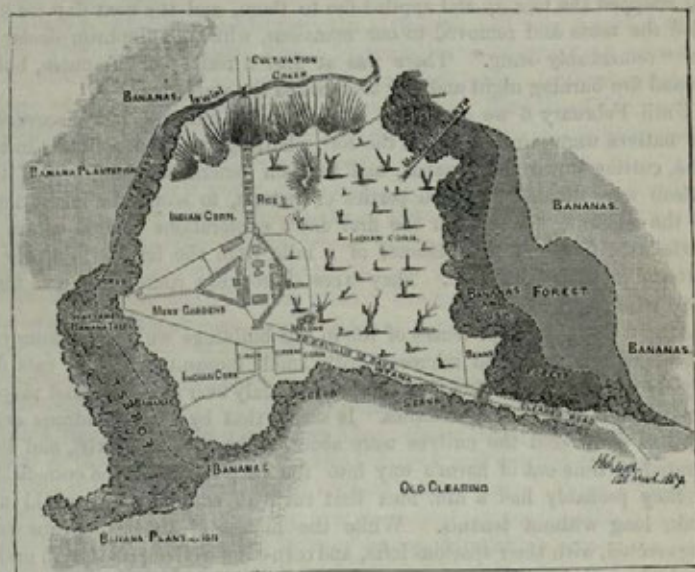


VIEW OF FORT BODO

When the stockade and towers were completed, and the materials for the buildings had been collected, Lieutenant Stairs received his special instructions on the evening of the 18th, which were somewhat as follows:—

“You will proceed to-morrow with a hundred rifles to Ipoto, to see what has become of Nelson, Parke, and their sick men, and if living escort every man here. You will also bring the boat *Advance*, and as many goods as possible. The last letters from Nelson and Parke informed us of many unpleasant things. We will hope for the best. At any rate, you have one hundred men, strong and robust as the Manyema now, and their march to the Albert Lake has made men of them. They are filled with hate of the Manyema. Now, if Nelson and Parke have no complaints against the Manyema other than general niggardliness and sulkiness, do not be involved in any argument with them, but bring our people here without delay. If the boat is safe, halt but one day for rest, and then hoist her up on your

shoulders and carry her here. But if the survivors will prove to you that blood has been shed by violence, and any white or black man has been a victim, or if the boat has been destroyed, then consult with the surviving whites and blacks, think over your plans leisurely, and let the results be what they ought to be, full and final retaliation. That is all, except remember for God's sake that every day's absence beyond a reasonable period necessary for marching there and back, will be dooming us here to that eternal anxiety which follows us on this Expedition wherever we go. It is enough to be anxious for Barttelot, the Pasha, Nelson and Parke and our sick men, without any further addition."



PLAN OF FORT BODO AND VICINITY. *By Lieut. Stairs, R.E.*

Three cows were slaughtered for meat rations for Stairs' Expedition, each man received 120 ears of corn, goats, fowls, and plantains were taken for the commander and his two friends, and the party set off for Kilonga-Longa on the 19th.

Stairs' party at muster consisted of 98 persons, while the garrison numbered 70 all told.

After the departure of Stairs, I commenced the construction of a corn-bin for the storage of 300 bushels of Indian corn, and to plaster the interior of headquarters. Jephson busied himself in levelling floor of officers' house.



Men carried clay for the floor, others tamped it solid. Some men were engaged on the roofs arranging the large-leaved phrynica one above the other on a kind of trestle frame, others formed ladders, or clay-dough for the walls, doors and windows for the houses, built kitchens, excavated latrines, or dug the ditch—ten feet wide, six feet deep—through a hard yellow clay, that lay under the twenty-four inches of humus and loam of the clearing. When the houses were completed, we made a whitewash out of wood ashes, which gave them a clean and neat appearance.

On the 28th, headquarters was ready for occupation. We had cleared three acres of land, cut down the bush to the distance of 200 yards from the fort, chopped the logs up and applied fire to them, and the next day we had folded the tents and removed to our mansions, which, as Jephson declared, were "remarkably snug." There was at first a feeling of dampness, but a charcoal fire burning night and day soon baked the walls dry.

Until February 6 we continued to extend the clearing, but discovering that natives were prowling about the fort, planting poisoned splinters in the paths, cutting down the bananas, and bent on general mischief, half of the garrison were divided into two parties of patrols, to scour the plantations and the adjoining forest. On the first day's explorations several camps of dwarfs were found at the distance of a mile from the fort, with stores of plantains in their possession. They were thoroughly routed out, and their camps were destroyed.

After a few days' experiences of life in the buildings we became annoyed by hosts of rats, fleas, and microscopically small mosquitoes. The rats destroyed our corn and bit our feet, sported wantonly over our faces, and played hide-and-seek under our bedclothes. It seems that by their wondrous craft they had discovered the natives were about to burn West Ibwiri, and had migrated in time out of harm's way into the deep bush and the corn-fields, and they probably had a dim idea that such an eligible place would not remain long without tenants. While the houses of the Europeans were being erected, with their spacious lofts, and corn-bins well supplied with grain, they had waited until everything was prepared; but in the meantime the strange white men had also excavated a long and deep ditch half round the fort, into which, in their hurry to take possession, several families of rats tumbled headlong, and were unable to escape. The next morning "Randy," the fox-terrier, leaped in among them, and exterminated the unfortunates. Still, from the Zauzibari village some wise old rats had found safe entrance and multiplied so fast that, until we became accustomed to their playful though rude sport, we thought them to be an intolerable nuisance.

At the same time the warm dry clay floors began to breed fleas by myriads. Poor "Randy" was most miserable from these vexatious torments. We were in no better plight. While dressing they made our limbs

black with their numbers. To suppress this pest we had recourse to keeping the floors constantly damp, and sweeping them twice a day.

The ordinary mosquito netting was no protection against the mosquitoes of the clearing. They sailed through the open work as mice would creep through antelope nets, and the only remedy was to make mosquito curtains out of cotton muslin, which happily succeeded, but half suffocated the sleepers.

Our soap had long ago been exhausted, and as a substitute, though it was not agreeable to the smell, and was an altogether unsaleable article, we manufactured a soft soap out of castor-oil and lye, and, after a few experiments, succeeded in turning out a hard ball-like substance, which served our purposes very well.

Every night, from Yambuya to the plains, we had been troubled by the harsh screams of the lemur, which, beginning at a startling loud key, ended in a quick succession of angry, grating, and harsh cries. In the darkness and silence of the night, these sounded very weird. Sometimes two or three scattered pairs would make sleep impossible, especially if any indisposition had temporarily disturbed the usual rest.

Armies of red ants would also emerge from the clearing, and invade the fort by night. In long, unbroken lines, and guarded by soldiers on either flank, the innumerable insects would descend the ditch and ascend the opposite sides, climb over the parapets, and entering between the poles of the stockade, come down into the plaza of the fort, attack the kitchen, headquarters, and officers' mess-house, and woe betide any unlucky naked foot treading upon them. Better a flogging with nettles, or a caustic bath, than these venomous thousands climbing up the limbs and body, burying themselves in the hair of the head, and plunging their horny mandibles into the flesh, creating painful pustules with every bite. Every living thing was soon disturbed at their coming. Men screamed, danced, and writhed from the pains. Rats and mice, snakes, beetles, and crickets hurried away. From a slung cot I have observed the ants advancing over the floor of my house, scaling the walls, searching the recesses of every layer of leaves, skirmishing among the nooks and crannies, mouse-holes, and cracks, and heard moaning and crying of little blind mice, and terrified squealing of motherly and paternal rats, and regarded the ants as a blessing, until presently some perverse and undisciplined tribes of them would drop from the roof on my cot, and convert me into a vindictive enemy. In my rage I would call aloud for hot embers and roast them alive by thousands, until the air was heavy with the odour of frizzling and frying ants.

While digging in the stiff yellow clay, to form the ditch, we came across burnt wood in the hard compacted material, 5 feet below the surface of the humus. Yet there were stately trees, 100, 150, and 200 years old, above! The site was level, and apparently undisturbed.

One of our surprises had been the immunity we had enjoyed from snake\*

bites in tropical Africa. The continent swarms with reptiles of all kinds, from the silvery and blind typhlops to the huge python; but while travelling and navigating over 24,000 miles of land and water in Africa only two men had been wounded, neither of which cases proved mortal. But the instant we began clearing a forest, or hoeing a field or a roadway, we began to realise the dangers we had escaped. During the work of removing logs and rooting out the bushy undergrowth, preparing for cultivation, we came across many specimens of snakes, some remarkably beautiful. Coiled in the bushes, green as a tender wheat-blade, were the slender whip-snakes, which dropped down among the men when the billhook was applied to destroy their perches. Various species of the *Dendrophis*, of brilliant colouring, also were revealed. Three bloated puff-adders, gorgeous in their complicated system of decorations, were killed; four horned snakes crept out of their holes to attack and be slain; one of the *Lycodontidæ*, curious for its long fangs, was roasted out of its hiding-place, while several little blind, blunt-headed, silvery snakes, not much larger than earthworms, were turned up by the hoes. Tortoises were very common, and the mephitis left frequent traces of his existence.

While kites, the most daring of their tribe, soared above every clearing in the forest, we did not see a single vulture until we reached the grass-land. A few white-collared eagles now and then made their appearance, but parrots were innumerable. From dawn to dusk these birds always and everywhere made their presence known. A few herons occasionally came to rest on trees in the clearing towards evening. They were probably fatigued with their flight from the Nyanza. Black ibis and wagtails were our constant companions in the wilds. Trees with weaver-birds and their nests were a feature near every forest village. Our plantations were visited by troops of elephants. Buffalo and wild-hog tracks were common. None of us had any leisure, and probably but little taste, for collection of insects, butterflies, or birds. To us an animal or a bird was something to eat, but with all our efforts we seldom obtained anything. We only noted what happened to catch our eyes or cross our track. We had too many anxieties to be interested in anything save what was connected with them. If a native or a Zanzibari picked up a brilliant longicorn beetle or hawk-moth, a fine butterfly, or a huge mantis, or brought birds' eggs, a rare flower, a lily or an orchid, a snake or a tortoise, my mind wandered to my own special business, even while gazing at and approving the find. My family was altogether too large to permit me to indulge in such trivialities. Not an hour passed but my thoughts were with Stairs at Ipoto; or with Barttelot and Jameson struggling through the forest, or dwelt upon the mystery surrounding the Pasha, or upon the vicious dwarfs and the murderous Balessé in our neighbourhood, or upon the necessities of providing, day after day, food and meat for the present, as well as for the future.

On the 7th of February we measured out the approaches to the gates of the fort, and employed the garrison for several days in cutting broad



roads, east and west. Mighty logs were cut through and rolled aside, and the roads were so cleaned that a mouse might be detected crossing them at 200 yards off. A bridge was built across the stream west of the fort, by which the scouts were enabled to proceed to each of the plantations in a short time, by night or by day. It may well be imagined what effect this flood of light had upon the crafty natives, who preferred the primeval shades. These straight, broad roads made them shy of crossing the road at any point.

On the next morning we raised a flag-staff 50 feet high, and as the Egyptian flag was hoisted up, the Soudanese were permitted to salute it with twenty-one rounds.

We had scarcely finished the little ceremony when a shot was fired at the end of the western road, the sentry at the tower commanding it sang out, "Sail ho!" and we knew the caravan was coming in from Ipoto.

Surgeon Parke was the first to arrive, looking wonderfully well, but Nelson, who came in an hour later, was prematurely old, with pinched and drawn features, and with his bent back and feeble legs looked like an octogenarian.

The following account will speak for itself, and proves that the stay of these officers at the Manyuema village required more moral courage than was needed by us during our stormy advance across the grass-land. They were not inspired by the energising motives that sustained us. They suffered from the want of the necessaries of life, and had to bear all the humiliations inflicted upon them by the slaves of Kilonga-Longa sweetly and pleasantly.

*Report of Surgeon T. H. PARKE, Army Medical Department, in medical charge of  
E. P. R. Expedition.*

Fort Bodo, 8 February, 1888.

SIR,—I have the honour to forward this report for your information. In compliance with your orders dated 24th October, 1887, I remained at the Manyuema Camp to take charge of invalids and impedimenta left there on your departure, 28th October, up to the time the relief party arrived, 25th January, 1888. Of those invalids whom you left at camp, seven were sufficiently recovered to send on with Captain Jephson, 7th November; those remaining were increased in number by the arrival of Captain Nelson, his two boys, and two men, 3rd November; also head-man Umari and nine men, who were found in a starving condition in the bush by Kilonga-Longa, and brought to camp by him 9th January; this made a total of one sick officer and thirty-nine invalids remaining in camp; of this number Captain Nelson and sixteen men left with the relief party. Twelve men were away on a journey looking for food, and eleven deaths occurred. This extremely high mortality will no doubt astonish you, especially as it was entirely due to starvation, except in two instances only. From the time you left the Manyuema Camp until our departure, 26th January, the chiefs gave little or no food

to either officers or men; those men who were sufficiently strong to do a good day's work sometimes got as many as ten heads of corn (Indian) per man, but as the working men were not constantly employed, their average ration of corn was about three per day; those invalids unable to work, of whom there were many, received no food from the chiefs, and were therefore obliged to exist on herbs. Remembering the wretched and debilitated condition of all these men, both from privation and disease, you will readily understand that the heartless treatment of the Manyema chiefs was sufficient to cause even a much greater mortality.

The men were badly housed, and their scanty clothing consisted of about half a yard of native bark-cloth. They experienced not only the horrors of starvation, but were cruelly and brutally treated by the Manyema, who drove them to commit theft by withholding food, and then scored their backs with rods, and in one case speared a man to death (Asmani bin Hassan) for stealing.

Captain Nelson arrived in a very weak condition, requiring good food and careful treatment. He visited the chiefs, and made them handsome presents of articles costing about £75, with a view to win their sympathy; however, they continued to give little or no food to officers or men: they said that no arrangement had been made for provisioning Captain Nelson, and any food they sent to me was entirely of their own generosity, as no arrangement had been made by you. I asked them to let me see the written agreement between you and them, which they did; also another document written in Arabic characters, which I could not read. In their agreement with you I saw that they had promised to provision the officers and men whom you would leave. I appealed to them, and remonstrated with them, nevertheless they supplied less and less food, until finally they refused to give any on the plea that they had none. The height of this generosity would be reached when they would send two or three cups of Indian meal to feed Captain Nelson, myself and the boys, until the next donation would turn up in six or seven days afterwards. During the last seven weeks we did not receive any food whatever from the chiefs. Owing to their refusal to give us food, we were obliged first to sell our own clothes, and eight rifles belonging to the Expedition to provide ourselves and boys with food. I repeatedly reminded Ismaili (chief) of the conversation he had with you in your tent the night before you left the camp, when he promised to look after and care for the officers and men whom you left in camp. Although the chiefs had no food to supply according to their agreement, yet they had always plenty to sell, their object being to compel us to sell the arms and ammunition for food. I send you a complete list of effects left in my charge by Captain Jephson, 7th November, all of which were correct when the relief party arrived, with the following exceptions, viz.:—two boxes Remington ammunition, and one rifle, which were stolen by a Zanzibari (Saraboko), and, I believe, sold to the Manyema chiefs.

Several attempts were made to steal the arms, boxes, &c. On the night of November 7th, the hut in which the baggage was stored was set on fire with a view to taking everything with a rush in the confusion caused by the fire; however, their dream was frustrated, as Captain Nelson, who was ever awake, saw the blaze, and gave the alarm just in time for ourselves and our boys to put out the fire before it got to the baggage. I then had the tents pitched according to your directions, not being able to do so earlier, as I had no assistance. All the rifles, ammunition, boxes, &c., were packed in the tents, one of which was occupied by Captain Nelson, and the other by myself. Every effort was made to prevent things being stolen; neverthe-

less, even Captain Nelson's blankets were taken by a thief who got under the tent from behind. On another occasion I heard a noise at my tent-door, and, jumping out of bed quickly, I found a box of ammunition ten yards off, which had just been taken out of my tent. The thief escaped in the dark.

On the night of January 9th, I heard a noise outside my tent, and, suspecting a thief, I crept out noiselessly to the back, where I caught "Camaroni," a Zanzibari, in the act of stealing a rifle through a hole which he had cut in the tent. Life at the Manyuema Camp was almost intolerable. Apart from starvation, the people, their manner and surroundings, were of the lowest order, and, owing to the mounds of fecal matter and decomposing vegetation which were allowed to collect on the paths and close to their dwellings, the place was a hotbed of disease. Captain Nelson was confined to his bed from sickness for over two months, and I got blood-poisoning, followed by erysipelas, which kept me in bed for five weeks. During our illness the chiefs paid us frequent visits, but always with a view to covet something which they saw in our tents. Their avarice was unbounded, and they made agreements one day only to be broken the next. After the arrival of Kilonga-Longa and his force of about 400, including women, children, and slaves, food became really scarce, therefore the Manyuema were obliged to send out large caravans to bring in food. Twelve Zanzibaris who are absent accompanied these caravans in search of food, and had not returned when I left the camp with the relief party. Starvation was so great just before we left that the native slaves seized one of their comrades, who had gone some distance from the camp to draw water, cut him in pieces, and ate him.

In conclusion, I may mention that Captain Nelson and myself did everything we could to preserve a good feeling with the Manyuema chiefs and people, and we parted on friendly terms.

T. H. PARKE  
(*Surgeon A. M. D.*).

To H. M. STANLEY, Esq.,  
*Commanding E. P. R. Expedition.*

The contrast between the dark companions of Parke who reached us from Ipoto and the beautifully sleek and glossy men who had been to the Albert was most marked, and the wasted flesh and shrivelled muscles had so changed those who had been entrusted to the Manyuema that it was a difficult matter for their friends to recognise them.

On the 12th of February Lieutenant Stairs and his column appeared with every section of the boat in good order. He had been absent twenty-five days, and his mission had been performed with a sacred regard for his instructions and without a single flaw.

The evening of that date was remarkable for a discussion between the head-men and ourselves as to our future steps. I discovered that all the head-men were unanimous for proceeding to the Nyanza to launch the boat and search for news of Emin. My desire was equally great to obtain news of the Pasha; nevertheless, I think very little was required to induce me to abandon the search for the Pasha to obtain news of Major Barttelot, but officers and men were alike unanimous in their demand that we should resolve the fate

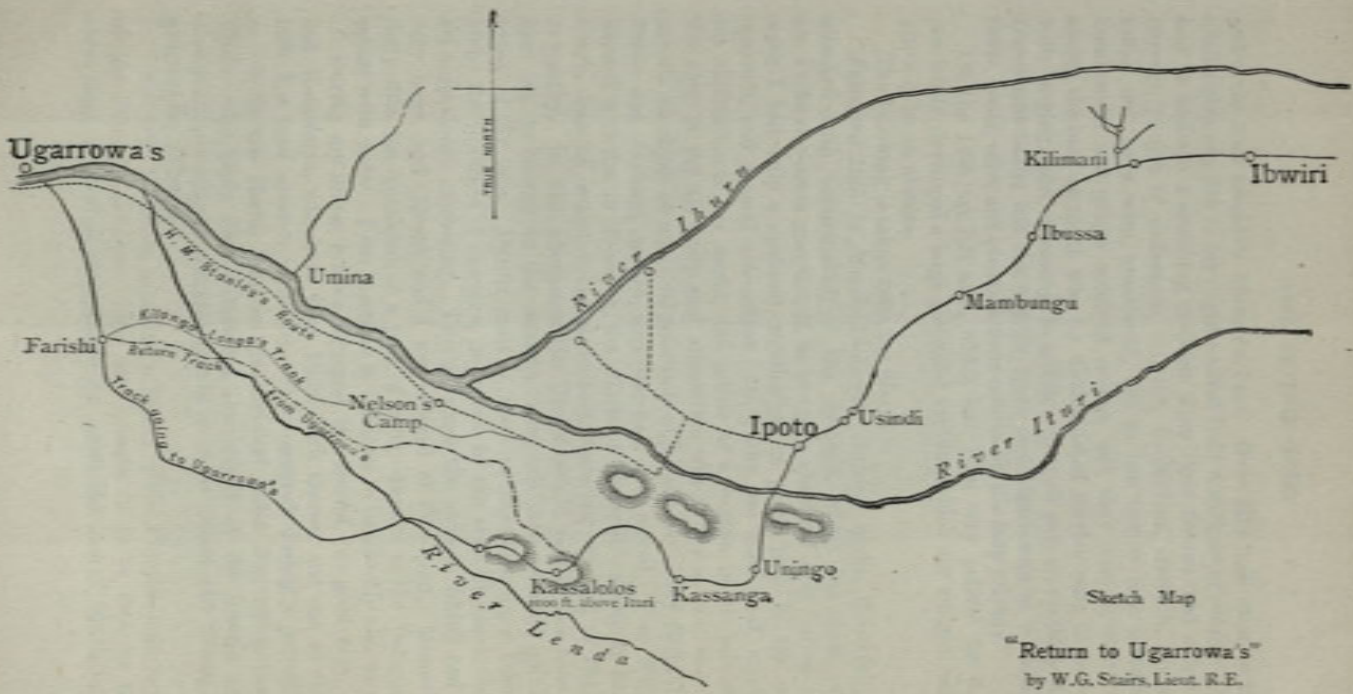


of Emin Pasha. A compromise was finally effected. It was determined that couriers should be sent with our letters to Major Barttelot, with a map of our route and such remarks as would be of practical use to him. It was also decided that, after two days' rest, Lieutenant Stairs should escort these couriers as far as Ugarrowa's, and that on returning he should escort the convalescents among those who had been housed in that settlement on the 18th September; and that in order that Lieutenant Stairs should "participate in the honour of being present at the relief of Emin Pasha," we should wait for him at Fort Bodo until the 25th of March. Meantime we should continue the work of enlarging our corn and bean fields, to prevent any scarcity of food while living in the fort.

The distance between Fort Bodo and Ipoto was seventy-nine miles, or 158 miles the round journey, which had occupied Lieutenant Stairs twenty-five days, at the average of six and one-third miles per day, but he had reached Ipoto within seven days, and Jephson and Uledi had accomplished the distance in the same time, that is, at an average rate of travel of a little over eleven miles per day. Now, as Ugarrowa was 183 miles from Fort Bodo, it was estimated that the journey of 366 miles which Stairs was now about to undertake might be performed within thirty-four days, or at the rate of ten and three quarter miles per day. This would be magnificent travelling, especially in the forest, but as various circumstances might cause delay to him, it was agreed that if we moved towards the Nyanza on the 25th March by short stages, he might be able to overtake us, if the limit of thirty-four days was exceeded.

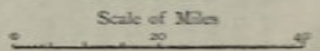
On the morning of the 16th February, at muster, it was proclaimed that twenty first-class volunteers were required to convey our letters to Major Barttelot, and that £10 reward would be given to each man who succeeded in reaching him. I said to them, "You have all combined to demand that we should find the Pasha first. It is well. But I feel as anxious about the Major as I do about the Pasha. We must find both. You who remember what we suffered must feel what the Major and his people feel, having no idea where they are going or what is waiting for them. You know how grateful we should have been, had we met anybody who could have warned us of the hunger and misery we should meet. Therefore every man who volunteers must be acknowledged as the fittest for this noble work by everyone here. Master Stairs, whom you all know as a man who is never tired, and never says 'enough' when there is something to be done, will show you the road as far as Ugarrowa's, he will see that you are ferried over and supplied with food and cartridges sufficient, and when you leave, you must race along our old road, which you cannot lose, like men running for a big prize. These letters must be put into the hands of the Major, that he and your brothers may be saved. Where are these fifty-dollar men?"

Of course at such times the Zanzibaris are easily roused to enthusiasm



Sketch Map

"Return to Ugarrowa's"  
by W.G. Stairs, Lieut. R.E.



Track going to Ugarrowa's —————

.. returning from .. - - - - -

Old former track - - - - -





and every man considers himself a hero. Over fifty men came to the front challenging any one to say aught against their manliness or courage; but they had to undergo a searching criticism from their fellows and officers; their courage, powers of endurance, activity, dispositions, strength, soundness of mind and body were questioned, but at last twenty men satisfactory to Commander and people received rations, and they were specially enrolled among the men of merit who for distinguished service were to be rewarded with varying sums of money, in addition to their pay, on reaching Zanzibar. Lieutenant Stairs left the fort for Ipoto and Ugarrowa's at 9 o'clock, with fowls, goats, corn, and plantain-flour rations for the long journey.

On the 18th my left arm, which had been very painful for four days previously, developed a large glandular swelling which our surgeon said would prove to be an abscess.

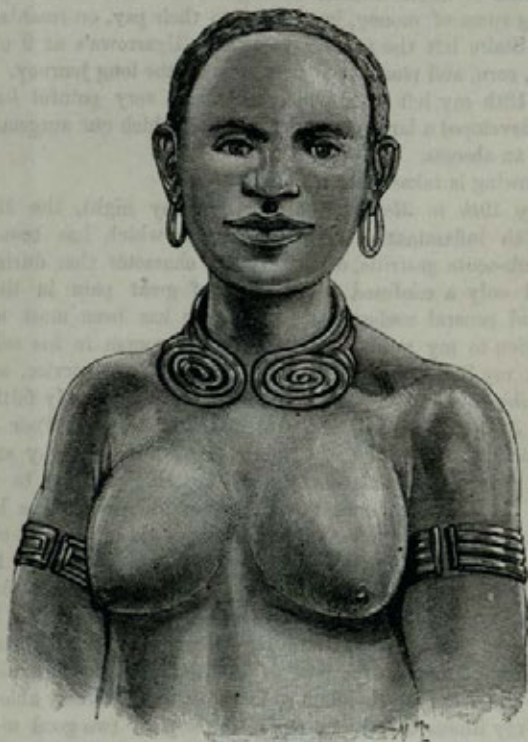
The following is taken from my diary:—

*February 19th to March 13th.*—On Sunday night, the 19th, I was attacked with inflammation of the stomach, which has been called by Dr. Parke sub-acute gastritis, of so severe a character that during the first week I had only a confused recollection of great pain in the arm and stomach, and general uselessness. Dr. Parke has been most assiduous in his application to my needs, and gentle as a woman in his ministrations. For once in my life every soul around me was at my service, and I found myself an object of universal solicitude night and day. My faithful friends, Parke and Jephson, waited, and watched, and served. Poor Nelson was himself a victim to ill-health, the effects of his terrible agony at Starvation Camp, but he would come sometimes, tottering weakly, to express his sympathy. In the afternoons the Doctor would permit the head-men to visit me, to convey to the anxious Zanzibaris their personal opinions and views of my case. During most of these twenty-three days I have been under the influence of morphia, and most of the time unconscious. But I am now slowly recovering. Two days ago the abscess, which had become very large, was pierced, and I am relieved of that pain. Meanwhile my daily diet has consisted of a pint of milk—thanks to the Balegga cow—mixed with water. I am therefore so feeble as to be scarcely able to move.

During my illness I have to regret the loss of two good men, Sarmini and Kamwaiya, who have been killed with arrows, and one of the head-men has been severely wounded. This occurred during a patrolling tour as far as the Ihuru, fourteen geographical miles due north from here. Uledi and a party have discovered the haunts of the dwarfs and taller aborigines who rob our plantain groves to be at Alessé and Nderi, fourteen geographical miles east.

I find that Uledi has captured a Queen of the Pigmies, who is the wife of the Chief of Indekaru. She was brought in to be seen by me, with three rings of polished iron around her neck, the ends of which were coiled

like a watch-spring. Three iron rings were suspended to each ear. She is of a light brown complexion, with broad round face, large eyes, and small but full lips. She is of a quiet modest demeanour, though her dress is but a narrow clout of bark cloth. Her height is about four feet four inches, and her age may be nineteen or twenty. I notice a whity-brown fell when her arms are held against the light. Her skin has not that silky smoothness



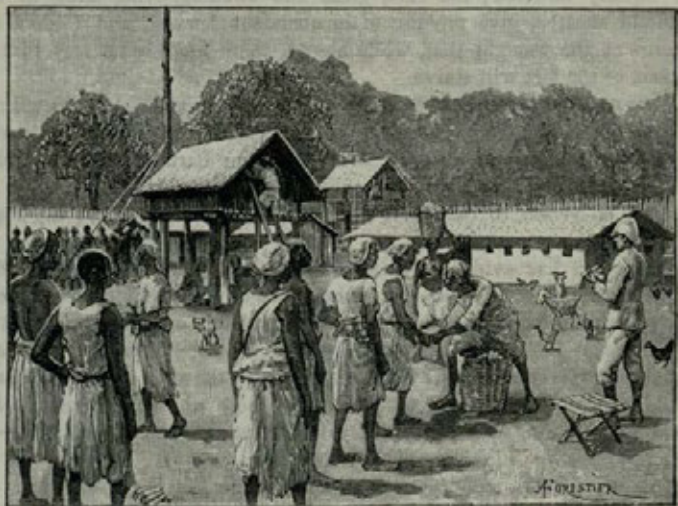
THE QUEEN OF THE DWARFS

of touch common to the Zanzibaris, but withal that she is a very pleasing little creature.

*March 13th to April 1st.*—By the 25th I was well enough to be able to move about a few hundred yards at a time. My arm was still stiff, and I was exceedingly feeble. Nelson has recovered somewhat from his successive fits of illness. During my convalescence I have been carried each afternoon to the

centre of a lofty colonnade of trees, through which our road to the Nyanza leads, where in an easy-chair I have passed hours of reading and drowsing.

It has been a daily delight to me to observe the rapid growth of the corn in the fields, and to see how we have been encroaching upon the forest. Our cultivable area, after being cleaned, hoed, and planted, was not long left with its bare brown face naked. On a certain day it became green with the young corn-blades; the planted grain had sprouted by thousands as though at the word of command. Only yesterday, as it were, we smiled to see the tender white stalk arched for a spring under a slowly rising clod, and now the clods have been brushed aside, the arched stalks have risen upright, and the virgin



WITHIN FORT BODO

plants have unfolded their tender green crests. Day by day it has been a wonder how the corn has thriven and grown, with what vigour the stalks have thickened, enlarged in leaf, and deepened in green. Side by side in due rank and order they have risen, the blades have extended towards one another in loving embrace, until the whole has become a solid square field of corn, the murmur of whose leaves is very pleasant to my ears.

It is a music to which I listen devoutly, while my medical friend sits not far off on the watch, and sentries stand still at each end of the avenue on guard. A gentle breeze blows over the forest and breathes upon the corn, causing a universal shiver and motion throughout, and I sit watching the corn-tops sway and nod with the beautiful grace and undertones of many



wavelets, until drowsiness overcomes me. As the sun appears low in the west, and lights the underwood horizontally with mellow light, my kind doctor assists me to my feet and props me as I wend to the Fort, my corn with dancing motion and waving grace bidding me farewell.

In the warm teeming soil the corn has grown apace until it has reached a prodigious height, tall as the underwood of the forest. Only a few weeks ago I searched amid the clods for a sign of sprouting; a little later and I might still have seen a scampering mouse; a few days ago it was breast high; to-day I look up and I can scarcely touch the point of a rapier-like blade with a five-foot staff, and a troop of elephants might stand underneath undetected. It has already flowered; the ears, great and swelling, lying snug in their manifold sheaths, give promise of an abundant harvest, and I glow with pleasure at the thought that, while absent, there need be no fear that the garrison of the fort will starve.

I am resolved to-morrow to make a move towards the Nyanza with the boat. This is the forty-sixth day of Stairs' absence. I had sent twenty couriers—one of whom returned later—to Major Barttelot. Stairs and his personal attendants numbered seven. I shall leave forty-nine in the fort, inclusive of Nelson, so that there will be 126 men left to escort the boat to the Nyanza.

Tippu-Tib has evidently been faithless to his contract, and the Major must be working double stages, some hundreds of miles behind. Our nineteen couriers are speeding towards him, and are probably opposite the Nepoko at this date, and Stairs has found so many men yet crippled with ulcers that he is unable to travel fast. With 126 men I attempt the relief of Emin Pasha the second time. The garrison consists of all those who suffer from debility, anæmia—who were fellow-sufferers with Nelson at Starvation Camp—and leg sores, some of which are perfectly incurable.

Our new roads extend about half a mile from the Fort each way. Ten scouts patrol the plantations every morning, that the mischievous pigmies may not destroy the supplies of the garrison, and that no sudden onsets of natives may be made upon the field hands while at work.

Surgeon Parke accompanies us to the Nyanza to-morrow according to his own earnest request. Though his place is in the fort with the invalids, there are none who require greater attention than can be given by Captain Nelson through his boys, who have been instructed in the art of bathing the sores with lotions of carbolic acid and water.

Our men on the Sundays have amused themselves with performing military evolutions after the method taught them by General Matthews at Zanzibar. They are such capital mimics that his very voice and gesture have been faithfully imitated.

Life at Fort Bodo, on the whole, has not been unpleasant except for Captain Nelson and myself. It is true we have fretted and never been free

from anxiety respecting the whereabouts and fate of our friends. We have also been anxious to depart and be doing something towards terminating our labours, but circumstances which we cannot control rise constantly to thwart our aims. We have therefore striven to employ every leisure hour towards providing unstinted supplies of food, in the hope that fortune will be good enough to veer round once in our favour, and bring Barttelot and our friends Jameson, Ward, Troup, and Bonny, with their little army of men, to Fort Bodo before our second return from the Nyanza,

## CHAPTER XIV

## TO THE ALBERT NYANZA A SECOND TIME

Difficulties with the steel boat—African forest craft—Splendid capture of pigmies, and description of the same—We cross the Ituri River—Dr. Parke's delight on leaving the forest—Zanzibari wit—At Nzera-Kum hill once more—The natives of the plains are friendly—First news of Emin—Visit from chief Mazamboni and his followers—Jephson goes through the form of friendship with Mazamboni—Visit from chief Gavira—The Bavira and Wahuma races—Gavira and the looking-glass—We reach Kavalli—The chief produces Emin's letter—Jephson and Parke convey the steel boat to the lake—Jephson commences his voyage to see Emin Pasha.

On the 2nd day of April, 1888, after a drizzly rain had ceased to fall, we filed out at noon with a view to attempt a second time to find the Pasha, or to penetrate the silence respecting him. We had now our steel boat in twelve sections, and the stem and stern being rather beamy, we discovered very soon that a good deal of cutting with axes and billhooks was required to permit them to pass between the trees of the forest. The caravan in single file, laden with boxes, bales, and baggage, found no difficulty; the narrower boat sections two feet wide passed through also without trouble, but the plough-shaped stem and stern pieces, five feet wide, soon became jammed between two colossal trees which compelled a retreat and a *détour* through the bush, and this could not be effected without clearing a passage. It was soon evident that our second trip to the Nyanza through the forest would consume some days.

The advance guard scanning the track, and by this time fully experienced in all the crooked ways and wiles of the pigmies and aborigines, picked up many a cleverly hidden skewer from the path. At some points the skewers were freely planted under forest leaves, or at the base of a log, over which, as over a stile, a wayfarer might stride and plant his foot deep into a barbed skewer well smeared with dark poison. But we were too learned now in the art of African forest-craft, and the natives were not so skilled in expedients as to produce any great variety of styles of annoyance.

The dwarfs' village at the crossing was our next resting-place, and Indé-mwani was reached on the 4th. The next day we moved to another dwarfs' village, and in the neighbouring plantain grove Saat Tato and a few



friends, while collecting a few of the fruit, made a capture of four pigmy women and a boy, who were of two distinct types. One of the women evidently belonged to the race described as the Akka, and had small monkey eyes, close and deeply set. The others possessed large, round eyes, which were full and prominent, and they had broad round foreheads, small hands and feet. Their figures were well formed, though diminutive, and of a bricky complexion. "Partial roast coffee," "chocolate," "cocoa," and "*café au lait*," are terms that do not describe the colour correctly, but half-baked red-clay brick would best correspond in colour to that of the complexion of these little people. Saat Taato reported that there were about twenty of them stealing plantains which belonged to the natives of Indepuya. The monkey-eyed woman had a remarkable pair of mischievous orbs, protruding lips overhanging her chin, a prominent abdomen, narrow, flat chest, sloping shoulders, long arms, feet turned greatly inwards and very short lower legs, and fitly represented the link long sought between the average modern humanity and its Darwinian progenitors, and certainly deserved to be classed as an almost bestial type. One of the other women was evidently a mother, though she could not have seen her seventeenth year. Her complexion was bright and healthy; her eyes were brilliant, round, and large; her upper lip had the peculiar cut of that of the Wambutti noticeable in the woman at Ugarowa's, which is the edge of the upper lip curving upward with a sharp angle and dropping perpendicularly, resembling greatly a clean up-and-down cut with a curl up of the skin as though it had contracted somewhat. I believe this to be as marked a feature of the Wambutti, as the pigmies of this region are called, as the full nether lip is said to be characteristic of the Austrian. The colour of the lip was pinkish. The woman's hands were small, fingers delicate and long, but skinny and puckered; her feet measured seven inches and her height was four feet four inches.

So perfect were the proportions of this girl-mother that she appeared at first to be but an under-sized woman, and we thought her low stature was but the result of some accidental circumstance, but when we placed some of our Zanzibar boys of fifteen and sixteen years old by her side, and finally placed a woman of the agricultural aborigines near her, it was clear to us all that these small creatures were a distinct race.

Three hours beyond the Mbutti village we reached Barya-Kunya amid a drizzly rain.

On the 8th we reached Indepessu, and two days later we travelled from the base of Pisgah, along an easterly path, which led us through the little villages of Maudé to the Ituri River. The natives had all fled from Mandé and the slopes of Pisgah across the river, with their movable property, and the men were awaiting events on the left bank, confident that they were beyond reach. As we emerged into view on the right bank, I was quite struck with the light brown mass the warriors made against the blackish

green of the vegetation behind them. They shot a few arrows amongst us across the 150 yards wide stream; some fell short, and others hurtled harmlessly by us several yards. In our turn we replied, and a general scamper occurred. Ninety minutes later the Expedition was across the Ituri by means of the boat. The vanguard picked up a ten-pound packet of clean native salt, which had been dropped by the natives in their flight. Salt was a condiment greatly needed, and we were greatly rejoiced at the prize. We were now in the territory of the Bakuba, near the clearing of Kandekoré in the forest. On the edge of the river bank we were 3000 feet above the sea.

Three-and-a-half hours' march from the Ituri we issued out of the forest, and again the change from perpetual twilight to brilliant sunlight and a blue sky was astonishing, and we all smiled to witness its effects on the nerves of Dr. Parke. This was the 289th day of Dr. Parke's forest life, and the effect of this sudden emergence out of the woods upon him was such as to send him into transports of delight.

Just before leaving the bush we passed a place where an elephant spear had fallen to the ground, and buried itself so deep that three men were unable to draw it up. Such a force, we argued, would have slain an elephant on the instant.

While sketching Pisgah Mountain in the afternoon from our first camp in the pasture land, I observed a cloud approaching it from the N.W., and all the forest beyond was shrouded in gloom by it, while the rolling plains still basked in hot sunshine. Presently another cloud from the S.E. appeared round the southern extremity of Mazamboni's range, and as it advanced spread over the blue sky, and became merged with the cloud over the forest, and then rain fell.

At an altitude of 3200 feet above the sea, and seven hours' march from the Ituri, the village of Bessé is situated. Though it was yet early forenoon we camped, the abundance of good ripe bananas, corn, fowls, sugar-cane, and banana wine being very tempting, and the distance to other villages east being unknown. Quite an active skirmish soon occurred while we were engaged making ready our quarters. Fetteh, the sole interpreter to the tribes of the plains, was grievously wounded over the stomach. The Babessé attempted various means to get nearer to us through the long grass, but by posting sharpshooters in the trees their movements were observed and checked.

By means of a native of Uganda we had some speech with one of these people, who among his remarks said, "We are quite assured that you black men are creatures like ourselves, but what of those white chiefs of yours? Whence do they come?"

"Oh," our man replied, with wonderful facility for fraudulent speech, "their faces change with the birth of each moon; when the moon is getting full their

colour is dark like our own. They are different from us as they come from above originally."

"Ah, true, it must be so," responded the astonished native, as he brought his hand up to his mouth from politeness, to cover the mouth that expanded with surprise.

The more we understand the language of these natives, the more we are struck with the identity of a common origin. How could such people as these have ever heard of such a thing as wit. I heard a Zanzibari impatiently say to a native who had staggered against him,

"Such a fool as thou wast surely never seen elsewhere?"

To which the native replied, with a benevolent smile, "Ay, it is my lord who is the sole possessor of wisdom."

"Ah, but you are wickedness itself!"

"I must not deny it, for all goodness is with thee."

It is a common reply among a certain class of white folks when one is accused of being naughty, to reply to the accuser that he is a gentleman, but it must be admitted that the African reply is not inferior in politeness.

A little east of Bessé we lost the native track, and were obliged to strike across country, steering straight for Undussuma Peak, which now began to lift itself into view. The sun was fearfully hot, and as the march was mainly through tall grass, we became greatly fatigued. In the afternoon we reached a wooded hollow near a pellucid cool stream, which had its birth-place somewhere among the slopes of Undussuma Range, now distant about five miles.

On the 14th, after a march of six hours, we were again camped on the spur of Nzera-Kum hill, and before us was the same scene which on the 10th and 11th of December witnessed our struggles for mastery with Mazamboni and his tribe. So far our experiences on this journey were very different. We had seen no leaping warriors, nor heard a single menace or war-cry; but, as we intended to halt here a day, we were curious to know what to expect, and we despatched our Mganda interpreter to hail the natives, who were seated afar off on the hill-tops looking down upon us. At 5 P.M., after several patient efforts, they were induced to descend and approach us, and they finally entered our camp. The process of establishing a friendship then was easy. We could look into one another's faces, and see as in a book what each thought of the other. We mutually exchanged views, wherein they learned that we only needed a free passage to the Lake, and that we were only strangers seeking a halting-place for the night, to pursue our road the next day without disturbance. They pleaded, as an excuse for their former behaviour, that they were assured we were Wara-Sura (soldiers of Kabba Rega), who periodically visited their country, devastated their land, and carried off their cattle.

When we were both convinced that friendship was possible, that our former



misunderstanding was not to interfere with our future relations, they heard the mystery of our presence explained, and that we were only travelling to discover a white chief, who years ago was reported to be somewhere near the sea of Unyoro. Had they ever heard of such a man?

They answered eagerly, "About two moons after you passed us—when you came from the Nyanza—a white man called '*Malleju*,' or the *Bearded One*, reached Katonza's in a big canoe, all of iron.

"Mother! however could she float? and in the middle of it there rose a tall black tree, and out of it came smoke and sparks of fire, and there were many many strange people aboard, and goa's ran about in it as in a village square, and we heard the cocks crow as merrily as they do among our millet. *Malleju* with a deep deep voice asked about you—his brother. What Katonza said to him we do not know, but *Malleju* went away in the big iron canoe, which sent as much smoke up into the air as though she was on fire. Have no doubt you will find him soon; Mazamboni shall send his runners to the Lake, and by to-morrow's sunset Katonza shall be told of the arrival of *Malleju's* brother."

This was the first news we had heard of Emin Pasha, and it was with the view of preparing for the irruption of strangers out of the unknown west, that I had sent letters to the Pasha from Zanzibar in February, 1887. Had Emin, who expected us December 15th, but taken the trouble to have sent his steamers a nine-hours' steaming distance from his station of Mswa, we should have met with his people on December 14th, been spared five days' fighting, a four months' loss of time, and on or about the 15th of March I should have been within the palisades of Yambuya in time to save Barttelot from his assassin, Jameson from his fatal fever attack, Troupe from the necessity of being invalided home, Ward from his wholly useless mission to St. Paul de Loand, and Mr. Bonny from days of distress at Banalya.

The next day was a severe one for me. All the talking was levelled at me, and I was imprisoned in my chair from dawn to dusk by crowds of Bavira agriculturists, Wahuma shepherds and herdsmen, chiefs and slaves, princes and peasants, warriors and women. It was impolitic to stir from the close circle which the combined oligarchy and democracy of Undussuma had formed around me. What refreshments were taken were handed to me over the heads of nobles and serfs five deep. My chair was in the centre, three umbrella bearers relieved one another—the sun ran his course from east to west; it glowed at noon hours with the intense heat known in torrid deserts, from three to five it scorched my back, then it became cooler, but until the circles broke and were dissolved by the approaching cold accompanying the dusk, I was a martyr to the cause of human brotherhood.

At a very early hour Mazamboni appeared outside of the zeriba with an imposing retinue of followers. He was escorted to the middle of the camp with every mark of respect from officers and men. The Zanzibaris and

Soudanese, who had chased him and his legions over the hills in December, looked as innocent as though they had never tasted his meat, and smiled a summer greeting. Our best mats were spread under a sickly dwarf tree for the convenience of the august guest, ivory horns gave forth mellow blares, reminding me of the imperial court of the autocrat of Uganda, Usoga, and the island archipelagoes of the Victorian Sea. Nothing was omitted that experience with a thousand chiefs of dark Africa had taught me was necessary for lighting up a swarthy face with humour, pleasure, content, and perfect trust. Mazamboni accepted every attention as his by right Divine, but no smile or word greeted us. Was the man deaf and dumb? No; he spoke briefly and low to his sub-chiefs, and his satellites roared with bull voices, as though I needed an ear-trumpet to hear them.

"My friends," said I, "my head will crack if you go on thus; besides, you know wisdom is precious. Why should the herd hear State policy?"

"Ah, truly!" said one sage with a beard as white as the father of the Commons ought to have. The old man then lowered his voice, and rehearsed the history of the land, described the effect created upon his tribe by our column's approach in December, the hasty councils that were held, and the rash resolution they had adopted, and confessed that when they heard there were white men with the strangers they had suspected they had done wrong in continuing a hostile attitude, but the youthful warriors had been too impetuous and overruled the cautious counsels of the ancients of their tribe. He also said that when they had seen us return from the Nyanza and depart in peace towards the forest, they then knew that the Wara Sura, as we were believed to be, would never have returned so soon from their own Lake, but would have crossed the Semliki to their own country; and then, when they had heard that *Malleju*, the white chief of the iron canoe, was seeking for us, they were convinced they had been all wrong. "But never mind," said we, "the strangers will return from the Kivira (forest), and we shall make it up with them. If they seek our friendship they shall have it, and Mazamboni's blood shall mingle with that of their chief, and we shall be one people; and lo! you have come, and the dreams of our wise men have become real facts. Mazamboni sits as a brother by the side of the white chief; let us see the blood mingle, and never a cloud shall come between you while you are in the land; the belongings of Mazamboni are yours, his warriors, wives, children, the land and all that stands on the face of it are yours. Have I said well, O warriors?"

"Well and truly you have spoken," murmured the circles.

"Shall Mazamboni be a son of 'Bula Matari'?"

"He shall."

"Shall there be true peace between us and the strangers?"

"Yea," came in an emotional shout from the mass.

Then the mutual right hands of my son, Mr. Jephson, who volunteered

to be sacrificed, were clasped crosswise over the crossed knees, the native Professor of Medicine made a slight incision in his arm until the red blood dyed it. My Professor of Secret Ritualism caused the dark red blood of Mazamboni to well out of the vein, and as the liquid of life flowed and dropped over the knees, the incantations were commenced by the sage with the white beard, and as he shook the pebbles in the magic gourd at the range of the peak opposite, and at the horse-shoe range yonder in the plains, and to eastward and westward of the valley, he delivered his terrible curses from the summit of Nzera-Kum, and all men listened unto him with open lips :—

“Cursed is he who breaks his plighted vow.

“Cursed is he who nourisheth secret hate.

“Cursed is he who turneth his back against his friend.

“Cursed is he who in the day of war denieth his brother.

“Cursed is he who deviseth evil to his friend whose blood has become one with his own.

“May the itch make him loathsome, and the hair of his head be lost by the mange; may the adder wait for him by the path, and the lion meet him on his way; may the leopard in the darkness besiege his house, and his wife, when she draweth water from the stream, be seized; may the barbed arrow pin his entrails, and the sharp spear be dyed in his vitals; may sickness waste his strength, and his days be narrowed with disease; may his limbs fail him in the day of battle, and his arms stiffen with cramps;” and so on, invoking every evil most dreaded, and the Zanzibari Professor of Secret Ritualism, somewhat dumbfounded at first at the series of curses delivered so volubly, then seized the magic gourd, and shook it at the hills and the valley, at the head of Mazamboni with awful solemnity, at Nestor himself, and the awe-struck following around, and outdid Nestor, by frenzy, voice, and gesture; his eyes rolled wildly, foam came from his lips; he summoned every blight to fall upon the land and its productions, every damnable agency in his folk-lore to hound Mazamboni for ever; every dark and potent spirit out of the limbo of evil imagination to torture him in his waking and sleeping hours, until his actions were so fantastic, his denunciation so outrageous, his looks so like one possessed with a demon, that every one, native and Zanzibari, broke out into uncontrollable laughter, which caused Murabo, our “medicine man,” to sober instantly, and to say in Swahili to us, with a conceited shake of the head—

“Ay! master, how do you like that style for high acting?” which reminded me of nothing so much as Hamlet out-ranting Laertes.

Mazamboni, though undoubtedly paramount chief of Undussuma, seemed to be governed by an unwritten constitution. His ministers, who are his principal kinsmen, conduct foreign and home policy even in his presence, so that in affairs of government his voice is seldom heard. Most of the time he



sat silent and reserved, one might almost say indifferent. Thus this unsophisticated African chief has discovered that—whether from intuition or traditional custom it is hard to say—it is best to divide government. If the principle has been derived from custom, it proves that from the Albert Nyanza down to the Atlantic the thousand tribes of the Congo basin spring from one parent tribe, nation, or family. The similarity of their customs, physiognomy, and roots of languages, lend additional proofs to substantiate this.

We discovered that the chiefs, as well as the lesser folk, were arrant beggars, and too sordid in mind to recognise a generous act. Though a peace was strenuously sought by all, yet the granting of it seemed to them to be only a means of being enriched with gifts from the strangers. Mazamboni, even after a long day's work, could not be induced to give more than a calf and five goats as a return for a ten-guinea rug, a bundle of brass wire, and ivory horns from the forest. The chief of Urumangwa and Bwessa, that flourishing settlement which in December had so astonished us with its prosperity, likewise thought that he was exceedingly liberal by presenting us with a kid and two fowls.

Among our visitors to-day were Gavira, the chief of the Eastern Bavira, who proclaimed from a hill that the land lay at our feet when we were returning from the Lake; and also a Mhuma chief, who wore unblushingly the fine scarlet cloth of which we had been mulcted in December to buy peace. He never offered a return gift so long deferred.

We discovered that there were two different and distinctly differing races living in this region in harmony with each other, one being clearly of Indo-African origin, possessing exceedingly fine features, aquiline noses, slender necks, small heads, with a grand and proud carriage; an old, old race,



ONE OF MAZAMBONI'S WARRIORS

possessing splendid traditions, and ruled by inflexible custom which would admit of no deviation. Though the majority have a nutty-brown complexion, some even of a rich dark brown, the purest of their kind resemble old ivory in colour, and their skins have a beautifully soft feel, as of finest satin. These confine themselves solely to the breeding of cattle, and are imbued with a supercilious contempt for the hoemen, the Bavira, who are strictly agricultural. No proud dukeling in England could regard a pauper with more pronounced contempt than the Wahuma profess for the Bavira. They will live in the country of the Bavira, but not in their villages; they will exchange their dairy produce for the grain and vegetables of the hoemen, but they will never give their daughters in marriage but to a Mhuma born. Their sons may possess children by Bavira women, but that is the utmost concession. Now in this I discover the true secret of the varying physiognomies, and the explanations in the variation of facial types.

We have the true negroidal cast of features in the far-away regions of West Africa, with which this proud high-caste race could not possibly come in contact; we have the primitive races of the forest, the Akkas, Wambutti, Watwa, and Bushmen, of which the Wambutti are by far the handsomest; we have the Zulus, the Mafitte, Watuta, Wahha, Warundi, Wanya-Ruanda, semi-Ethiopic; we have the Ethiopic, slightly degraded, except in the aristocratic families, as in the Wahuma, or, as they are variously called, Waima, Wachwezi, Wawitu, and the Wataturu, who represent two human streams, one coming from Ethiopia by way of South-East Galla into Unyoro and the high pastoral lake regions, and the other flowing direct south. The Victoria Lake lies between these sections of superior African humanity.

A Bavira chief complained to me of the haughty contempt with which the Bavira were regarded by the Wahuma, in just such words as these: "They call us hoemen, and laugh to scorn the sober regularity with which we, tilling the dark soil, live through our lives in honest labour. They sweep round on foraging excursions, and know no loved and fixed home; they settle down wherever they are tempted by the pasture, and when there (is trouble) they build a house in another spot."

But to my narrative, as I may deal with the subject further in a special chapter. On the 16th, furnished by Mazamboni with twelve guides, escorted by Gavira and fifty warriors, accompanied by a long line of new friends behind the rear guard, assisted by more than a hundred carriers, we marched to the territory of Gavira, to the village where we had rested in the naked hill-village, after a terrible day of excitement, on the 12th of December. We were now a peaceful procession, with somewhat of a triumphal character. For at every village we came to the warriors advanced and hailed us with friendly greetings, and at Makukuru, the name of the village which we already knew, the women *lu-lu-lued*. From this settlement in Uzanza we enjoyed an extensive view, eastward to the brow of the high land over-

looking the gulf of the Albert Lake, westward as far as Pisgah, six marches distant northward to the cones of Bemberri, southward the hills of the Balegga rose, a mile off.

The chief of the Bavira is known as Gavira—an hereditary title, though his name is Mpinga. He was a pleasant little man, but stingy; and when not engaged in State councils, talkative. He and his tribe begged for friendship similar to that which was established with Mazamboni. We were only too willing to accede—the conditions being that he should be hospitable to the Expedition on its journeys through his country. Having halted one day at Mazamboni's, it was necessary that we should do equal honour to Gavira; and as this place was only two short marches, or one long march, to the Nyanza, we agreed.

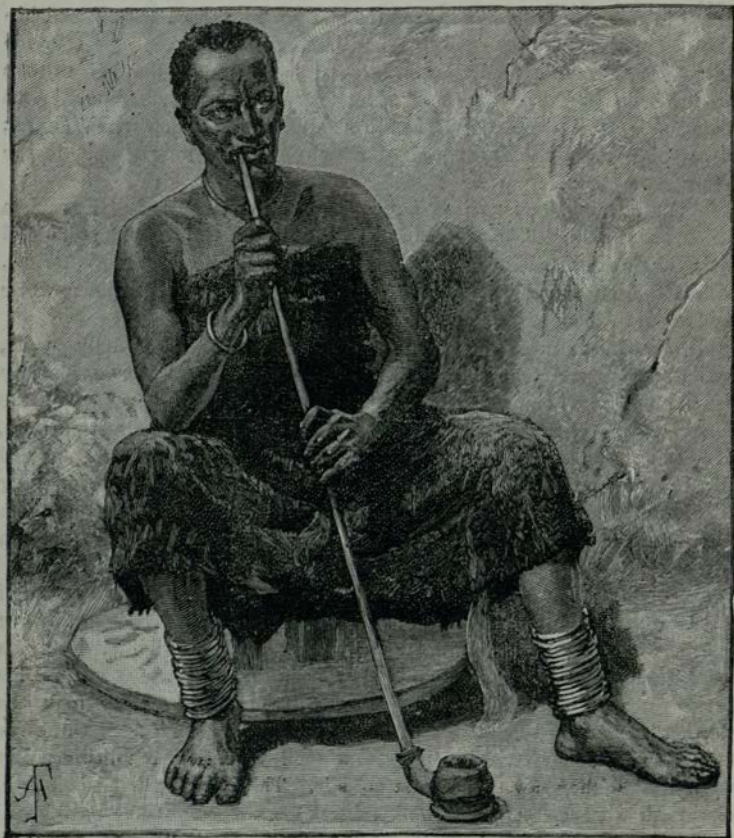
In the evening, two natives arrived from Mbiassi, chief of Kavalli, a district which extended, in a broad strip, down to the Nyanza, who informed me that their chief possessed a small packet, covered with dark cloth, for me, which had been given him by a native, who had received it from a white man known to them as *Malleju*.

We were surrounded on the next day by hundreds of friendly people, who seemed unable to gaze sufficiently at us. They therefore placidly squatted on their haunches, quietly contemplating our movements; the younger people were deputed by the old to gather fuel and sweet potatoes, and to bring millet grain to camp. For trifling gifts, the Zanzibaris obtained their help to build huts, carry water, attend to their fires, grind their millet grain into flour; while they contentedly sat down, encouraging them to hard labour with a friendly nod and bland smile, some bit of iron-work, a pinch of beads, a cowrie or two, or a wristlet of brass wire.

The chief Gavira was robed, in the afternoon, in bright scarlet cloth of first-class quality, and escorted around the camp, with all honour, by our head-men, who introduced him to the various messes with high tribute to his good disposition. He was afterwards shown a mirror, at which he and his elders expressed extraordinary astonishment and fright. They took the reflection of their own faces to be a hostile tribe advancing from the earth towards them, and started to run to a safer distance; but instinctively they halted, as they saw that we did not stir. They then returned on tiptoe, as if to ask what that sudden vision of black faces could possibly have been; for the mirror had been dropped on its face into the case. In answer to their mute appeal, it was opened again, and they gazed at it fixedly. They whispered to one another—"Why, the faces resemble our own!" They were told that what they saw was a reflection of their own remarkably prepossessing features; and Mpinga, with pride, blushed darkly at the compliment. Perceiving that he could be trusted with it without shock to his nerves, it was put into his hand; and it was amusing to see how quickly his personal vanity increased; his elders crowded around him, and all grouped around



and were pleased to note how truthfully the mirror reflected each facial characteristic. "See that scar—it is just and exact; but lo! look at your broad nose, Mpinga; why, it is perfect! Ay, and look at that big feather; it actually waves! It is too—too wonderful! What can it be made of?"



KAVALLI, CHIEF OF THE DA-BIASSI

It is like water; but it is not soft by any means; and on the back it is black. Ah, but we have seen a thing to-day that our fathers never saw, eh?"

This exposed place, open to every blast from each quarter of heaven, will be remembered by us for a long time. As the sun set, the cold winds blew from lakeward and smote us sorely; we were so accustomed to the equable

temperature of the forest, and so poor in clothing. One officer armed himself with his waterproof; another put on his ulster; and still the wind penetrated to our marrow; and there was no warmth to be found anywhere but in the snug beehive huts of the Bavira—whither we retired.

Instead of pursuing along our original course to the Lake, we struck north-east to the village of Kavalli, where the mysterious packet was said to be awaiting me. The short grass, cropped by numerous herds of cattle, covered every inch of the land and made it resemble a lawn, save where it dipped down into the miniature cañons, which had been scooped out by centuries of rain.

As we traversed the smiling land, welcomed by the kindly Bavira, we could not forbear thinking how different all this was from the days when we drove through noisy battalions of Bavira, Babiassi, and Balegga, each urging his neighbours to exterminate us, with the quick play of light on crowds of flashing spears, and yard-long arrows sailing through the air to meet us. Now we had 157 Bavira in front of the advance guard, as many behind the rear guard, while our 90 loads had been distributed among voluntary carriers who thought it an honour to be porters to the same men whom they had hounded so mercilessly a few months previous.

Soon after the arrival of the now numerous column before the thorny zeriba of Kavalli, the chief, a handsome young Mhuma, with regular features, tall, slender, and wonderfully composed in manner, came out to show our camping-place to us. To such as chose to avail themselves of shelter in his village he accorded free permission; and on being asked for the packet, said to have been sent by Malleju, he produced it; and, as he handed it to me, said that only his two young men, of all the country, knew that he possessed it; and anxiously asked if he had not done an excellent thing in keeping the secret safe.

Untying the cover, which was of American oil-cloth, I found the following letter:—

DEAR SIR,—

Rumours having been afloat of white men having made their apparition somewhere south of this Lake, I have come here in quest of news. A start to the furthest end of the Lake, which I could reach by steamer, has been without success, the people being greatly afraid of Kabba Rega people, and their chiefs being under instructions to conceal whatever they know.

To-day, however, has arrived a man from Chief Mpigwa, of Nyamsassi country, who tells me that a wife of the said chief has seen you at Undussuma, her birthplace, and that his chief volunteers to send a letter of mine to you. I send, therefore, one of our allies, Chief Mogo, with the messenger to Chief Mpigwa's, requesting him to send Mogo and this letter, as well as an Arabic one, to you, or to retain Mogo and send the letter ahead.

Be pleased, if this reaches you, to rest where you are, and to inform me by letter, or one of your people, of your wishes. I could easily come to Chief Mpigwa, and my

steamer and boats would bring you here. At the arrival of your letter or man, I shall at once start for Nyamsassi, and from there we could concert our further designs.

Beware of Kabba Rega's men! He has expelled Captain Casati.

Believe me, dear Sir, to be

Tungura (Lake Albert).\*

Yours very faithfully,

25/3/88. 8 P.M.

(Signed) DR. EMIN.

The letter was translated to our men, upon hearing which, they became mad with enthusiasm; nor were the natives of Kavalli less affected, though not so boisterously, for they perceived that the packet they had guarded with such jealous care was the cause of this happiness.

Food poured in gratuitously from many chiefs, and I directed Mbiassi to inform the districts around that a contribution from each tribe or section would be gladly received.

On the 20th, I despatched Mr. Jephson and Surgeon Parke, with 50 rifles and two native guides of Kavalli, to convey the steel boat, *Advance*, down to Lake Albert. I was informed by the guides that Mswa Station was only distant two days by boat. Mr. Jephson was entrusted with the following letter to Emin Pasha:—

April 18th, 1888.

DEAR SIR,—

Your letter was put into my hands by Chief Mbiassi, of Kavalli (on the plateau), the day before yesterday, and it gave us all great pleasure.

I sent a long letter to you from Zanzibar by carriers to Uganda, informing you of my mission and of my purpose. Lest you may not have received it, I will recapitulate in brief its principal contents. It informed you first that, in compliance with instructions from the Relief Committee of London, I was leading an Expedition for your relief. Half of the fund necessary was subscribed by the Egyptian Government, the other half by a few English friends of yours.

It also informed you that the instructions of the Egyptian Government were to guide you out of Africa, if you were willing to leave Africa; if not, then I was to leave such ammunition as we had brought with us for you, and you and your people were then to consider yourselves as out of the service of Egypt, and your pay was to cease upon such notification being given by you. If you were willing to leave

\* When, after reaching Zanzibar, I read Emin Pasha's letter to the Editor of Petermann's "Mittelungen" (see No. 4 of the "Gotha Geog. Journal"), dated 25th March, 1888 (the same date that the above letter was written), which concluded with the significant words:—"If Stanley does not come soon, we are lost," most curious thoughts came into my mind which the intelligent reader will find no difficulty in guessing. Happily, however, the Pasha kept his own secret until I was far away from Bagamoyo, and I was unable to inquire from him personally what were his motives for not coming to Kavalli, December 14th, 1887, the date he expected us; for remaining silent two months and a half in his own stations after that date, and then writing two such letters as the one above and that to Petermann's Magazine on the same date.



Africa, then the pay of yourself, officers and men was to continue until you had landed in Egypt.

It further informed you that you yourself were promoted from Bey to Pasha.

It also informed you that I proposed, on account of the hostility of Uganda, and political reasons, to approach you by way of the Congo, and make Kavalli my objective point.

I presume you have not received that letter, from the total ignorance of the natives at Kavalli about you, as they only knew of Mason's visit, which took place ten years ago.

We first arrived here after some desperate fighting on the 14th December last. We stayed two days on the shore of the Lake near Kavalli, inquiring of every native that we could approach if they knew of you, and were always answered in the negative. As we had left our boat a month's march behind, and we could get no canoe by fair purchase or force, we resolved to return, obtain our boat, and carry it to the Nyanza. This we have done, and in the meantime we constructed a little fort fifteen days' march from here, and stored such goods as we could not carry, and marched here with our boat for a second trial to relieve you. This time the most violent natives have received us with open arms, and escorted us by hundreds on the way. The country is now open for a peaceful march from Nyamsassi to our fort.

Now I await your decision at Nyamsassi. As it is difficult to supply rations to our people on the Nyanza plain, I hope we shall not have to wait long for it. On the plateau above there is abundance of food and cattle, but on the lower plain, bordering the Nyanza, the people are mainly fishermen.

If this letter reaches you before you leave your place, I should advise you to bring in your steamer and boats rations sufficient to subsist us while we await your removal; say about 12,000 or 15,000 lbs. of grain, millet, or Indian corn, &c., which, if your steamer is of any capacity, you can easily bring.

If you are already resolved on leaving Africa, I would suggest that you should bring with you all your cattle, and every native willing to follow you. Nubar Pasha hoped you would bring all your Makkaraka, and leave not one behind if you could help it, as he would retain them all in the service.

The letters from the Ministry of War and from Nubar Pasha, which I bring, will inform you fully of the intention of the Egyptian Government, and perhaps you had better wait to see them before taking any action. I simply let you know briefly about the intentions of the Government, that you may turn the matter over in your mind, and be enabled to come to a decision.

I hear you have abundance of cattle with you; three or four milk cows would be very grateful to us if you can bring them in your steamer and boats.

I have a number of letters, some books and maps for you, and a packet for Captain Casati. I fear to send them by my boat, lest you should start from your place upon some native rumour of our having arrived here, and you should miss her. Besides, I am not quite sure that the boat will reach you; I therefore keep them until I am assured they can be placed in your hands safely.

We shall have to forage far and near for food while we await your attendance at Nyamsassi, but you may depend upon it we shall endeavour to stay here until we see you.

All with me join in sending you our best wishes, and are thankful that you are safe and well.

Believe me, dear Pasha,

Your most obedient servant,

HENRY M. STANLEY,  
Commanding Relief Expedition.

His Excellency EMIN PASHA,  
Governor of Equatorial Provinces, &c., &c., &c.

During our halt at Kavalli several hundred natives from the neighbouring districts paid us friendly visits, and the chiefs and elders tendered their submission to me. They said the country was mine, and whatever my commands might be would be promptly done. By the ready way food was brought in there was no reason to doubt their sincerity, though there was no necessity to take it too literally. So long as we were not starving, nothing could happen to disturb the peaceful relations commenced with Mazamboni and his people.



MILK VESSEL OF THE WAHUMA

## CHAPTER XV

## THE MEETING WITH EMIN PASHA

Our camp at Bundi—Mbiassi, the chief of Kavalli—Chiefs Katonza and Komubi express contrition—A note from Jephson—Arrival of Emin Pasha—Descriptions of Emin Pasha and Captain Casati—The Pasha's Soudanese—Our Zanzibaris—The steamer *Khedive*—Baker and the Blue Mountains—Drs. Junker and Felkin's descriptions of Emin—Proximity of Kabba Rega—Emin and the Equatorial Provinces—Dr. Junker's report of Emin—I discuss with Emin our future proceedings—Captain Casati's plans—Our camp and provisions at Nsabé—Kabba Rega's treatment of Captain Casati—Mabruki gored by a buffalo—Emin Pasha and his soldiers—My propositions to Emin and his answer.

On the 25th we departed from Kavalli and camped at Bundi, at an altitude of 4900 feet above the sea. The village proper was situated 400 feet higher, on the crest of one of those ranges of hills which form the dividing-line between the Congo basin and that of the Nile. From the westerly folds of the hills escaped the first infant streams which flowed into the Ituri and the Congo. From the other side of the range issued the streams which dropped into the gulf of the Albert. Our camp was situated on the very brow of the plateau, in full view of a large portion of the south end of the Albert Lake.

Mbiassi, the handsome chief of Kavalli, accompanied us, and commanded the people of Bundi to hurry food forward to the camp, and also despatched messengers to the redoubtable Komubi, chief of the Eastern Balegga, the "Only General" of these parts.

On the 26th we descended from the plateau slope to the Lake terrace in 2 hours 45 minutes, and were quartered in the Balegga village of Badzwa, 2300 feet below Bundi camp. The Balegga had decamped, but as it was Kavalli's property, he assumed charge, and distributed corn from its granaries, sufficient for five days' rations.

Messengers from the chief of the Lake village, who had declined our friendship on December 14th, refused our proffered gifts, and murdered our two sick men on December 17th, came to say that he was "dying" to see me. Katonza had by this time heard that Mazamboni, Gavira, Kavalli, and many other chiefs were hand-and-glove with the strangers who had humbly begged a drink of water from his people, and he had hastened to make reparation, like Shimei the Benjamite. Before I could frame an answer,



stalwart Komubi, the "only general," had descended from the Balegga Hills with a white cow, several goats, and bundles of sweet potatoes, besides many jars of potent beer for us. It was Komubi and his stubborn fellows who had clung to the rear guard on the 13th of December with such persistency, and had attempted the night attack on us. He now frankly came to express contrition and sorrow that he had mistaken us for Kabba Rega's bandits, and to surrender his country wholly into my hands, and his life, if I so wished it. With this bold chieftain we made friends quickly enough, and after a lengthy interview we parted. To Katonza we replied that we would think of his message.

I now turn to the diary form.

*April 27th.*—Halt at Badzwa. The kites are very bold in this neighbourhood. Seeing their daring, we amused ourselves with putting pieces of meat on the roof of a hut within arm's length of a man standing by, and each time the kite succeeded in escaping with the meat, as the bird, sailing and wheeling round the spot, seemed to know when the attention was relaxed, and that moment dropped plump upon the meat, and sailed away with it before the outstretched hand could seize him.

Our hunter, "Three O'clock," went out, and returned with the meat of a fine kudu he had shot.

*April 28th.*—Halt. Wadi Mabruki, another hunter, went out this morning to compete at game-hunting with "Three O'clock," and in the afternoon he and his followers brought three young roan antelope.

*April 29th.*—At 8 A.M., as we were about to break camp to march to the Lake, a native guide appeared with a note from Jephson, dated April 23rd, which stated that he had safely reached Msua, a station of Emin Pasha's, and that messengers had been despatched by the Commandant, Shukri Agha, to apprise Emin Pasha of our appearance on the Lake. A basket of onions from Shukri Agha accompanied the note.

At 9 A.M. we set out for the Lake. Two hours later we were camped about a quarter of a mile from the shore, not far from the bivouac ground occupied by us on the 16th of December, and on the site of old Kavalli, as the chief showed us. We had five days' rations of grain with us, and meat could be procured from the plain behind us, as it swarmed with large game of various kinds.

From my tent-door, at 4.30 P.M., I saw a dark object loom up on the north-east horizon of the Lake. I thought it might be a native canoe, or perhaps the steel boat *Advance* returning, but a binocular revealed the vessel to be a steamer. An hour later we could distinguish a couple of boats in tow, and at 6.30 P.M. the steamer dropped anchor in the baylet of Nyamsassi, near an island of that name. Scores of our people were on the beach in front of our camp firing guns and waving signals, but though we were only two miles from the island, no one appeared to observe us.



EMIN AND CASATI ARRIVE AT OUR LAKE-SHORE CAMP





Ardent messengers were therefore sent along the shore to inform the party on board of our presence, and these were, unhappily, so exuberant, that as they fired their rifles to give notice, they were fired at in return by the Soudanese, who naturally enough took the wild figures to be some of Kabba Rega's people. However, no harm was done; the boat's crew distinguished their comrades' cries, the word was passed that the people on shore were friends, and the boat was made ready to convey our visitors to the beach near the camp. At eight o'clock, amid great rejoicing, and after repeated salutes from our rifles, Emin Pasha himself walked into camp, accompanied by Captain Casati and Mr. Jephson, and one of the Pasha's officers. I shook hands with all, and asked which was Emin Pasha? Then one rather small, slight figure, wearing glasses, arrested my attention by saying in excellent English, "I owe you a thousand thanks, Mr. Stanley; I really do not know how to express my thanks to you."

"Ah, you are Emin Pasha. Do not mention thanks, but come in and sit down. It is so dark out here we cannot see one another."

At the door of the tent we sat, and a wax candle threw light upon the scene. I expected to see a tall, thin, military-looking figure, in faded Egyptian uniform, but instead of it I saw a small spare figure in a fez and a clean, well-fitting suit of snowy cotton drilling. A dark grizzled beard bordered a face of a Magyar cast, though a pair of spectacles lent it somewhat of an Italian or Spanish appearance. There was not a trace on it of ill-health or anxiety; it rather indicated good condition of body and peace of mind. Captain Casati, on the other hand, though younger in years, looked gaunt, care-worn, anxious, and aged. He likewise was dressed in clean cottons, with an Egyptian fez for a head-covering.

Brief summaries of our incidents of travel, events in Europe, occurrences in the Equatorial Provinces, and matters personal, occupied the best part of two hours, after which, to terminate the happy meeting, five half-pint bottles of champagne—a present from my friend Greshoff, of Stanley Pool—were uncorked and duly drunk to the continued good health of Emin Pasha and Captain Casati.\*

The party were conducted to the boat, which conveyed them to the steamer.  
*April 30th.*—Marched Expedition to Nsabé, a fine dry grassy spot, fifty yards from Lake and about three miles from Nyamsassi Island. As we passed the anchorage of the steamer *Khedive*, we found a detachment of the Pasha's Soudanese drawn up on the Lake shore on parade to salute us with music. The Pasha was dressed in full uniform, and appeared more of a military man than last night.

\* The following entries must be read while bearing in mind that thirty-five days previously the Pasha had written to the editor of Petermann's "Mitteilungen" a letter, which he concluded with the significant words, "If Stanley does not come soon, we are lost."

Our Zanzibaris, by the side of these upright figures, seemed altogether a beggarly troop, and more naked than ever. But I was not ashamed of them. It was by their aid, mean as they appeared, that we had triumphed over countless difficulties, and though they did not understand drill, nor could assume a martial pose, the best of these Soudanese soldiers were but children to them for the needs of a Relief Expedition. After the little reception ceremony was over I delivered to the Pasha thirty-one cases of Remington ammunition. Shortly after I went aboard the steamer, where I breakfasted on millet cake fried in syrup, and a glass of new milk.

The steamer proved to be the *Khedive*, built by Samuda Brothers in 1869, and is about ninety feet long by seventeen or eighteen feet wide; draught five feet. Though nearly twenty years old, she is still serviceable. The upper works look well enough, but she is much patched below water, I am told.

On board, besides the Pasha, were Casati, Vita Hassan, a Tunisian apothecary, some Egyptian clerks, an Egyptian lieutenant, and some forty Soudanese soldiers, besides a fine crew. Sometimes, from the familiar sounds heard during moments of abstraction, I fancied myself at Alexandria or on the Lower Congo; but, looking up, and taking a sweeping view around, I became assured that I was on board of a steamer afloat on Lake Albert. As we steamed slowly northward at about a mile and a half from the shore, the lofty mass of the plateau of Unyoro was to our right, and to our left was an equally formidable plateau wall, the ascents and descents of which we knew so well. A glance at the mass of Unyoro, which was darkly blue, enabled me to see why Baker gave the name of Blue Mountains to our plateau wall, for had we been steaming along the Unyoro shore, the warm vapour would have tinted our plateau to the same colour. When Nyamsassi Island was astern, a damp sheet of rock, wetted by a stream, glistened in the sun like a mirror, and made it resemble a sheet of falling water. Hence Baker gave it the name of a Cascade, as seen by him from the eastern side.

Dr. Junker and Dr. Felkin when describing Emin, especially in the *Graphic* numbers of January, 1887, had led us to expect a nervous, wiry, tall man of 6 ft. or thereabouts, but in reality Emin Pasha does not exceed 5 ft. 7 in. in height. I remember Dr. Junker was anxious that the trousers we ordered in Cairo for his friend should be long enough in the extremities. They will have to be shortened by six inches before they fit the Pasha. Emin tells me he is forty-eight years old, but he does not look so old, and his activity is more like that of a man of thirty or thirty-five.

About noon we anchored off Nsabé, and I went ashore to bestir the men to make a camp suitable for a protracted halt.

In the evening Emin Pasha came ashore, and we had a lengthy conversation, but after all I am unable to gather in the least what his intentions may be. I have delivered to him his mails, the Khedive's "High Order," and Nubar Pasha's letter.

I had an idea before I met Emin that we should not have to wait more than two weeks at the Lake before we should be able to march to the plateau and occupy a suitable spot in Undusuma, where, after seeing everything done for the security and comfort of his force, I could proceed with a chosen band to the assistance of the rear column. But when I asked him about his plans, the Pasha's manner was ominous. When I proposed a return to the sea, he tapped his knee and smiled in a kind of "We shall see" manner.

After I had laid before him at some length the reasons for the abandonment of the Equatorial Provinces by Egypt he replied, "I see clearly the difficulty Egypt is in as regards retention of these provinces, but I do not see so clearly my way for abandoning them. The Khedive has written to me that the pay of myself and men will be settled by the Paymaster General if we return to Egypt, but if we stay here we do so at our own risk and on our own responsibility, and that we cannot expect further aid from Egypt. Nubar Pasha has written to me a longer letter, but to the same effect. Now, I do not call these instructions. They do not command me to leave the provinces, but tell me to do as I please."

"Well, I will supplement these letters with my own positive knowledge, if you will permit me, as the Khedive and Nubar Pasha are not here to answer for themselves. Dr. Junker arrived in Egypt telling the world that you were in great distress for want of ammunition, but that you had a sufficient quantity to defend your position for a year or perhaps eighteen months, provided no determined attack was made on you by the Mahdists; that you had defended the Equatorial Provinces so far successfully; that you would continue to do so to the utmost of your ability, until you should receive orders from your Government to do otherwise; that you loved the country and people greatly; that the country was in a prosperous state—quiet and contented—possessed of almost everything required to maintain it in this happy condition; that you would not like to see all your work thrown away, but that you would much prefer that Egypt should retain these provinces, or failing Egypt, some European Power able and willing to continue your work. Did Dr. Junker report you correctly, Pasha?"

"Yes, he did."

"Well, then, the first idea that occurred to the minds of the Egyptian officials upon hearing Dr. Junker's report was, that no matter what instructions you received, you would be disinclined to leave your provinces, therefore the Khedive says that if you remain here, you do so upon your own responsibility, and at your own risk, and you are not to expect further aid from Egypt.

"Our instructions are to carry a certain quantity of ammunition to you, and say to you, upon your obtaining it, 'Now we are ready to guide and assist you out of Africa, if you are willing to accompany us, and we shall be



delighted to have the pleasure of your company; but if you decline going, our mission is ended."

"Let us suppose that you prefer remaining in Africa. Well, you are still young, only forty-eight; your constitution is still good. Let us say you will feel the same vigour for five, ten, even fifteen years longer; but the infirmities of age will creep on you, and your strength will fade away. Then you will begin to look doubtingly upon the future prospect, and mayhap suddenly resolve to retire before it is too late. Some route will be chosen—the Monbuttu route, for instance—to the sea. Say that you reach the Congo, and are nearing civilization; how will you maintain your people, for food must then be bought for money or goods? And supposing you reach the sea, what will you do then? Who will assist you to convey your people to their homes? You rejected Egypt's help when it was offered to you, and, to quote the words of the Khedive, 'You are not to expect further aid from Egypt.'

"If you stay here during life, what becomes of the provinces afterwards? Your men will fight among themselves for supremacy, and involve all in one common ruin. These are grave questions, not to be hastily answered. If your provinces were situated within reasonable reach of the sea, whence you could be furnished with means to maintain your position, I should be one of the last to advise you to accept the Khedive's offer, and should be most active in assisting you with suggestions as to the means of maintenance; but here, surrounded as you are by powerful kings and warlike peoples on all sides, by a vast forest on the west, and by the fanatic followers of the Mahdi on the north, were I in your place I would not hesitate one moment what to do."

"What you say is quite true," replied the Pasha, "but we have such a large number of women and children, probably 10,000 people altogether! How can they all be brought out of here? We shall want a great many carriers."

"Carriers for what?"

"For the women and children. You surely would not leave them, and they cannot travel."

"The women must walk; for such children as cannot walk, they will be carried on donkeys, of which you say you have many. Your people cannot travel far during the first month, but little by little they will get accustomed to it. Our women on my second expedition crossed Africa; your women, after a little while, will do quite as well."

"They will require a vast amount of provisions for the road."

"Well, you have a large number of cattle, some hundreds, I believe. Those will furnish beef. The countries through which we pass must furnish grain and vegetable food. And when we come to countries that will accept pay for food, we have means to pay for it, and at Msalala we have another stock of goods ready for the journey to the coast."

"Well, well. We will defer further talk of it till to-morrow."

*May 1st.*—Halt at Nsabé.

About 11 A.M. Emin Pasha came ashore, and upon being seated, we resumed in a short time our conversation of last evening.

"What you told me last night," began the Pasha, "has led me to think that it is best we should retire from Africa. The Egyptians are very willing to go, I know. There are about fifty of them besides their women and children. Of those there is no doubt, and even if I stayed here I should be glad to be rid of them, because they undermine my authority, and nullify all my endeavours for retreat. When I informed them that Khartoum had fallen and Gordon Pasha was slain, they always told the Nubians that the story was concocted by me, and that some day we should see the steamers ascend the river for their relief. But of the Regulars, who compose two battalions, I am extremely doubtful. They have led such a free and happy life here, that they would demur at leaving a country where they enjoy luxuries such as they cannot hope for in Egypt. They are married, and besides each soldier has his harem; but most of the Irregulars would doubtless retire and follow me. Now supposing the Regulars refused to leave, you can imagine my position would be a difficult one. Would I be right in leaving them to their fate? Would it not be consigning them all to ruin? I should have to leave them their arms and ammunition, and on my retiring all recognized authority and discipline would be at an end. There would presently rise disputes between the factions which would be formed. The more ambitious would aspire to be chiefs by force, and from rivalries would spring hate and mutual slaughter, involving all in one common fate."

"It is a terrible picture you have drawn, Pasha," I said. "Nevertheless, bred as I have been to obey orders, no matter what may happen to others, the line of your duty, as a faithful officer to the Khedive, seems to me to be clear.

"All you have to do, according to my idea, is to read the Khedive's letter to your troops, and ask those willing to depart with you to stand on one side, and those preferring to remain to stand on the other, and prepare the first for immediate departure, while to the latter you can leave what ammunition and guns you can spare. If those who remain number three-fourths or four-fifths of your force, it does not at all matter to any one what becomes of them, for it is their own choice, nor does it absolve you personally from the line of conduct duty to the Khedive directs."

"That is very true," replied the Pasha; "but supposing the men surround me and detain me by force?"

"That is unlikely, I should think, from the state of discipline I see among your men; but of course you know your own men best."

"Well, I shall send the steamer down to-morrow with the Khedive's letter, and you would oblige me greatly if you would allow one of your officers to go and show himself to the troops at Dufflé. Let him speak to the men himself, and say that he has come from the representative of the

Government, who has been specially sent by the Khedive to bring them out, and perhaps when they have seen him, and talked with your Soudanese, they will be willing to depart with us. If the people go, I go; if they stay, I stay."

"Now supposing you resolve to stay, what of the Egyptians?"

"Oh, I shall have to ask you to take charge of them."

"Now will you be good enough to ask Captain Casati if we are to have the pleasure of his company to the coast, for we have been instructed to lend him every assistance in our power?"

Captain Casati answered through Emin Pasha.

"If the Governor Emin goes, I go; if he stays, I stay."

"Well, I see, Pasha, that in the event of your staying your responsibilities will be great, for you involve Captain Casati in your own fate."

(A laugh), and the sentence was translated to Casati, and the gallant Captain at once replied,—

"Oh, I absolve Emin Pasha from all responsibility connected with me, for I am governed by my own choice entirely."

"May I suggest then, Pasha, if you elect to remain here, that you make your will?"

"Will! What for?"

"To dispose of your pay, of course, which must by this time be considerable. Eight years I believe you said? Or perhaps you meditate leaving it to Nubar Pasha?"

"I give Nubar Pasha my love. Pho! There can be only about two thousand and odd pounds due. What is such a sum to a man about to be shelved? I am now forty-eight, and one of my eyes is utterly gone. When I get to Egypt, they will give me some fine words and bow me out. And all I have to do is to seek out some corner of Cairo or Stamboul for a final resting-place. A fine prospect truly!"

In the afternoon Emin Pasha came again to my tent, and during our conversation he said that he had resolved to leave Africa—"if his people were willing; if not, he would stay with them."

I learned also that the Egyptians were only too willing to leave for their mother-land, and that there were about sixty-five of them. That the first battalion of Regulars numbered a little over 650, and that the second battalion amounted to nearly 800. That he had about 750 Remington rifles, and that the rest were armed with percussion muskets.

*May 2nd.*—The *Khedive* steamer left this morning for the northward, first to Mswa Station, thence to Tunguru, fourteen and a half hours' steaming from hence; two days later she will sail for Wadelai, and on the third day for Dufflé. She carries letters from the Pasha to bring up sixty or seventy soldiers, a Major, and all carriers that can be collected. The steamer will probably be fourteen days absent, during which time we must stop here.



I omitted to state before that the Pasha brought with him, according to my letter, a few bullocks and milk cows, about forty sheep and goats, and as many fowls, besides several thousand pounds of grain, as rations to subsist the Expedition pending the time we should remain on the Nyanza, as the shore in the neighbourhood of Nsabé is entirely destitute of food, except what may be obtained by hunting. With care we have quite three weeks' provisions on hand.

Meanwhile the Pasha, Captain Casati and about twenty soldiers remain with us, and are camped about 300 yards south of us. There is every prospect of a perfect rest free from anxiety for some two weeks, while myself and officers will have the society of a most amiable and accomplished man in the Pasha. Casati does not understand English, and his French is worse than my own, so I am excluded from conversing with him. I learn from the Pasha, however, that Casati has had a difficult time of it in Unyoro. Until December last, things progressed tolerably well with him. Residing in Unyoro as Emin Pasha's Agent, he was the means of forwarding the Pasha's letters to Uganda, and transmitting to him such packets of letters, books, medicines, etc., as Mr. Mackay, Church Missionary Agent, received by couriers from Zanzibar.

One day last year there came to Kabba Rega news of our Expedition, which rumour augmented to thousands of well-appointed soldiers, who were to unite with the Pasha's force, and sweep through Unyoro and Uganda, and devastate those countries. Shortly after, the report was confirmed by the arrival of letters for our Expedition. Kabba Rega then sent an officer to Casati's house, and the Wanyoro pillaged him of every article, and bound him and his servants to a tree, besides treating him personally with every mark of indignity. Mohammed Biri, an Arab, who had been mainly the medium of communication between Casati and Mr. Mackay, was, I am told, treated in a worse fashion—probably executed as a spy and traitor. Captain Casati and his personal servants, after a while, were led out from Unyoro by Kabba Rega's officials, and when beyond the frontier were tied to trees again in a nude state. By some means, however, they managed to untie themselves and escape to the neighbourhood of the Lake, where one of the servants discovered a canoe, and set out for the western shore across the Lake to Tunguru to obtain help from Emin Pasha. One of the Pasha's steamers came across the daring fellow, and the captain on hearing the news steamed away to acquaint the Pasha. In a few hours the steamer *Khedive*, commanded by the Governor in person, who had a detachment of soldiers with him, set out to rescue Casati. After searching for some time the eastern shore, the steamer was hailed by Casati, who in a few moments found himself safe in the arms of his friend. Some soldiers were then landed, and Kibero was burnt in retaliation for the injuries done to Casati. Having been turned out naked into the wilderness, Casati lost all his personal property,

journals, and of course our letters. By a way-bill which he showed me, I learned, however, that postal carriers left Zanzibar on the 27th July, and that our letters were duly received at Msala on the 11th September, and arrived at the Church Missionary Station in Uganda, November 1st; and that Captain Casati received six packets of letters on the 1st December, 1887, just twelve days before we arrived on the western shore of the Nyanza, on our first visit to the Lake. As he was expelled from Unyoro on, according to his account, the 13th February, 1888, our mails seem to have long lain on his hands, probably no means having been presented of sending them to the Pasha.

This morning Three O'clock (Saat Tato) the hunter set out to shoot game for the camp, accompanied by a few young fellows anxious to participate in the sport. Two buffaloes fell victims to the hunter's unerring aim, but a third one, wounded only in the leg, according to the cunning instinct of the beast, rushed away, and making a circle, hid himself in some branchy acacias to await his opponent. Mabruki, the son of Kassim, thought he knew the art of buffalo hunting, and set out on the tracks of the wounded animal. The buffalo, on the alert, no sooner discovered his enemy, than uttering a hoarse bellow he charged and tossed him, and one of his horns entered the thigh of the unhappy man. While thus prostrate, he was pounded with the head, gored in the side, arms, and ripped in the body, until Saat Tato, hearing the screams, rushed to the rescue when almost too late, and planting a shot in the buffalo's head, rolled him over, dead. A young man hurried to camp to acquaint us with the sad accident. "Three O'clock" set out again, and shot four fine buck roan antelope. While Mabruki was being borne, shockingly mangled, in a cot to our camp, a strong detachment of men were bearing the remains of three buffaloes and four roan antelopes to serve as provisions for a people already gorged with beef and grain.

On the night of April 30th a strong gale blew nearly all night, and the Pasha signalled to the *Khedive* to drop two anchors. As there was good holding-ground, the steamer rode the gale safely. Since then we have had several strong squalls accompanied with rain day and night.

*May 3rd.*—Nsabé Camp.

Kavalli's people, like good subjects, came to visit him to-day, bringing with them ten baskets of potatoes, which were kindly distributed between us and Emin Pasha.

During a long conversation this afternoon Emin Pasha stated, "I feel convinced that my people will never go to Egypt. But Mr. Jephson and the Soudanese whom you are kind enough to leave with me will have an opportunity to see and hear for themselves. And I would wish you would write out a proclamation or message which may be read to the soldiers, in which you will state what your instructions are, and say that you await their declaration. From what I know of them I feel sure they will never go to

Egypt. The Egyptians, of course, will go, but they are few in number, and certainly of no use to me or to any one else."

This has been the most definite answer I have received yet. I have been awaiting a positive declaration of this kind before venturing upon any further proposition to him. Now, to fulfil my promise to various parties, though they appear somewhat conflicting, I have two other propositions to make. My first duty is to the Khedive, of course; and I should be glad to find the Pasha conformable, as an obedient officer who kept his post so gallantly until ordered to withdraw. By this course he would realise the ideal Governor his letters created in my mind. Nevertheless, he has but to speak positively to induce me to assist him in any way to the best of my power.

"Very well," I said; "and now pray listen, Pasha, to two other propositions I have the honour of making to you from parties who would be glad to avail themselves of your services. Added to that which comes from His Highness the Khedive, these two will make three, and I would suggest that, as there appears to be abundant time before you, you examine each on its merits and elect for yourself.

"Let me repeat them. The first proposition is that you accompany me to Egypt, where, on arrival, you, your officers and men will receive pay up to date. Whether you will be employed by the Government in active service I do not know; I should think you would. Officers of your kind are rare, and Egypt has a frontier where such services as you could render would be valuable. In answer to this proposition, you say that you feel convinced your men will not depart from here, and, in the event of a declaration to that effect being given by them, you propose to remain with them.

"Now, my second proposition to you comes from Leopold, King of the Belgians. He has requested me to inform you that, in order to prevent the lapse of the Equatorial Provinces to barbarism, and provided they can yield a reasonable revenue, the Congo State might undertake the government of them if it can be done by an expenditure of about £10,000 or £12,000 per annum; and further, that his Majesty King Leopold is willing to pay a sufficient salary to you—£1500 a year—as Governor, with the rank of Général. He makes this offer in the belief that such employment agrees with your own inclination. Your duty would be to keep open the communications between the Nile and Congo, and to maintain law and order in the Equatorial Provinces.

"My third proposition is: If you are convinced that your people will positively decline the Khedive's offer to return to Egypt, that you accompany me with such soldiers as are loyal to you to the north-east corner of Victoria Nyanza, and permit me to establish you there in the name of the East African Association. We will assist you to build your fort in a locality suitable to the aims of such an Association, leave our boat and such things as



would be necessary for your purpose with you, and then hasten home across the Masai Land, lay the matter before the East African Association, and obtain its sanction for the act, as well as its assistance to establish you permanently in Africa. I must explain to you that I have no authority to make this last proposition, that it issues from my own goodwill to you, and with an earnest desire to save you and your men from the consequences of your determination to remain here. But I feel assured that I can obtain its hearty approval and co-operation, and that the Association will readily appreciate the value of a trained battalion or two in their new acquisition, and the services of such an administrator as yourself.

"Pray, grant me a patient hearing for a moment or two while I explain definitely to you your position here. The whole system of Egyptian extension up to the Albert Nyanza was wrong. In theory it was beautiful, and it was natural. What more natural than that the Government established at the mouth of a river should desire to extend its authority up along the banks to its source, and such a source as the Nile has. Unhappily, however, it was an Egyptian Government, which, however honest in its intentions, could only depend upon officials of the lowest moral quality and mental calibre. It is true the chief official in these regions has been a Baker, or a Gordon, or an Emin, but all the subordinates were Egyptians or Turks. As you multiplied your stations and increased your posts, you lessened your own influence. While in the centre of your orbit there might be a semblance of government, the outer circles remained under the influence of Turkish and Egyptian officers, whose conduct was most licentious. By military force the country was taken and occupied, and by force the occupation has been maintained ever since. A recognized Government, even if it be that of Egypt, has a legal and moral right to extend its authority and enlarge its domain. If it executes its will effectively, so much the better; civilization will be benefited, and all peoples are better under a constituted Government than under none. But was there ever an effective Government here? As far as Lado and Gondokoro it was tolerable, I admit. Steamers could steam from Berber as far as Lado, and the chief official could superintend such sub-Governments as were established, but when, before making roads or preparing and ensuring the means of communication, the Egyptian Government approved the acts of expansion undertaken over the immense, trackless, inaccessible area of the extreme Soudan, it invited the catastrophe that happened. When Mohammed Achmet fired the combustible material that the extortionate subordinates had gathered, the means for extinguishing the flames were scattered over an area of about 500,000 square miles. The Governor-General was slain, his capital taken; one province after another fell; and their governors and soldiery, isolated and far apart, capitulated; and you, the last of these, only saved yourself and men by retreating from Lado,

Expanded on the same system, and governed only by the presence of the military, these former Egyptian acquisitions, if retaken, would invite a similar fate. If the military occupation were effective, and each sub-Government cohered to the other, the collapse of the Government need not have been feared; but it can never be effective under Egypt. Neither her revenues nor her population can afford it. In the absence of this, only self-interest of the peoples governed can link these distant territories to the Government of Egypt; and this is an element which seems never to have been considered by those responsible for this sudden overgrowth of Cairene empire. When has this self-interest of the people been cultivated or fostered? The captains marched their soldiery to a native territory, raised a flag-staff, and hoisted the red banner with the crescent, and then with a salute of musketry declared the district around formally annexed to Egypt. Proclamations were issued to all concerned, that henceforth the ivory trade was a monopoly of the Government; and in consequence, such traders as were in the land were deprived of their livelihood. When, to compensate themselves for the loss of profit incurred by these measures, the traders turned their attention to slaves, another proclamation crushed their enterprise in that traffic also. A large number of the aborigines derived profit from the sale of ivory to the traders, others had large interests in the capture and sale of slaves, while the traders themselves, having invested their capital in these enterprises, discovered themselves absolutely ruined, both money and occupation gone. Remember, I am only considering the policy. Thus there were left in the Soudan hundreds of armed caravans, and each caravan numbered from a score to hundreds of rifles. When Mohammed Achmet raised the standard of revolt, he had some advantages to offer to the leaders of these caravans made desperate by their losses. What had the Government officials to offer? Nothing. Consequently all vestiges of the Government that had been so harsh, so arbitrary, and unwise, were swept away like chaff. It was to the interest of traders to oppose themselves to the Government, and to endeavour to restore a state of things which, though highly immoral as considered by us, to them meant profit, and, what is more, relief from oppression.

\*Now consider the Congo State, which has extended itself much more rapidly than Egyptian authority was extended in the Soudan. Not a shot has been fired, no violence has been offered to either native or trader, not a tax has been levied, except at the seaport where the trader embarks his exports. Native chiefs voluntarily offered their territories, and united under the blue flag with the golden star. Why? Because there were many advantages to be derived from the strangers living among them. First, they were protected against their stronger neighbours, every eatable they could raise and sell brought its full value to them of such clothing and other necessaries as they needed. Whatever trade they had—ivory, rubber, palm-

oil, or kernels—was free and untaxed, and their native customs, or domestic matters, were not interfered with. It was founded without violence, and subsists without violence. When, however, the Congo State initiates another policy, taxes their trade, lays hands upon the ivory as a Government monopoly, meddles with their domestic institutions, absorbs tyrannically all the profits of the European trader, before it is firmly established on the soil, and gathers about its stations sufficient physical force to enable it to do so with impunity, the Congo State will collapse just as disastrously and as suddenly as was the case with Egyptian authority in the Soudan. The disaster that occurred at Stanley Falls station is an indication of what may be expected.

“Now every man who reflects at all will see that these Provinces of yours can never be re-occupied by Egypt while Egypt is governed by Egyptian officials. Egypt cannot afford the sums necessary to maintain an effective occupation over a territory so vast and so remote. They are too distant from Wadi Halfa, the present true limit of her territory. When she connects Wadi Halfa with Berber, or Suakim with Berber by railway, Lado may be considered the extreme southern limit of her territory. When a railway connects Lado with Dufflé, the true limit of Egyptian authority will be the southern end of this Lake, provided always that the military force will be sufficient to maintain this mode of communication uninterrupted. When do you think all this will happen? During your lifetime?

“Who else, then, will be so quixotic as to cast a covetous eye on these Provinces? The King of the Belgians? Well, there is a stipulation connected with this proposal, and that is, if the Provinces can ‘give a reasonable revenue.’ You are the best judge of this matter, and whether £10,000 or £12,000 subsidy will suffice for the support of the Government of these Provinces. The revenue, whatever it may be, with this additional sum, must be sufficient to maintain about twenty stations between here and Yambuya, a distance of 650 miles or thereabouts; that is, to pay about 1200 soldiers, about fifty or sixty officers, and a supreme Governor, furnish their equipments, the means of defence, and such transport force as may be necessary to unite the most distant part with the Congo.

“Failing the King of the Belgians, who else will undertake your support and maintenance, befitting your station and necessity? There are enough kind-hearted people in this world possessed of sufficient superfluous means to equip an Expedition once, say, every three years. But this is only a temporary expedient for mere subsistence, and it scarcely responds to your wishes. What then? I await your answer, Pasha, again begging to be excused for being so talkative.”

“I thank you very much, Mr. Stanley, I do assure you, from my heart. If I fail to express my gratitude, it is because language is insufficient. But I feel your kindness deeply, I assure you, and will answer you frankly.



"Now, to the first proposition you have made me, I have already given my answer.

"To the second I would say that, first of all, my duty is to Egypt. While I am here, the Provinces belong to Egypt, and remain her property until I retire. When I depart, they become 'no man's land.' I cannot strike my flag in such a manner, and change the red for the blue. I have served the first for thirty years; the latter I never saw. Besides, may I ask you if, with your recent experience, you think it likely that communication could be kept open at reasonable cost?"

"Undoubtedly not at first. Our experiences have been too terrible to forget them soon; but we shall return for the Rear Column, I anticipate, with much less suffering. The pioneer suffers most. Those who follow us will profit by what we have learned."

"That may be, but we shall be at least two years before any news can reach us. No, I do not think that the proposition, with all due gratitude to His Majesty King Leopold, can be entertained, and therefore let us turn to the last proposition.

"I do not think my people would object to accompany me to the Victoria Nyanza, as their objection, so far as I know, only applies to going to Egypt. Assuming that the people are willing, I admire the project very much. It is the best solution of the difficulty, and by far the most reasonable. For consider that three-fourths of the 8,000 people are women, children, and young slaves. What would the Government do with such a mass of people? Would it feed them? Then think of the difficulty of travel with such an army of helpless people. I cannot take upon myself the responsibility of leading such a host of tender-footed people to die on the road. The journey to the Victoria is possible. It is comparatively short. Yes, the last proposition is by far the most feasible."

"There is no hurry, since you are going to await the arrival of the Rear Column. Turn the matter over in your mind while I go to bring the Major up. You have certainly some weeks before you to consider the question thoroughly."

I then showed him the printed Foreign Office despatches furnished to me by order of Lord Iddesleigh. Among these was a copy of Emin's letter to Sir John Kirk, wherein he offered the Province to England, and stated that he would be most happy to surrender the Province to the British Government, or, in fact, any Power that would undertake to maintain the Province.

"Ah," said the Pasha, "they should never have published this letter. It was private. What will the Egyptian Government think of my conduct in venturing to treat of such a matter?"

"I cannot see the harm," I replied; "the Egyptian Government declares its inability to keep the Province, the British Government will have nothing

to do with it, and I do not know of any company or body of men who would undertake the maintenance of what I regard, under all the circumstances, as a useless possession. In my opinion it is just 500 miles too far inland to be of any value, so long as Uganda and Unyoro remain as they are. If you absolutely decline to serve the King of the Belgians, and are resolved to stay in Africa, you must trust in my promise to get a British Company to employ you and your troops."

## CHAPTER XVI

WITH THE PASHA (*continued*)

Storms at Nsabé—A nest of young crocodiles—Lake Ibrahim—Zanzibari raid on Balegga villages—A real tornado—The Pasha's gifts to us—Emin's officers—Emin's cattle forays—Mabruki and his wages—Teaching the Pasha the use of the sextant—Departure of local chiefs—Arrival of the *Khedive* and *Nyanza* steamers with soldiers—Arrangements made to return in search of the rear-column—My message to the troops—A farewell dance by the Zanzibaris—First sight of Ruwenzori—Former circumnavigators of the Albert Lake—Lofty twin-peak mountain near East Ituri River—Two letters from Emin Pasha—We are informed of an intended attack on us—Fresh Madi carriers—We attack Kadongo's camp—Assistance from Mazamboni and Gavira—A phalanx dance by Mazamboni's warriors—Music on the African Continent—Camp at Nzera-Kum hill—Presents from various chiefs—Chief Musiri sues for peace.

*May 4th.*—Mswa, I am told, is 9 hours' distance from Nsabé camp by steamer, thence to Tunguru is 5 hours, and to Wadelai 18 hours. The other fortified stations of the Pasha are named Fabbo, east of Nile; Dufilé, end of navigation; Horiyu, Laboré, Muggi, Kirri, Bedden, Rejaf, and three or four small stations inland, west of the Nile.

The Pasha has spoken in a more hopeful tone to-day of the prospects of returning from the shores of the Albert, the Victoria Lake region appearing even more attractive than at first. But there is something about his manner that I cannot fathom.

*May 6th.*—Another storm broke out to-day from the north-east, which commenced at 8 A.M. The previous gales were south-easters, veering to east. Looking toward the plateau walls, we saw them shrouded in mist and rain-clouds. The whole face of the Nyanza was foam, spray, and white rollers, which, as they approached the shore, we saw were very dangerous to any small craft that might be overtaken by the storm.

*May 7th.*—While at dinner with me this evening, the Pasha said that Casati had expressed himself very strongly against the return route proposed to be taken, *vid* Usongora, and advised the Pasha to take the Monbuttu route to the Congo. From which I conclude that the Pasha has been speaking to Casati about going home. Has he then altered his mind about the Victoria?



*May 8th.*—Each day has its storm of wind and rain, loud thunder-claps, preceded by a play of lightning flashes, most beautiful, but terrible.

One of my men discovered a nest of young crocodiles; thirty-seven of them had just issued from their egg-homes. By-the-bye, to those unacquainted with the fact, a crocodile has five claws on the fore feet, and only four claws on the hinder. It has been stated that a crocodile raises the upper jaw to devour, whereas the fact is, it depresses the lower jaw like other animals.

*May 9th, 10th.*—Halt at Nsabé.

*May 11th.*—Our food supply is getting low. Five men have wandered off in search of something, and have not returned since yesterday. I hope we are not going to be demoralized again.

Mr. Jephson is suffering from a bilious attack.

Lake Ibrahim, or Gita Nzige according to the Pasha, is only an expansion of the Victoria Nile, similar to that below Wadelai and Lake Albert, the Upper Congo, and Stanley Pool. Consequently it has numerous channels, separated by lines of islets and sand-bars. Both Gordon and Emin Pasha have travelled by land along its right bank.

At 9 P.M. I received dismal intelligence. Four men, whom I observed playing on the sandy shore of the lake at 4 o'clock, suddenly took it into their heads to make a raid on some Balegga villages at the foot of the plateau N.N.W. from here. Surrounded by the natives, two of them were killed, while the other two escaped and show severe wounds.

*May 12th.*—This morning sent Doctor Parke with forty-five rifles to hunt up two missing men. One of them came in at 9 A.M. after a night spent in the wilderness. He has a deep gash in the back made by a spear, but fortunately no vital part has been touched. He tells me he was exchanging meat for flour when, hearing rifle-shots, there was general alarm; the natives fled one way and he fled another. Presently he found himself pursued, and a spear was flung at him. He managed though wounded to outrun the pursuer, until he got into deep grass, where he lay all night. When the sun was up, he lifted his head to take a look round, and seeing no one, made his way to the camp.

I am never quite satisfied as to the manner of these accidents, or whether the natives or the Zanzibaris are the aggressors. The latter relate with exceeding plausibility their version of the matter, but they are such adepts in the art of lying that I am frequently bewildered. The extraction of the truth in this instance seems to be hopeless.

*May 13th.*—Doctor Parke returned from his quest of the missing men. He was unable to recover the body of the Zanzibari who was slain or his Winchester rifle. The spot where he fell was marked with a good deal of blood, and the Doctor thinks the man must have wounded some of his foes.

A real tornado blew last night. Inky clouds gathering to the S.E.E. and

N.E. prepared us somewhat for a wet night, but not for the fearful volume of wind which pressed on us with such solid force as to wreck camp and lay low the tents. The sound, as it approached, resembled that which we might expect from the rupture of a dam or the rush from a collapsed reservoir. The rain, swept by such a powerful force, pierced everywhere. No precaution that we had been taught by past experience of this Nyanza weather availed us against the searching, penetrative power of the rain and its fine spray. From under the huts and tents, and along the ridge poles, through close shut windows, ventilators, and doors, the tornado drove the rain in until we were deluged. To contend against such power of wind and water in a pitchy darkness in the midst of a deafening uproar was so hopeless a task that our only refuge was to bear it in silence and with closed lips. Daylight revealed a placid lake, a ragged sky, plateau tops buried in masses of vapour, a wrecked camp, prostrate tents and soaking furniture. So terrible was the roar of the surf that we should have wished to have viewed the careering rollers and tempestuous face of the Lake by daylight. It is to be hoped that the old *Khedive* is safely harboured, otherwise she must have foundered.

May 14th.—Halt at Nsabé.

The steamer *Khedive* arrived this afternoon, bringing in a supply of millet and a few milch cows. The Pasha came up smiling with welcome gifts for each of us. To me he gave a pair of stout walking shoes, in exchange for a smaller pair of boots to be given him on my return with the rear column. Mr. Jephson was made happy with a shirt, a singlet, and a pair of drawers; while Dr. Parke, whose grand kit had been stolen by an absconding Zanzibari, received a blue jersey, a singlet, and a pair of drawers. Each of us also received a pot of honey, some bananas, oranges, and water melons, onions, and salt. I also received a pound of "Honeydew" tobacco and a bottle of pickles.

These gifts, such as clothes, that our officers have received from Emin Pasha, reveal that he was not in the extreme distress we had imagined, and that there was no necessity for the advance to have pressed forward so hurriedly.\* We left all our comforts and reserves of clothing behind at Yambuya, that we might press on to the rescue of one who we imagined was distressed not only for want of means of defence from enemies, but for clothing as well. Besides the double trip we have made to Lake Albert, I fear I shall have to travel far to find Major Barttelot and the rear column. God only knows where he is. He may not have left Yambuya yet, and if so we shall have 1300 miles extra marching to perform. It is a terribly long march through a forbidding country, and I fear I shall lose many and many a good soul before it is ended. However, God's will be done.

To-day the Pasha introduced to me Selim Bey, Major Awash Effendi

\* Yet Emin Pasha wrote a letter on the 25th March, 1888, to the editor of Petermann's Magazine, fifty days previously, which he concluded with the words, "If Stanley does not come soon, we are lost."

and other officers. I had suggested to him two or three days ago that he could assist me greatly if he constructed a small station on Nyamsassi Island, where we would be sure to have easy communication with his people, on which he also could store a reserve of corn ready for the arrival of the united Expedition, and he readily promised me. But I confess to experiencing some wonder to-day when he turned to Awash Effendi, the Major, and said, rather pleadingly, I thought, "Now promise me, before Mr. Stanley, that you will give me forty men to build this station, which Mr. Stanley so much desires." There is something about this that I do not understand. It is certainly not like my ideal Governor, Vice-King, and leader of men, to talk in that strain to subordinates.

Had another conversation with Emin Pasha to-day, from which I feel convinced that we shall not only have to march to the Albert Nyanza again, but that we shall have to wait afterwards at least two months before he can get his people together. Instead of setting to work during our absence to collect his people and prepare for the journey, he proposes to wait at Wadelai until my return with the rear column, and then I must go down as far as Dufflé to persuade the people to follow me. He still feels assured his people will not go to Egypt, but they may be willing to march as far as the Victoria Nyanza.

I asked him if the report was true that he had captured 13,000 head of cattle during an incursion to the western cattle-lands.

"Oh, no; it is an exaggeration. A certain Bakhit Bey succeeded in taking 8000 head during a raid he made in Makraka, during Raouf Pasha's Governor-Generalship; but he was severely censured for the act, as such wholesale raiding only tended to depopulate a country. That has been the greatest number of cattle obtained at one time. I have had occasion to order forays to be made to obtain food, but 1600 head has been the greatest number we have ever succeeded in obtaining at one time. Other forays have resulted in bringing us 500, 800, and 1200 head."

*May 16th.*—The steamer *Khedive* departed this morning for Mswa Station and Tunguru, and probably for Wadelai, to hurry up a certain number of porters to replace our men lost by starvation in the wilderness. Captain Casati and Mons. Vita Hassan, the Tunisian apothecary, have sailed with her.

In order to keep my men occupied, I have begun cutting a straight road through the plain towards Badzwa village. When we take our departure hence we shall find our advantage in the shorter cut than by taking the roundabout path by Nyamsassi Island and the site of old Kavalli.

Fetteh, our interpreter, wounded in the stomach at the skirmish of Bessé, is now quite recovered, and is fast regaining his old weight.

Mabruki, the son of Kassim, so mangled by the buffalo the other day, is slowly improving.



The man wounded by a spear in the back during his foray into the villages of Lando shows also signs of rapid recovery.

We live in hay-cock huts now, and may consider ourselves householders of the Albert Nyanza Province.

*May 17th.*—Our road is now 2360 paces long towards Badzwa Village.

*May 18th.*—Our hunters, when receiving cartridges, insist on their being laid on the ground. Ill luck would follow if the cartridges were delivered to them from the hand.

I have been instructing the Pasha in the use of the sextant the last two days preparatory to his taking lessons in navigation. His only surveying instrument hitherto has been a prismatic compass, and as he has never been taught to discover its variation, it is probable that his surveys have been from magnetic bearings.

The son of Kassim, the victim to the fury of an angry buffalo, called me this morning to his bedside, that I might register his last wishes respecting the wages due to him. His friend Maruf and adopted brother Sungoro are to be the legatees. Poor Mabruki desired to remember another friend, but the legatees *begged him not to fill the Master's book with names*. He was so dejected that I told him that the doctor had great faith that he would recover. "You are in no danger. Your wounds are very bad, but they are not mortal, and as the Pasha will take care of you in my absence, I shall find you a strong man when I return. Why do you grieve to-day?"

"Ah, it is because something tells me I shall never see the road again. See, is not my body a ruin?" Indeed he was a pitiable sight, right eye almost obscured, two ribs broken, right thigh and fork lacerated in the most dreadful manner.

The Chief Mbiassi of Kavalli departed homeward two days ago. Mpigwa, Chief of Nyamsassi, and his retinue left yesterday. Katonza also went his way, while Mazamboni's people, after entertaining the Pasha and his officers with a farewell dance, took their leave this morning.

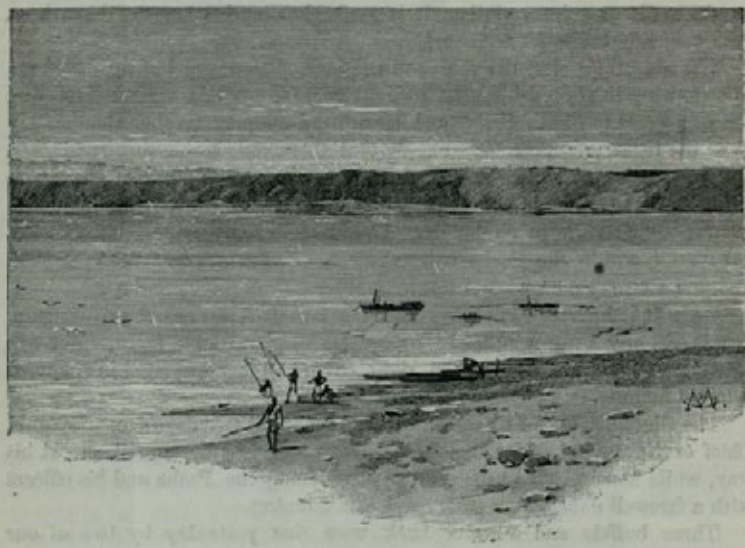
Three buffalo and a water buck were shot yesterday by two of our hunters.

The last four days and nights have given us better thoughts of this African land and lake shore than we previously entertained. The weather has been somewhat warm, but the lake breeze blowing light and soft, just strong enough to swing pendulous foliage, has been cooling and grateful. The nights have been more refreshing. In a sky of radiant brightness the moon has stood high above the plateau's crown, turning the lake into a quivering silver plain; the lake surf, so blustering and restless, rolls languidly on a gray shore of sand before the light breath of an eastern wind. As if to celebrate and honour this peaceful and restful life, the Zanzibaris and natives, who last December were such furious foes, rival one another with song and chorus and strenuous dance to a late hour each night.

*May 19th.*—Our road towards Badzwa is now three and a third miles long. We have but to hoe up the grass along a line, and we have a beautiful path, with the almost imperceptible rise of 1 foot in 200.

*May 20th.*—Captured two small brown snakes of a slight coppery tint in my tent this morning.

*May 21st.*—The Pasha is now able to read the sextant very well. He has also made an advance towards finding index error; though he labours under the infirmity of short sight, he is quick and devoted to his intention of acquiring the art of observing by the instrument. At noon we took meridian altitude for practice. The observed altitude was  $70^{\circ} 54' 40''$  at



THE STEAMERS "KHEDIVE" AND "NYANZA" ON LAKE ALBERT

one-and-a-half miles distant, height of eye five feet. Index error to add  $3' 15''$ .

*May 22nd.*—The steamers *Khedive* and *Nyanza*, the latter towing a lighter, appeared to-day about 9 A.M., bringing 80 soldiers, with the Major and Adjutant of the 2nd Battalion, and 130 carriers of the Madi tribe. We received gifts of raki from the Pasha's distillery, pomegranates, oranges, water-melons, and more onions, besides six sheep, four goats, and a couple of strong donkeys, one for myself and one for Doctor Parke. The steamer *Nyanza* is about 60 feet by 12. I propose leaving the Lake on my journey in search of the rear-column the day after to-morrow.

I leave with the Pasha Mr. Mounteney Jephson, three Soudanese soldiers, and Binza, Doctor Junker's boy, besides the unhappy Mabruki. Of the baggage we carried here, exclusive of thirty-one cases Remingtons already delivered, I leave two boxes Winchester's, one box of brass rods, lamp, and sounding iron; also my steel boat *Advance*, with her equipments.

In accordance with the request of the Pasha, I have drawn up a message, which Mr. Jephson will read to the troops. It is as follows:—

**SOLDIERS.**—After many months of hard travel, I have at last reached the Nyanza. I have come expressly at the command of the Khedive Tewfik, to lead you out of here and show you the way home. For you must know that the River el Abiad is closed, that Khartoum is in the hands of the followers of Mohammed Achmet, that the Pasha Gordon and all his people were killed, and that all the steamers and boats between Berber and the Bahr Ghazal have been taken, and that the nearest Egyptian station to you is Wadi Halfa, below Dongola. Four times the Khedive and your friends have made attempts to save you. First, Gordon Pasha was sent to Khartoum to bring you all home. After ten months of hard fighting Khartoum was taken, and Gordon Pasha was killed, he and his soldiers. Next came the English soldiers under Lord Wolseley to try and help Gordon Pasha out of his troubles. They were four days too late, for they found Gordon was dead and Khartoum was lost. Then a Doctor Lenz, a great traveller, was sent by way of the Congo to find out how you could be assisted. But Lenz could not find men enough to go with him, and so he was obliged to go home. Also a Dr. Fischer was sent by Dr. Junker's brother, but there were too many enemies in the path, and he also returned home. I tell you these things to prove to you that you have no right to think that you have been forgotten in Egypt. No, the Khedive and his Wazir, Nubar Pasha, have all along kept you in mind. They have heard by way of Uganda how bravely you have held to your post, and how staunch you have been to your duties as soldiers. Therefore they sent me to tell you this; to tell you that you are well remembered, and that your reward is waiting for you, but that you must follow me to Egypt to get your pay and your reward. At the same time the Khedive says to you, through me, that if you think the road too long, and are afraid of the journey, that you may stay here, but in that case you are no longer his soldiers; that your pay stops at once; and in any trouble that may hereafter befall you, you are not to blame him, but yourselves. Should you decide to go to Egypt, I am to show you the way to Zanzibar, put you on board a steamer and take you to Suez, and thence to Cairo, and that you will get your pay until you arrive there, and that all promotions given you will be secured, and all rewards promised you here will be paid in full.

I send you one of my officers, Mr. Jephson, and give him my sword, to read this message to you from me. I go back to collect my people and goods, and bring them on to the Nyanza, and after a few months I shall come back here to hear what you have to say. If you say, Let us go to Egypt, I will then show you a safe road. If you say, We shall not leave this country, then I will bid you farewell and return to Egypt with my own people.

May God have you in His keeping.

Your good friend,

(Signed) STANLEY.



*May 23rd.*—The Zanzibaris entertained the Pasha and his officers to-night with a farewell dance. Though they are quite well aware of the dangers and fatigue of the journey before them, which will commence to-morrow, there are no symptoms of misgiving in any of them. But it is certain that some of them will take their last look of the Pasha to-morrow.

*May 24th.*—March to Badzwa village, 10 miles; performed it in 4 hours.

Emin Pasha marched a company along our new road at dawn this morning, and halted it about two miles from the Lake. Having arranged the Madi carriers in their place in the column, the advance guard issued out from camp and took the road towards the west at 6.15 A.M. In half-an-hour we found the Pasha's Soudanese drawn up in line on one side of the road. They saluted us as we passed on, and the Pasha fervently thanked us and bade us good-bye.

At the end of the new road twenty-one of the Madis broke from the line of the column and disappeared towards the north rapidly. Fourteen men were sent back to inform the Pasha, while we held on our way to Badzwa. About a mile from the village there was another stampede, and eighty-nine Madis deserted in a body, but not without sending a shower of arrows among the rear-guard. The doctor, believing that this was preliminary to an attack on his small detachment, fired his rifle, and dropped a Madi dead, which precipitated the flight of the deserters. The remaining nineteen out of the 130 were secured.

A second message was therefore sent to the Pasha acquainting him with the events of the march.

When about five miles from Nsabé Camp, while looking to the south-east, and meditating upon the events of the last month, my eyes were directed by a boy to a mountain said to be covered with salt, and I saw a peculiar-shaped cloud of a most beautiful silver colour, which assumed the proportions and appearance of a vast mountain covered with snow. Following its form downward, I became struck with the deep blue-black colour of its base, and wondered if it portended another tornado; then as the sight descended to the gap between the eastern and western plateaus, I became for the first time conscious that what I gazed upon was not the image or semblance of a vast mountain, but the solid substance of a real one, with its summit covered with snow. I ordered a halt and examined it carefully with a field-glass, then took a compass bearing of the centre of it, and found it bear  $215^{\circ}$  magnetic. It now dawned upon me that this must be the Ruwenzori, which was said to be covered with a white metal or substance believed to be rock, as reported by Kavalli's two slaves.

This great mountain continued to be in sight most distinctly for two hours, but as we drew nearer to Badzwa at the foot of the plateau, the lofty wall of the western plateau hid it from view.

This discovery was announced to the Pasha in the second message I

sent. When I come to reflect upon it, it strikes me as singular that neither Baker, Gessi, Mason, nor Emin Pasha discovered it long ago.

Gessi Pasha first circumnavigated the Albert Lake, steaming along the western shore towards the south, rounding the southern end of the lake and continuing his voyage along the eastern shore.

Mason Bey, in 1877, was the next visitor, and he followed the track of Gessi with a view of fixing positions by astronomical observations, which his predecessor was unable to do.

Emin Pasha, eleven years later, came steaming south in quest of news of the white men reported to be at the south end of the lake.

If a fair view of this snowy mountain can be obtained from the plain of the Nyanza, a much better view ought to be obtained from the lake, and the wonder is that none of these gentlemen saw it, whereas Baker, casting his eyes in its direction, on a "beautifully clear day," saw only an illimitable lake.

Messrs. Jephson and Parke, while carrying the boat from Kavalli's to the lake, reported that they saw snow on a mountain, and the latter officer, pointing to the little range of Unya-Kavalli, inquired of me on his return if it was possible that snow would be found on such hills. As their highest peak cannot be 5500 feet above the sea, I replied in the negative, but the doctor said that he was equally certain that he had seen snow. I explained to him then that a certain altitude of about 15,000 feet in the Equatorial regions is required before rain can be congealed into permanent snow; that there might be a hail-storm or a fall of snow, caused by a cold current, even on low altitudes in a tropic region, but such cold would only be temporary, and the heat of tropic waters or tropic soil would in a few moments cause the hail and snow to disappear. Standing as we were in camp at Bundi, on the crest of the plateau, in plain view of Unya-Kavalli and other hills, there was no height visible anywhere above 6000 feet of an altitude above the sea.

Considering the above facts, it will be evident that it requires a peculiar condition of the atmosphere to enable one to see the mountain from a distance of 70 miles, which I estimate it at. Near objects, or those 10, 15, or 20 miles, an ordinarily clear atmosphere may enable us to distinguish; but on a bright day, in such a humid region as this, such a quantity of vapour is exhaled from the heated earth, that at 30 miles it would be intensified into a haze which no eyesight could penetrate. But at certain times wind-currents clear the haze, and expose to the view objects which we wonder we have not seen before. As, for instance, in December last, returning from Nyanza to Fort Bodo, I took compass bearings of a lofty twin-peak mountain from a table hill near the East Ituri River. I noted it down that the twin-peak mass was already seen, and I pointed it out to Mr. Jephson. Strange to say, I have never seen it since, though I have been twice over the ground.

Kavalli passed our camp this afternoon with 400 men to assist Emin

Pasha in a demonstration he proposes to make against Kabba Rega. Katonza and Mpigwa of Nyamsassi will also, perhaps, lend an equal number to his assistance.

I received the following letters to-day from the Pasha. When he talks of pride and joy at being in our company, I think we are all unanimous in believing that he has given us as much pleasure as we have given him.

25th May, 1888, 5 A.M.

DEAR SIR,

I should not need to tell you how distressed I have been when I heard of the misfortune happened by the desertion of our Madi people. I at once sent out different searching parties, but I am sorry to state that up to noon their efforts were of no avail, although Shukri Agha and his party, who went yesterday to Kahanama, have not returned.

By a mere chance it happened that when Dr. Parke came a boat from Mswa station had arrived, bringing me intelligence of the arrival there of 120 porters from Dufflé. I therefore started immediately the *Khedive* steamer to bring them here, and expect her back this very night, when, at her arrival, I shall start the whole gang, accompanied by a detachment of my people.

Allow me to be the first to congratulate you on your most splendid discovery of a snow-clad mountain. We will take it as a good omen for further directions on our road to Victoria.\* I propose to go out on your track to-day or to-morrow, just to have a look at this giant.

In expectance of two words from you this morning, I venture to offer you my best wishes for the future. I always shall remember with pride and joy the few days I was permitted to consort with you.

Believe me, dear Sir, &c., &c.,

(Signed) DR. M. EMIN.

26th May, 1888, 2.30 A.M.

DEAR SIR,

Your very welcome and most interesting note of yesterday has reached me at the hands of your men. The steamer has come in this very instant, but she brought only eighty-two carriers, the rest having run away on the road between Tunguru and Mswa. I send, therefore, these few men, accompanied by twenty-five soldiers and an officer, hoping they may be of some use to you. Their arms having been collected, I handed them to the officer, from whom you will kindly receive them. We heard yesterday evening that your runaways had worked their way to Muganga, telling the people they were sent by me.

The ten men you kindly sent here accompany the carriers as well as Kavalli and his men. Having caught yesterday a spy of Ravidongo † in Katonza's Camp, I told this latter he would better retire, and he acted on this advice. I have acquainted Kavalli with my reasons for not interfering just now with Ravidongo, and have asked him to return to you. He readily assented; he had some presents, and starts now with the courier. He entreats me, further, to beg you to send some of your men to

\* This letter proves that he was smitten with the Victoria Lake proposition.

† Ravidongo, one of the principal generals of Kabba Rega.



take hold of his brother Kadongo, who stays, says he, with the Wawitu somewhere near to his residence.

I shall try hard to get a glimpse of the new snow mountain, as well from here as from some other points I propose to visit. It is wonderful to think how, wherever you go, you distance your predecessors by your discoveries.

And now as this, for some time at least, is probably the last word I will be able to address you, let me another time thank you for the generous exertions you have made, and you are to make for us. Let me another time thank you for the kindness and forbearance you have shown me in our mutual relations. If I cannot find adequate words to express what moves me in this instant, you will forgive me. I lived too long in Africa for not becoming somewhat negrofied.

God speed you on your course and bless your work!

Yours very faithfully,  
(Signed) DR EMIN.

*May 25th and 26th.*—Halt at Badzwa.

The Pasha has abandoned his idea of making a demonstration against Unyoro, and his allies, who have much to avenge, have been quickly dismissed homeward.

In the afternoon some Balezga descended from Bundi Hill Village, and secretly informed us that Kadongo and Musiri—the latter a warlike and powerful chief—have banded their forces together and intend to attack us on the road between Gavira's and Mazamboni's. We have given them no cause for quarrel, unless our friendship with their rivals may be deemed such. I have only 111 rifles, and but ten rounds of ammunition for each rifle, to reach Fort Bodo, 125 miles distant, and a determined attack on us would exhaust our means of defence in a few minutes. Therefore I shall have to endeavour to upset the combination.

The Pasha has acted quickly. Eighty-two fresh carriers arrived at noon, under a strong guard, and three soldiers specially detailed to accompany me. On their delivery to us, each Zanzibari received a Madi to guard.

At half-past three in the afternoon we commenced the awful ascent to the plateau, with a burning sun in our front, and reached the summit at Bundi camp at 6.30 P.M., a half-hour after sunset.

After placing strong guards round the camp, I selected a band of forty rifles of the choicest men under two Zanzibari chiefs, and prepared them for a surprise party to attack Kadongo's camp by night. A few of our native allies volunteered to show the hill village he was occupying.

At 1 A.M. the party was despatched.

*May 27th.*—At 8 A.M. the party detailed against Kadongo returned, having effected their mission most successfully, but Kadongo himself escaped by crying out that he was a friend of "Bula Matari." No cattle or goats were taken, because the place was only occupied by Kadongo's band for temporary purposes.

We then lifted our burdens and began our march towards Gavira's. We

had barely started when we discovered a large band of men advancing towards us, preceded by a man bearing a crimson flag, which at a distance might be taken for that of Zanzibar or Egypt. We halted, wondering what party this might be, but in a few moments we recognised Katto, Mazamboni's brother, who had been sent by his chief to greet us and learn our movements. We admired the aptness of these people in so soon learning to follow the direction given to them, for had not the flag held us in suspense, we might have injured our friends by taking them for the van of Musiri's war-party.

Retaining a few of them to follow us, I ordered Katto to return quickly to Mazamboni, his brother, and secretly inform him that as Musiri intended to attack us on the road, I was preparing to attack him at dawn the day after to-morrow, and that I expected from Mazamboni, as my ally, that he would bring as many men as he could some time on the next day. Katto declared the thing possible, though it was a short notice for the distance to be travelled. We were at the time six miles from Gavira's, and nineteen miles from Mazamboni's, and back again to Gavira's would be another thirteen miles, and in the meantime some delay would be necessary to secretly muster a sufficient body of warriors becoming Mazamboni's rank.

We arrived at Gavira's about noon. Here I proposed to Gavira to join me in the attack, which the chief as readily promised.

*May 28th.*—Halt. We have received abundant contributions of food for our force, which numbers now 111 Zanzibaris, 3 whites, 6 cooks and boys, 101 Madis, and 3 soldiers belonging to the Pasha—total 224, exclusive of a few dozen natives who voluntarily follow us.

An hour after sunset Mazamboni arrived in person with about 1000 warriors armed with bows and spears. His force was camped in the potato fields between Gavira's and Musiri's district.

*May 29th.*—At three o'clock A.M. we set out for Usiri on a N.W. road, a bright moon lighting the way. About 100 of the boldest of Mazamboni's corps preceded our force. The others fell in line behind, and Gavira's tribe, represented by about 500 men, brought up the rear. A deep silence, befitting our purpose, prevailed.

At 6 A.M. we reached the outskirts of Usiri, and in a few moments, each chief having received his instructions, Dr. Parke, in charge of sixty rifles to keep the centre, Katto, in charge of his brother's warriors to form the left wing, and Mpinga and Gavira with his men to form the right, the attacking force moved on swiftly.

The results were ludicrous in the extreme. Mpinga's Wahuma herdsmen had given notice to Musiri's Wahuma herdsmen, and Mazamboni's Wahuma had been just as communicative to their fellow-countrymen with the enemy. Consequently the herdsmen had driven all the herds from Usiri by other roads, and the chief had taken tender care that not one soul under his sway should be injured. The land was quite empty of people, herds, flocks, and

fowls, but the granaries were heaped full of grain, the fields exhibited abundant crops of potatoes, beans, young Indian corn, vegetables, and tobacco. I am secretly glad of the bloodless termination of the affair. My object has been gained. We have saved our extremely scanty supply of ammunition, and the road is clear from further trouble. Mazamboni and Gavira, I believe, were also delighted, though they expressed themselves mortified.

In one of the huts was discovered the barrel of a carbine and percussion lock. The latter bore the brand of "John Clive III., 530." This is a relic of Kabba Rega's visit, whose men were sadly defeated by Musiri about a year ago.

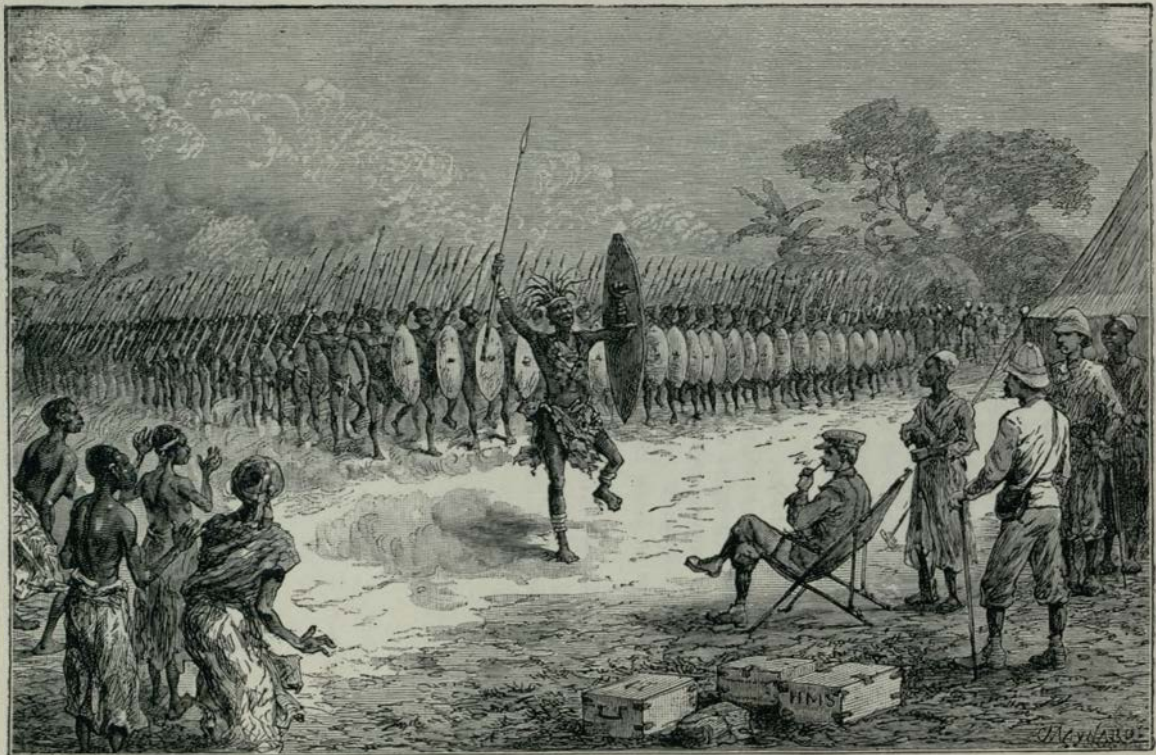
In the afternoon Mazamboni's warriors, 1000 strong, joined to celebrate the bloodless victory over Musiri in a phalanx dance. Dancing in Africa mainly consists of rude buffoonery, extravagant gestures, leaping and contortions of the body, while one or many drums keep time. There is always abundance of noise and loud laughter. Often two men step out of a semi-circle of their fellow-villagers, and chant a duet to the sound of a drum or a horn amid universal clapping of hands, or one performs a solo while dressed most fantastically in cocks' feathers, strings of rattling gourds, small globular bells, and heaps of human, monkey, and crocodile teeth, which are the African jewels; but there must always be a chorus, the grander the better, and when the men, women, and children lift their voices high above the drums, I must confess to having enjoyed it immensely, especially when the performers were the Wanyamwezi. The Zanzibaris, Zulus, Waiau, Wasegara, Waseguhha, and Wangindo are in the main very much alike in method and execution, though they have each minor dances and songs, which vary considerably, but they are either dreadfully melancholic or stupidly barbarous. The Wasoga, Waganda, Wakerewé, Wazongora, around Lake Victoria, are more subdued in their singing, suggestive of the Oriental style. Except from the Wanyamwezi, I have not heard any music or seen any dance which would please an English audience accustomed to the plantation dances represented in a certain hall in Piccadilly, until this day, when Prince Katto led the chief warriors to the phalanx dance. Half a score of drums, large and small, were beaten by half a score of accomplished performers, who kept admirable time. The volume of sound must have been heard far away for miles. Katto and his cousin Kalengé, adorned with tufts of white cocks' feathers, had arranged thirty-three lines of thirty-three men, each as nearly as possible in the form of a perfect and solid and close square. Most of the men had but one spear each, others possessed two, besides their shields and quivers, which were suspended from the neck down the back.

The phalanx stood still with spears grounded until, at a signal from the drums, Katto's deep voice was heard breaking out in a wild triumphant chant, and at a particular uplift of note he raised his spear, and at once rose a forest of spears, and a mighty chorus responded, and the phalanx was seen to move



forward, and the earth around my chair, which was at a distance of fifty yards from the foremost line, shook as though there was an earthquake. I looked at the feet of the men and discovered that each man was forcefully stamping the ground, and taking forward steps not more than six inches long. The voices rose and fell in waves of vocal sound, the forest of spears lifted and subsided, with countless flashes of polished blades as they were tossed aloft and lowered again to the hoarse thunder of the drums. There was harmonious accuracy of vocal cadence and roar of drum, there was uniform uplift and subsidence of the constantly twirling spear-blades, there was a simultaneous action of the bodies, and as they brought the tremendous weight of seventy tons of flesh with one regular stamp of the feet on the ground, the firm and hard earth vibrated under the action. The thousand heads rose and dropped in unison as the chant increased or lessened in energy. When the men shouted with their faces turned upward and their heads bent back to give the fullest effect to their voices, the chant appeared to me to suggest an expression of quenchless fury, wrath and exterminating war; it appeared to fill every soul with the passion of battle. Then every eye of the onlookers glowed, and their right arms with clenched fists were shaken on high as though their spirits were thrilled with the martial strains; but as the singers lowered their heads and the chant descended into a mournful murmur, we seemed to feel war's agony, and grief, and woe, and to think of tears, and widows' wails, and fatherless orphans' cries, of ruined hearths and a desolated land. But again as the solid mass of warriors, steadily drawing nearer, tossed their heads backward, and the bristling blades flashed and clashed, and the feathers streamed and gaily rustled, such an energising storm of sound broke out that we saw only the glorious colours of victory and felt only the proud pulses of triumph.

Right up to my chair the host of chanting natives advanced, and the front line lowered their spears thrice in salute and thrice lifted them, and then the lines, one after another, broke into a run, spears clenched in the act of throwing, staffs quivering, war-whoops ringing shrilly. The excitement became intensified until the square had been transformed into wheeling circles three deep, and after three circlings round the open plaza, Prince Katto took his position, and round him the racing men coiled themselves until soon they were in a solid circle. When this was completed, the square was again formed; it was then divided, one half returning to one end, the other half to the other end. Still continuing the wild chant, they trotted towards one another and passed through without confusion, exchanging sides, and then once more in a rapid circling of the village common with dreadful gestures and piercing yells, and then every man went to his hut to laugh and jest, little heeding what ideas they had conjured by their evolutions and chants within me, or any one else. It was certainly one of the best and most exciting exhibitions I had seen in Africa.



A PHALANX DANCE BY MAZAMBONI'S WARRIORS

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS



*May 30th.*—March to Nzera-Kum hill in Ndusuma, three hours.

We marched to Mazamboni's country, to our old camp at Chongo, which name the Zanzibaris have given to the hill of Nzera-Kum, and we had abundant evidence that Mazamboni was deeply implicated in the acts of the Wahuma herdsmen, for the cattle track was fresh and large. Presently we came in sight of the fine herds of Musiri, browsing, all unconscious of trouble. The Zanzibaris clamoured loudly for permission to capture them. For an instant only there was a deep silence, but Mazamboni, on being asked the reason for the presence of Musiri's herds on his territory, answered so straightforwardly that they belonged to the Wahuma who had fled from his territory last December when he was in trouble with us, that the order was given to move on.

*May 31st.*—Halt. Mazamboni gave us a present of three beeves and supplied our people with two days' full rations of flour, besides a large quantity of potatoes and bananas. A number of small chiefs from the surrounding districts paid visits to us, each bringing into camp a contribution of goats, fowls, and millet flour. Urumangwa, Bwessa, and Gunda have also made pacts of friendship with us. These villages form the very prosperous and extensively cultivated district which so astonished us by its abundance one December morning last year.

Towards evening I received a communication from Musiri, saying that as all the land had made peace with me, he wished to be reckoned as my friend, and that the next time I should return to the country he would be prepared with suitable gifts for us.

## CHAPTER XVII

## START FOR THE RELIEF OF THE REAR COLUMN

Arrival at Fort Bodo—Our invalids in Ugarrowa's care—Lieutenant Stairs' report on his visit to bring up the invalids to Fort Bodo—Night visits by the malicious dwarfs—A general muster of the garrison—I decide to conduct the Relief Force in person—Captain Nelson's ill-health—My little fox-terrier "Randy"—Description of the fort—The Zanzibaris—Estimated time to perform the journey to Yambuya and back—Conversation with Lieutenant Stairs in reference to Major Bartolet and the Rear Column—Letter of instructions to Lieutenant Stairs.

On the 1st of June, escorted by a score of Mazamboni's people, we marched westward from Undussuma. In an hour and a half we reached Urumangwa. This district furnished an escort of about a hundred, the Mazambonis withdrawing to their homes. At Unyabongo, after a two hours' march, the people of Urumangwa likewise withdrew, yielding their duties to the people of the new district, and these escorted us for an hour and a half, and saw us safely housed and abundantly fed at Mukangi. For a short time before the latter place we were drawn up in battle array, and a fight was imminent, but the courage and good sense of its chief enabled both parties to avoid a useless rupture.

A good example has its imitators as well as bad examples. The chiefs of Wombola and Kametté heard how quickly we had embraced the friendly offers of Mukangi, and when we marched through their districts the next day not one war-cry was heard or a hostile figure appeared. Those of Kametté called out to us to keep on our way, it is true, but it was just, as we had no business in Kametté, and the day was yet young; but on our arrival at the next village, Ukuba, we were tired with our five hours' march. But Ukuba, of Bessé district, had already experienced our weapons on the 12th April last, and we were permitted to camp quietly. At sunset we were gratified at seeing several of the natives walking unarmed to camp, and in the morning they came again, with presents of a milch goat, some fowls, and enough plantains for all.

On the 3rd we pressed on rapidly, and captured the canoes to ferry our party across the Ituri, which, though there had been but little rain of late, we found to be as full as in rainy April.

On the next day we captured a woman of Mandé after crossing the river, and released her to tell her people that we were harmless enough if the road was undisturbed. It may extend the area over which peace between us and the natives is established.

On the 5th we camped at Baburu, and on the next day at W. Indenduru. On the 7th a seven hours' march brought us to a stream called Miwalé River, from the great number of raphia palms; and the next day we entered Fort Bodo, bringing with us six head of cattle, a flock of sheep and goats, a few loads of native tobacco, four gallons of the Pasha's raki, and some other little luxuries, to joy the hearts of the garrison.

Such an utter silence prevails in the forest that we were mutually ignorant of each other's fate during our sixty-seven days' separation. Until we approached within 400 yards of Fort Bodo we could not divine what had become of Lieutenant Stairs, who, it will be remembered, had been despatched on the 16th of February to conduct such convalescents as could be found at Ugarrowa's to us. Nor could the garrison guess what luck had happened to us. But when our rifles woke up the echoes of the forest, the sounds had scarcely died away before the rifles of the garrison responded, by which we knew that Fort Bodo still existed, and those immured within the limits of the clearing became aware that we had returned from the Nyanza.

Lieutenant Stairs was first to hail us, and close after him came Captain Nelson, both in excellent condition, but of rather pasty complexion. Their men then came trooping up, joy sparkling in their eyes and glowing in their faces, for these children of Nature know not the art of concealing their moods or disguising their emotions.

But, alas! for my estimates. Since I have entered the forest region they have always been on the erring side. After computing carefully, as I thought, every mile of the course to be travelled and every obstacle likely to be met by him and his lightly laden escort, I was certain Lieutenant Stairs would be with us after an absence of thirty-nine days. We stayed forty-seven days, as we were assured it would please him to be present at the successful termination or crowning triumph of our efforts. He arrived after seventy-one days' absence, and by that date we had already communicated with Emin Pasha.

I had estimated also that out of the fifty-six invalids left in the care of Ugarrowa, at least forty convalescents would be ready, fit for marching, but Mr. Stairs found most of them in worse condition than when they parted from us. All the Somalis were dead except one, and the survivor but lived to reach Ipoto. Out of the fifty-six there were but thirty-four remaining. One of these was Juma, with foot amputated; three were absent foraging. Out of the thirty sorry band of living skeletons delivered to him fourteen died on the road, one was left at Ipoto, the remaining fifteen survived to exhibit their nude bodies disfigured by the loathliest colours and effects of



chronic disease. The following is the letter describing Mr. Stairs' remarkable journey, which amply accounts for his slow travel:—

“Fort Bodo, Ibwiri, Central Africa,  
“June 6th, 1888.

“SIR,—

“I have the honour to report that in accordance with your orders of the 15th February, 1888, I left this place on the 16th of that month with an escort of twenty couriers and other details, to proceed to Ugarrowa's station on the Ituri, forward the couriers on their journey to Major Barttelot's column, relieve the invalids left in charge of Ugarrowa, and bring them on to this station.

“Leaving this place, then, on the 16th, we reached Kilimani Hill village on the 17th.

“After taking my head men's opinion, I decided on following our old road to Ipoto, there to procure two guides and follow on the track to Uledi's village, and there cross the Ihuru and follow down on north side, &c. My reasons for doing these were: If I go on like this, looking for tracks, I should lose probably four or five days, and this with my limited time would not be admissible; and, secondly, that to attempt to split our way on a bearing through the bush to the river would take perhaps five days, which would quite counterbalance any advantage a north road might possess. Reaching Kilonga-Longa's on the 22nd, we arranged for a party to take us by a road south of Ituri, and on the 24th left. On the first of March crossed the Lenda, courses now N.W. and N.N.W. On the 9th reached Farishi, the upper station of Ugarrowa. On the 14th we reached Ugarrowa's on the Ituri, early in the morning. For many days we had been having rains, and owing to these I suffered very much from fevers, and on getting to Ugarrowa's had to remain in bed for two days.

“At U's some eight or ten of our men were away foraging, and to get these required three and a half days.

“Fifty-six (56) men were left with Ugarrowa, viz., five Somalis, five Nubians, and forty-six Zanzibaris, on the 18th of September, 1887. Of this total twenty-six had died, including all the Somalis except Dualla. There were still two men out when I left. Baraka W. Moussa I detailed as a courier in place of another (who had been left at Ipoto with bad ulcer), and Juma B. Zaid remained with Ugarrowa.

“The majority of the men were in a weak state when I arrived, and on leaving I refused to take seven of these. Ugarrowa, however, point blank refused to keep them, so thus I was obliged to bring on men with the certainty of their dying on the march.

“Early on the 16th, Abdullah and his couriers were despatched down river. On the 17th took our forty-four rifles from Ugarrowa, and out of these made him a present of two and forty-two rounds Remington ammunition.

“On the 18th closed with U. for \$870, being \$30 for twenty-nine men; also handed him his bills of exchange and your letter.

“On same day left for Ibwiri with following.

“From the 19th to 23rd, when I reached Farishi, the rain was constant, making the track heavy and the creeks difficult in crossing. From here on to Ipoto I had had fevers day after day, and having no one to carry me, had to make marches of

five to seven miles per day. The constant wettings and bad roads had made all the men very low-spirited, some doubting even that there was help ahead. Reached Ipoto April 11th, left 13th; and after more trouble from fever reached here on 26th April. All glad to see the Fort. Dualla, the Somali, I was obliged to leave at Ipoto. Tam, the former donkey-boy, deserted on the road. Of the draft of invalids (twenty-six) ten had died. Kibwana also died from chest disease in camp near Mambungu. Out of fifty-six invalids I brought fourteen alive to the Fort.

"On reaching Fort Bodo I found you had been so long gone that I could not follow up with safety with the few rifles I could command, and so remained at this station and reported myself to Captain Nelson, who was left in charge of the Fort by you.

"Floods, rains, fevers and other illnesses had been the cause of our long delay, and those of us who were in fit condition at all, felt bitterly the disappointment at not being able to reach you.

"I have the honour to be, &c.,

W. G. STAIRS, Lieut. R.E.

"To H. M. STANLEY, Esq."

Of the condition of the garrison at Fort Bodo there was but little to complain; the ulcerous persons, though nothing improved, were not worse; the anæmic victims of the tortures of Manyema at Ipoto had gained possibly a few ounces in weight; the chronically indolent and malingerers still existed to remind us by their aspects of misery that they were not suitable for the long and desperate journey yet before us. We expected all this. The long journey to Yambuya and back, 1,070 miles, could never be performed by unwilling men. It would have to be done by volunteers, fired by interest, stimulated by the knowledge that, this one task ended, forest miseries, famine, damp, rain, mud, gloom, vegetable diet, poisoned arrows, would be things of the past.

One crop of Indian corn had been harvested, and was stored snugly in the granaries of the fort, the fields were being prepared anew for replanting, the banana plantations still furnished unlimited supplies of food, the sweet potatoes grew wild in various places, and there was a fair stock of beans.

The malicious dwarfs (the Wambutti) had paid nocturnal visits, and ravaged somewhat the corn fields, and Lieut. Stairs, with a few choice spirits of the garrison, had given chase to the marauders and had routed them, losing one man in the action, but scaring the undersized thieves effectually.

The Fort now contained 119 Zanzibaris, four of Emin Pasha's soldiers, ninety-eight Madi carriers, and three whites from the Albert Nyanza, besides fifty-seven Zanzibaris and Soudanese, and two officers who formed the garrison—total, 283 souls. It was out of this number we were to form a column of Zanzibari volunteers and Madi carriers to hasten to the relief of Major Barttelot.

After a two days' rest a general muster was made. The necessities of our condition were explained aloud to them; our white brothers were labouring

under God alone knew what difficulties—difficulties that probably appeared greater to them than they did to us, inasmuch as we had gone through them and survived, and could afford to make light of them. For knowledge would teach us to be more prudent of our rations, where to refresh our jaded bodies, and when to hasten through the intervening wildernesses, husbanding our resources. Our meeting would rejoice our poor friends, distressed by our long absence, and our good news would re-animate the most feeble and encourage the despairing. They all knew what treasures of cloth and beads were in charge of the Rear Column. We should not be able to carry all, as indeed there was no need for so much. How could it better be bestowed than on the tireless faithful fellows who had taken their master twice to the Nyanza and back to his long-lost friends? "I pray you, then, come to my side, ye that are willing, and ye that prefer to stay in the Fort remain in the ranks."

Exulting in their lusty strength, and in their acknowledged worth, 107 men cried aloud, "To the Major!" "To the Major!" and sprang to my side, leaving only six, who were really indisposed by illness and virulent ulcers, in their places.

After selecting out a few of the garrison to replace those unable to undertake the long march before us, there remained only to distribute twenty-five days' rations of Indian corn to each member of the Relief Force, and to advise that in addition each man and boy should prepare as much plantain flour as he could carry.

Until the evening of the 15th of June all hands were engaged in reducing the hard corn with pestle and mortar and sieve into flour, or corn-rice, called "grits," in peeling the plantains, slicing, drying them over slow fires, and pounding them into fine flour. I, on my part, besides arranging the most needful necessaries required for general uses, had many personal details to attend to, such as repairs of pantaloons, shoes, chair, umbrella, rain-coat, &c.

My intention was to conduct the Relief Force in person, unattended by any officers, for many reasons, but mainly because every European implied increase of baggage, which was now required to be of the very smallest limit consistent with the general safety. Besides, Lieut. Stairs, in my opinion, deserved rest after his trip to Ipoto to bring the steel boat to Fort Bodo, and his journey to Ugarrowa's to conduct the convalescents. Captain Nelson, ever since the latter part of September, 1887, had been subject to ever-varying complaints—first ulcers, then a general debility which almost threatened his life, then skin eruptions, lumbago, tender feet, and fits of obstinate ague. To a person in such a vitiated condition of blood such a journey as we were about to take would doubtless prove fatal. Dr. Parke, the only other officer availing, was needed for the sick at the Fort, as in truth the entire garrison would consist mainly of people requiring medical attendance and treatment.



With great difficulty we were able to select fourteen men of the garrison to accompany Captain Nelson as far as Ipoto, to convey the dozen loads of baggage still remaining there; but as we were about to start, the Captain was prostrated with another attack of intermittent fever, and a strange swelling of the hand, which made it necessary for Dr. Parke to replace him for this short journey.

The faithful little fox-terrier "Randy," which had borne the fatigues of the double march to the Albert Nyanza so well, and had been such a good friend to us in an hour of great need, and had become the pet of every one, though "Randy" would not permit a Zanzibari to approach me unannounced, was committed to the care of Lieutenant Stairs, in the hope of saving him the thousand-mile journey now before us. But the poor dog misjudged, my purpose, and absolutely refused his food from the moment I left him, and on the third day after my departure he died of a broken heart.

Upon carefully considering the state of the Fort, the condition of its garrison, and the capacity of its Commandant, Lieut. Stairs, who would be assisted by Captain Nelson and Dr. Parke, I felt the utmost assurance that, with sixty rifles and abundant stores of ammunition, they were invulnerable from any attack of forest natives, however strong their forces might be. A wide and deep ditch ran round two-thirds of it. At each of its angles a commanding platform, closely fenced, had been erected, with approaches and flanks duly under rifle range, and each angle was connected by a continuous stockade, well banked with earth without and supported within by a firm banquette. The main roads leading to the Fort were also fenced, to serve as obstructions. The village inhabited by the garrison lay on the side unprotected by the ditch, and was arranged in V shape, to mask the entrance into the Fort. During daylight no hostile party could approach within 150 yards of the Fort unperceived. At night ten sentries would be sufficient precaution against surprise and fire.

This protection was not so much designed against natives alone as against a possible—and by no means unlikely—combination of Manyuema with natives. As much might be urged for the likelihood of such a combination as against it; but it is a totally wrong policy to be idle before an uncertain issue, and of the hundreds of camps or stations established by me in Africa, not one has been selected without considering every near or remote contingency.

I was about to leave Fort Bodo without the least anxiety respecting the natives and Manyuema, as also without fear of incompatibility between the officers and Zanzibaris. The officers were now acquainted with the language of their people, as well as with their various habits, tempers, and moods, and the men could equally distinguish those of their officers. Both parties also believed that their stay at Fort Bodo was not likely to be protracted, as the Pasha had promised to visit them within two months, and from a visit of one of his considerate and thoughtful character they might surely infer that they

would derive pleasure as well as profit. On his return to the Nyanza they could accompany him, abandoning the Fort to its fate.

Of the fidelity of the Zanzibaris there was also no room for doubt. However tyrannical or unjust the officers might be—an extreme conjecture—the Zanzibaris could only choose between them on the one hand, and the cannibalism of the Wambutti and the incarnate cruelty of the Manyema on the other.

Would that I could have felt the same confidence and contentment of mind regarding the Rear Column. With the lapse of months had been the increase of my anxiety. As week after week had flown by, and no news was heard of it, my faith in its safety had become weakened and my mind was fatigued with the continual conflict of its hopes and doubts, with the creation of ingenious and fine theories, and their no less subtle demolition, and I was, perforce, constrained for my own repose and health to forbear thought and take refuge in the firm belief that the Major was still at Yambuya, but abandoned. Our duty was, therefore, to proceed to Yambuya, select the most necessary material equal to our carrying force, and march back to the Nyanza again with what speed we could.

On this supposition I framed an estimate of the time to be occupied by the journey, and handed it, with a letter of instructions, to the Commandant of the Fort for his use:—

Starting June 16th, 1888:—

“ Fort Bodo to . . . .	Ugarrowa's . . . .	July 5th
Thence to . . . .	Avisibba . . . .	„ 25th
„ „ . . . .	Mupé . . . .	Aug. 14th
„ „ . . . .	Yambuya . . . .	Sept. 3rd
Halt 10 days . . . .	— . . . .	„ 13th
Return to . . . .	Mupé . . . .	Oct. 3rd
„ „ . . . .	Panga Falls . . . .	„ 23rd
„ „ . . . .	Fort Bodo . . . .	Dec. 22nd
Halt 5 days . . . .	— . . . .	„ 27th
Thence to . . . .	Albert Nyanza . . . .	Jan. 16th, 1889.”
* . . . .	* . . . .	* . . . .

The last evening of my stay at Fort Bodo, while reciting over the several charges, general and personal, entrusted to him, Lieut. Stairs suggested that perhaps the non-arrival of the steamer *Stanley* at Yambuya accounted for the utter silence respecting the Rear Column. I then replied in the following terms:—

“That is the least I fear, for as well as I was able I provided against that accident. You must know that when the *Stanley* departed from the Yambuya on the 28th of June, I delivered several letters to the captain of the steamer. One was to my good friend Lieut. Liebrichts, Governor of

Stanley Pool district, charging him, for old friendship's sake, to despatch the steamer back as soon as possible with our goods and reserve ammunition.

"Another was to Mr. Swinburne, my former secretary, who was the soul of fidelity, to the effect that in case the *Stanley* met with such an accident as to prevent her return to Yambuya, he would be pleased to substitute the steamer *Florida* for her, as the owners were business men, and full compensation in cash, which I guaranteed, would find as ready an acceptance with them as profits from the ivory trade.

"A third letter was to Mr. Antoine Greshoff, the agent at Stanley Pool for the Dutch house at Banana, to the effect that, failing both steamers *Stanley* and *Florida*, he would find a large ready money profit if he would undertake the transport of the stores of the Expedition from Stanley Pool, and 128 men from Bolobo, to Yambuya. Whatever reasonable freight and fare he would charge, immediate payment was guaranteed by me.

"A fourth letter was to our officer in charge at Stanley Pool, Mr. John Rose Troup, to the effect that, failing the steamers *Stanley*, *Florida*, and Mr. Greshoff's, he was to use his utmost powers and means to collect boats and canoes, at whatever cost, ready at hand, and communicate with Messrs. Ward and Bonny at Bolobo. Mr. Ward at Bolobo was also enjoined to do the like in Uyanzi, and man these vessels with the Zanzibaris and natives, and transport by stages the various stores to the intrenched camp at Yambuya. This last would scarcely be needed, as it is extremely improbable that from June 28th, 1887, to June 16th, 1888—nearly twelve months—neither the *Stanley*, the *Florida*, nor Mr. Greshoff's steamer would be available for our service.

"Besides, you must remember that both captain and engineer of the *Stanley* were each promised a reward of £50 sterling if they would arrive within reasonable time. Such amounts to poor men are not trifles, and I feel assured that if they have not been prevented by their superiors from fulfilling their promise, all goods and men arrived safely at Yambuya."

"You still think, then, that in some way Major Barttelot is the cause of this delay?"

"Yes, he and Tippu-Tib. The latter of course has broken his contract. There is no doubt of that. For if he had joined his 600 carriers, or half that number, with our Zanzibaris, we should have heard of them long ago, either at Ipoto, when you returned there for the boat, or later, when you reached Ugarrowa's, March 16th this year. The letter of September 18th, 1887, which we wrote when only eighty-one days absent from Yambuya, and which the Arab promised to deliver without delay, would certainly have produced an answer by this if the Major had departed from Yambuya. Those carriers, all choice men, well armed, acquainted with the road, despatched with you to Ugarrowa's on February 16th, and seen by you safely across the river opposite his station on the 16th of the following month, would surely by this



have returned if the Rear Column was only a few weeks' march from Yambuya; therefore I am positive in my mind that Major Barttelot is in some way or other the cause of the delay."

"Well, I am sure, however you may think the Major is disloyal, I——"

"Disloyal! Why, whoever put you in mind of that word? Such a word has no connection with any man on this Expedition, I hope. Disloyal! Why should any one be disloyal? And disloyal to whom?"

"Well, not disloyal, but negligent, or backward in pressing on; I feel sure he has done his best."

"No doubt he has done his level best; but as I wrote to him on September 18th, in my letter to be given to him by Ugarrowa's carriers, it is his 'rashness and inexperience I dread,' not his disloyalty or negligence. I fear the effect of indiscriminate punishments on his people has been such that the vicinity of Stanley Falls and the Arabs has proved an irresistible temptation to desert. If our letters miscarry in any way, our long absence—twelve months nearly to this day, and by the time we reach Yambuya, fourteen months at least!—will be a theme for all kinds of reports. When the Zanzibaris from Bolobo reached him, he ought to have had over 200 carriers. In twelve months—assuming that the goods and men arrived in due date, and that, finding Tippu-Tib had broken faith, he began the move as he promised—he would be at Panga Falls; but if the severe work has demoralized him, and he has demoralized his carriers, well, then, he is stranded far below Panga Falls—probably at Wasp Rapids, probably at Mupé or at Banalya, or at Gwengweré Rapids—with but 100 despairing carriers and his Soudanese, and he is perforce compelled by the magnitude of his task to halt and wait. I have tried every possible solution, and this is the one on which my opinion becomes fixed."

"Do you allow only 100 left? Surely that is very low."

"Why? I estimate his loss at what we have lost—about 50 per cent. We have lost slightly less; for from our original force of 389 souls there are 203 still alive:—4 at Nyanza, 60 in the Fort, 119 going with me, and 20 couriers."

"Yes; but the Rear Column has not endured a famine such as we have had."

"Nor have they enjoyed the abundance that we have fed upon for the last seven months, therefore we are perhaps equal. But it is useless to speculate further upon these points."

"The success which was expected from my plans has eluded me. The Pasha never visited the south end of the Lake, as I suggested to him in my letter from Zanzibar. This has cost us four months, and of Barttelot there is not a word. Our men have fallen by scores, and wherever I turn there is no comfort to be derived from the prospect. Evil hangs over this forest as a pall over the dead; it is like a region accursed for crimes; whoever enters

within its circle becomes subject to Divine wrath. All we can say to extenuate any error that we have fallen into is, that our motives are pure, and that our purposes are neither mercenary nor selfish. Our atonement shall be a sweet offering, the performance of our duties. Let us bear all that may be put upon us like men bound to the sacrifice, without one thought of the results. Each day has its weight of troubles. Why should we think of the distresses of to-morrow? Let me depart from you with the conviction that in my absence you will not swerve from your duty here, and I need not be anxious for you. If the Pasha and Jephson arrive with carriers, it is better for you, for them, and for me that you go; if they do not come, stay here until my return. Give me a reasonable time over and above the date—the 22nd of December; then if I return not, consult with your friends, and afterwards with your men, and do what is best and wisest. As for us, we shall march back to the place where Barttelot may be found, even as far as Yambuya, but to no place beyond, though he may have taken everything away with him down the Congo. If he has left Yambuya and wandered far away south-east instead of east, I will follow him up and overtake him, and will cut through the forest in the *most* direct way to Fort Bodo. You must imagine all this to have taken place, if I do not arrive in December, and consider that many other things have occurred to detain us, before you yield to the belief that we have parted for ever."

The following is the letter of instructions to Lieut. Stairs:—

"Fort Bodo, Central Africa,

*June 13th, 1888.*

"Sir,—

"During my absence with the advance party of the Expedition, now about to return to the assistance of Major Barttelot and Rear Column, I appoint you Commandant of Fort Bodo. I leave with you a garrison, inclusive of sick, numbering nearly sixty rifles. The men mainly are not of the calibre requisite for a garrison in a dangerous country. Still, they can all shoot off their rifles, which are in good condition, and you have abundance of ammunition. My principal reliance is on the Commandant himself. If the chief is active and wary, our fort is safe, and no combination of natives can oust the garrison from its shelter. I need not tell you that I leave you with confidence.

"Respecting the improvements to be made in the Fort, which I have verbally explained to you, I would suggest that as the Fort when completed will be more extensive than at present, you elect about twenty or thirty of the more decent and cleanly of the men to occupy the buildings in the Fort, until such time as they are wanted for other persons, because—

"1st. You are in no danger, then, of being cut off by a daring foe from your garrison.

"2nd. One-third of your men will be then within the gates ready at your most sudden call.

"3rd. The buildings within the Fort will be kept dry and in a habitable condition by being occupied,

"*Corn.* Begin planting corn about July 15th. 1st July you should begin hoeing up, clearing the ground.

"*Bananas.* I am exceedingly anxious about the bananas. Twice a week there should be sent a strong patrol round the plantations to scare the natives, and also elephants. For the latter, half-a-dozen fires at as many points might suffice.

"An officer should be sent out with the patrol, to have a reliable report of what transpires; should he report the bananas as getting scanty, then you should begin rationing your people, always obtaining your supplies by detachments from the most distant points of the plantations. Let the bananas nearest the Fort reach maturity, just as you would your corn. Along the main roads it would also be well to leave plantations alone until they mature.

"I leave Captain Nelson as second in command, to take charge when you are incapacitated by illness or accident.

"Dr. T. H. Parke, A.M.D., remains here as surgeon to take charge of the sick.

"It is, of course, impossible to say when we shall return, as we have not the least idea whereabouts the Rear Column is, but we shall do our best. If the Major is still at Yambuya, you may expect us in December some time.

"I expect Emin Pasha and Mr. Jephson in here about two months hence—say about the middle of August.

"Should Mr. Jephson appear with a sufficient force of carriers, then I should recommend the evacuation of the Fort, and that you take the garrison, and accompany Mr. Jephson to the Nyanza, and put yourself and force at the disposition of Emin Pasha until my return. As I come eastward, I propose following a northerly and easterly track from the Nepoko and make for the Ituri ferry.

"In order that on reaching the Ituri ferry I may know whether you have evacuated the Fort or not, please remember that on the right bank of the river, near the ferry, there are a number of very tall trees, on which you could carve a number of broad arrows, which would indicate that you had passed. You could also carve date of crossing the Ituri on a conspicuous place near the ferry. This would save me a great deal of time and anxiety respecting you.

"As our twenty couriers left here 16th February, it will be four months, June 16th, since they left. If Jephson appears in about two months, say, the time will then be about six months since the couriers left Fort Bodo—quite sufficient time to dispel all doubt about them.

"I wish you and your associates good health and safe arrival at the Nyanza. On our part we will do our work with what celerity circumstances will permit.

"Yours faithfully,

"(Signed) HENRY M. STANLEY,

"Commanding E. P. R. Expedition.

"To Lieut. W. G. STAIRS,

"Commandant, Fort Bodo."



## CHAPTER XVIII

## ARRIVAL AT BANALYA : BARTELLOT DEAD

The Relief Force—We reach Ipoto—Kilonga-Longa apologizes for the behaviour of his Manyema—The chief returns us some of our rifles—Dr. Parke and fourteen men return to Fort Bodo—We cross the Ituri river—We unearth our buried stores—The Manyema escort—Bridging the Lenda river—The famished Madi—Accidents and deaths among the Zanzibaris and Madi—Native women guides—We reach Ugarrowa's—Navabi Falls—Death of a Madi chief—Our buried stores near Basopo unearthed and stolen—The evils of forest marching—Numerous bats at Mabengu village—We reach Avisibba, and find a young Zanzibari girl—Panga Falls—We disturb a cannibal feast—We overtake Ugarrowa at Wasp Rapids and find our couriers and some deserters in his camp—The head courier relates his tragic story—Amusing letter from Dr. Parke to Major Barttelot—Progress of our canoe flotilla down the river—Our progress since leaving the Nyanza—Thoughts about the Rear Column—Desolation along the banks of the river—We reach Banalya—Meeting with the Rear Column—The Major is dead.

ON the 16th of June, in the early morning, we set out from Fort Bodo towards Yambuya in excellent spirits, loudly cheered by the garrison and with the best wishes of the officers. We numbered 113 Zanzibaris, ninety-five Madi carriers, four of Emin Pasha's soldiers, two whites besides Dr. Parke and his little band of fourteen men, whose company we were to have as far as Ipoto. The cries of the column leaders recalled to our memory most painfully what an absence of seven months had caused us almost to forget.

"Red ants afoot! Look out for a stump, ho! Skewers! A pitfall to right! a burrow to left! Thorns, thorns, 'ware thorns! Those ants; lo! a tripping creeper. Nettles, 'ware nettles! A hole! Slippery beneath, beneath! look out for mud! A root! Red ants amarch! Look sharp for ants! A log! Skewers below!" And so on from camp to camp.

Most of the villages along this route still stood, but all awry and decaying; reeling from rotten uprights, the eave corners on the ground, green mould covering the floors within, hollows filled with slime, fungi flourishing along the sides, and nitrous excrescences abounding; roofs covered with creepers, nettles, and prolific gourd vines—veritable nests of ague, into which, however, necessity compelled us and our men to seek shelter by reason of excessive fatigue or imminence of a rainstorm.

After forty-seven hours' marching from Fort Bodo we entered the Arab settlement of Ipoto, where our people, maddened by distress of hunger, caused me such serious losses of arms and ammunition. But the change in their condition was so great, and their eyes flashed such lively glances of scorn at their tormentors, that in the afternoon Kilonga-Longa, with his headmen, dreading reprisal, began, with many apologies for the behaviour of his Manyuema during his absence, to extenuate the heinousness of their crimes, and to offer to atone for them as well as he was able. Nineteen Remingtons were laid before me, out of thirty I knew to be in their possession. Six of these had been left as pledges of payment by myself, two were given by Mr. Stairs acting in my name, one was sold by Captain Nelson, and ten were sold by Zanzibaris, besides eleven not yet recovered; but out of 3,000 cartridges and two entire cases these receivers of stolen goods purchased from the starving Zanzibaris, only fifty were returned. Whatever fears the Manyuema may have felt, the fit time for reprisal and retaliation had not arrived, though fifty rifles could have captured the settlement easily, the majority of Kilonga-Longa's people being absent raiding eastward. We had far more important business afoot than the destruction of Ipoto, nor must it be forgotten that our little garrison at Fort Bodo was not so secure but that a few hundreds of men made desperate by their losses might not avenge themselves fully by a siege or midnight assault.

We therefore, bending under the necessities of the occasion, accepted the rifles and gifts of goat and rice, and the Zanzibaris were permitted to sell such ivory as they had picked up for 100 pecks of rice, which to them was most welcome provender.

The next day the chief returned two more rifles, but all my men being sufficiently armed, he was requested to retain them as pledges, in addition to the six remaining in his hands, for payment of ninety doti of cloth promised to him and his people for the grudging and scant sustenance given to Captain Nelson and Dr. Parke while they were compulsory guests of this ill-natured community.

In the afternoon Dr. Parke and his little band of fourteen men commenced their return journey to Fort Bodo with the recovered thirteen loads, and bearing the very last instructions I could give to Stairs.

On the 25th June we set out from Ipoto accompanied by a guide and an escort of fifteen Manyuema, who were ostentatiously detailed for this duty as far as the next Arab settlement, one of Ugarrowa's outlying stations. We arrived at the Ituri River, and a canoe capable of carrying nine men was delivered over to us at 3 P.M. to serve as the means of ferriage. As one trip to the left bank and back occupied on an average twenty-three minutes, night fell before a half of our force was across.

The work of ferrying was resumed early next morning, and continued until two o'clock, when every soul had crossed excepting the Manyuema

escort, whose fears that sudden vengeance would be inflicted on them caused them to decline the venture they had been ordered to undertake.

We were now fairly in the wide uninhabited wilderness through which last October the Expedition struggled against famine. No consideration would have tempted us to revisit these dreadful shades, but that we fostered a lively hope that we should soon meet our returning couriers with news from the Major's column. Imbued with the fond belief that, as they had not arrived at Ipoto, we should meet them on this road—none other being known to them—we marched briskly from the landing-place, and in two and three-quarter hours reached the camp whence we had crossed over to the north bank on the 14th of October last. Indications of our stay here were yet fresh—the charcoal broad arrows drawn on the barked tree stems, the lead pencil writing to Khamis Parry still plainly legible.

At 1.15 P.M. of the 28th we arrived at Nelson's starvation camp, opposite the confluence of the Ihuru with the Ituri, a place which last October witnessed such death and agony, where poor Nelson sat so many wretched days with ulcered feet, waiting anxiously the arrival of news from us, and where he was found by his friend Mounteney Jephson, haggard, and reduced by his feelings of despair into a state of abject helplessness, in the midst of his dying and dead companions. We had performed the march in twenty hours, or in four days inclusive of our detention while ferrying with one small craft. Last October, despite our strenuous endeavours, the same distance had occupied us thirty-nine hours' marching, or thirteen days inclusive of the halt! The condition of the stomach made all this great difference.

We found our *cache* untouched, though we had strong doubts, and unearthed our buried stores which Jephson's relief party was unable to carry away. The ammunition, made by Kynoch of Birmingham, after eight months' burial in the sand, subject to tropic damp and an eternal rain, was not so much injured as we expected, a full eighty per cent. of it being still sound, and the well-waxed brass cases and copper caps yet exhibited their native brightness and gloss. Distributing 1,000 rounds to the men for the refilling of their pouches, selecting such other articles as were useful, we made up eight loads, and after burying the rest as superfluous, we hurried away from the hateful spot, camping far inland.

Arriving at camp, we discovered four Madi carriers to have deserted with the kits of their Zanzibari mates. Had they known of the evil repute of this wilderness, they probably would have preferred the brawling river for their graves to the slow torture of famine in the ruthless forest.

At sunset we were surprised to see the Manyema escort reach our camp. They had fled to Kilonga-Longa's, and that gentleman had sternly ordered them to follow us again, and not to return without a note reporting they had performed the duty on which they had been sent.

On the 29th we left the river route and steered a south-westerly course



through the pathless forest, in order to strike the road taken by Mr. Stairs' party on their return from Ugarrowa's. As the head-man Rashid bin Omar was of our party, and had travelled over this road with Stairs, we presumed he would have no difficulty in guiding us. The whole of the 29th and 30th were occupied in this south-westerly course. We meanwhile crossed several native paths, but as Rashid failed to recognise his road, we continued on our way. On the 1st July, early in the morning's march, we entered the basin of the Lenda River, and then, as Rashid expressed himself of the opinion that we must have passed the path, we took a direct westerly course, steering straight on through the forest by compass. At noon of the 2nd we struck the Lenda River, which generally flowed, as we observed during the afternoon march of the 2nd and until noon of the 3rd, N.N.W. Discovering a narrow chasm thirty yards wide through which the Lenda rushed furiously, we conceived it would be to our advantage to throw a bridge across this river, and trust to fortune showing us the path to Ugarrowa's station on the other bank, rather than continue along the Lenda River on the right bank, lest we might be forced to wander for days without finding the means of crossing. Accordingly we selected three of the tallest trees, 115, 110, and 108 feet respectively, which we managed to launch across the chasm, and these resting on stout forked uprights, with railings to steady the laden men, made a commodious and safe bridge. Early on the morning of the 5th the bridge was completed, and by ten o'clock every man was safe across.

The Madi carriers having purposely scattered their corn provisions along the road to lighten their loads, began now to pay the penalty of their wastefulness. Though the camp-crier cried out daily the number of days yet remaining for which the provisions must last, the ignorant savages were, however, too dense-headed to profit by the warning; consequently we had a dozen feeble wretches already faltering in their gait. We were already short of seven—four of whom had deserted.

We continued along the left bank our westerly course, and meantime crossed several native paths inclining S.E. and N.W., but we found none that could be made available for our necessity.

On the 6th we stumbled across a clearing garnished with a small but thriving plantation of plantains. The famished Madis rushed on this supply like hungry wolves on their prey, and soon devoured the whole, but three of them trod on cunningly-hidden sharp-pointed skewers set in the ground.

Through a pelting rain we travelled on the 7th, and, wet and miserable, camped in the bosom of untraversed woods. One hour's march next day brought us to the small village of Balia, and five hours later we halted for the night at Bandeya.

This day had been replete with miseries and singular accidents. A shower of cold rain fell on us after leaving Balia, and three of the naked

Madis fell dead within a few paces of each other. At the first indication of this shower I had ordered a halt, and spread out about 150 square feet of tenting, inviting every one to huddle under it. The shower over, we rolled up the canvas and resumed the march, but we were still subject to the heavy cold dripping of the foliage. The Zanzibaris, more accustomed to it and in better condition of body, were not much inconvenienced; but three Madis, depressed in mind, depleted in body, fell dead as suddenly as though shot. A Lado soldier of Emin Pasha's and a Zanzibari were skewered in the feet, and so crippled by these painful wounds that we were obliged to carry them. Near Bandedya another Madi native succumbed to illness caused by insufficient food, and a Zanzibari was shot by a bold and crafty dwarf with an arrow which penetrated between the ribs, but not to a fatal depth. Arriving at the village, my cook Hassan, in an unfortunate moment, while drawing his Winchester rifle towards him, caused it to explode, tearing a large portion of the muscles of the left arm; and near midnight a youth named Amari, while blowing up to a brighter flame a watch-fire, was suddenly wounded in the head by a bullet from a Remington cartridge that some one had carelessly dropped near the embers.

The next day, guided by some women who said they knew the way to Ugarrowa's, there was a most tedious march through an immense clearing lately abandoned by the natives. None that I can remember was so full of vexations. We assumed a strained position at every stride we took. We trod at one time on a slippery trunk bridging a chasm which bristled with dangers from a number of dead branches, and whose sharp points directed upwards threatened impalement to the unfortunate man who fell from such a height on them. At another time we balanced ourselves on a log which had fallen across a rushing stream; anon we plunged into a brake which was suffocatingly close from the dense masses of creepers growing above and around; then stumbled through a deep green slough, its depth hidden by floating vegetable parasites, to come upon a fearful array of logs, the relics of the old forest, and at every step the difficulties were repeated in varying fashion until near noon we emerged with streaming bodies from the vast clearing of Ujanga. On the confines of the virgin forest we formed camp and despatched the people to gather plantains and to prepare them as provisions for the few days yet remaining of the wilderness.

By solar observations at noon I discovered we were in N. lat.  $1^{\circ} 0' 16''$ .

On the 10th I suspected we were taking a course which, if continued, would lead us not far from our camp of the 8th, but the Zanzibaris were so wedded to the belief that the natives knew their own country best, that in a fit of spleen I permitted them to rest in that opinion. About ten o'clock of the 11th we came upon the clearing and a little village we had left on the morning of the 8th. Thus we had made a complete circle, and in revenge for this the people demanded that the women should be slaughtered. Poor

things, they had only acted according to their nature! It was our mistake to suppose that the natives would show us a way leading them further and further from their own country. Were such faith continued in them, they would have persisted in guiding us round about their clearings until they had dropped dead on their native earth. The women were therefore sent away home, and with compass in hand we steered a west by north course to strike the main road. We continued this course the whole of the 11th, and early next day succeeded in finding the path, which ran north by east.

At nine o'clock of the 13th July we reached our old camp on the Ituri River, opposite Ugarrowa's station. As we looked across the river, we found Ugarrowa had abandoned the station, therefore no news could be obtained of our long absent carriers, or of the Major and his people. We resumed our march, our course being along the Ituri River, every mile, every creek, every crossing-place and every camp being now well known to us.

The next day, rations all exhausted, Madis perishing by twos and threes daily, we reached Amiri Falls. No sooner was camp pitched than there was a rush for food. It was not to be obtained in the immediate vicinity, for Ugarrowa's multitude of 600 people had preceded us and devoured every edible, and that the supply had been insufficient for them was evident by the number of skeletons in his old camp. But distance would not deter our veterans; they hastened onward, pursuing a track leading southward, until finally after some hours they reached a hill the base of which was one continuous thriving plantation of plantains. At a late hour in the night they brought the good news to camp and gratified our famished eyes with a view of the prodigious fruit.

At an early hour next day the camp was emptied of nearly every able hand, excepting sentries, to procure food. In the afternoon the well-furnished foragers returned, often in couples, with an immense bunch between them, like to the old engraving of Caleb and Joshua bearing the grapes of Eshcol. The more provident, however, bore larger quantities of the fruit, peeled and sliced, ready for drying, thus avoiding the superfluous stalk and plantain skin. During the absence of the foragers the weaker of the messes had erected the wooden grates and collected the fuel for the drying overnight. The fruit when thus dry could be converted into cakes, or palatable plantain porridge, or a morning's draught of plantain gruel.

On the 16th of July we resumed our march along the river, following our old road as closely as possible, and in seven hours reached the Little Rapids above Navabi Falls. On the next day passing Navabi Falls, we took a look at the place where we submerged our canoes, to discover that they had been taken away. Within four hours we arrived at our old camp at Avamburi landing-place. The path was now considerably improved, for nearly a thousand pairs of feet had trodden it since our two score of bill-hooks had



first carved a passage through the bush. Many a skeleton lay along the road, and our moribund Madis were destined to add a few more to the number, for day by day they dropped down, never to rise again. Nothing that we could say would prevail to induce them to provide provision for the morrow. Ten plantains they thought an inexhaustible stock, but the evening would find them hungering for more. The only other means left to save their lives was to halt as often as possible, to enable them to eat their fill. Accordingly we halted two days at Avamburi landing-place, to rest and comfort the drooping and dying Madis.

On the 20th we marched for seven and a half hours, and camped a few miles above Bafaido Cataract, losing one Zanzibari and four Madis *en route*. One of the latter was a chief among them, who suffered from a skewer wound in the foot. As we were starting, he stated his intention to die on the spot, called his countrymen together, distributed his bracelets, anklets, shiny iron collars and ear-rings among them, and then lay down with a placid countenance, wherein not the slightest emotion was discernible. All this was very admirable, but it would have been still more admirable to have bravely struggled, than to have so doggedly died. Three hours later we discovered a canoe, into which we were enabled to place a few weaklings. Before reaching camp we had found three canoes, into which we embarked nearly all the ailing ones. It would have been cruel to have halted and sent back people for the Madi chief; besides there were many chances against our finding him alive, for as soon as the rear-guard left the camp it was generally visited by hosts of natives, who would feel no remorse for ending the feeble life of the sick man lagging behind the column.

The next day was a short march of two hours. Ugarrowa had also halted at Bafaido Cataract, and for several days, judging from the elaborate arrangements of his large camp, which from a distance appeared like a large town. Before arriving at Hippo Broads we were in possession of four canoes. On the next day, lunching at the cataract camp, where we buried our shovels and some articles which our weakening force could not carry, we examined the cache, and discovered that our deserters had unearthed the ten tusks of ivory, and the natives had possessed themselves of all the remaining articles. Late in the afternoon we camped at Basopo Cataract. Between the two cataracts the Zanzibaris discovered several canoes hidden away in the creeks emptying into the Ituri, and joyfully, but most recklessly, embarked in them, and notwithstanding their knowledge of the dangerous channels of the Basopo Cataract, continued on their course down the furious stream, which caused us the loss of a Zanzibari and a boy belonging to the soldiers of Emin Pasha. In the capsized canoe were also two of the Pasha's soldiers, both of whom lost their rifles and their kit, and barely escaped with their lives.

Two Zanzibaris, called Juma and Nassib, wandered away from the column and were missing this day, and we were therefore obliged to halt on the 24th

to send out a party to hunt for them. In the afternoon the party returned unsuccessful, but an hour later we were startled to hear a bullet hissing over our heads. A search was made, and the culprit was found to be Nassib, who, accompanied by his friend Juma, was returning to camp, and who informed us that he had seen one of our people in the bush just outside the camp, and had fired at him, supposing him to be a prowling native. He still more astonished us when he related that the cause of his parting from the column was that he and Juma had seen some fine plantains in a plantation, and had sat down to peel and dry a supply for the road. This had consumed some eighteen hours at least, and they say that when they sought the road they could not find the track of 200 men. It is difficult to decide which compelled most admiration, the folly of these two third-rate men sitting calmly down in the midst of a plantation belonging to ferocious cannibals, who generally closed the rear of the columns to avenge themselves on the stragglers, or the alarm which in this solitary instance possessed the natives.

On the 25th we camped above the Little Rapids of Bavikai, and on the next day entered the populous district of Avé-jeli, opposite the mouth of the Nepoko affluent, taking our quarters in the village where Dr. Parke so successfully amputated the foot of an unfortunate Zanzibari thirteen months before.

I was never so sensible of the evils of forest marching as on this day. My own condition of body was so reduced, owing to the mean and miserable diet of vegetables on which I was forced to subsist, that I was more than usually sympathetic. At this time there were about thirty naked Madis in the last stages of life; their former ebon black was changed to an ashy grey hue, and all their bones stood out so fearfully prominent as to create a feeling of wonder how such skeletons were animated with the power of locomotion. Almost every individual among them was the victim of some hideous disease, and tumours, scorched backs, fetid ulcers were common; while others were afflicted with chronic dysentery and a wretched debility caused by insufficient food. A mere glance at them, with the mal-odour generated by ailments, caused me to gasp from a spasm of stomach-sickness. With all this, the ground was rank with vegetable corruption, the atmosphere heated, stifling, dark and pregnant with the seeds of decay of myriads of insects, leaves, plants, twigs and branches. At every pace my head, neck, arms or clothes were caught by a tough creeper, calamus thorn, coarse briar, or a giant thistle-like plant, scratching and rending whatever portion it hooked on. Insects also of numberless species lent their aid to increase my misery, especially the polished black ant, which affects the trumpet-tree. As we marched under the leaves these ants contrived to drop on the person, and their bite was more vexatious than a wasp's or red ant's; the part bitten soon swelled largely, and became white and blistered. I need not name the other species, black, yellow and red, which crossed the path in armies, or clung to almost

every plant and fed on every tree. These offensive sights and odours we met day after day, and each step taken was fraught with its own particular evil and annoyance, but with my present fading strength and drooping spirits, they had become almost unbearable. My mind suffered under a constant strain of anxiety respecting the fate of the twenty couriers. I had had no meat of any kind, of bird or beast, for nearly a month, subsisting entirely on bananas or plantains, which, however varied in their treatment by the cook, failed to satisfy the jaded stomach. My muscles had become thin and flabby, every limb was in a tremor while travelling, and the vitals seemed to groan in anguish for a small morsel of meat.

In camp I overheard a conversation carried on between my tent-boy, Sali, and another Zanzibari. The boy was saying that he believed the "Master" would not last long, as his powers were declining fast. "Please God," said the other, "we shall find goats or fowls in a few days. It is meat he needs, and he shall get it if Ugarrova has not cleared out the country."

"Ah," said Sali, "if the Zanzibaris were men instead of being brutes, they would surely share with the master what meat they get while foraging. Do they not use his guns and cartridges, and are they not paid wages for using them? I can't understand why they should not share what they obtain with the master's own rifles."

"There are few here so wicked as not to do it—if they get anything worth sharing," replied the other.

"But I know better," said Sali. "Some of the Zanzibaris find a fowl or a goat almost every day, but I do not see any of them bringing anything to the master."

At this juncture I called out to Sali, and enjoined him to tell me all he knew. By dint of questioning, the fact was elicited that there was some truth in what he had stated. Two of the Zanzibari chiefs, Murabo, of Bumbiré fame, and Wadi Mabruki, had discovered a goat and three fowls on the 25th, and had secretly eaten them. This was one of the first instances of signal ingratitude discovered in these two men. From this day the effect of the disclosure resulted in my obtaining a share of the spoils. Three fowls were delivered to me before evening, and a few days later I had regained normal strength. This happy result in my own case proved what the needs of the poor naked Madis were.

A heavy stock of provisions of dried plantains was prepared at Avé-jeli, and our increasing flotilla of canoes enabled us to embark all our Madis, baggage, and half of the Zanzibari force.

We formed our next day's camp near Avugadu Rapids, and on the 27th passed the canoes over the rapids, and halted for the night a few miles below.

We lunched at our old camp, where I remained so many days while waiting and searching for the lost Expedition in August, '87, on the 30th July, and took up our night's quarters at Mabengu village.



At this village we observed about sunset an immense number of large bats, called "popo" in Swahili, sailing over our heads to their night-roosts across the river. A thin riband of sky was alone visible above where I stood, and I counted 680 of the number that flew within view. As the army of bats must have spread over several miles of the forest, a rough approximation of the many thousands that were flying may be made.

On the last day of July we reached Avisibba, famous for its resistance to our Advance Column last year, and for the fatal effects of the poisoned arrows employed in the conflict. In one of the huts we found the top of one of our tent-poles, wrapped carefully in leaves, with a small piece of cartridge-paper, a bit of green velvet from our surgical instrument case, and the brass case of a Remington cartridge. The curious package was hung up to one of the rafters, and probably consecrated to some fetish.

In another hut we discovered a collar of iron rings, and ten unfired cartridge-cases. These last must have belonged to one of our unfortunate deserters, whose flesh must have simmered in a pot over a fire and formed a family repast. An old jacket was also picked up later, which deepened the probability.

Shortly after landing at the village a little naked girl about eight years old walked composedly into view and surprised us all by addressing us in the Zanzibari language.

She cried out, "It is true, then? I heard a gunshot, and I said to myself while in my hiding-place, these must be my own people, and I will go and see them, for the Pagans have no guns."

She gave her name as "Hatuna-ngini" (we have no other), and related that she and five full-grown women were abandoned by Ugarrowa at that place because they were very sick, and that soon after Ugarrowa had departed with his large flotilla of canoes, the natives rushed in and killed the five women, but that she had run away and hidden herself, where she had remained ever since, living on raw wild fruit, but in the night she had succeeded in gathering bananas, which, when ripe, she could eat uncooked, since no fire was possible. Ugarrowa had had a skirmish with the Avisibbas, in which he had killed a great number. He had stayed here five days preparing food, and had departed many days—"more than ten days."

A march of four and a half hours to Engweddé, and another of seven and a half hours took us to a camp opposite an island occupied by the Bapaiya fishermen, a few miles above the Nejambi Rapids. Rifles and accoutrements were disembarked, and the canoe-men were ordered to pass their canoes down the left branch. While the land party was engaged in the portage, the majority of the canoe-men preferred to take the right branch, in which act of disobedience the Zanzibari chief and five Madis lost their lives, one canoe was lost, and two others capsized, but afterwards

recovered. A Zanzibari named Salim was so bruised and battered by the flood sweeping him against the rocks that he was unable to walk for nearly a month afterwards.

About 3 P.M. we resumed our journey, and arrived about 5 P.M. at Panga Falls. Leaving a detachment to guard the canoes, we formed camp below the Falls. The land party succeeded in finding a small supply of Indian corn, which, when converted into meal, made me a porridge supper.

A downpour of rain, commencing at midnight and continuing until 1 P.M. of the 5th of August, much impeded our work, but by night we had our flotilla of nineteen canoes safe below the Falls, in front of our camp.

The natives of Panga had betaken themselves to an island near the right bank, with all their goats, fowls, and other property; but they had left several nets and wires within reach in the various branches on our side, whence we obtained some fine large fish. The natives were practically safe, inasmuch as no body of men with other business in view would incur the trouble of molesting them. They, however, manifested most plausibly a desire to make terms of amity with us by pouring water on their head and sprinkling their bodies with it, and some of our men good-naturedly approached their island and responded reciprocally. The daring natives pushed across the cataract, and one of them contrived to draw himself unperceived near one of our men, and stabbed him in the back.

A halt was ordered the next day, and a band of forty men proceeded inland to forage, returning towards night, each with a load of eatables; but one of their number, a Madi, received a severe wound in the back with an arrow.

Our old camp opposite the confluence of the Ngula River and the Ituri was reached on the 7th in two and a half hours by the canoes, but the land party occupied eight hours in marching the distance, which I estimated at eleven miles.

At Mambanga's on the north bank, which we reached the next day, we found a good supply of food, but a Zanzibari named Jaliffi was seriously wounded with a wooden arrow in the chest. A portion an inch and a half long was imbedded in the wounded part, which incapacitated him from duty for over two months. On the point of the arrow being ejected, the wound soon closed.

At Mugweye's—or My-yui—the next place, a great change had occurred. All the villages were obliterated by fire, and the fine plantain plantations cut down, and at Mugweye's own village there stood an immense camp. Believing that Ugarrova was present, we fired a signal shot, but no answer being returned, we proceeded to our old camp on the left bank, where on one of the trees Lieutenant Stairs had carved the date "July 31st" (1887) for the benefit of the Major.

Arriving at our old camp, we were surprised to see the body of a woman

belonging to Ugarrowa's, freshly killed and washed, laid out on the bank close to the river, and near by three bunches of plantains, two cooking-pots, and a canoe capable of carrying five people. It was evident to us that a party of natives, hearing the signal shot, had decamped, and had been obliged to abandon their intended feast.

A party of men was sent across the river to reconnoitre, and in a short time they came back reporting that Ugarrowa must have departed that same morning down the river. This was very regrettable to me, as I burned to ascertain what he had heard of the news from down river, and I also wished to beg of him not to ravage the country, as succeeding caravans were likely to suffer serious loss from the wholesale havoc and devastation attending his journey.

On the 10th of August I delivered over to the care of the senior Zanzibar chief, Rashid, thirty-five of the ablest of our men, with a charge to pursue our old track along the river, as I intended to descend the river with our canoe flotilla without a halt as far as Wasp Rapids, where no doubt we should overtake Ugarrowa.

At 6.40 A.M. we set out, and paddling vigorously, were in the neighbourhood of Wasp Rapids at 11 A.M. Long before we heard the roar of the rushing river over the rocky reefs which obstruct its course there, we descried an immense camp on the right bank, and in a short time the forms of men in white dresses moving about the bush. When we had approached within rifle range, we fired some signal shots and hoisted our flag, which was no sooner seen than the deep boom of heavily-loaded muskets announced that we were recognized. Soon several large canoes pushed from the right bank towards us, as we were descending along the left bank, and hailed us in the Swahili language. After the usual exchange of compliments we then asked the news, and to our great joy, not unmixed with grief, we learned that our couriers, who had now been absent from us nearly six months, were in Ugarrowa's camp. The couriers had left Lieutenant Stairs at Ugarrowa's station on the 16th of March, and had reached Wasp Rapids in seventeen days, or on the 1st of April, where they had been driven back with a loss of four of their number. Perceiving that they were unable to pierce through the hostile crowds, they had travelled back to Ugarrowa's station, which they reached on the 26th of April, and where they placed themselves in Ugarrowa's hands. A month later, Ugarrowa, having collected his people from the outlying stations, commenced his descent of the Ituri River, our couriers accompanying him, reaching Wasp Rapids on the 9th of August, having been seventy-six days *en route*. During the same period we had travelled from the Albert Nyanza, and the 10th of August was the twenty-ninth day since we had left Ugarrowa's old station.

After forming our camp on the left bank in the deserted village of Bandedyah, opposite the camp of Ugarrowa's, the surviving couriers, accom-



panied by Ugarrowa and his head men, visited us. Amid a deep silence the head man related his tragic story :

“ Master, when you called for volunteers to bear your letter to the Major, there was not a man of us but intended to do his very best, knowing that we were all to receive a high reward and great honour if we succeeded. We have done our best, and we have failed. We have, therefore, lost both reward and honour. The men who have gone with you to the Nyanza and found the Pasha, and can boast of having seen him face to face, deserve best at your hands. But if we have not succeeded in finding the Major and gladdening his heart with the good news we had to tell, God knows it has not been through any fault of our own, but rather because it is His will that we should not do so. We have lost four of our number, and I am the only one who cannot show a wound received during the journey. We have two who seem to be incurable from the poison in their blood. Some of our men have as many as five arrow wounds to show you. As far as Avisibba we came down the river smoothly enough, but then the sharp work commenced. At Engweddé two were wounded. At Panga Falls three men were most seriously hurt by arrows. Between Panga Falls and here was a continued fight day after day, night after night. The natives seemed to know long before we reached them our full strength, and set on us either in full daylight or in the darkness, as though resolved to exterminate us. Why they should show so much courage with us when they had shown themselves so cowardly when we went up with you, I cannot say, unless our deserters, coming down river by half-dozens, have enabled the Pagans to taste the flavour of Zanzibari blood, and they having succeeded so well with them, imagined they could succeed with us. However, when we reached this village wherein you are now encamped, there were only eleven of us fit for anything; all the rest were sore from their wounds and one was helpless; and soon after our coming the fight began in real earnest. The natives of that great village opposite us joined with the natives of this; the river swarmed with canoes, and the bush around this village was alive with natives. After an hour's trial, during which time many of them must have been killed, for they were so crowded, especially on the river, we were left in peace. We busied ourselves in fortifying, as well as we could, the few huts we had selected for our quarters during the night.

“ When night fell we placed sentries as usual, as you and Lieutenant Stairs and Ugarrowa, all of you, enjoined on us; but, wearied with work and harassed by care, our sentries must have slept, for the first thing we knew was that the natives had pulled down our zeriba and entered into the camp, and a wild cry from a man who received a fatal thrust with a spear woke us up to find them amongst us. We each grasped our rifles and fired at the nearest man, and six of them fell dead at our feet. This for a moment paralysed them; but we heard a chief's voice say, ‘ These men have run away

from Bula Matari. Not one of them must live.' Then from the river and the bush they came on in crowds, and their great numbers seemed for a short time to frighten the best of us. Lakkin, however, who is never so funny as when in trouble, shouted out, 'These fellows have come for meat—give it them, but let it be of their own people,' and wounded men and all took their rifles and took aim as though at a target. How many of them fell I cannot say; but when our cartridges were beginning to run low they ran away, and we were left to count the dead around us. Two of our men never answered to their names, a third called Jumah, the son of Nassib, called out to me, and when I went to him I found him bleeding to death. He had just strength enough to charge me to give the journey up. 'Go back,' said he. 'I give you my last words. Go back. You cannot reach the Major; therefore whatever you do, go back to Ugarrowa's.' Having said this, he gave up his last breath, and rolled over, dead.

"In the morning we buried our own people, and around our zeriba there were nine natives dead, while within there were six. We beheaded the bodies, and after collecting their heads in a heap, held council together as to the best course to follow. There were seventeen of us alive, but there were now only four of us untouched by a wound. Jumah's last words rung in our ears like a warning also, and we decided to return to Ugarrowa's. It was easier said than done. I will not weary you with details—we met trouble after trouble. Those who were wounded before were again wounded with arrows; those who were unwounded did not escape—not one excepting myself, who am by God's mercy still whole. A canoe was capsized and we lost five rifles. Ismailia was shot dead at Panga Falls. But why need we say over again what I have already said? We reached Ugarrowa's after an absence of forty-three days. There were only sixteen of us alive, and fifteen of us were wounded. Let the scars of those wounds tell the rest of the story. We are all in God's hands and in yours. Do with us as you see fit. I have ended my words."

Among those who heard this dreadful story of trials for the first time there was scarcely a dry eye. Down many faces the tears ran copiously, and deep sighs and ejaculations of pity gushed from the sympathetic hearts. When the speaker had finished, before my verdict was given, there was a rush towards him, and hands stretched out to grasp his own, while they cried out with weeping eyes, "Thank God! thank God! You have done bravely; yes, you have shown real worth and the mettle of men."

It was thus we welcomed our long-lost couriers, whose fate had been ever in our minds since our departure from Fort Bodo. They had been singularly unsuccessful in the object of their mission, but somehow they could not have been more honoured by us had they returned with letters from the Major. The story of their efforts and their sufferings was well told, and was rendered more effective and thrilling by the sight of the many wounds each member of

the gallant band had received. Through the kindness of Ugarrowa, whose sympathies had been won by their sad but brave story, their wounds had soon healed, but two of the men were constantly ailing and weak. I may state here that one finally recovered his usual strength in the course of two months, the other in the same time faded away and died.

In Ugarrowa's camp were also discovered three famous deserters, and two of our convalescents who were absent foraging during Lieut. Stairs' visit. One of these deserters had marched away with a box of ammunition, another had stolen a box containing some of Emin Pasha's boots and a few pairs of my own. They had ventured into a small canoe, which naturally was capsized, and they had experienced some remarkable hair-breadth escapes before they arrived at Ugarrowa's. They had been delivered as prisoners to Lieut. Stairs, but a few days later they again escaped to Ugarrowa's, to be now delivered up to me. These two afterwards behaved exceedingly well, but the third, while a victim to small-pox, some few weeks later, escaped from the care of his friends and leaped into the Nejambi Rapids, where he was drowned.

Ugarrowa, being out of powder, was more than usually kind. A notable present of four goats, four sacks of rice, and three large canoes was made to me. The goats and rice, as may be imagined, were very welcome to us, nor were the canoes a despicable gift, as I could now treble the rate of our descent down the river; for in addition to our own canoes the entire Expedition of 130 fighting men, boys, followers, and Madi carriers, besides the baggage, could be embarked.

No news had been obtained of our Rear Column by either the couriers or Ugarrowa. The letter to the Major, which I had delivered to Ugarrowa for despatch by his couriers last September, was now returned to me with the letters from my own couriers. He had sent forty-five men down the river, but at Manginni, about half-way between Wasp Rapids and My-yui, they had been obliged to return. Thus both efforts to communicate with Major Barttelot had been unsuccessful, and could not but deepen the impression that something exceedingly awry had occurred with the Rear Column. Among the letters delivered to me by Ugarrowa was one written by Dr. Parke to Major Barttelot. It ran thus:—

"Fort Bodo,  
"15th February, 1888.

"MY DEAR OLD BARTELLOT,

"I hope you are 'going strong,' and Jameson 'pulling double.' None of us here have any idea where you are. Some of us officers and men say you are on the way up river, others say you are still at Yambuya, unable to move with a large pumber of loads, and amongst the men there is an idea that your Zanzibaris may have gone over to Tippu-Tib. Stanley reached the Lake 14th December, 1887, but could not communicate with Emin Pasha. As he had not got his boat, he then came back from the Lake into the bush, and made this fort to store his baggage, while he



again goes on to the Lake with Jephson and boat. Stairs goes to Ugarrowa's tomorrow with twenty men, who are to go on to you and who bring this letter. Stairs returns here with about forty or fifty men who were left at Ugarrowa's, and then goes on after Stanley, as the place is only 80 or 100 miles from the Lake. I am to stay at this fort with forty or fifty men. Nelson, who has been ailing for months, therefore also remains here. We had an awful time coming here. I often said I was starved at school, but it was stuffing compared with what we have gone through. I am glad to say all the white men are very fit, but the mortality amongst the men was enormous, something like 50 per cent. Up to Ugarrowa's there is plenty of food, but little or none along the river this side of Ugarrowa's. Stanley, I know, is writing you all about the starvation and the road. To-day, Stanley fell in all the men, and asked them all if they wanted to go to the Lake or go back for you. Most of the men at first wanted to go back, but afterwards the majority were for the Lake; both Stairs, Jephson, and myself were for the Lake, so as to decide if Emin Pasha was alive or not, so as not to bring your column up all this way and then go back to Muta Nzigé. All the men are as fat as butter; some of them, however, who stayed with me at an Arab camp for three months, where I was left to look after Nelson, and sick men, and boxes, etc., are reduced to skin and bone. Out of thirty-eight, eleven died of starvation. Stairs was the only officer wounded, but many of the men died from their wounds.

"We are all in a bad way for boots; none of us have a good pair. I have made two pairs, but they did not last long, and all my clothes have been stolen by 'Rehani,' a Zanzibari. Stanley has had me working hard all day, and I have only time to write these few lines as the sun is going down. Our party have lost and sold a great quantity of ammunition.

"Give my best wishes to old Jameson, also the other fellows whom I know; and hoping to see you up here before long,

"Believe me, yours very sincerely,

"T. H. P.

"We are all awfully sick of this 'bush'; it continues to within a few miles of the Lake."

The next day was a halt. The senior Chief Rashid and his land party did not arrive before 2 P.M. of the 11th. The current had carried our flotilla in five hours, a journey which had occupied him fifteen hours to march. But on the 12th of August, having safely passed the canoes below the rapids, we embarked at noon and proceeded down river. Opposite Elephant-playground camp we met one of Ugarrowa's scouting canoes ascending, the men of which related wonderful stories of the strength, fierceness, and boldness of the Batundu natives. Two hours later the Batundu drums announced our advent on the river; but when their canoes advanced to reckon the number of our vessels, they quietly retired, and we occupied their chief village in peace, and slept undisturbed during the night.

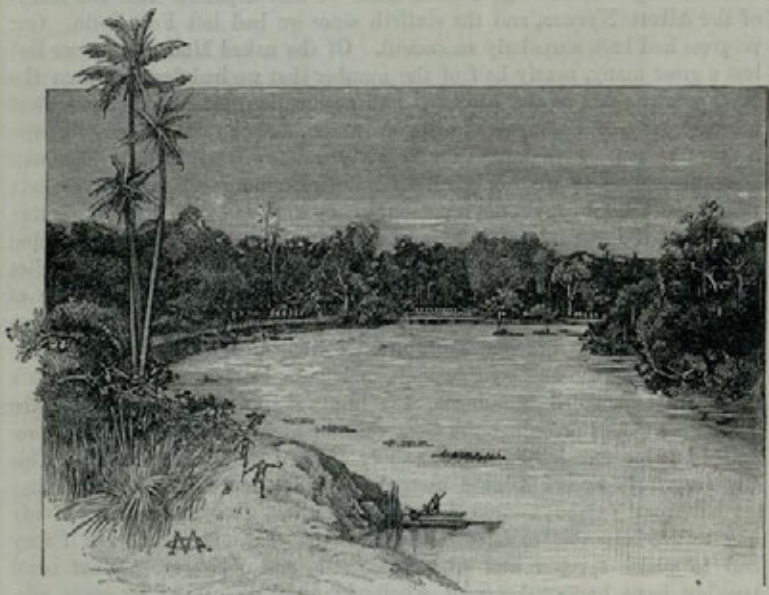
At S. Mupé we arrived on the 13th, and halted one day to prepare food for our further journey down river, but on the next day, the 15th, we passed the flotilla safely down the various rapids, and camped below the lowest Mariri Rapids.

Resuming the journey on the 16th, we floated and paddled past three of our land march camps, and on a large island possessing huts sufficient to accommodate 2000 people we halted for the night. Both banks of the river were unpeopled and abandoned, but no one could impart any reason for this wholesale devastation. Our first thought was that our visit had perhaps caused their abandonment, but as the natives had occupied their respective villages in view of the rear-guard, we concluded that probably some internecine war was the cause.

This day was the eighty-third since we had departed from the shores of the Albert Nyanza, and the sixtieth since we had left Fort Bodo. Our progress had been singularly successful. Of the naked Madi carriers we had lost a great many, nearly half of the number that we had departed from the Nyanza with; but of the hardened and acclimatised Zanzibaris we had lost but three, two of whom were lost by drowning, and one was missing through a fit of spleen. Five hundred and sixty miles of the journey had been accomplished, there were only ninety miles remaining between Bungangeta Island and Yambuya, yet not a rumour of any kind had been heard respecting the fate of the rear column. This constant and unsatisfied longing, pressing on my mind with a weight as of lead, with the miserable un nourishing diet of dry plantains, was fast reducing me into an aged and decrepit state of mind and body. That old buoyant confident feeling which had upheld me so long had nearly deserted me quite. I sat near sunset by the waterside alone, watching the sun subside lower and lower before the horizon of black foliage that bounded Makubana, the limits of my view. I watched the ashen grey clouds preceding the dark calm of night, and I thought it represented but too faithfully the melancholy which I could not shake off. This day was nearly twelve months from the date the rear column should have set out from Yambuya—365 days. Within this period 100 carriers only might have been able to have advanced as far as Bungangeta, even if they had to make seven round trips backwards and forwards. What could possibly have happened except wholesale desertion caused by some misunderstanding between the officers and men? In the darkness I turned into my tent, but in my nervous and highly-strung state could find no comfort there; and at last I yielded and implored the all-seeing and gracious Providence to restore to me my followers and companions, and allay the heartache that was killing me.

At the usual hour on the 17th, we embarked in our canoes and resumed our journey down the river, paddling languidly as we floated. It was a sombre morning. As we glided past Bungangeta district we observed that the desolation had not been confined to it, but that Makubana also had shared the same fate; and soon after coming in view of the mighty curve of Banalya, whose south bank had been so populous, we observed that the district of the Banalya had also been included. But about half-past nine

we saw through the light mist of the morning one village a great way down, still standing, which we supposed was the limit of the devastation. But as we drew near we discovered that it had a stockade. In July, 1887, when we passed up, Banalya was deemed too powerful to need a stockade. Presently white dresses were seen, and with the field glass I discovered a red flag hoisted. A suspicion of the truth crept into my mind. A light puff of wind unrolled the flag for an instant, and the white crescent and star was revealed. I sprang to my feet and cried out, "The Major, boys! Pull away



VIEW OF BANALYA CURVE

bravely." A vociferous shouting and lurrating followed, and every canoe shot forward at racing speed.

About 200 yards from the village we stopped paddling, and as I saw a great number of strangers on the shore, I asked, "Whose men are you?" "We are Stanley's men," was the answer delivered in mainland Swahili. Assured by this, and still more by the sight of a European standing near the gate, we paddled ashore. The European on a nearer view turned out to be Mr. William Bonny, who had been engaged as doctor's assistant to the Expedition.

Pressing his hand, I said,





G. MONTBA

MEETING WITH THE REAR COLUMN AT DANALYA



"Well, Bonny, how are you? Where is the Major? Sick, I suppose?"

"The Major is dead, sir."

"Dead? Good God! How dead? Fever?"

"No, sir, he was shot."

"By whom?"

"By the Manyema—Tippu-Tib's people."

"Good heavens! Well, where is Jameson?"

"At Stanley Falls."

"What is he doing there, in the name of goodness?"

"He went to obtain more carriers."

"Well, then, where is Mr. Ward, or Mr. Troup?"

"Mr. Ward is at Bangala."

"Bangala! Bangala! what can he be doing there?"

"Yes, sir, he is at Bangala, and Mr. Troup has been invalided home some months ago."

The strangers I had observed belonged to Tippu-Tib, and they now pressed congratulations upon our arrival, and our people hurrying in through the narrow gate with the baggage from the canoes, bawling out recognition of their friends, leaping with joy, or howling with grief, made Banaiya Camp indescribably tumultuous for a time.

After the baggage was stored, and the more immediate businesses attending our arrival had been concluded, I obtained some leisure to hear from Mr. Bonny what had happened during our absence, but it took me several days to understand the whole extraordinary story of the rear column.



## CHAPTER XIX

## THE STORY OF THE REAR COLUMN.

The assassination of Major Barttelot—Mr. Jameson departs for Stanley Falls, and thence to Bangala—Death of Mr. Jameson.

THE following brief narrative of events connected with the rear column is drawn from the written and oral reports and letters of three out of the four officers attached to it.

The steamer *Stanley*, as already stated in Chapter VI., departed from Yambuya on the 20th June, to bring up from Bolobo the 125 men, who, on account of the inadequacy of the transport, had been left behind under the charge of Messrs. Troup, Ward, and Bonny. The steamer was expected to return with these men not later than the 10th August, after which the rear column would be complete; and in a few days more, as believed by us of the advance column, would begin to follow us through the forest, whether Tippu-Tib's promised carrier contingent had joined it or not. But what happened was this. The *Stanley* arrived at Yambuya on the 14th August with all the men and stores expected. The column thus completed numbered between 250 and 260 men and boys, out of whom about 200 were effective carriers. The loads now consisted of 330 of ammunition, 232 of barter goods, 81 of provisions, twenty-five of personal baggage, and two of tobacco and empty sacks, making a total of 670. But if the Major decided on a forward movement, he could at once discard, according to the letter of instructions, 147 loads, which would leave 523 to be carried, or to be dealt with according to the decision of the officers.

From the date Major Barttelot left Stanley Falls nothing had been heard from Tippu-Tib, and on the final departure of the *Stanley*, on the 17th August, the officers were confronted with the necessity of deciding whether they should follow, as they best could, the advance column, or remain at Yambuya to await its return from the Albert Nyanza. They met to deliberate, but before they came to any conclusion, they heard musketry firing across the river, and looking out to examine into the cause, saw several men dressed in white cottons attacking the natives. Messrs. Ward and Bonny, hastening in a canoe to the opposite side, discovered that the attack was made by Tippu Tib's people, under a headman called Abdallah. The next day Abdallah came over

to the camp, and from him the Major learned that Tippu-Tib had, weeks ago, actually sent 500 men by river to go and join him, but that, owing to native hostility and their ignorance of the situation of Yambuys, they had abandoned the attempt to reach it and returned to Stanley Falls. When questioned as to how far the Falls were across country, Abdallah said that they could do



MAJOR BARTELLOT

the journey in six days, and that if the officers required to see Tippu-Tib, he was ready to show them the way to his station.

Believing from what the Arab said that Tippu-Tib was, notwithstanding this long delay, honest in his intentions to supply the Expedition with the carriers, the Major sent Messrs. Jameson and Ward to Stanley Falls, to

persuade him to hurry the carriers to Yambuya, as the Expedition was waiting for them.

Mr. Herbert Ward returned from his mission on August 29, with a promise that the carriers would be at Yambuya within ten days. Soon after Mr. Jameson arrived, accompanied by Salim bin Mohammed, a nephew of Tippu-Tib, and a large party of Manyuema, who were supposed to be a portion of the carrier force which the chief would bring with him in person.

During the interval of waiting for the remainder trouble broke out on the Lumami River, and Tippu-Tib was obliged to hasten there to settle it. The month of September passed, and the carriers not being forthcoming, the suspense became intolerable, and on the 1st of October Major Barttelot resolved to go to Stanley Falls, to find out the cause of such a long delay. Salim and Mr. Troup accompanied him. On the way they met the Arab chief advancing towards Yambuya, having six deserters from our advance column with him, each bearing a weighty tusk of ivory. The Major made a present of the ivory to Tippu-Tib, and as there was to be a palaver, the party continued on their way to the Falls.

In November Major Barttelot returned to Yambuya, and stated that Tippu-Tib had found it necessary to go to Kassongo, as he was unable to find a sufficient number of carriers in the vicinity of Stanley Falls. The journey to Kassongo and back would occupy forty-two days.

The Major learned on his arrival that Majato, the headman of the Manyuema, had been intimidating the natives, who had begun to be friendly, and were selling their produce, with the view of inducing them to bring their produce to him, that he might reap some gain by re-sale of it to the Zanzibaris. Indignant at the interference of Majato, the Major sent Mr. Ward to the Falls to complain of his conduct, and the result was the recall of Majato.

The month of December passed in dreary waiting for Tippu-Tib's return from Kassongo. In January, 1888, Salim bin Mohammed came to Yambuya, and in a short time was so active in his measures against the natives that they were thoroughly frightened, and the food supply of the camp was cut off. Salim also began to construct a permanent camp at half a bow shot's distance from the palisades of Yambuya as though he intended to invest it.

After a futile attempt to bribe Salim with the offer of a thousand pounds to accompany him on the track of the advance column, Major Barttelot, about the middle of February, took Mr. Jameson with him for a fourth visit to Stanley Falls, and Salim, fearing probably that an unfavourable account of his behaviour would be given, followed the two officers. In a few days they met 250 Manyuema on the road, but as they had no written instructions, they were left to scatter over the country in search of ivory.

In the month of March Salim returned to Yambuya, and informed the officers there that he had no doubt the carriers would be ultimately furnished,



not however for the purpose of following the track of the advance column, but to go to Unyoro by way of Ujiji!

Towards the end of the month the Major reached Yambuya with the information that Mr. Jameson had gone up the Lualaba to hurry up Tippu-Tib. He also announced his intention of forming a flying column, and leaving the larger portion of the goods in store at Stanley Falls. But one of the first things he did after his arrival was to despatch Mr. Herbert Ward down the Congo with a telegram to the Relief Committee in London.

On the 1st of May Mr. Ward reached St. Paul de Loanda, on the sea, and cabled the following words:—

“No news of Stanley since writing last October. Tippu-Tib went to Kassongo, November 16th, but up to March has only got us 250 men. More are coming, but uncertain in number, and as precaution, presuming Stanley in trouble (it would) be absurd in me to start with less number than he did, while carrying more loads, minus Maxim gun. Therefore I have sent Jameson to Kassongo to hasten Tippu-Tib in regard to originally proposed number of 600 men, and to obtain as many fighting men as possible up to 400, also to make as advantageous terms as he can regarding service, and payment of men, he and I guaranteeing money in name of Expedition. Jameson will return about the 14th, but earliest day to start will be June 1st, when I propose leaving an officer with all loads not absolutely wanted at Stanley Falls. Ward carries this message. Please obtain wire from the King of the Belgians to the Administrator of the Free State to place carriers at his disposal, and have steamers in readiness to convey him to Yambuya. If men come before his arrival, I shall start without him. He should return about July 1st. Wire advice, and opinion. Officers all well. Ward awaits reply.

“BARTELLOT.”

The reply from the Relief Committee in London to the above despatch was:—

“Major Barttelot, care Ward, Congo.

“Committee refer you to Stanley’s orders of the 24th June, 1887. If you still cannot march in accordance with these orders, then stay where you are, awaiting his arrival, or until you receive fresh instructions from Stanley. Committee do not authorise the engagement of fighting men. News has been received from Emin Pasha via Zanzibar, dated Wadelai, November 2nd. Stanley was not then heard of. Emin Pasha is well and in no immediate want of supplies, and goes to south-west of lake to watch for Stanley. Letters have been posted regularly, via East Coast.

“CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEE.”

Mr. Ward started up the Congo with the reply, but on reaching Bangala he found instructions awaiting him from Major Barttelot, that he was to stay at Bangala, as he had no further use for his services.

By the end of March, Major Barttelot was on bad terms with Salim bin Mohammed, and in consequence he determined to make a fifth journey to Stanley Falls to try and get him removed. About the middle of April he returned to Yambuya, and Salim received his orders to quit. But instead of

going to the Falls, Salim made a raid upon a settlement below Yambuya, whence he presently reappeared, stating that there was a rumour that the advance column was descending the Upper Aruwimi.

On the 9th May the Major paid a sixth visit to Stanley Falls, and returned to the camp on the 22nd with Mr. Jameson and a large party of Manyema. Three days later Tippu-Tib himself came by steamer *A.I.A.* The *Stanley* also came in with letters for the Expedition.

Despite the fact that the rear column had been 278 days resting at Yambuya, a good deal had still to be done before it could begin its march. Tippu-Tib said that the usual 60 lb. loads were too heavy for his people, and the officers were therefore obliged to reduce the loads to 40, 30, and 20 lbs. weight. It was no light task, but it had to be done, as among the native carriers were scores of boys.

An advance payment was also insisted upon, and the Major paid over 47 bales of cloth and a vast store of powder and fixed ammunition, besides which £128 worth of goods were given to the headman, Muini Somai, who was to lead the Manyema carriers.

The European provisions were then overhauled, and such articles as Madeira wine, jams, tapioca, arrowroot, sardines, herrings, and wheat-flour were boxed up, and, with eight loads of my personal baggage, were shipped on the steamer for Bangala. Mr. Troup, being an invalid, was also sent home by the steamer.

Out of the original rear-column, as it existed on the 17th August, 1887, there were now living only 135 men and boys. Over 100 had perished in the camp, and 33 were in such a state of debility that they had to be left at Yambuya.

On the 4th of June, 1888, Major Barttelot wrote his last report to the Chairman of the Relief Committee, out of which are extracted the following paragraphs:—

“ Yambuya Camp.

“ SIR,—

“ I have the honour to report to you that we are about to make a move, though with far less numbers than I originally intended. Tippu-Tib has at last, but with great reluctance, given us 400 men. I have also obtained from another Arab, called Muini Somai, 30 more carriers. We shall not move earlier than the 9th of June, and our forces will be as follows:—

Soudanese, 22 . . .	rifles, 22 . . .	
Zanzibaris, 110 . . .	rifles, 110 . . .	loads, 90.
Manyuema, 430 . . .	muskets, 300 . . .	loads, 380.

“ The officers in command are: Major Barttelot, commanding; Mr. J. S. Jameson, second; Mr. W. Bonny.

“ Sheik Muini Somai is in command of the Manyuema force.

\* \* \* \* \*

"My intentions on leaving this camp are to make the best of my way along the same route taken by Mr. Stanley. Should I get no tidings of him along the road, to proceed as far as Kavalli; and then, if I hear nothing there, to proceed to Kibero. If I can ascertain either at Kavalli or Kibero his whereabouts, no matter how far it may be, I will endeavour to reach him. Should he be in a fix, I will do my utmost to relieve him. If neither at Kavalli nor Kibero I can obtain tidings of him, I shall go on to Wadelai, and ascertain from Emin Pasha, if he be there still, if he has any news of Mr. Stanley, also of his own intentions as regards staying or leaving. I will persuade him, if possible, to come out with me, and, if necessary, aid me in my search for Mr. Stanley. Should it for sundry reasons be unnecessary to look further for Mr. Stanley, I will place myself and force at his disposal, to act as his escort, proceeding by which route is most feasible, so long as it is not through Uganda, as in that event the Manyemas would leave me, as I have promised Tippu-Tib they shall not go there, and that I will bring them back, or send a white officer with them back to their own country by the shortest and quickest route on completion of my object. This is always supposing Emin Pasha to be there and willing to come away.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I need not tell you that all our endeavours will be most strenuous to make the quest in which we are going a success, and I hope that my actions may meet with the approval of the committee, and that they will suspend all judgment concerning those actions, either in the present, past, or future, till I or Mr. Jameson return home.

"Rumour is always rife, and is seldom correct, concerning Mr. Stanley. I can hear no news whatever, though my labours in that direction have been most strenuous. He is not dead, to the best of my belief, nor of the Arabs here or at Kasongo.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Concerning Tippu-Tib, I have nothing to say beyond that he has broken faith with us, and can only conjecture from surrounding events and circumstances the cause of his unreasonable delay in supplying men, and the paucity of that supply.

"I deem it my bounden duty to proceed on this business, in which I am fully upheld by both Mr. Jameson and Mr. Bonny; to wait longer would be both useless and culpable, as Tippu-Tib has not the remotest intention of helping us any more, and to withdraw would be pusillanimous, and, I am certain, entirely contrary to your wishes and those of the Committee.

"I calculate it will take me from three to four months to reach the Lakes, and from seven to nine more to reach the coast.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I have, etc., etc.,

"EDMUND M. BARTELOT, Major.

"To Mr. WILLIAM MACKINNON,

"President of the Emin Pasha Relief Committee."

The column finally began its journey on our track on the 11th of June, about 290 days later than we of the advance believed it had started. Altogether, as there were 571 men and boys, and over 300 women and children,



there must have been about 900 souls in the caravan. However, the road was clearly marked for them, and the Manyuema were efficient woodsmen. They marched 5 miles that day.

On the twelfth day the Zanzibaris were disarmed, because some had deserted, and the Major resolved to make a seventh visit to Stanley Falls. He proceeded on the 24th June with 14 Zanzibaris, 3 Soudanese, and his boys, in the hope that he would be able to check the desertion. He had no idea as to the cause of it, but he feared that, if it continued, he would not have a load left. He turned the command over to Mr. Bonny.

During the Major's absence the column made short marches, halted several days, and pushed on again. Desertions and thefts of goods continued, while the Manyuema frequently indulged in indiscriminate shooting, thus wasting an enormous amount of ammunition, besides irritating the officers, and often endangering their lives. Mr. Jameson finally put a stop to the firing, by threatening to shoot the first man found in the act of letting off his gun. Provisions were plentiful along the road, as the column was pursuing a road further inland.

On the 15th of July, Mr. Bonny, with the van of the column, reached Banalya, about 90 miles distance from Yambuya. In the afternoon Major Barttelot also arrived by another path from Stanley Falls. On the next day the Major had some misunderstanding with the headman Abdallah Karoni, who had established himself at Banalya to collect the ivory of the region upon the same system pursued by Ugarrova and Kilonga-Longa, higher up the river. The quarrel was so serious that the Major threatened to go again on the 20th to Stanley Falls, to complain of Abdallah's conduct. But it is better that Mr. Bonny's official report should describe what followed:—

"18th July, 1888.—The Major continued to threaten Abdallah that if he did not get the carriers promised by Tippu-Tib he would return to Stanley Falls on the 20th, and he ordered the Arab to accompany him. The Major informed me he would be back on the 9th of August, but before concluding his remarks he asked me, 'Don't you think I am doing the correct thing by going to Stanley Falls?' I answered, 'No, I don't see why you want sixty more men; you have men enough and to spare! You had better issue the rifles and ammunition to the men, and that will reduce the number of our burdens by fifteen, and trust the men. Mr. Stanley is obliged to trust the men. If they run away from you they run away from him, but if you leave them in my hands I don't think they will run.' The Major said, 'I intend that you shall have command of the Zanzibaris and Soudanese from here, and you shall precede the Manyuema a day's march. Mr. Jameson and I will march with the Manyuema and get them into some order, and see they do not mix up with your people. I don't want to go to the Falls, but I want you to try to get some few men. If you only get me twenty I shall be satisfied.' I asked Abdallah if he could let me have a few carriers. I obtained seven.

"19th July.—Early this morning a Manyuema woman commenced beating a drum and singing. It is their daily custom. The Major sent his boy Souidi, who was only

about thirteen years old, to stop them, but at once loud and angry voices were heard, followed by two shots by way of defiance. The Major ordered some Soudanese to go and find the men who were firing, at the same time getting up from bed himself and taking his revolvers from the case. He said, 'I will shoot the first man I catch firing.' I told him not to interfere with the people's daily custom, to remain inside, and not go out, inasmuch as they would soon be quiet. He went out revolver in hand to where the Soudanese were. They told him they could not find the men who were firing. The Major then pushed aside some Manyema and passed through them towards the woman who was beating the drum and singing, and ordered her to desist. Just then a shot was fired through a loophole in an opposite hut from within, by Sanga, the woman's husband. The charge penetrated just below the region of the heart and passed out behind, lodging finally in a part of the verandah under which the Major fell dead.

"The Soudanese ran away, and refused to follow me to get the Major's body; but I went, and was followed by one Somali and one Soudanese, who with myself carried the body to my house. From the screaming I thought a general massacre had commenced, for I had not seen a single Zanzibari. They were either hiding within their houses or joining in the general stampede that followed. I now turned and saw one of the headmen of the Manyema, who with rifle and revolver in hand was leading a body of sixty of his people to attack me. I had no arms. I walked up to him and asked him if he was leading his men to fight me. He replied 'No.' I said, 'Then take your men quietly to their houses and bring all the headmen to me, for I wish to speak to them.' Some headmen shortly afterwards made their appearance, and I said to them, 'The trouble is not mine, but Tippu-Tib's. I want you to bring me all the loads, and tell all your fellows to do the same. Tippu-Tib knows what each of you has in charge and is responsible for them. This is Tippu-Tib's trouble. Tippu-Tib will have to pay up if the goods are lost, and will punish the headman who causes him a loss. I shall write to him, and he will come here, and he shall know the name of him who refuses to do what I now wish.' This resulted in my getting back to the storeroom about 150 loads. I now sent my men to collect what goods they could, and before long I recovered 299 porter loads. They had been scattered all over the place, some in the forest, in the rice field, and in the village huts hidden away within and without, in fact everywhere. Some of the bead sacks and ammunition boxes had already been ripped or broken open, and the whole of their contents, or in part, gone. After counting up I found I was forty-eight loads short. The inhabitants of the village numbered about 200 or 300 people. I had arrived with about 100 men; Muni Sumai, the chief headman of the Manyema, with 430 carriers and about 200 followers, making a total of about 1000 people, of whom 900 were cannibals, all confined within an area 160 yards by 25 yards. You can therefore better judge than I can describe the scene when the general stampede commenced, the screaming, firing, shouting, looting our stores, &c., &c. I regret to say that the Soudanese and Zanzibaris without exception joined in the looting, but in my turn I raided their houses and haunts and captured a quantity of cloth, beads, rice, &c. I had to punish severely before I succeeded in stopping it. I now wrote to Mr. Jameson, who was about four days off bringing up the remaining loads. I also wrote to Mons. Baert, a Congo State officer, and secretary to Tippu-Tib at Stanley Falls, explaining what had taken place, how I was situated, and asking him to use all his tact with Tippu-Tib to get him to come here or send some chief to replace Muni Somai, who had

been one of the first to abscond. I told Mons. Baert to tell Tippu-Tib that all Europe would blame him if he did not assist us. I then buried the Major, after sewing the body up in a blanket. I dug a grave just within the forest, placing leaves as a cushion at the bottom of the grave, and covered the body with the same. I then read the Church service from our Prayer-Book over the body, and this brought the terrible day to a close.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I have the honour to be, Sir, &c., &c.,

"WILLIAM BONNY.

"To H. M. STANLEY, Esq.,

"Commander, Emin Pasha Relief Expedition."

Three days after the tragedy, Mr. Jameson entered Banalya with the stragglers and rear-guard and assumed command. On the 25th of July he made known his intention to proceed to Stanley Falls to see Tippu-Tib in the hope of being able to induce that person to head the rear column himself, or send one of his nephews instead, as he was clearly of the opinion that Muini Somai was incompetent to manage the Manyuema.

On the 26th Mr. Jameson sent a note to Mr. Bonny stating that he had met Muini Somai returning to Banalya, as he had been persuaded by others that it was his best course, and that Muini Somai informed him that one of Sanga's women was beating the drum when the Major came up and went to the house to see whence the noise proceeded. Sanga, thinking that he was going to beat the woman as he had beaten the man the day before, fired at him. The murderer was reported to be at Stanley Falls.

On the 14th August, Mr. Bonny received another letter from Mr. Jameson, who wrote to say that Tippu-Tib had tried Muini Somai, and finding him guilty of misconduct, had torn up his contract. The Arab chief had also agreed to hand over Sanga, the murderer, to him for justice, but the state officers at Stanley Falls had claimed that power, and would try him.

The four following entries by Mr. Bonny in the log-book of the rear column explain themselves:—

"August 17th.—Mr. Stanley arrived here about 11 A.M. this morning, in good health but thin. He came by water, with about thirty canoes, and accompanied by about 200 followers, some of whom are natives belonging to Emin Pasha. I briefly told Mr. Stanley the news, handed to him eleven letters addressed to himself, and four addressed to Emin Pasha.

"August 18th.—A Manyuema admits to Mr. Stanley that he had two ba'es of Zanzibar cloth, and knew a man who had a bag of beads, taken from me on the 19th July. Mr. Stanley advised the headman to return the goods to me.

"I received a letter dated August 12th, Stanley Falls, from Mr. Jameson. Muini Somai came in and saw Mr. Stanley.

"August 19th.—Muini Somai has now returned all rifles, revolvers, and ammunition, besides top of tent.

"August 20th.—The Soudanese and Zanzibaris paraded to day of their own accord before Mr. Stanley, and complained to him that they had been badly treated."



In the letter of Mr. Jameson of the 12th August were the following:—

“Yesterday Sanga (the murderer) was tried before Tippu-Tib and the Belgian Resident. He was found guilty, and shot immediately afterwards.

\* \* \* \* \*

“My hopes sometimes have been raised to the highest pitch, and then thrown to the ground the next moment. When Tippu-Tib said he would go (to lead the column) for £20,000, I told him I did not think the Committee would give it, but if he would give me certain guarantees, I would pay half the sum myself as a subscription to the Expedition. But after what he said no one would take him.

\* \* \* \* \*

“You remember that in camp I had serious thought for reasons you know of not bringing Ward; but if we do start this time without any head man, it is most necessary that there should be three of us. I assure you that his coming will not in the least interfere with your command of the Zanzibaris. And now, old man, good bye, and God bless you.

“Very sincerely yours,

“JAMES S. JAMESON.”

“To Mr. WM. BONNY,  
“Banalya.”

\* After my return to England in 1890 Mr. Herbert Ward wrote me a letter which he closes with the following:—

“Five weeks after my arrival (from St. Paul de Loanda) at Bangala, news came down by the *Ea Arant* that the Major had been assassinated. Jameson, who was at the Falls seeing to the punishment of the murderer, and re-organisation of the Manyema Contingent, wrote and urged me to stay at Bangala. Having descended from the (Stanley) Falls in canoes, he was in the last stage of bilious fever. Despite every care and attention he died the following day. He came down to Bangala to learn the Committee's reply to the Major's cable. On the first day of his journey down in the canoes he caught a fatal chill, which resulted in his death from bilious fever. There being no possible chance of my joining Bonny, as no steamer was to again visit the Falls for some months, I went to the coast to acquaint the Committee with the fact of Jameson's death, and the position of affairs as I learnt them from Jameson before his death. They cabled an order for me to return to the Falls, and hand over the remaining stores to the State Station there, and to bring down Bonny and the men for shipment. Upon reaching Stanley Pool I found that news had just been received of your arrival at Banalya and return to Emin Pasha. I continued my journey, however, to the Falls, and took up with me all the loads that the Major had sent down to Bangala. I remained one month at the Falls anxiously hoping for further news of you.

“After collecting all that remained of the sick men whom the Major handed over to Tippu-Tib, I descended the Congo again in canoes and returned to Europe according to the cable instructions of the Committee.

“The above is a simple and truthful statement of facts relating to the failure of the rear-guard.

“No one can feel more bitterly disappointed at the unfortunate condition of affairs than myself. I regret most sincerely that my services were so profitless.”

## CHAPTER XX

## WE START OUR THIRD JOURNEY TO THE NYANZA

Mr. Bonny and the Zanzibaris—The Zanzibaris' complaints—Poison of the Manioc—Mr. Jameson's letter from Stanley Falls—We start for Lake Albert—Ugarrowa and Salim bin Mohammed visit me—Tippu-Tib, Major Barttelot, and the carriers—My answer to Tippu-Tib—Small-pox among the Madi carriers and the Manyema—Two more Zanzibari raiders slain—Breach of promises in the Expedition—Wasp Rapids—Ten of our men killed and eaten by natives—Canoe accident at Manginui—Lakki's raiding party at Mambanga—Feruzi and the bush antelope—Our cook shot dead by poisoned arrow—Further casualties—The poisoned arrows—Mabengu Rapids—Child-birth on the road—Our sick list—Native affection—A tornado—Encounter with the Bavikai natives—A cloud of moths at Hippo Breads—Death of the boy Soudi—Incident at Avaiyabu—Result of vaccinating the Zanzibaris—Zanzibari stung by wasps—Misfortunes at Amiri Rapids—Collecting food prior to march to Avatiko.

THE next morning which dawned on us after the arrival of the advance column at Banalya, the Soudanese and Zanzibaris mustered of their own accord to lay their complaints before me. Mr. Bonny stated in his official report to me, it had been his intention, "under God's help," to have made the Expedition more successful than it had been hitherto. On account of the tone of his written report, his conduct during the terrible hours of the 19th July, and the touching fidelity to his duties, Mr. Bonny had considerably improved in my estimation. But no sooner had permission been given to the men to speak, than I was amazed to find myself listening to a confession from the men before me, that the first day's march to the eastward under Mr. Bonny was to be the signal for his total abandonment by them.

Out of those who had gathered to make their complaints, it appeared to me that only sixty were likely to survive the trials they had endured. They all appeared unutterably miserable, and many seemed heart-broken.

"Well, sit down, children," said I, "and let us talk this matter quietly." They seated themselves in a semi-circle before me, and our own robust people from the Nyanza crowded about behind them.

After some remarks, explaining my views of what had occurred, I asked Ferajji, their headman, "Did the white men ill-treat you?"

"No, they treated me well; but they were hard on some of the men."

"How hard, and on whom?"

"On the Zanzibaris, and if they were not active."

"But what did they wish them to be active for? Had you any important work to do?"

"No, for when the steamer went away there was little to do. Only fixing the earth work, sweep camp, cut fuel, and stand guard at night. But the *gocc-goees* (lazy or useless) would not come when called. Then the white men got impatient, and would call again louder. Then the *gocc-goees* would come slowly—lazily—little by little, and say they had pains in the head, or in the body, back, chest, or feet. Then the masters would get angry, and say they were shamming. Every day it was the same thing."

"But how could sweeping camp, getting fuel, and standing guard be hard work for 250 people?"

"It was no work at all."

"Was anybody else punished except the *gocc-goees*?"

"No one except the thieves."

"Did you have many of them?"

"I think all the thieves of Zanzibar joined the 'journey-makers' this time."

"That cannot be, Ferajji, because we had some thieves with us, and there must have been a few left on the coast."

The audience laugh. Ferajji replied, "That is indeed truth, but we had a great many with us. Brass rods, cowries, and garments were lost daily. Zanzibaris accused Soudanese, Soudanese accused Somalis, Somalis accused Zanzibaris, and so it went round. Nothing was safe. Put anything under your pillow, roll it under the sleeping-mat, bind it tight, and make it into a head-rest, and lo! in the morning it was gone! Indeed, I became afraid my teeth would be stolen next."

"But those white teeth of yours are not purchased, are they, Ferajji?"

"No, thank Allah, they were born with me, but those who thrive on thieving may well be feared."

"That is true, Ferajji; but why should they have stolen all the time?"

"Hunger made them steal. Hunger killed the strong lion in the fable, and hunger will kill the best man."

"Hunger! what are you talking of? Hunger, with all those fields of manioc near here?"

"Manioc, master! Manioc will do for a time, but manioc with sauce is better."

"Sauce! I don't understand you, Ferajji."

"Why, dry manioc—that is, manioc with nothing but itself—manioc in the morning, and at noon, and at the sunset meal, and manioc with neither salt, nor fish, nor meat, nor oil, nor butter, nor fat of any kind to assist its passage down the gullet, is apt to cloy. Give the Zanzibari now and then



something new to smell, or see with the manioc, and he is satisfied. Without that, the stomach by-and-by shuts the door, and won't take anything, and men die."

"I see, but I left salt in the storeroom. It was to purchase fish, bananas and palm oil that the brass rods, cowries and beads were for."

"Ah, now you are drawing near the point, master. Sometimes—nay, we were a long time without either."

"But if they were in the store, surely there must be some reason why they were not given out?"

"We come to the thieves again, who became so active that they sold our axes and bill-hooks, and sold them to the natives for fish. Those who shared in the fish refused to tell who the thieves were, and our rations of cowries and brass rods were stopped."

"After all, Ferajji, though manioc by itself is very dry eating, it is very good food. Think of it, all the blacks from Banana to Stanley Falls live on it; why should not Zanzibaris of this expedition live on it as they lived during six years on the Congo with me? I cannot see any reason for manioc to kill 100 men in eleven months. Tell me, when did the people begin to sicken?"

"There were about a dozen men when you left sick of ulcers, bowel and chest complaints. A few of these recovered; then, in about four weeks, many more got very feeble, and sank lower and thinner until they died, and we buried them. When our friends came up from Bolobo, we thought they looked very different from us at Yambuya. They were stout and strong—we were thin and dying. Then, in another month, the men from Bolobo began to sicken and die, and every few days we buried one, or two, or even three at a time. There was no difference after a while between the Yambuya and Bolobo men."

"Had you any cholera, small-pox, fever, or dysentery among you?"

"No, the men did not die of any of those things. Perhaps the Somalis and Soudanese did not take kindly to the climate, but it was not the climate that killed the Zanzibaris. Oh——"

"And you say it was not by the stick, or hard work, or cholera, small-pox, fever, dysentery or climate?"

"Nothing of any of those things killed the Zanzibaris."

"Were they shot, or hanged, poisoned, or drowaed?"

"Neither was any of those things done unto them, and a proper and good man was never punished, and we had one day out of seven in the week to ourselves."

"Now in the name of the Prophet Mohammed—throw your eyesight on these forty men here who sit apart. Look at those big eyes, and hollow cheeks, and every rib bare to the view. You see them? What has caused those men to be thus?"

"God knows!"

"Yet they are wasting away, man, and they will die."

"It is true."

"Well, then, give me some idea—of what is killing them."

"I cannot tell you, master; may be it is their fate to be thus."

"Bah! God has done His best for you. He has given you eyes to see, hands to feel, feet to walk, a good stomach to digest your food, and a sense to pilot your path through the world. Don't say that God made strong men to wither them away in this manner. I must and will find the reason of this out.

"Now, you Salim, the son of Rashid, speak to me. The son of a wise father should know a few wise things. There is Death among you, and I want to find out why. Say, how you and your comrades living in camp for a year can lose more lives than we did during all our journey, through this big forest, despite all the hunger and hard work we met?"

Salim, thus urged, replied modestly: "I am not wise, and all the world knows it. I am but a youth, and a porter, who for a little wage has come to gather a little money by carrying my load through Pagan lands. What strength I have I give freely to the owner of the caravan. Bitter things have happened to us while you were away. I have lost a brother since I came here. You must know, sir, that dry manioc and water is not good for a son of Adam. If our friends and relatives have sickened, and died—it must surely be that the manioc has had something to do with it. Thank God, I am well, and still strong, but I have seen the days when I would willingly have sold my freedom for a full meal. Whatsoever tended to fill the void of the stomach I have sought out and have continued to live on day after day, until—praise be to God and the Prophet—you have come back to us. But, sir, all men are not the same—the sense of all men is not equal, and it may be that white men differ one from the other as much as we blacks; for I see that some of them are rich, and some are poor, some attend the engines down in the belly of the ship, and some walk the quarter-deck and command."

"Aye, Salim has the gift of speech," murmured the crowd.

This encouraged Salim, who, clearing his throat, resumed: "There is no doubt that the main fault lies in the manioc. It is a most bitter kind, and the effects of eating it we all know. We know the sickness, the retching, the quaking of the legs, the softening of the muscles, the pain in the head as if it were bound with iron and the earth swimming round the place whereon we stand, and the fall into a deadly faint. I say we have felt all this, and have seen it in others. Some of us have picked up the knack of making it eatable; but there are others who are already too feeble or too lazy to try.

"For some time we have been thinking that in every camp of ours there is nothing but graves, and dying and burying. There has been no meat, nor salt, nor dripping, nor gravy. There has been manioc, always manioc, and

no more. But if the gullet be dry, what will drive the food down the passage? If the stomach is filled with loathing, it requires a little gravy or dripping to make the food palatable.

"We knew that in a few weeks we were to leave here for Stanley Falls, or for up the river, and we had made up our minds to leave the white men's service—every one of us. There has been death among us, it is here still, and no one knows what is the cause of it. I myself don't quite believe that it is because we are working for white men, but there are some of us who do. But we were all agreed until you came that we had had enough of it. There is another thing I wished to say, and that is—we have wondered why we who belong to the Continent should die, and white men who are strangers to it should live. When we were on the Congo and on other journeys, it was the white men who died, and not we. Now it is we who die, a hundred blacks for one white. No, master, the cause of death is in the food. The white men had meat of goat, and fowls, and fish; we have had nothing but manioc and therefore died. I have spoken my say."

"Well, it is my turn to talk. I have been listening, and thinking, and everything seems clear to me. You say that manioc was your food at Yambuya, and that it made you sick and your men died?"

"Yes."

"And you say that the men of Bolobo when they came to Yambuya were in good condition?"

"Yes."

"But that afterwards they became sick and died also?"

"Yes."

"What did the men of Bolobo eat when there?"

"Chikwanga."

"Well, what is chikwanga but bread made out of manioc?"

"That is true."

"Did you make it into bread?"

"Some of us."

"And some of you have lived. Now the truth of the matter is this. You went out into the fields, and gathered the manioc tubers, the finest and best. And you cut some leaves of manioc and brought them in, to bruise them and make greens. This manioc is of the bitter kind. This bitterness which you taste in it is poison. It would not only kill a few hundreds. It would kill a whole race.

"As you peeled the tubers, you cut raw slices and ate them, you pounded your greens, and as 'kitowêo' you ate them also. These are two instances in which you took poison.

"Now the men from Bolobo had bought the manioc bread from the native women. The women had steeped the tubers in the river for four or five or six days until the poison had all been washed away; they had then picked the



fibres out, dried the mush, and afterwards made it into good bread. That was what fed the Bolobo men, and fattened them. But the men of Yambuya had scraped their manioc, and cut the roots for drying in the sun, and as they did so they ate many a piece raw, and before the slices were well dried they had eaten some, because they had no reserve of food, and hunger forced them. Even those of you who put your roots to soak in the water ate many a nice-looking bit, and you bruised and cooked your greens to serve with your badly-prepared bread, and men naturally sickened and died of the poison; and the men of Bolobo, when they came up, did like the men of Yambuya, and by-and-by they fell ill and died also. That is the reason why there are a hundred graves at Yambuya, and that is what ails these sick men here. Not one of the white men died, because they had rice, beans, biscuits and meat of fowl and goat. If it were the climate that had killed your friends, the white men less adapted for it would have died first, as they have done on the lower Congo; but neither the climate nor the camp had anything to do with your mortal sickness—the retching, and quaking of the limbs, the vertigo and pain in the head, the weakening of the knees, and the softening of the muscles, the final loathing, and indifference to life—nothing else than the poison of the bitter manioc.

“What you should have done was to have sent two or three out of each mess daily to gather in the manioc in sufficient quantities and steep it in the river, and have always plenty of prepared flour on hand to make porridge or dumplings when hungry. Had you done so, I should have about 200 sleek and strong men ready for travel with me to Zanzibar.

“Now follow what I say to you now. Eat as little of this manioc as you can. Go, gather plenty of it, put it in the river to steep, and while it is soaking eat your fill of bananas and plantains. In a day or two I will move away from here. The sick shall be carried to a big island a few hours distant, and there you will prepare twenty days’ provisions of flour. Those who cannot get sufficient bananas will make gratings over the fire, slice the manioc thin, and let it dry till morning; then pound, and make into flour, and eat what is good for white man as well as black. To-morrow, all of you come back again to me, and you will throw away those filthy rags of clothing into the river, and I shall clothe you anew. Meantime, rejoice, and thank God that we have come to save you from the grave.”

We had brought with us a saving salve for all the despair and discontent of those who were herded within the pen of Banalya. The influence of the beauty of the grassland, its wealth of grains and vegetables, and its stores of food had been impressed so vividly upon the minds of our men of the advance column, that the subject-matter of their revelations excited the dullest mind to a lively hope that good times were come again. Those who had feasted their eyes and glutted their appetites in that glorious land were never tired of relating details such as charmed the sick men at Banalya. As vivid as the

word pictures describing the happy region was the rapture of attention paid to them by the poor emaciated. It seemed an Eden filled with all manner of pleasant things—abundance of food, grain and meat for strength, milk and millet for nourishment. Slight regard was paid by the narrators to the miserable months to be endured before this Eden could be reached, nor did the eager listeners sift the narratives, their imagination being too much engrossed with the pleasing pictures presented to them. I listened to the artless prattle of these adult children, and pitied them with all my soul. "Inshallah!" said the boys from the Nyanza, with fervid emotion, "We shall feast on beef once again, and then you will laugh at the days you fed on manioc roots and greens."

Was it to be doubted that these seductive visions would lead the sickly ones of Banalya from erring thoughts of desertion? Milk and honey, meat and millet, with wages and bounties, were stronger attractions than the dried fish of Stanley Falls, the cane of the Arab master, and a doubtful future.

The cloud that had so long weighed down the spirits of the men of the rear column was now about to be uplifted. But first it was necessary to remove every one from the immediate vicinity of the horrible pen of Banalya, the horrors of which nauseated us to look at. The stench was indescribable. Small-pox raged, there were six bodies unburied, while the ravenous ulcers, streaming and untended, poisoned the air and made me shudder. The couriers sent by me on the 17th of August to Tippu-Tib must have reached him on the 24th of August. I had stated I should wait for him ten days, and even that period was begrudged by the impatient Nyanza men, who had heard with scorn of his calculating dilatoriness. But this delay was not only needed to give another opportunity to Tippu-Tib, but also to enable Mr. Jameson, who was reported to be at Stanley Falls, to join us, and also to re-arrange the goods which had been baled to suit the boy-carriers of Tippu-Tib.

After only a three days' halt at Banalya, we embarked all the sick and goods in the canoes, and proceeded to one of the Bungangeta Islands, which we reached in three hours. During our stay at Banalya, Ugarrowa had descended the river from Wasp Rapids and now occupied the larger island. The land column straggled to the bank opposite us during three successive days, but the rear guard, driving the stragglers, did not reach the landing-place until the evening of the 24th, though the distance was but six miles. Mr. Bonny did not reach until the 22nd. The advance column in 1887 had covered the distance in four hours, but meantime the Arabs had destroyed the large settlements, and the marvellously thriving bush had buried ruins, fields, and plantations under accumulated layers of leafy parasites. This short march, protracted over three days, emphasised the necessity that existed for a complete reorganization and thorough overhaul of the Expedition. We had

also lost four half-loads and two rifles through absconding Manyuema. On the whole it was a capital test march, and proves the utter unruliness of this mob of Manyuema slaves, and I did not wonder that they had half-maddened the officers of the rear column. Without Tippu-Tib, or one of his nephews, to assist, such a column could not be taken through the broad extents of wildernesses ahead. At this rate of marching we should be 450 days reaching the Albert Nyanza. Messrs. Jameson and Bonny had been forty-three days going ninety miles. The difficulties which our officers met on the road are but slightly glanced at in their log-book, but the patience with which they had met them was never more manifest to me. We stayed on our breezy island until the 31st August. Cloth, beads, cowries, and brass rods to the value of £1083 were distributed among our people. This "pocket-money" would enable our men to enjoy perfect rest, while Ugarrowa's 600 people would only be too happy to sell flour, and make manioc cakes and bread for them.

Besides the work of restoring the baggage into order, which needed my personal supervision, I had to write my reports to the Relief Committee, to the London Royal, and Royal Scottish Geographical Societies, who were contributories to the Relief Fund, to hold palavers with the Manyuema headmen, who one day vowed strictest fidelity, and the next burdened my ear with complaints of their losses by disease, desertion, and theft. But my answer to them all was almost similar in terms to that used in my note to Tippu-Tib: "If you decline the journey it is well, if you proceed with me it is well also. Exercise your own free will. I do not need you, but if you like to follow me I can make use of you, and will pay you according to the number of loads you carry." Some of them understood this as implying leave to proceed upon their own business—that of ravaging and marauding—but three headmen volunteered to accompany me. I engaged them on the condition that if they followed me of their own will for thirty days, I would after that time trust them with loads.

At the muster of the Expedition, August 29th, the roll was made out as follows:—

	Men.	Carriers.
Zanzibaris capable of carrying goods	165	} = 283
Madi carriers .. .. .	57	
Manyuema carriers .. .. .	61	
Soudanese and officers .. .. .	21	
Sick, &c. (Zanzibaris) .. .. .	45	
Somali .. .. .	1	
Emin Pasha's soldiers .. .. .	4	
Manyuema chiefs, women and followers	108	
Officers and servant .. .. .	3	
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	465	283



The following is the list of loads which we were to carry on our 3rd Journey to the Albert:—

Gunpowder	37 cases
Remington ammunition	83 „
Winchester	11 „
Maxim	9 „
Beals in sacks	19 „
Cowries	6 „
Brass wire coils	4 „
Cloth in bales	17 „
Percussion caps	4 „
Miscellaneous	40 „

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230 loads for 283 carriers.

There were besides a few extra loads of miscellanea, which, so long as we used canoes, would be necessary, such as service ammunition, native provisions, rope, &c., but the above formed the indispensable baggage, when we should start overland. Though we had fifty-three carriers in excess of loads, sickness, wounds, and death would naturally, from the nature of the country and the present physical condition of the rear column, decrease the number greatly, and the time would arrive no doubt when the carriers would only be equal to the loads, and the headmen would have to relieve the sick porters. But meantime a very fair chance of life was offered to the sick. For something like sixty days they would be fed on plantain flour and garden herbs, and carried in canoes. The porters also would not be troubled with the transport of any burdens; and if individuals would but abstain from looting, and risk untimely fate by imprudent roving, our final journey to the Albert Nyanza would not be so disastrous as the first.

During our stay at Bungangeta Island Mr. Jameson's letter from Stanley Falls, dated August 12th, arrived, which stated that he proposed to descend to Bangala. By this act he had severed himself from the Expedition, for no inducement would tempt me to remain long in the neighbourhood of Banalya. I had given my word to the officers at Fort Bodo and to Emin Pasha and the Egyptians that on December 22nd, or thereabouts, I should be in the neighbourhood of Fort Bodo, and by January 16th, or near that date, on the Nyanza. It was natural that we should deplore the loss of Mr. Jameson to the Expedition, for the entries in the log-book kept by the rear column pleaded powerfully in his favour, but the fatality that attached itself to the rear column was not to deplete our numbers also, nor should the garrison at Fort Bodo wonder and bewail our long absence, and lose their wits in consequence of our breach of promise. I wrote a letter,\* however, to

\* Mr. Jameson had died at Bangala immediately on arrival at that station, just 12 days previous to the date of my letter.

Mr. Jameson, wherein I suggested that if he could muster sixty men, and immediately follow our blazed path, which was too broad to be mistaken, he might easily overtake our large column.

On the 30th August I sent the entire flotilla of canoes—twenty-nine in number, with twelve of Ugarrowa's—to transport Mr. Bonny, 239 men and their personal kit, provisions and cooking-pots, five miles up river to the landing-place above the Rendi River, with orders to the land column to continue along our track to the next village, and the canoes having discharged their passengers returned to the island.

The next day—thirteen days having elapsed since Tippu-Tib had been communicated with and no reply having been received—we departed from Bungangeta Island on our final journey to the Lake. We embarked 225 men, inclusive of canoe crews and sick men, and 275 full loads of about sixty pounds each. Despite a burning sun, which made extempore awnings very necessary, we pressed on for six hours until we arrived at our old camp below Lower Mariri. On the first of September we reached the foot of Mariri Rapids to find that Bonny's column had passed on to South Mupé. As the unsophisticated Zanzibaris and Manyuema had quite overlooked the device of portage opposite rapids, we had to despatch couriers to South Mupé for men to assist in the transport of loads overland.

On the second we were engaged in poling the canoes through the dangerous river, and in the operation two were capsized. The next day we poled through the upper Mariri Rapids, and at noon we were all assembled at South Mupé.

Ugarrowa had followed us up with his flotilla to collect a little more ivory, and was encamped at Upper Mariri village. I had finished my hastily written letters to the Geographical Societies, and availed myself of his visit to me to request him to see that they were forwarded to England, but during our halt on the 4th September at South Mupé he revisited me with Salim bin Mohammed, the nephew of Tippu-Tib, so often mentioned in connection with Major Barttelot and Mr. Jameson. This man was of medium height and of slender build, with good and regular Arab features, much marred by the small-pox, and a face that reflected courage and audacity.

Mr. Bonny's story of him and his malevolence to Major Barttelot personally had led me to imagine that I had misjudged his character, but at this interview I was confirmed in my previous impressions of both him and Tippu-Tib. It was simply this. Both Arabs were quite capable of shedding pagan blood without concern, but they were incapable of planning any cold-blooded conspiracy to murder Arabs or white men for a less cause than revenge. Now as neither had cause to plot the murder of Barttelot, or to conspire for the destruction of the rear column, there ought absolutely to be no grounds for supposing that they had ever imagined such mischiefs. I do not doubt that Tippu-Tib did send or lead a contingent of carriers in person to the Aruwimi,

but his excuse for his early return that he could not find the camp may be "told to the marines." His quick return to Stanley Falls proves to me that he was lukewarm, that he did not care sufficiently for the promised reward, and he ought to have been dropped out of mind. When, however, the young officers pleaded, and entreated, and coaxed him, both he and his nephew saw clearly that the service so eagerly and earnestly desired was worth money, and they raised their price; not out of ill-will, but out of an uncontrollable desire to make more profit out of them. The obligations Tippu was under by contract, the gratitude due me for my assistance, were all forgotten in the keen and sharpened appetite for money. They believed that both the Major and Jameson were rich, and that the Expedition was under the patronage of wealthy men. "Why, then," said they, "if they want us so badly, let them pay. Stanley has been good to us, that is true, but a man can't work for his friend for nothing—friendship is too dear at the price"—and so they took another turn of the screw. It was done effectively, I admit. When Tippu-Tib appeared a trifle indifferent he was coaxed to good humour with gifts. When Salim bin Mohammed appeared a little vexed, and talked of wounded susceptibilities, the Major opened his boxes and chose a gay uniform jacket, or sent a forty-five guinea rifle, or a bale of cloth, or a pair of ivory-handled revolvers. When Salim bin Massoud, his brother-in-law, talked a little big, his condescending kindness was secured and stimulated by a rich bounty.

Salim said he had come in person to give a verbal reply to my note of the 17th, and he was ordered by his uncle to send couriers immediately back to him with my words.

The Arab's inability to comprehend the meaning of a legal contract, his litigious and wavering spirit, his forgetfulness of words spoken, his facility for breaking promises and tampering with agreements, his general inveracity, insincerity and dissimulation, as well as his gift of pouring a stream of compliments amid a rain of Mashallahs and Inshallahs, were never better displayed than at this interview. Salim said that Tippu-Tib had sent him to ask what we should do. This, after six letters, one in English and five in Arabic and Swahili, on the 17th!

"Now, Salim," said I, "listen. If I thought that you or Tippu-Tib were in any way implicated in the murder of my friend, you would never leave this camp alive. You have only seen hitherto one side of me. But I know and believe from my soul that it was neither you nor Tippu-Tib who caused the death of the Major. Therefore we can speak together as formerly without anger. Tippu-Tib has not injured me beyond what the consul and the Seyyid of Zanzibar can settle easily between them. Into their hands I will commit the case. Tell your uncle that the passage of himself and his ninety-six followers from Zanzibar to Stanley Falls must be paid, that the loss of goods, rifles, powder, and ammunition, the loss of time of this entire expedition will have to be made good. Tell him to do what he likes, but in the



end I shall win. He cannot hurt me, but I can hurt him. Tell him to consider these things, and then say whether it would not be better to prove at the last that he was sorry, and that in future he would try to do better. If he would like to try, say to him that if he gathers his men, and overtakes me before I cross the expedition over the Ituri in about fifty days hence, he shall have a chance of retrieving my good opinion, and stopping all legal proceedings."

"Very well, I hear all you say. I shall return to-night to Banalya; Ugarrowa will lend me canoes. I shall be with Tippu-Tib in eight days, and on the 17th day I shall be back here, on your track. I shall overhaul you before forty days."

"Good, then," I said, "we had better utter our last farewells, for we shall not meet again unless we meet at Zanzibar, about eighteen months hence."

"Why?"

"Because neither you nor Tippu-Tib have the least intention of keeping your word. Your business here has been to order the Manyema who are with me back to Stanley Falls. But it is perfectly immaterial. Take them back, for once more I say, it is not in your power to hurt me."

"Inshallah, Inshallah, let your heart rest in peace; we meet in less than forty days, I swear to you."

Poor Salim! he proceeded straight from my presence to the quarters of the Manyema headmen, and tempted them to return with him, which, singular to relate, they obstinately declined to do. Salim, waxing wrathful, employed menaces, upon hearing which they came to me demanding protection.

Smiling, I said to Salim, "What you promised me just now is true; you have seen me in less than forty days! But what is the meaning of this? These are independent Manyema chiefs, who were sent by Tippu-Tib to follow us. They are obeying Tippu-Tib in doing so. Let them alone, Salim; there will be less people for you to look after on the road, you know, because you also will follow us. Don't you see? There, that will do. Come and get into your canoe, otherwise we shall make two marches before you leave here—and you have promised to catch me, you know, in forty days."

Our move on the 5th was to the large settlement of the Batundu, who owned a flourishing crop of Indian corn, and a splendid plantation of bananas, as yet untouched by any caravan. The rear column men required good feeding to restore them to health, and though meat was unprocurable, bananas and corn were not amiss. Here we halted two days, during which we became aware of certain serious disadvantages resulting from contact with the Manyema. For these people had contracted the small-pox, and had communicated it to the Madi carriers. Our Zanzibaris were proof against this frightful disease, for we had taken the precaution to vaccinate every member of the expedition on board the *Madura*, in March, 1887. But on the Madis

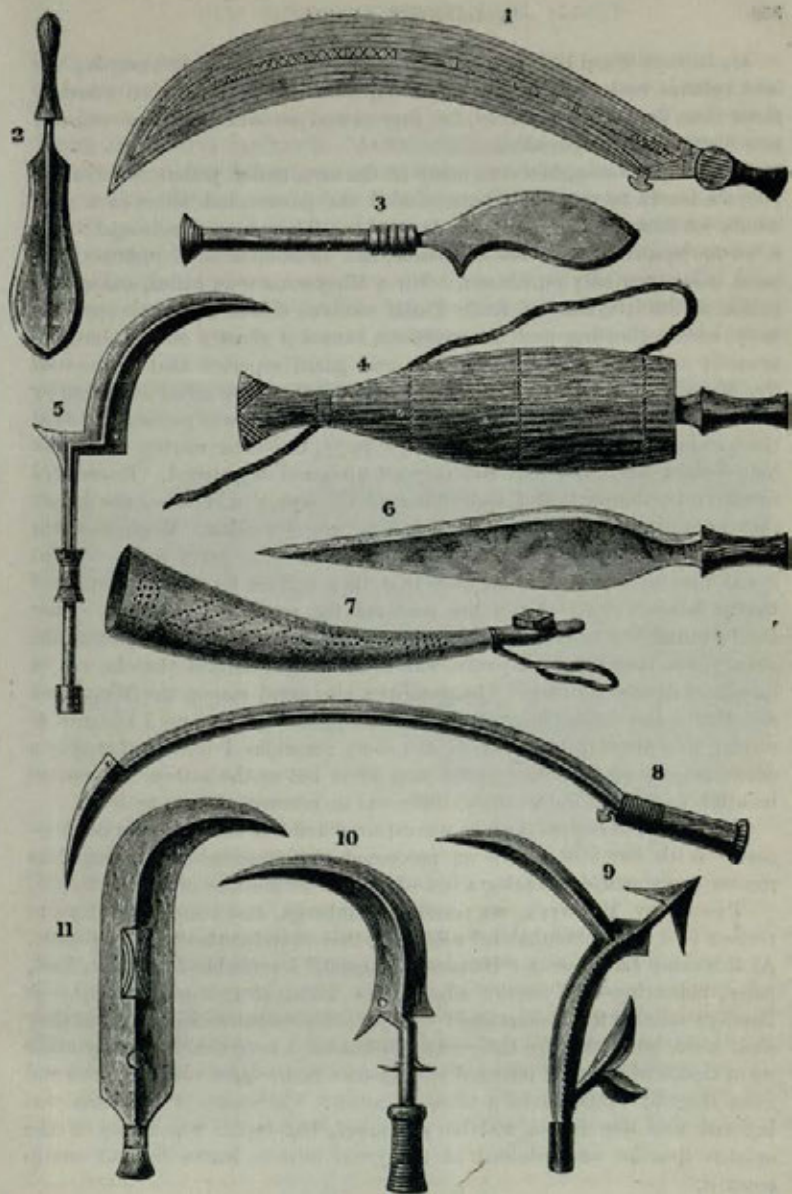
it began to develop with alarming rapidity. Among the Manyuema were two insane women, or rather, to be quite correct, two women subject to spasms of hysterical exaltation, possessed by "devils," according to their chiefs, who disturbed our sleep by their perpetual singing during the night. Probably some such mania for singing at untimely hours was the cause of the Major's death. If the poor Major had any ear for harmony, this kind of mad-house uproar might well have exasperated him.

The female sympathisers of these afflicted ones frequently broke out into strange chorus with them, in the belief that this method had a soothing effect, while any coercive measures for silencing them would only have exaggerated their curious malady. Whatever influence the chorus may have had on the nerves of the sufferers, it was most distressing on us.

At this settlement two Zanzibaris, reckoned among the elect of the force, secretly left camp to make a raid on the Batundu, and were ambushed and slain. This was the way many of our most enterprising men became lost to us. One of these two was the leader of our van, having acted in that capacity since we had departed from Yambuya, in June, 1887. The sad occasion was taken to impress on the infatuated men for the hundredth time the absurd folly they were guilty of in sacrificing their lives for a goat, in nobly working for months to earn pay and honour by manliness and fidelity, and then bury all in the entrails of cannibals. I had bestowed on them cattle, sheep, goats, fowls, handfuls of silver, and a thousand pounds' worth of clothes, but none, no, not one, had offered his throat to me to be cut. But for the sake of a goat, at any time day or night the cannibal might kill and then eat them. What monstrous ingratitude! I exclaimed. The men were instantly penitential. Again they promised to me by Allah! that they would not do so again, and, of course, in a day or two they would forget their promise. It is their way.

But any person who has travelled with the writer thus far will have observed that almost every fatal accident hitherto in this Expedition has been the consequence of a breach of promise. How to adhere to a promise seems to me to be the most difficult of all tasks for every 999,999 men out of every million whom I meet. These black people who broke their promises so wantonly were the bane of my life, and the cause of continual disquietude to me. I have been able to drive from one to three hundred head of cattle a five hundred mile journey with less trouble and anxiety than I had with these black men. If we had strung them neck and neck along a lengthy slave-chain, they would certainly have suffered a little inconvenience, but they would have at least lived to reach their homes. Not possessing chains, or even rope enough, we had to rely on their promises that they would not break out of camp into the bush on these mad individual enterprises, but never a promise was kept longer than two days.

"Elephant Playground" Camp was our next halting-place, and thence we moved to Wasp Rapids.



SWORDS AND KNIVES. (From a photograph.)



On leaving Wasp Rapids, on the 12th, our canoes carried 198 people; the land column under Mr. Bonny numbered 262. The trained men marched faster than the flotilla advanced, for they carried no loads, and the road was now distinct and well-trodden.

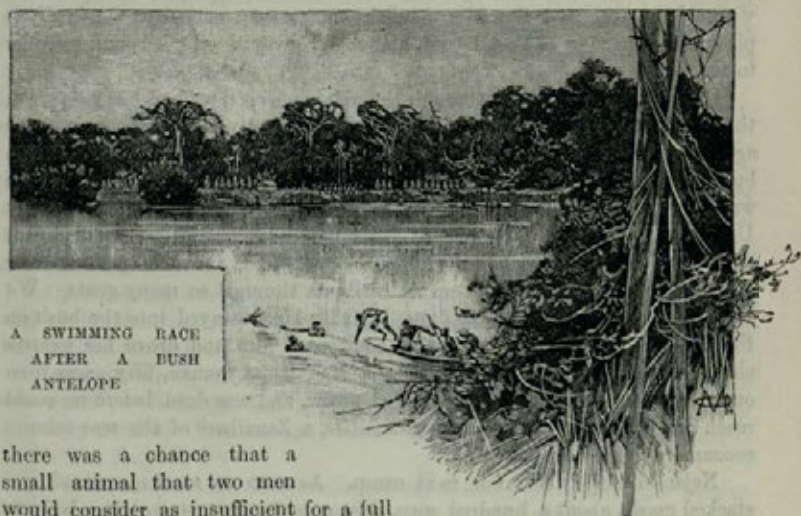
On reaching camp, however, many of the men, under pretence of cutting phrynium leaves to roof their huts, eluded the guards, and followed a path which led inland. The result was deplorable. Though some managed to get a few fowls, a sheaf or two of sugar-cane, and an abundance of mature plantains, others met only misfortune. Three Manyuema were killed, and a Lado soldier of the irregulars of Emin Pasha received a broad spear through his body, which, glancing past the vertebrae, caused a ghastly wound, but fortunately uninjured a vital part. The rear guard reported that on the road five Manyuema, three Zanzibaris, and one Soudanese were killed and eaten by ghoulish natives who had been hiding while the column was passing, and that these men, who belonged to the Banalya party, had been resting near their hiding-place, when they were suddenly set upon and despatched. It was only five days previously that I had addressed the people publicly on the danger they were incurring by these useless and unnecessary raids. When food was really required, which was once in five days, a foraging party would be sent to cut plantains in such abundance that they sufficed for several days, and twelve hours' drying over a fire rendered the provisions portable. Their absolute inability to keep their promise had been the cause of twelve deaths already, and the thirteenth person was so seriously wounded that he was in imminent danger of dying. The small-pox also raged among the Manyuema and Madis, and created havoc among their numbers. The more I laboured to correct this disorder in the mob, the more conscious I became that only a death penalty on the raider would stop him; but as the natives themselves invariably executed the sentence, there was no necessity for me to do it.

Just above Mangioni a canoe was capsized and lost through pure carelessness. With our best divers we proceeded to the scene and managed to recover every article excepting a box of gunpowder and one of beads.

Passing by Mugwe's, we reached Mambanga, and halted two days to prepare food for the uninhabited wilderness that stretches thence to Engwedde. At this camp Lakki or a "Hundred thousand," a veritable Jack Cade, loud, noisy, blustering—the courier who in the midst of the midnight fray at Bandeya shouted to his comrades: "These fellows want meat, and meat they shall have, but it will be their own!"—headed a secret raiding party made up of choice friends, and returned twenty-four hours later with a curious and most singular wound from a poisoned arrow. Carbonate of ammonia was injected into the wound, and he was saved, but Lakki was firmly of the opinion that he was indebted to the green tobacco leaves he had put to cover it.

While preparing our forest camps we were frequently startled at the

sudden rush of some small animal resembling a wild goat, which often waited in its covert until almost trodden upon, and then bounded swiftly away, running the gauntlet among hundreds of excited and hungry people, who made frantic attempts to capture it. At this camp, however, the animal on rising from its lair took a flying leap over several canoes lying abreast into the river, and dived under. In an instant there was a desperate pursuit. Man after man leaped head foremost into the river, until it was darkly dotted with the heads of the frantic swimmers. The mania for meat had approached madness. The poisoned arrow, the razor-sharp spear, and the pot of the cannibal failed to deter them from raids; and in this instance we had an entire company leaping into the river to fight and struggle, and perhaps be drowned, because



A SWIMMING RACE  
AFTER A BUSH  
ANTELOPE

there was a chance that a small animal that two men would consider as insufficient for a full meal, might be obtained by one man out of fifty. Five canoes were ordered out to assist the madmen. About half a mile below, despite the manoeuvres of the animal, which dived and swam with all the cunning of savage man, a young fellow named Feruzi clutched it by the neck, and at the same time he was clutched by half-a dozen fellows, and all must assuredly have been drowned had not the canoes arrived in time, and rescued the tired swimmers. But, alas! for Feruzi, the bush antelope, for such it was, no sooner was slaughtered than a savage rush was made on the meat, and he received only a tiny morsel, which he thrust into his mouth for security.

During the next journey it was the river column that suffered. We were near our old camp at the confluence of the Ngula and the Ituri. A man

in the advance canoe was shot in the back with a poisoned arrow. The wound was treated instantly with an injection of carbonate of ammonia, and no ill-effects followed.

The day following, the river column again suffered. Jabu, our cook, somewhat indisposed, was sitting in the stern of a canoe while the crew was on shore about forty feet from him, hauling it past a bit of rapids. A bold and crafty native steadily approached the vessel from behind and shot a poisoned wooden dart at Jabu, which penetrated his arm near the shoulders and pierced the base of the throat. The wound was a mere needle-hole puncture, but the poor fellow had barely time to say "Mohammed!" when he fell back dead.

Our next move was to Panga Falls. On the following day, 20th September, we made a road past the falls, hauled twenty-seven canoes to the landing-place above, in view of Fort Island, and then conveyed all goods and baggage to the camp.

During our first journey through the neighbourhood we had lost no person through native weapons, but since then the natives had become more aggressive by the ease with which the careless improvident black could be butchered. The deserters from the advance column had furnished the wretches with several meals; the stupid, dense-headed Bakusu under Ugarrowa had supplied them with several victims, until the cannibal had discovered that by his woodcraft he could creep upon the unsuspecting men and drive his spear through them as easily as through so many goats. We had lost fourteen men in thirty days. A silly Madi strayed into the bush on the 20th, to collect fuel. A native confronted him and drove his weapon clean through his body. On the 21st a Manyema woman, fifty paces from our camp, was pierced with a poisoned arrow, and was dead before we could reach her. And, to complete the casualties, a Zanzibari of the rear column succumbed to manioc poison.

Nejambi Rapids was our next camp. As soon as we had arrived and stacked goods, about a hundred men, driven by hunger, started in a body to forage for plantains. We, who remained in camp, had our hands full of work. The twenty-seven canoes required to be hauled past the rapids, and a road had to be cleared, and rattan cables were wanted for each vessel for hauling.

By sunset several of the foragers had returned well rewarded for their enterprise, but many others were belated, and, till long past midnight, guns were fired as signals, and great ivory horns sounded loud blasts which travelled through the glades with continued rolling echoes. About nine p.m., tidings came that two Zanzibaris had been killed by poisoned arrows. An hour later a dead body, that of Ferajji, the humorous headman, who was cross-examined at Banalya, was brought in. On inspection, the corpse was found studded with beads of perspiration. The arrow wound was a mere pin-hole



puncture in upper left arm, but it had proved quite enough. It was said that he walked about an hour after being struck, towards camp, but then cried out for a little rest, as he was faint. During a ten minutes' rest he died.

Young Hussein bin Juma, of a respectable parentage at Zanzibar, was soon after carried in, and brought to me, not dead, as reported, but in an extremely low condition. I discovered that the arrow had pierced a muscle of the right arm, and had entered an inch above the third rib. The arrow was hastily withdrawn and shown to me. It was smeared over with a dark substance like thick coal tar, and emitted a most peculiar odour. The arm was not swollen, but the body wound had caused a considerable tumour, soft to the touch. He said that he had felt exceedingly faint at one time, and that he perspired greatly, but had felt great relief after retching. At present he was languid, and suffered from thirst. After washing well both wounds, five grains of carbonate of ammonia were injected into each wound, and a good dose of strong medical brandy was administered.

Ten days later young Hussein was quite restored, and went about performing his accustomed duties.

A squad of men returned long after midnight with fowls and plantains, and fortunately without accident. But early in the morning, Tam, a native of Johanna, raving mad from small-pox, threw himself into the rapids and was drowned. He was one of those who had declined to be vaccinated on the S.S. *Madura*.

After hauling our canoes overland three-quarters of a mile, we halted a day above the rapids to prepare five days' rations of flour. The strain of hauling the rotten craft had reduced our flotilla to twenty-two vessels.

Engwedde's long series of rapids was passed without accident, and thence we moved to Avisibba, and a good march brought us to the camp below Mabengu Rapids, where we had waited so long for the lost column under Jephson in August, 1887.

The next day was a halt, and a strong foraging party was sent over to Itiri to collect food. In the afternoon it returned, bringing several days' supply of plantains with a few goats and fowls, and for the first time we were able to make soup and distribute meat to the Banalya sick. It was reported to me that the Manyuema had carved a woman most butcherly to allay their strong craving for meat, but the headman assured me that it was utterly false, and I am inclined to believe him, for the Zanzibaris, if they had really detected such a monstrous habit in people who might at any time contaminate their cooking-pots, would have insisted on making a severe example.

On the last day of September we moved up to above the upper rapids of Avugadu, at which camp we discovered wild oranges. There were also wild mango-trees, if we may trust the flowering and foliage. Red figs of a sweetish flavour were very common, but as their shrunk pedicels possessed no saccharine secretions, they were uneatable.

On the road a native woman was delivered of a child. She was seen standing over the tiny atom. The Zanzibaris as they came up crowded around the unusual sight, and one said, "Throw the thing into the river out of the way." "But why should you do that when the infant is alive?" asked another. "Why, don't you see that it is white? it must be some terrible disease, I am sure." "Oh, Ignorance, how many evils are wrought under thy dark shade." "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," rushed to my mind, as I looked in wonder at the speakers, who, utterly unconscious that they were about to commit murder, would have extinguished the little spark of life there and then.

Our anxieties at this period were mainly on the account of those suffering from ulcers. There was one wise little boy of about thirteen called Souidi, who had formerly attended on the Major. An injury he had received had caused about four inches of the leg bone to be exposed. We had also fifteen cases of small-pox among the unvaccinated Madis, who mingled in the freest manner possible with our Zanzibaris, and yet the suicide, Tam, was the only Zanzibari thus far attacked.

On arriving at Avejeli, opposite the Nepoko, the wife of the Manyuema drummer, a prepossessing lassie, went out to the gardens close by to collect herbs. A band of natives were in hiding, and they pierced her with arrows. Seven of them were quivered in her body. Her screams attracted attention, and she was hastily brought in, but even as we were about to inject the ammonia she rolled over, raised her arms, embraced her young husband in the most touching manner, gave a long sigh, and died. "Oh, ye travellers! who belong to that clique who say the Africans know neither love, affection, nor jealousy. What would you have said to this pitiful death-scene?" We had also a Manyuema woman who was a hideous object, a mass of loathsome pustules, emitting an almost unbearable stench, but her husband tended and served her with a surpassing and devoted tenderness. These poor unlettered, meek creatures, the humblest of humanity, unknown to those who sing of noble sacrifices, of constancy and devotion, proved their brotherhood with us amid the sternest realities.

On the 2nd of October we moved up to Little Rapids, where a tornado visited us. Our canoes were dashed one against the other until they promised to become matchwood, while the great forest groaned and roared with the agony of the strife, but in half an hour the river had resumed its former placid face, and the wildly waving forest stood still again.

During a halt on the 3rd, Mr. Jameson's box, containing various trifles belonging to an industrious naturalist, was opened. Books, diaries, and such articles as were worth preserving, were sealed up for transport across the continent, and such things as were unnecessary to a person in civilization were discarded.

Mr. Bonny was despatched with twenty-eight men past the Ngaiyu, to

find a landing-place which I had observed in descending past the locality. I hoped it would lead to the discovery of a road by which I could avoid the devastated wilderness that stretched for nearly 200 miles along the south bank between the Basopo Rapids and Ibwiri. Mr. Bonny was pleased to express his surprise at the marvellous dexterity and agility of the scouts, who sprang with the lightness of springing bush antelopes over every kind of impediment, and who in almost every thousand paces gained five hundred ahead of him. A mile and a half from the landing-place on the north bank he had found a fine village surrounded by rich groves of plantains. To this village, called Bavikai, we proceeded in the hope that we could utilize some road going north-easterly, whence, after sixty miles or so, we could strike on a bee-line course for the Albert.

As the men were being transported across the river opposite the landing-place of the Bavikai on the 4th, I saw a dozen Madis in a terrible condition from the ravages of small-pox, and jostling them in admirable unconcern were some two dozen of the tribe as yet unaffected by the disease. This little fact put me in a line of reflections which, had a first-class shorthand writer been near, might have been of value to other thoughtless persons. Never did ignorance appear to me so foolish. Their utter unsuspectingness of the danger was pitiful.

Three companies of forty men each were sent in three different directions to follow the tracks leading from Bavikai. The first soon got entangled in the thick woods bordering the Ngaiyu, and had an engagement with the natives of Bavikai, who were temporarily encamped in the dark recesses; the second followed a path that ran E. by N., and soon met a large force of natives coming from three different villages. The third was perplexed by a network of paths, and tried several of them, but all ended in plantations of plantains and thin bush of late growth, and in the search these men encountered savages well armed and prepared with poisoned darts. We were therefore compelled to recross the river to the south bank, to try again higher up, to avoid the trying labour of tunnelling through the forest.

On the 10th the Expedition reached Hippo Broads. On this date we saw a cloud of moths, which reached from the water's face to the topmost height of the forest, say 180 feet, and so dense that before it overtook us we thought that it was a fog, or, as was scarcely possible, a thick fall of lavender-coloured snow. The rate of flight was about three knots an hour. In the dead calm morning air they maintained an even flight, but the slightest breeze from the banks whirled them confusedly about, like light snow particles on a gusty day. Every now and then the close packed myriads met a cloud of moth migrants from above river, and the sunbeams glinting and shining on their transparent wings caused them to resemble fire sparks.

Bits of turfy green, cropped close by hippo, which favours this fine reach of river, distinguish the banks near this locality. Many oil palms, some



raphia, arums, phrynia, amoma, pepper bushes, &c., denote a very ancient site of a human settlement. My tent was pitched under a small branching fig-tree, which protected it from a glowing Equatorial sun, but the heat reflected from the river's face mounted up to 87° in the shade at 3 P.M. This unusual heat preceded a tempest which soon broke over us, with lightning, startling thunder, and deluging rain.

At the Bafaïdo Cataract, a woman who fell into our hands informed us that the Medze tribe lived on the other side of the Ngaiyu River and that the Babandi were found on its left bank.

Near Avaiyabu, a lurking native, who had been standing behind a leafy screen of parasites depending from the branches of a big tree, suddenly stepped into the path, snatched a little girl belonging to the Manyuema, and drove his double-edged dagger from breast to back, and holding his weapon above his head uttered a furious cry, which might well have been "Death to the invader!"

And at the next camp, Avamberri landing-place, Souidi, the wise little boy who had served the Major, while being carried past the rapids to the canoes waiting above, died on the carriers' shoulders. The enamel covering of the leg-bone had been all destroyed by the virulent ulcer. Since we had left Bungangeta Island, Souidi had been carried and nursed, but want of exercise, and exposure to sun in the canoe and constant rain had weakened his digestion. His constitution had been originally healthy and sound. The little fellow had borne his sufferings bravely, but the reserve medicines had been sent to Bangala by his master, and we could do nothing for him.

On the 18th of October we were at Amiri Rapids, and another Zanzibari showed symptoms of small-pox. So far our Zanzibaris had been remarkably free of the disease, despite the fact that there were from ten to twenty sufferers daily in the camp. Out of 620 Zanzibaris who were ordered to be vaccinated, some few constitutions might possibly have resisted the vaccine; but no more decided proof of the benefits resulting to humanity from Jenner's discovery could be obtained than was furnished by our Expedition. Among the Manyuema, Mad's, and native followers, who had not been vaccinated, the epidemic had taken deadly hold, and many a victim had already been tossed into the river weighted with rocks. This strange necessity we had to resort to, to avoid subsequent exhumation by the natives, who followed our tracks for the purpose of feeding on the dead.

One of the Zanzibari headmen while acting as coxswain of a canoe was so stung by wasps at this camp that he despaired of his life, and insisted that his will should be written, wherein he made his brother, then with us, his sole legatee. I conformed to his wish in a clerkly fashion that pleased him well, but I also administered a ten-grain dose of carbonate of ammonia hypodermically, and told him he should reach Zanzibar in spite of the vicious wasps that had so punished him. The next day he was a new man,

and boasted that the white man's medicines could cure everything except death.

After moving to the top of Amiri Rapids, a series of misfortunes met us. Some few of the flighty-headed men of the rear-column rushed off to the plantain plantations without a leader, and conducted themselves like children. The natives surrounded them and punished them by wounding three. Two others, one suffering from a palpitation of the heart, and another feeble youth, had left the trail to hide from the rear-guard.

Up to date, we had lost since 1st of September nine Zanzibars killed, one from suicide, one from ulcers, and two were missing. Of the Manyema contingent, fifteen had been killed or had died from small-pox, and eighteen Madis had either been killed or had perished from the pest. Total loss, forty-four deaths within forty-nine days.

From Amiri Falls to Avatiko was a seven-days' march through a depopulated country, which was wholly empty of food. Beyond Avatiko by the new route I proposed to follow, two days must elapse before another supply of food could be obtained, according to my estimate. If we could obtain no food at Avatiko, then our lot would be hard indeed. Up to within a day's march of Avatiko, we could employ the canoes in carrying an extra supply of provisions. It would not be impossible to take twenty days' rations of flour per capita; but a leader to perform such a work must be obeyed. He performs his duties by enjoining on all his followers to remember his words, to take heed of his advice, and do their utmost to conform to his instructions.

One hundred and sixty rifles were therefore despatched to the plantations five miles inland from Amiri Falls. The men were told how many days Avatiko was distant, and that they should employ one day in collecting food, in peeling, slicing and drying their plantains in the plantation, so that they could bring from sixty to seventy pounds of food, which when distributed would supply each person with over twenty pounds, equal to ten days' rations. Experience of them proved to me that while some would carry sufficient to satisfy them with fifteen days' unstinted food; others, despite the warning of death rung in their ears, would not carry more than would suffice for four days.

On the afternoon of the 21st I was gratified to see that the people had been very successful. How many had followed my advice it was impossible to state. The messes had sent half their numbers to gather the food, and every man had to contribute two handfuls for the officers and sick. It only remained now for the chiefs of the messes to be economical of the food, and the dreaded wilderness might be safely crossed.

## CHAPTER XXI

## THROUGH THE WILDERNESS TO FORT BODO

Ugarrowa's old station once more—March to Bunda—We cross the Ituri River—We reach the Avatiko plantations—Discovery of the pigmies—History and dress of the pigmies—The pigmy's wife—Monkeys and other animals in the forest—The clearing of Andaki—Our tattered clothes—The Ihuru River—Scarcity of food; Amani's meals—Uledi searches for food—Missing provisions—We reach Kilonga—Longa's village again—More deaths—The forest improves for travelling—Story of the pigmies and the box of ammunition—Defeat of a caravan—The last of the Somalis—Welcome food discovery at Indemau—We bridge the Dui River—A rough muster of the people—Further capture of dwarfs—We send back to Ngwetza for plantains—Loss of my boy Saburi in the forest—We wonder what has become of the Ngwetza party—My boy Saburi turns up—Starvation Camp—We go in search of the absentees, and meet them in the forest—Arrival at Fort Bodo.

THE Expedition reached Ugarrowa's old station on the 23rd of October, and slept within its deserted huts. In the court of the chief's house a crop of rice had grown up, but the birds had picked every grain. Over one hundred people found comfortable shelter in the spacious passages; and had supplies been procurable within a respectable distance, it would not have ill-suited us for a halt of a week; but it was too risky altogether to consume our rations because of the comfort of shelter. It was the centre of a great desolate area, which we were bound by fear of famine to travel through with the utmost speed.

The following day we marched to Bunda. The river column received attention from Ugarrowa's old subjects, and the Manyema sprang overboard to avoid the arrows; but the Zanzibaris from the canoe behind leaped ashore, and by a flank attack assisted us to save the bewildered Manyema, who in their careless attitudes in the canoe had offered such tempting targets for the natives.

The Ituri River was now in full flood, for the rains fell daily in copious tropical showers. All the streams and creeks flowing into it from the right bank were deep, which caused the land party excessive worry and distress. No sooner had they crossed one creek up to the waist, than in a few moments another of equal or greater depth had to be waded through. They were



perpetually wringing their clothes, and declaiming against the vexatious interruptions. Across the mouths of deeper tributaries the canoes were aligned, and served as floating bridges for the party to cross, while each man was the subject of some jest at his bedraggled appearance. The foremost men were sure to leave some wet mud or soapy clay on the boards; the garments of others would be dripping with water, and presently fall after fall would testify to the exceeding slipperiness of the bridge, and would be hailed with uproarious chaff and fun. On this day thirty-two streams were crossed by the land party.

On the 25th, we moved up to a camp opposite the mouth of the Lenda River. We were making progress, but I came across the following note written that evening. It will be seen later that such congratulations could only have been the outcome of a feeling of temporary pleasure that the day was not far distant when we should see the end to our harder labours.

"I desire to render most hearty thanks that our laborious travels through the forest are drawing to a close. We are about 160 miles to-night from the grass-land; but we shall reduce this figure quickly enough, I hope. Meantime we live in anticipation. We bear the rainy season without a murmur, for after the rain the harvest will be ready for us in the grass-land. We do not curse the mud and reek of this humid land now, though we crossed thirty-two streams yesterday, and the mud banks and flats were sorely trying to the patience. We have a number of minor pleasures in store. It will be a great relief to be delivered from the invasions of the red ants, and to be perfectly secure from their assaults by day and by night. When we have finally dried the soles of our boots and wiped the mildew of the forest off their tops, our dreams will be undisturbed by one enemy at least. While we smart under the bites of the ferocious small bees, and the sting of small ants, or writhe under the venom of a hornet, or of a fiendish wasp, or flap away the ever-intrusive butterfly, or dash aside the hurtful tiger slug, or stamp with nervous haste on the advancing greenish centipede, we remind ourselves that these miseries will not be for many days longer. A little more patience and then merrier times. Since August 17th we have only had four goats for meat, and have been obliged to subsist mainly on roast plantains. They have just served to maintain the soul in the body, for which we are grateful. We complacently think of the beef, and veal, and mutton diet ahead, garnished as it will be with a variety of edibles, sweet potatoes and beans, millet, porridge with milk, &c., &c. Relief from the constant suspicion that a savage with a sheaf of poisoned arrows is lurking within a few feet of one will also be something to be grateful for. The ceaseless anxiety to provide food, and guard the people from the dangers that meet their frolics, will be relaxed; and I shall be glad to be able to think better of the world and its inhabitants than I do in the forest."

At our camp at Umeni on the 26th, only two small bunches of miniature

plantains were discovered. In the afternoon a raging tornado roared like a legion of demons through the forest, shaking the ancient tree giants to their base, while the dark Ituri was so stirred, that it heaved to its depths under the screaming fury of the squalls.

On the next day we rowed up to below Big Cataract, unloaded the goods, left the canoes in the bushes, shouldered our loads, and marched away after half an hour's halt only, for five miles inland. We had left the Ituri navigation for the last time.

We entered the Avatiko plantations after three hours' march on the 28th, and just while the majority of the people were perilously near starvation. They spread over the plantations with the eagerness of famished wolves after prey. Here we stayed two days foraging and preparing a supply of food.

We had not been long at Avatiko before a couple of pigmies were brought to me. What relation the pair were to one another is not known. The man was young, probably twenty-one. Mr. Bonny conscientiously measured him, and I recorded the notes.

Height, 4 ft.; round head, 20½ in.; from chin to back top of head, 24½ in.; round chest, 25½ in.; round abdomen, 27½ in.; round hips, 22½ in.; round wrist, 4½ in.; round muscle of left arm, 7½ in.; round ankle, 7 in.; round calf of leg, 7½ in.; length of index finger, 2 in.; length of right hand, 4 in.; length of foot, 6½ in.; length of leg, 22 in.; length of back, 18½ in.; arm to tip of finger, 19½ in.

This was the first full-grown pigmy man we had seen. His colour was coppery; the fell over the body was almost furry, being nearly half an inch in length. His head-dress was a bonnet of a priestly style, and was decorated with a bunch of parrot feathers. A broad strip of bark cloth covered his loins. His hands were very delicate, and attracted attention by their unwashed appearance. He had evidently been employed in peeling plantains.

This mannikin from the solitudes of the vast forest was far more venerable to me than the Memnonium of Thebes. That little body of his represented the oldest types of primeval man. He was descended from the outcasts of the earliest ages. Ever shunning the haunts of the worker race, and eternally exiled by their vice, these Ishmaels of the primitive race had lived the life of human beasts in morass and fen and jungle wild. Think of it! Twenty-six centuries ago the ancestors of this little man captured five young Nassamonian explorers, and made merry with them at their villages on the banks of the Niger. Forty centuries ago they were known as pigmies, and the famous battle between them and the storks was immortalised by Homer. On every map since Hekataeus' time, 500 years B.C., they have been located in the region of the Mountains of the Moon. When Mesu led the children of Jacob out of Goshen, they reigned over Darkest Africa undisputed lords; they are there yet, while countless dynasties of Egypt and Assyria, Persia, Greece and Rome, have flourished for comparatively brief periods, and

expired. During the elapsed centuries these little people have roamed far and wide. From the Niger banks, with successive waves of other and larger migrants, they came to pitch their leafy huts in the unknown recesses of the forest. Their kinsmen are known as Bushmen in Cape Colony, as Watwa in the basin of the Lulungu, as Akka in Monbuttu, as Balia by the Mabodé, as Wambutti in the Ihuru basin, and as Batwa under the shadows of the Lunae Montes.



DWARF CAPTIVE AT AVITAKO

As the gigantic Madis, tall Soudanese, and tallest Zanzibaris towered above the little man, it was delightful to observe his fears expressed on his face. The wonderment that filled him, the anxious doubts as to his fate that possessed him, the hopes that sprang up as he noted humour on the faces,



the momentary shades of anxiety, curiosity to know whence these human monsters had come from, what they would do with him eventually; would they kill him, how? by roasting him alive, or plunging him screaming into a vat-like cooking pot? Ach Gott! I hope not, and a slight shake of the head, with a more pallid colour on the lips and a nervous twitch showed what distress he was in. He would do anything to deserve the favour of these big men, just as the young Nassamonians were willing to do 2600 years ago, when his pigmy forefathers pointed their fingers and jabbered at them in the old Nigritian village. So we took him to sit by us, and stroked him on the back, gave him some roast bananas to put into that distended abdomen of his, and the pigmy smiled his gratitude. What a cunning rogue he was! how quick-witted! He spoke so eloquently by gesture that he was understood by the dullest of us.

"How far is it to the next village where we can procure food?"

He placed the side of his right hand across the left wrist. (More than two days' march.)

"In what direction?"

He pointed east.

"How far is it to the Ihuru?"

"Oh!" He brought his right hand across his elbow joint, which meant double the distance, four days.

"Is there any food north?"

He shook his head.

"Is there any west or north-west?"

He shook his head, and made a motion with his hand as though he were brushing a heap of sand away.

"Why?"

He made the motion with his two hands as though he were holding a gun, and said "Doooo!"

"To be sure the Manyema have destroyed everything."

"Are there any 'Doooo' in the neighbourhood now?"

He looked up and smiled artfully, as if to say, "You know best! Oh! naughty man, why do you chaff me?"

"Will you show us the road to the village where we can get food?"

He nodded his head rapidly, patted his full-moon belly, which meant, "Yes, there I shall get a full meal; for here"—he smiled disdainfully as he pressed his thumb nail on the first joint of his left index finger—"are plantains only so big, but there they are as big as this, and he clasped the calf of his leg with two hands."

"Oh, Paradise!" cried the men, "bananas as big as a man's leg!" The pigmy had contrived to ingratiate himself into every man's affection. My authority was gone until the story of the monstrous bananas would be disproved. Some of them looked as if they would embrace him, and his face

assumed artless innocence, though he knew perfectly well that, in their opinion, he was only a little lower than an angel.

And all this time, the coppery face of the nut-brown little maid was eloquent with sympathy in the emotions of the male pigmy. She had the same tricks of by-play. The same doubts, the same hopes, the same curiosity, the same chilling fear, was felt by the impressionable soul, as she divined were moving her kinsman. She was as plump as a Thanksgiving turkey. Her breasts glistened with the sheen of old ivory, and as she stood with clasped hands drooping below—though her body was nude—she was the very picture of young modesty.

The pair were undoubtedly man and woman. In him was a mimicked dignity, as of Adam; in her the womanliness of a miniature Eve. Though their souls were secreted under abnormally thick folds of animalism, and the finer feelings inert and torpid through disuse, they were there for all that. And they suited the wild Eden of Avatiko well enough.

Burdened with fresh supplies of dried plantains, and guided by the pigmies, we set out from the abandoned grove of Avatiko E.N.E., crossed the clear stream of Ngoki at noon, and at 3 P.M. we were encamped by the brook Epeni. We observed numerous traces of the dwarfs by their temporary camps, crimson skins of the amoma, which they had flung away after eating the acid fruit, cracked shells of nuts, broken twigs that served as guides to the initiated in their mysteries of woodcraft, bow-traps by the wayside, the game-pits sunk here and there at the crossings of game-tracks, all betrayed their tracks and presence.

The land appeared more romantic than anything we had seen. We wound around wild amphitheatrical basins, foliage rising in terraces one above another, painted in different shades of green, and variegated with masses of crimson flowers, snowdrop flowerets of wild mangoes, or the creamy floss of the bombax, and as we looked under a layer of foliage that drooped heavily above us, we saw the sunken basin below, an impervious mass of leafage grouped crown to crown like heaped hills of soft satin cushions, promising luxurious rest. Now and then troops of monkeys bounded with prodigious leaps through the branches, others swung by their long tails a hundred feet above our heads, and with marvellous agility hurled their tiny bodies through the air across yawning chasms, and catching an opposite branch, rested for an instant to take a last survey of our line before burying themselves out of sight in leafy depths. Ibises screamed to their mates to hurry up to view the column of strangers, and touracos argued with one another with all the guttural harshness of a group of Egyptian fellahs; plantain-eaters, sunbirds, grey parrots, green parroquets, and a few white-collared eagles either darted by or sailed across the leafy gulf, or sat drowsily perched in the haze upon aspiring branches. There was an odour of musk, fragrance of flowers, and perfume of lilies mixed with the acrid scent of tusky boars in the air; there

were heaps of elephant refuse, the droppings of bush antelopes, the pungent dung of civets and simians along the tracks, and we were never long away from the sound of rushing rivulets or falling cascades. Sunlight streamed in slanting silver lines and shone over the underwood and the thick crops of phrynica, arum, and amoma, until their damp leaves glistened, and the dew-drops were brilliant with light.

And the next day our march underneath the eternal shades was through just such a land. On the morning of the 1st of November we emerged into the clearing of Andaki, to refresh our souls with the promised fruit of its groves. The plantains were not very large, but they were mature and full, and before an hour had elapsed, the wooden grates were up, and the fruit lay in heaps of slices to be dried on the bars over the fire. The word was passed that the first and second day of the month should be employed in preparing as much provisions as every man could carry. We were in N. Lat.  $1^{\circ} 16\frac{1}{2}'$ . Kilonga-Longa's station was in  $1^{\circ} 6'$ , and Fort Bodo in  $1^{\circ} 20'$ , so that our course was good.

On the second some scouts hunting up the various tracks extending eastward came across two women, one of whom said she knew of a great village to the north where there was food. Another said that Andari lay E.N.E., four days' march, where there was such a stock of food that Andaki was a mere handful compared with it.

Soon after leaving Andaki, and crossing a broad ridge, we came upon a vast abandoned clearing. Probably a year had elapsed since the people had fled, and their settlements had been consumed with fire, for the banana plants were choked by the voracious undergrowth and wild plants, and the elephants had tramped through and through, and seemed to have sported for months among the wasted groves. The stumps of cut trees had sprouted and grown until their tufted tops were joined to one another in one great thick carpet of bush. Through this we carved our way with brandished billhooks and cutlasses. The native women had lost the track, and were bewildered by the wildly luxuriant shrubbery. We sweated heavily in the damp hot-house heat, while we ploughed our way through the deep green sea, until after tea hours we came to a babbling rillet, and had perforce to camp from sheer exhaustion, though we had made but five miles.

On the morning of the fourth we resumed the task, to slash at creepers, crawl in and out, and over legs, groping our way through rifts in reeking compost—a hungry column of men was behind, a wilderness before us. We crashed headlong through plants, veered to the left, and now to the right, pressing on and on, sharpening our weapons on the stones of the brook, halting only a moment to take a hasty drink to satisfy our thirst before we again set to work. After sixteen hours we had cut a crooked channel through the awful waste, and stood once more under the lordly crowns of the primeval forest.



Paddy's traditional patchy clothes were a dress suit compared to mine, as I stood woefully regarding rags waving in tassels from my breeches and shirt. The men smiled, and one said we looked like rats dragged through the teeth of traps, which I thought was not a bad simile. But we had no time for talk; we ate a couple of roast plantains for lunch, and continued our journey, and by 3 P.M. were within half-an-hour of the Ihuru River.

The next day, before it was full daylight, we were filing along an elephant track that ran parallel with the Ihuru, which was at this time one raging series of rapids its whole length, and sounding its unceasing uproar in our ears. Numbers of deep tributaries were waded through; but we maintained a quick pace, owing to the broad track of the elephants, and by the usual hour of the afternoon nine miles had been covered.

Thirteen Zanzibaris of the rear column, and one of the Danagla soldiers of Emin Pasha, had succumbed during the last few days, and I do not know how many Madis and Manyuema.

On the evening of the sixth, after a march of eight miles, I became impressed with the necessity of finding food shortly, unless we were to witness wholesale mortality. Starvation is hard to bear, but when loads must be carried, and the marches are long, the least break in the continuity of supply brings with it a train of diseases which soon thins the ranks. Our Nyanza people were provident, and eked their stores with mushrooms and wild fruit; but the feeble manioc-poisoned men of the rear column, Madis and Manyuema, were utterly heedless of advice and example.

A youth named Amani, who looked rather faint, was adjured to tell me the truth about what he had eaten the last two days.

"I will," he said. "My mess had a fair provision of plantain flour that would have kept us with ease two days longer; but Sulimani, who carried it, put it down by the roadside while he went to gather mushrooms. When he returned, the food was gone. He says the Manyuema had stolen it. Each one of us then on reaching camp last night set out to hunt for mushrooms, out of which we made a gruel. That is what we had to eat last night for supper. This morning we have fasted, but we are going to hunt up mushrooms again."

"And what will you eat to-morrow?"

"To-morrow is in the hands of God. I will live in hopes that I shall find something."

This youth, he was only nineteen, had carried sixty pound of cartridges in the meantime, and would carry it again to-morrow, and the next day, until he dropped, and measured his length on the ground, where he would mildew and rot. Out of nothing, nothing can be extracted to feed hungry men. He was only a solitary instance of over 400 people.

We reached a Manyuema Camp, which Uledi recognised as being a place where he had halted during a forage tour to the west of the Ihuru, in November, 1887.

On the 7th a halt was ordered, that the column might be sent under Uledi to search the clearing of Andari, six miles N.N.W. of the camp, but over a hundred were so weak that they were unable to go, whereupon the messes were ordered to bring their pots up, and three handfuls of flour were placed in each to make a gruel with, that they might have strength enough to reach the plantation.

On the 8th, about 200 of our men remained silent in camp awaiting the return of the foragers. In the afternoon, perceiving that their fast was too long, we served out more plantain flour to them.

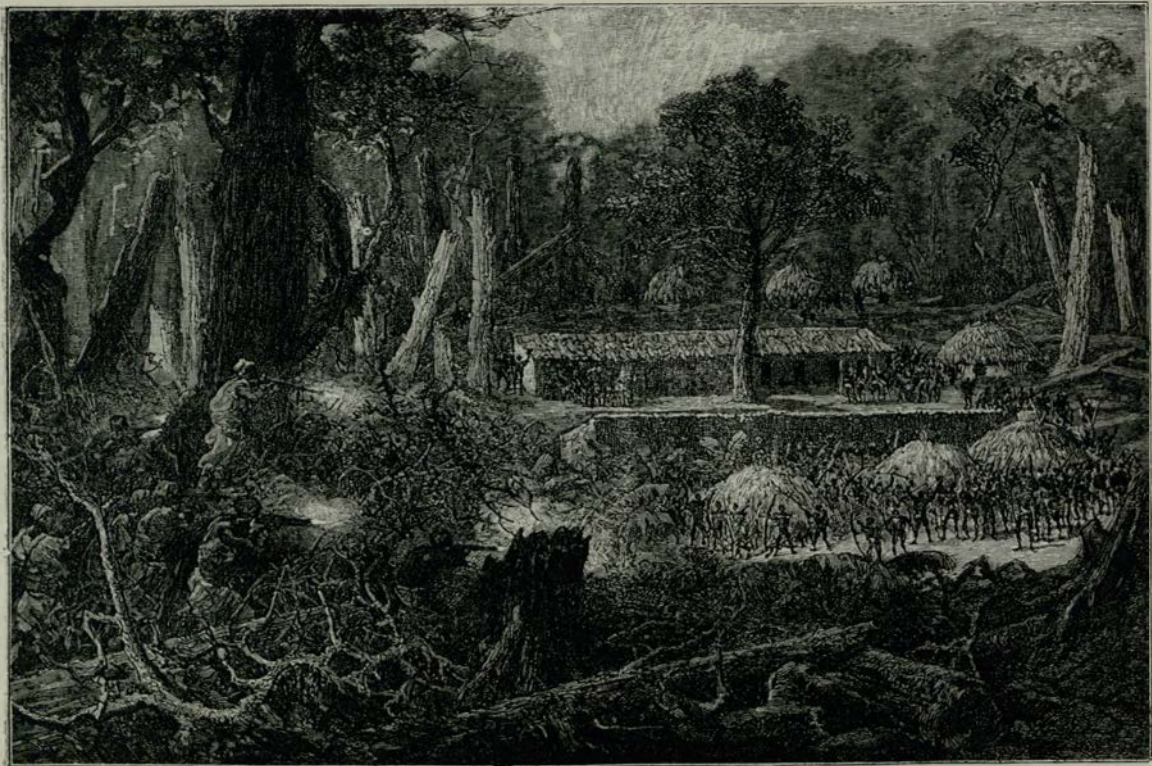
On the 9th, the foragers had not arrived. Two men had died in camp. Another man was reeling from the effects of a poisonous fungus. As the sick people came to get a further ration of flour for their gruel, I saw that their lives depended on it. Three days of this hunger would find us all perished, but every minute we expected to hear the murmur of the returning column.

On the morning of the 10th, anxious for the European provisions which we were carrying for the officers at Fort Bodo, I had them examined, and discovered to my consternation that fifty-seven tins of meat, teas, coffees, milks, had been eaten by the Manyema. If a look had potency sufficient to blast them, they would have speedily been reduced to ashes. "Dear me, how could the tins have vanished?" asked the chief Sadi. Ah, how? But the provision boxes were taken from his party, and Winchester and Maxim ammunition cases were served to them as loads instead.

At 2 P.M. the anxiously expected foragers returned, bringing with them from three to six days' provisions, which they had gathered from an abandoned plantation. The bearers had refreshed themselves previous to gathering. Now, in return for my gruel, each member had to refund me one pound of flour, as my reserve store, and one pound for the sick, who were deprived of the power to forage, and who were rejected by the messes. So that in this manner the sick received about eight pounds of flour, or dried plantains, and I owned a reserve of 200 pounds for future use.

Within an hour-and-a-half on the 11th we had reached Kilonga-Longa's ferry. The natives, fearing a repetition of his raids to the west of the Ihuru, had destroyed every canoe, and thus prevented me from crossing to pay Kilonga-Longa another visit, and to settle some accounts with him. The river was also in flood, and a gaunt and hungry wilderness stretched all round us. There was no other way for it than to follow the Ihuru upward until we could find means to cross to the east, or left side. Our course was now N.E. by N.

On the 12th, we followed a track, along which quite a tribe of pigmies must have passed. It was lined with amoma fruit-skins, and shells of nuts and the crimson rinds of phrynias berries. No wood-beans, or fenessi, or mabangu were found in this region, as on the south bank of Ituri River.



ENTERING ANDIKUMU





On reaching camp, I found that at the ferry, near the native camp at which we starved four days, six people had succumbed—a Madi, from a poisonous fungus, the Lado soldier who was speared above Wasp Rapids, two Soudanese of the rear-column, a Manyuema boy in the service of Mr. Bonny, and Ibrahim, a fine young Zanzibari, from a poisoned skewer in the foot.

During the 13th the great forest was perceptibly easier for travel. The elephant and game track which we had followed had brought us across another track leading easterly from Andari, and both joined presently, developing to a highway much patronised by the pigmy tribes. Along this we marched for two hours. We could tell where the pigmies had stopped to light their pipes, crack nuts, trap game, and balted to gossip. The twigs were broken three feet from the ground, showing that they were snapped by dwarfs. Where the road was a little muddy it showed traces of high insteps, and small feet not larger than those of young English misses of eight years old. The path improved as we tramped along; it grew into a highway of promise. Camps of the dwarfs were numerous. The soil was ochreous, the trees were larger, and towered to magnificent heights.

I observed as we filed into camp that it was time to obtain a further supply of food, and rest somewhere. The bearing of the people lacked confidence, their forms were more bowed under the terrible task of marching on scant food. I could have wept at the excess of misfortunes which weighed us daily lower towards the grave; but we had been so long strained in bearing violent vicissitudes, and so frequently afflicted with sights of anguish and suffering, that we were reduced to hear each day's tale of calamity in sorrowful silence. What losses we had already borne were beyond power of plaint and tear to restore. The morrow's grief awaited us, as certain as the morrow's sun; and to dwell upon the sorrowful past was to unfit us for what we had yet to undergo.

To make 230 loads equal to the daily lessening number of carriers was a most aggravating task. Not one out of twenty men but made some complaint of a severe ulcer, a headache, or threatened rupture, undefined bodily pains, a whitlow, a thorn in the foot, rheumatism, fever, &c. The loads remained always the same, but the carriers died.

On the 14th, the Expedition, after a six hours' march, approached Anduta and Andikumu. As the advance guard was pressing in over the logs and débris of the prostrated forest, some arrows flew, and two men fell wounded, and immediately boxes and bales were dropped, and quite a lively skirmish with the tall-hatted natives occurred; but in half-an-hour the main body of the caravan filed in, to find such a store of abnormally large plantains that the ravenous men were in ecstasies.

In extent the clearing was equal to the famous one of Ibwiri. It was situate in the bosom of hills which rose to the east, west and south. Along one of the tracks we saw the blazings of the Manyuema on the trees, and one

of the villages was in ruins; but the size of the clearing had baffled the ravaging horde in their attempt to destroy the splendid plantain groves.

On examining the boxes of ammunition before stacking them for the night, it was found that Corporal Dayn Mohammed had not brought his load in, and we ascertained that he had laid it at the base of a big tree near the path. Four headmen were at once ordered to return with the Soudanese Corporal to recover the box.

Arriving near the spot, they saw quite a tribe of pigmies, men, women and children, gathered around two pigmy warriors, who were trying to test the weight of the box by the grummet at each end. Our headmen, curious to see what they would do with the box, lay hidden closely, for the eyes of the little people are exceedingly sharp. Every member of the tribe seemed to have some device to suggest, and the little boys hopped about on one leg, spanking their hips in irrepressible delight at the find, and the tiny women carrying their tipler babies at their backs vociferated the traditional wise woman's counsel. Then a doughty man put a light pole, and laid it through the grummetts, and all the small people cheered shrilly with joy at the genius displayed by them in inventing a method for heaving along the weighty case of Remington ammunition. The Hercules and the Milo of the tribe put forth their utmost strength, and raised the box up level with their shoulders, and staggered away into the bush. But just then a harmless shot was fired, and the big men rushed forward with loud shouts, and then began a chase; and one over-fat young fellow of about seventeen was captured and brought to our camp as a prize. We saw the little Jack Horner, too fat by many pounds; but the story belongs to the headmen, who delivered it with infinite humour.

Mr. Bonny was sent to the Ihuru River on the 17th, to examine an old ferry reported to be there. He was unsuccessful in finding a canoe, but he ascertained that the river appeared to flow from E.N.E., and was about sixty yards wide, with quiet current and good depth.

The afternoon of the 14th, 15th and 16th of November were spent by the people in making amends for their past abstinence. What with boiled, roasted plantains and porridge, they must have consumed an immense number. Probably each man had eaten 140 plantains during the three days.

Within a short time after leaving Andikummu on the 19th, we passed through Anduta; and then the column passed by a picturesque hill called Kakwa, over a rough country bristling with immense rock fragments and boulders thickly covered, and surrounded with depths of ferns. Among the rocks near our camp on this date was found a store of corn and bananas, which no doubt belonged to the dwarfs. Had the find occurred a few days previously, there would have been a riotous scramble for them; but now each man was so burdened with his private stores that they regarded it with supreme indifference. The men also so suffered from indigestion after their revel at Andikummu that they were unfit for travel.





THE SCOUTS DISCOVER THE PIGMIES CARRYING AWAY THE THE CASE OF AMMUNITION



A five-mile march was made on the 20th. Since striking the dwarfs highway we had entered a stiff red clayey country, which retained the rain in pools, and whose roads were soapy and slippery.

At the noonday halt the leader of the van wandered a few hundred yards ahead on the path and encountered a native caravan from N. Anditoké. The natives uttered a howl of surprise at perceiving him, but seeing that he had no weapon, quickly advanced towards him with uplifted spears. But the howl they had raised had been heard by us at the halting-place, and the savages were met in time to save the Zanzibari leader. A skirmish took place, two of the natives were wounded and one was killed, and the effects of the caravan, consisting of iron rings, knobs, bracelets, and anklets, and calamus fibre leg-rings, a few native smith's tools, and, most singular of all, several unfired Remington cartridges, were captured.

The first thought that was suggested by the sight was that Fort Bodo had either been evacuated, or some patrols had been waylaid; but on reflection we settled on the conviction that these cartridges had belonged to some raiding parties of Manyuema, but that originally they were our property.

The travelling powers of the men were noticeably low on the 21st; they still suffered from their late debauch. At noon of this day we were in N. lat.  $1^{\circ} 43'$ , which proved that, despite every effort to find a path leading eastward, we were advancing north.

Chama Issa, the last of the Somalis, was reported dead on this day, but at the noon halt I was greatly gratified to see him. A portion from my own table went to him daily, and two Soudanese were detailed for extra pay to serve, feed, and carry him. Up to the evening of this day thirty-two out of the Banalya rear column had perished. At Banalya I had estimated that about half of the number would not survive. While they were being carried in the canoes there was no call for exertion, but the march overland had been most fatal to the unfortunates.

On the 22nd, soon after the advance had reached camp, a cold and heavy shower of rain fell, which demoralized many in the column; their failing energies and their impoverished systems were not proof against cold. Madis and Zanzibaris dropped their loads in the road, and rushed helter-skelter for the camp. One Madi managed to crawl near my tent, wherein a candle was lit, for in a rainstorm the forest, even in daylight, is as dark as on an ordinary night in the grass-land. Hearing him groan, I issued out with the candle, and found the naked body rigid in the mud, unable to move. As he saw the candle flame his eyes dilated widely, and he attempted to grasp it with his hands. He was at once borne to a fire, and laid within a few inches of it, and with the addition of a pint of hot broth made from the Liebig Company's extract of meat we restored him to his senses. On the road in front of the rear guard two Madis died, and also one Zanzibari of the rear column, stricken instantaneously to death by the intensely cold rain.



We made a march of two hours the next day, and then despatched forty-five choice men ahead to try and obtain meal for the salvation of the Banalya men and the Madis, whose powers were too weak for further effort. The scouts returned within twenty-four hours with a goat, which was at once slaughtered to make thirty gallons of soup. When thickened with two pounds of wheaten flour, the soup made a most welcome meal for over sixty men. We reached Indemau by 10 A.M. on the 25th. The village was situated in a hollow at the base of a mount, and was distant from the Dui branch of the Ihuru six miles.

At Indemau the long-enduring members of the Expedition received another respite from total annihilation. The plantain groves were extensive and laden with fruit, and especially with ripe mellow plantains whose fragrance was delicious. But in the same manner that it was impossible to teach these big children to economise their rations, so it was impossible to teach them moderation when they found themselves in the midst of plenty. At Andikumu an army might have been supplied with good wholesome food, but the inordinate voracity of the famished people had been followed by severe indigestion, and at Indemau their intemperate appetites brought on such sickening repletion that we were engaged every morning in listening to their complaints and administering enemata to relieve the congested bodies.

A path from Indemau was discovered, leading across the Dui River; there was another leading to Indeperri, a large settlement about fifteen miles N.E. from Fort Bodo. It had been my original purpose to steer a course through the forest which would take us direct to the grass-land, along a more northerly route than the line of Ipoto and Fort Bodo, after sending a detachment to settle accounts with Kilonga-Longa; but in our endeavour to find a ford or ferry across the Ihuru we had been compelled by the high flood to continue parallel with the river until now. Observation proved us to be in N. lat.  $1^{\circ} 47'$  and E. long.  $29^{\circ} 7' 45''$ . But the discovery of Remington cartridges among the stores of a native caravan in these unknown parts, and yet within a reasonable distance of Fort Bodo, had intruded doubts in my mind which I thought would best be solved by deflecting our course southward, and sweeping past the old Fort, and seeing with our own eyes what had really occurred. Mr. Bonny was therefore sent with the chief Rashid and sixty men, to build a bridge across the Dui River.

After a halt of five days the Expedition marched from Indemau on the 1st of December to the Dui. Mr. Bonny and old Rashid, with their assistants, were putting the finishing touches to the bridge, a work which reflected great credit on all concerned in its construction, but especially on Mr. Bonny. Without halting an instant the column marched across the five-branched Dui, over a length of rough but substantial woodwork, which measured in the aggregate eighty yards, without a single accident.

On the other side of the Dui we made a muster of the people, and dis-

covered that thirty-four of the rear column had died, and that out of sixteen Zanzibaris on the sick list, fourteen were of the Yambuya party, and they all appeared to be in such a condition that a few days only would decide their fate. Every goat and fowl that we could procure was distributed to these poor people in the hope of saving them. We cooked for them; Mr. Bonny gave them medicines daily; we had relieved them of every article, excepting their own rations, and yet so wrecked were their systems by what they had endured at Yambuya and Baulya, that a slight abrasion from plants, branches or creepers, developed into a raging ulcer, which in three or four days would



BRIDGING THE DUI RIVER

be several inches across. Nothing but the comforts and rest obtained in a metropolitan hospital would have arrested this rapid decline.

We made a short march to the small village of Andiuba, and from thence we reached in three hours the large settlement of Addigubha. On the 4th we reached Ngwetza in four-and-a-half hours, and formed camp outside of the plantain-grove. We had passed through ten villages of the pigmies without having seen any of the little people. The woods were dense, and the undergrowth flourishing. Belts of sloughy mud, disparted by small streams, divided one village from another. It was in just such a locality our camp was pitched on the 4th of December. Presently into the centre of the camp

a full uddered goat, with two fine kids four months old, walked, and after a short stare of undisguised surprise at the family, we sprang upon them and secured the undoubted gift of the gods, and sacrificed them. Half-an-hour later we were told that one of the Uchu natives attached to Mr. Bonny had received an arrow in his body, and that the dwarfs had attacked and killed a Manyema boy. A party was sent to convey the boy's body into the woods, where it could be buried by his friends, but in the morning the meat had been carried away.

The criers were instructed to proceed through the camp to prepare five days' provisions of food. Their cries were heard ringing from end to end, and huge loads of material for the wooden grates were brought in, and throughout the 5th the people devoted themselves to the preparation of flour.

The next day, as we marched southerly, it was observed that we were following a gradual slope to the river Ihuru. We crossed six broad and sluggish streams, with breadths of mud coloured red by iron, banked by dense nurseries of *Raphia* palm and rattan. About 3 p.m. the advance-guard stumbled upon several families of dwarfs, and a capture was made of an old woman, a girl, and a boy of eighteen, besides a stock of bananas, and some fowls. The "old" lady was as strong as a horse apparently, and to the manner of carrying a load of bananas she appeared to be quite accustomed.

The family of little people intimated that they knew the forest well, but they had a strong inclination for an E.N.E. course, which would have taken us away from Fort Bodo. They were therefore sent to the rear, and we swung along S., and by E., sometimes S.S.E., traversed six streams on the 7th, and a similar number on the 8th.

Soon after the headquarters' tent had been pitched on this last date, I observed a young fellow stagger; and going up to him, I questioned him as to the cause. I was astonished to be told it was from weakness and want of food. Have you eaten all your five days' rations already? No, he had thrown it away because the dwarf captives had said that in one day they would reach a famous place for plantains, the "biggest in the world."

Upon extending my inquiries it was found that there were at least 150 people who had followed his example, and had nothing left to eat. The headmen were called at once to a council, and after being reproached for their reckless conduct, it was resolved that on the next day every able-bodied adult should return to Ngwetza, which we had left on the morning of the 6th. The distance was 19½ hours for the caravan, but as much time had been lost in cutting through the jungly undergrowth, and even now and then in laying a course, we believed the forage party would be able to return to Ngwetza in eleven hours' travel.

On the morning of the 9th, about 200 people started on the back track for the plantain groves of Ngwetza, but before departing they contributed about 200 lbs. of plantain flour as a reserve for the sickly ones, and guards of the



camp. About 130 men, women and pigmies, the majority of whom were already distressed by hunger, were thus left with Mr. Bonny and myself in the camp. I served out half-a-cupful of flour to each person for the day, then despatched Mr. Bonny with ten men to find the Ihuru River. According to my calculations, the camp was in N. lat.  $1^{\circ} 27' 15''$  and E. long.  $29^{\circ} 21' 30''$ , and was thus about nine geographical miles in an air-line north of Fort Bodo. But all our wretched people knew was that they were shut in by myriads of trees, and that a dead black unknown environed the camp round about. They believed, however, that the Ihuru was not far from Fort Bodo, and if Mr. Bonny and his men discovered it, some little encouragement would be gained. Mr. Bonny succeeded in finding the river, and blazed a path to it.

For employment's sake I sat down to recalculate all my observations, to correct certain discrepancies that our journeys over the same ground had enabled me to detect; and buried in my *Norie*, and figures and charts, my mind was fully occupied. But on the 14th my work was done. I lived in hope the next day, with my hearing on the strain for the sound of voices. The people looked miserable, but hopeful. A box of European provisions was opened, a pot of butter and one of milk were taken out, and a table-spoonful of each dropped into ten earthenware pots that were already filled with boiling water. In this manner a thin broth was made which would serve to protract existence. On the sixth day the pots were again ranged round me in a semi-circle, and in rotation each cook brought his vessel of hot water to receive his butter and milk, and after being well stirred, marched off with his group to distribute the broth according to measure. A little heartened by the warm liquid, they scattered through the woods to hunt up the red berries of the phrynium, and pick up now and then the amomum, whose sour-sweet pulp appeared to quiet the gnawing of the stomach. A mushroom in the course of several hundred yards' rambling would perhaps fall to the lot of the seeker. But when 130 men have wandered about and about, to and fro, searching for the edibles, the circle widens, and day by day the people had to penetrate further and further away from the camp. And it happened that, while thus eagerly searching, they were carried some miles away, and had paid no regard to the course they were going; and when they wished to return to camp, they knew not which way to seek it, and two full-grown men and Saburi, a little boy of eight years, did not return. I had a peculiar liking for the child. His duty was to carry my Winchester and cartridge-pouch. He was usually a dark cherub, round as a roller, strong and sturdy, with an old man's wisdom within his little head, and frequently when the caravan was on its mettle, and a fair road before it, I looked back often and often to see how little Saburi trotted steadily after me. Being the rifle-bearer, trained to be at my heels at any strange sound, I deprived myself of many a choice bit to nourish Saburi with, so that his round stomach had drawn a smile from all who looked at him. He looked like a little boy with a keg under his frock. But, alas! in the last

few days the keg had collapsed, and he, like all the others, had penetrated into the wilderness of phrynia to search for berries, and had become lost.

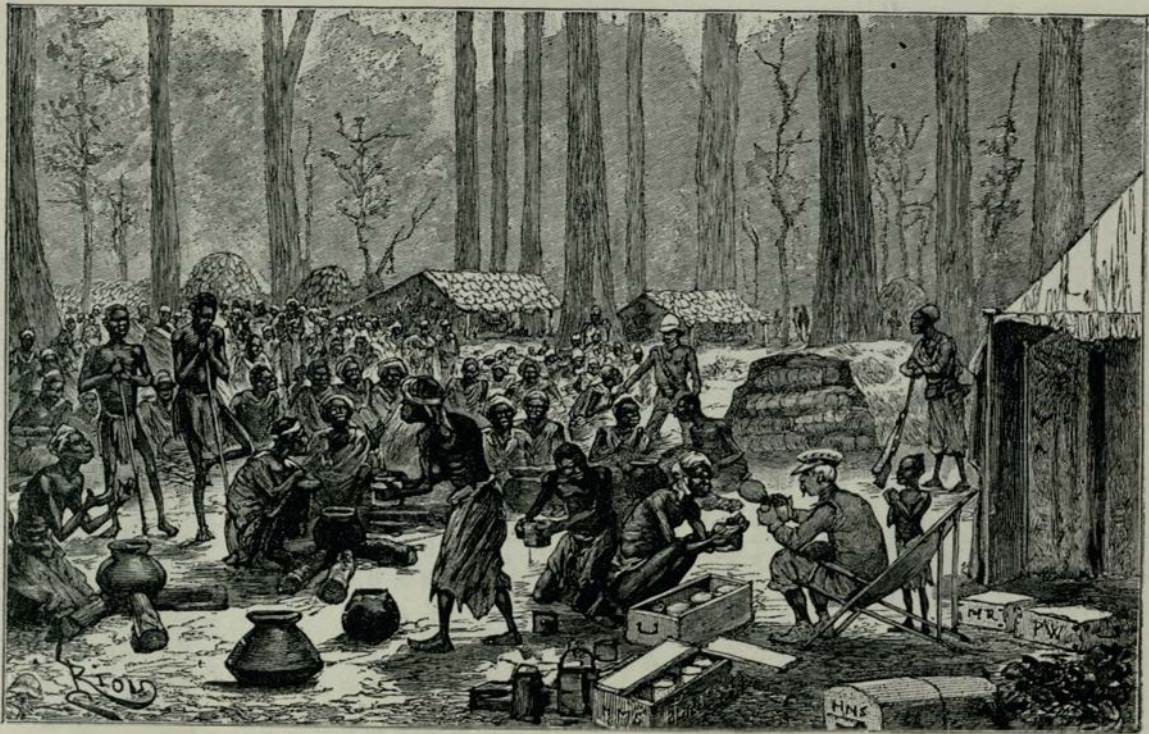
In the dark the muzzle-loaders of the Manyema were employed to fire signals. About 9 P.M. we thought we heard the little boy's voice. The halloo was sounded, and a reply came from the other end of the camp. One of the great ivory horns boomed out its deep sound. Then the cry came from the opposite side. Some of the men said that it must be Saburi's ghost wailing his death. The picture of the little fellow seeing the dark night come down upon him with its thick darkness in those eerie wilds, with fierce dwarfs prowling about, and wild boar, huge chimpanzee, and leopards, with troops of elephants trampling and crashing the crisp phrynia, and great baboons beating hollow trees—everything terrifying, in fact, round about him—depressed us exceedingly. We gave him up for lost.

It had been an awful day. In the afternoon a boy had died. Three persons were lost. The condition of the majority was most disheartening. Some could not stand, but fell down in the effort. These sights began to act on my nerves, until I began to feel not only moral sympathy, but physical as well, as though bodily weakness was infectious.

On my bed that night the thought of the absent men troubled me; but however distasteful was the idea that a terrible misfortune had occurred to them—such as being lost in the woods, or collapsing from hunger before they reached the groves—it became impossible not to expect the worst. I pictured the entire column perished, the Pasha wondering month after month what had become of us, and we corrupting and decaying in this unknown corner in the great forest, with every blaze on the trees healed up, every trail obliterated, and our burial-place remaining unknown until the end of time. Indeed, it appeared to me as if we were drifting steadily towards just such a fate. Here were about 200 men without food going thirty-five miles to seek it. Not 150 would perhaps reach it; the others would throw themselves, like the Madis, to the ground, to wait, to beg from others, if perchance they returned. If an accident to the 50 bravest men happened, what then? Some would be shot down by dwarfs; the larger aborigines would attack the others in a body. The men having no leader, scatter about, become bewildered, and lose their way, or are speared one after another. Meantime we are waiting, ever waiting for people who cannot return; those with me die first by threes, sixes, tens, twenties, and then, like a candle extinguished, we are gone. Nay, something had to be done.

On the sixth day we made the broth as usual, a pot of butter and a pot of milk for 130 people, and the headmen and Mr. Bonny were called to council. On my suggesting a reverse to the foragers of such a nature as to cause an utter loss of all, the council appeared unable to comprehend such a possibility, though folly after folly, madness after madness, had marked every day of my acquaintance with the people. The departure of men secretly on raids, and





STARVATION CAMP: SERVING OUT MILK AND BUTTER FOR BROTH





never returning, the leaping of fifty men into the river after a bush antelope, the throwing away of their rations after fifteen months' experiences of the forest, the reckless rush into guarded plantations, skewering their feet; the inattention they paid to abrasions, leaving them to develop into rabid ulcers; the sale of their rifles to men who would have enslaved them all; follies practised by blockheads day after day, week after week; and then to say they could not comprehend the possibility of a fearful disaster! Were not 300 men with three officers lost in the wood for six days? Were not three persons lost close to this camp yesterday and they have not returned? Did I not tell these men that we should all die if they were not back on the fourth day? Was not this the sixth day of their absence? Were there not fifty people close to death now? and much else of the same kind.

By-and-by, the conviction stole on their minds that if by accident we were to remain in camp inactive for three days, we should then be too weak to seek for food; and they agreed with me that it would be a wise thing to bury the goods, and set out on our return to Ngwetza to procure food for ourselves. But there was one difficulty. If we buried the goods, and fifty sick men preferred to remain in the camp to following us, we should find, if we returned to the *caché*, that the sick men had exhumed the goods, and wrecked everything out of pure mischief.

Mr. Bonny then came to the rescue with an offer to stay with ten men in camp, if I provided food for him and the garrison for ten days, the time we decided we should be absent. Food to make a light gruel for so small a number for ten days was not difficult to find. Half a cupful of cornflour per man for thirteen men for ten days was measured, with the addition of four milk biscuits per man each day. A few tins of butter and condensed milk were also set apart to assist the gruel. For those unwilling or unable to follow us to the plantains we could do nothing. What might sustain a small garrison of thirteen men for many days would not save the lives of fifty when they were already so far gone, that only an abundance of digestive plantain flour could possibly save them.

On this morning little Saburi walked into camp quite unconcerned, and fresh as from a happy outing. "Why, Saburi! where have you been?" "I lost my way while picking berries, and I wandered about, and near night I came to a track. I saw the marks of the axes, and I said—Lo! this is our road, and I followed it, thinking I was coming to camp. But, instead of that, I saw only a big river. It was the Ihuru! Then I found a big hollow tree, and I went into it and slept; and then I came back along the road, and so and so, until I walked in here. That is all."

We mustered every soul alive in the camp on the morning of the 15th. Sadi, the Manyema headman, reported fourteen of his people unable to travel; Kibbobora reported his sick brother as being the only person of his party too sick to move; Fundi had a wife and a little boy too weak for the

journey. The Expedition was obliged to leave 26. We thus had 43 persons verging on dissolution unless food could be procured within twenty-four hours. Assuming a cheery tone, though my heart was well-nigh breaking, I told them to be of good courage, that I was going to hunt up the absentees, who no doubt were gorging themselves; most likely I should find them on the road, in which case they would have to run all the way to camp with the food. "Meantime, pray for my success. God is the only one who can help you!"

We set out at 1 P.M. on our return journey towards Ngwetza, thirty-five miles distant, with sixty-five men and boys and twelve women. We travelled until night, and then threw ourselves on the ground, each under his own clump of bush, silent and sad, communing with his own thoughts. When night fell, vain was it for me to seek for that sleep which is the "balm of hurt minds." Too many memories crowded about me; too many dying forms haunted me in the darkness, and my lively fancies were so distempered that sleep was impossible. The stark forms which we had seen that afternoon during our tramp, lying in links along the path, were things too solemn for sudden oblivion. The poor hearts around me were too heavy to utter aught but groans of despair. The fires were not lit, for there was no food to cook. Out of the pall-black darkness came out the eerie shapes that haunt the fever-land, that jibe and mock the lonely man, and whisper of graves and worms and forgetfulness. A demon hinted in the dazed brain that 'twere better to rest than to think with a sickening heart. The sigh of the wind through the crowns of the thick black bush seemed to sigh and moan "Lost! lost! lost!"

"Allah ho Akbar," was a cry that rang through the gloom, from a man with a breaking heart. The words went pealing along through the dark, and they roused the echoes of "God is great" within me. And, lo! worthier thoughts possessed the mind, the straining of the eyes through the darkness was relaxed, and the sight was inverted to see dumb witnesses of past mercies on this or that forgotten occasion; one memory begot another, until the stubborn heart was melted, and our needs were laid as upon a tablet before the Great Deliverer.

Towards morning I dozed, to spring up a few hours later as the darkness was fading, and a ghostly light showed the still groups of my companions.

"Up, boys, up! to the plantains! up! Please God, we shall have plantains to-day!" I cried aloud to cheer the sad hearts. Within a few minutes we had filed away from our earthy couches, and were on the track in the cheerless light of the morning, some hobbling from sores, some limping from ulcers, some staggering from weakness. We had commenced to feel warmed up with the motion of the march, when I heard a murmur of voices ahead. Little Saburi held the rifle ready, observant of the least sign of the hand, when I saw a great pile of green fruit rising above the broad leaves of the



phrynia that obstructed a clear view, and intuitively I divined that this must be the column of foragers advancing to meet us, and in a second of time, the weak, the lame, and the cripple, the limping and moaning people forgot their griefs and their woes, and shouted the grateful chant which goes up of its own accord towards the skies out of the full heart: "Thanks be to God."

It needed only one view of the foremost men to have told what the heedless, thoughtless herd had been doing. It was no time for reproaches, however, but to light fires, sit down and roast the green fruit, and get strength for the return, and in an hour we were swinging away back again to Starvation Camp, where we arrived at 2.30 P.M., to be welcomed as only dying men can welcome those who lend the right hand to save them. And all that afternoon young and old, Zanzibari and Manyuema, Soudanese and Madi, forgot their sorrows of the past in the pleasures of the present, and each vowed to be more provident in the future—until the next time.

On the 17th we reached the Ihuru, and the next day forded the river, and from thence we cut our way through the undergrowth of bush and plants, and early in the afternoon of the 19th we emerged out of the trackless bush, to camp on the outskirts of the plantations of Fort Bodo.

On the 20th we cut a track through the deserted plantations, and after an hour's hard work reached our well-known road, which had been so often patrolled by us. We soon discovered traces of recent travel, and late foraging in piles of plantain skins near the track; but we could not discover by whom these were made. Approaching the end of our military road, we met at the turning some Zanzibari patrols, who were as much astonished as we were ourselves at the sudden encounter. Volley after volley soon rang through the silence of the clearing. The fort soon responded, and a stream of frantic men, wild with joy, advanced by leaps and bounds to meet us; and among the first was my dear friend the Doctor, who announced, with eyes which danced with pleasure, "All is well at Fort Bodo."

## CHAPTER XXII

## IMPRISONMENT OF EMIN PASHA AND MR. JEPHSON

Our reception at Fort Bodo—Lieut. Stairs' report of affairs at Fort Bodo—No news of Jephson—Mustering of our men—We burn the Fort and advance to find Emin and Jephson—Camp at Kandekoré—Parting words to Lieut. Stairs and Surgeon Parke, who are left in charge of the sick—Mazamboni gives us news of Emin and Jephson—Old Gavira escorts us—Two Wahuma messengers bring letters from Emin and Jephson—Their strange contents—The Balegga attack us, but, with the help of the Bavira, are repulsed—Mr. Jephson turns up and describes the revolt of the troops of Equatoria—Emin Pasha sends an answer to my last letter.

I WAS escorted to Fort Bodo by glad men who leaped around me like spaniels, while the Doctor imparted the most cheery news. Prosperous fields of corn lay on either hand. I noted goodly crops everywhere, the fenced squares, and clean streets, and every one I met—white and black—was in perfect health, except a few incurables. Nelson was quite recovered, the dark shadow of the starvation camp was entirely gone, and the former martial tread and manly bearing had been regained; and Stairs was precisely what he ought to have been—an obedient, judicious, and painstaking officer.

In the granary there were 24,000 ears of corn. The plantation was still producing plantains, sweet potatoes and beans; there was besides a good crop of tobacco. The stream in the neighbourhood supplied fish, and between officers and men there existed the very best feeling. Lieut. Stairs had not been free from trouble; troops of elephants had invaded the fields, native plunderers by night had robbed him of stores of tobacco, a mild benevolence had brought on the plantation a host of marauding pigmies, but a show of alertness and firmness had made him respected and feared by pigmies, aborigines, and Zanzibaris, and in every wise suggestion his comrades had concurred and aided him. The admirable and welcome letter below speaks for itself:—

Fort Bodo, Ibwiri, Central Africa,  
21st December, 1888.

H. M. STANLEY, Esq.,  
Command of Emin Pasha Relief Expedition.

SIR,

I have the honour to report that, in accordance with your letter of instructions, dated Fort Bodo, June 13th, 1888, I took over the charge of Fort Bodo and its garrison.

The strength of the garrison was then as follows:—Officers, 3; Zanzibaris, 51; Soudanese, 5; Madis, 5; total, 64.

Soon after your departure from Yambuaya, the natives in the immediate vicinity became excessively bold and aggressive; gangs of them would come into the plantations nearly every day searching for plantains, and at last a party of them came into the gardens east of the Fort at night-time and made off with a quantity of tobacco and beans. On the night of the 21st August they again attempted to steal more tobacco; this time, however, the sentries were on the alert. The lesson they received had the effect of making the natives less bold, but still our bananas were being taken at a great rate. I now found it necessary to send out three parties of patrols per week; these had as much as they could do to keep out the natives and elephants. If fires were not made every few days, the elephants came into the bananas, and would destroy in a single night some acres of plantation.

By November 1st we had got the natives well in hand, and at this time I do not believe a single native camp exists within eight miles of the Fort. Those natives to the S.E. of the Fort gave us the most trouble, and were the last to move away from our plantations.

At the end of July we all expected the arrival of Mr. Mounteney Jephson from the Albert Nyanza, to relieve the garrison and convey our goods on to the Lake shore. Day after day, however, passed away, and no sign of him or news from him reaching us made many of the men more and more restless as each day passed. Though most of the men wished to remain at the Fort till relief turned up, either in the shape of Mr. Jephson or yourself, still some eight or ten discontented ones, desirous of reaching the Lake and partaking of the plenty there, were quite ready at any time to desert the loads, the white men, and sick.

Seeing how things stood, I treated the men at all times with the greatest leniency, and did whatever I could to make their life at the Fort as easy for them as was possible.

Shortly after the time of Mr. Jephson's expected arrival, some of the men came to me and asked for a "shauri"; this I granted. At this shauri the following propositions were made by one of the men (Ali Juma), and assented to by almost every one of the Zanzibaris present.

I. To leave the Fort, march on to the Lake by way of Mazamboni's country, making double trips, and so get on all the loads to the Lake and have plenty of food.

II. Or, to send say fifteen couriers with a letter to the edge of the plain, there to learn if the Bandusuma were still our friends or no; if unfriendly, then to return to the Fort; if friendly, then the couriers would take on the letter to Mr. Jephson, and relief would come.

To the first proposal I replied:—

(1.) Mr. Stanley told me not to move across the plain, whatever else I did, without outside aid.

(2.) Did not Mr. Stanley tell Emin Pasha it was not safe to cross the plains, even should the natives be friendly, without sixty guns?

(3.) We had only thirty strong men, the rest were sick; we should lose our loads and sick men.

We all lived on the best of terms after I had told them we could not desert the Fort. We went on hoeing up the ground and planting corn and other crops, as if we expected a prolonged occupation. On the 1st September a severe hurricane



accompanied by hail passed over the Fort, destroying fully 60 per cent. of the standing corn, and wrecking the banana plantations to such an extent that at least a month passed before the trees commenced to send up young shoots. Had it not been for this, we should have had great quantities of corn; but as it was, I was only able to give each man ten corns per week. The weakly ones, recommended by Dr. Parke, got one cup of shelled corn each per day. At one time we had over thirty men suffering from ulcers, but through the exertion of Dr. Parke, all their ulcers on your arrival had healed up with the exception of some four.

Eight deaths occurred from the time of your departure up to the 20th December, two were killed by arrows, and two were captured by natives.<sup>1</sup>

In all matters where deliberation was necessary the other officers and myself took part. We were unanimous in our determination to await your arrival, knowing that you were using every endeavour to bring relief to us as speedily as possible.

On the 20th December I handed over the charge of the Fort to you, and on the 21st the goods entrusted to my care.

I have the honour to be, Sir, &c., &c.

(Signed) W. G. STAIRS, Lieut. R.E.

We were now left to conjecture what had become of the energetic Jephson, the man of action, who had been nick-named *Buburika*, or the Cheetah, because he was so quick and eager, and strained at the leash. We were sure that no small matter would have detained him, even though the Pasha might after all think that a long journey to Fort Bodo was unnecessary for him.

But the fact that neither had been heard of placed us in a dilemma. We had fifty-five extra loads of absolutely necessary property to carry, over and above the number of carriers. After a little midnight deliberation I resolved to make double marches between Fort Bodo and the Ituri River on the edge of the plains, leave Lieutenant Stairs and officers and sick at the well-furnished clearing of Kandekoré, and march to the Nyanza to ascertain what had happened to Emin Pasha and Mr. Mounteney Jephson. This would probably cause me to exceed my original estimate of time by ten days. But what can one do when every plan is thwarted by some unlucky accident or another? Fort Bodo, to which I had promised to return on Dec. 22nd, had been reached two days before the stipulated time. If I arrived at the Nyanza by January 26, I should be ten days behind time.

On the 21st of December all this was explained to the men, and I asked for fifty-five volunteers to do double duty, at extra pay in cloth. Volunteers responded readily at this promise, and the difficulty of carrying the extra fifty-five loads of ammunition vanished.

At the muster on the 22nd of December there were present in the Fort—209 Zanzibaris, 17 Soudanese, 1 Somali, 151 Manyema and followers, 26 Madis, 2 Lados, 6 whites; total 412. Therefore the journey from Banalya to Fort Bodo had cost 106 lives, of whom 38 belonged to the rear column.

On the 23rd we set out from Fort Bodo, and on the next day Captain

Nelson, having buried the Pasha's big demijohn, some broken rifles, &c., set fire to the Fort and joined us.

Christmas Day and the day after we foraged for the double journeys, and on the 27th Stairs was sent forward with one hundred rifles to occupy the ferry at the Ituri River, with orders, after making himself snug, to send back fifty-five men to our Cross Roads camp. Meantime, being very dilapidated in clothing, the Doctor and I tailored to make ourselves respectable for the grass-land.

On the 2nd of January, while waiting for the contingent from Stairs, a Soudanese, gathering fuel only 150 yards from camp, received five arrows in his back, which were extracted after tremendous exertion by the Doctor—two of the arrows being so deeply fixed in bone and muscle that the wounded man was almost raised from the ground. A sixth arrow was found two months later. The man ultimately recovered, to die close to Bagamoyo nearly a year later.

On the next day the fifty-five men returned from Stairs with a note reporting all was well at the Ituri, and that he was hopeful of a pacific conclusion to the negotiations with the natives of Kandekoré, and on the 4th of the month at noon we moved from Cross Roads Camp. Six hours' march on the 5th brought us to West Indenduru. On the 6th we reached Central Indenduru, and on the 7th we were in the Bakwuru village at the foot of Pisgah, in view of the grass-land, at which the men of the rear column and the Manyema were never tired of gazing and wondering. On the 9th we crossed the Ituri River and established a camp in the village of Kandekoré on the east side.

The next day all hands were set to work to make a camp, to clear the bush around, for natives are accustomed to let it grow right up to the eaves of their huts to enable them to retreat unperceived in case of danger.

In the evening after dinner Lieutenant Stairs and Surgeon Parke were called to my tent, and I addressed them as to their duties during my absence. Said I—

“You know as well as I do that there is a constant unseen influence at work creating an anxiety which has sometimes tempted us to despair. No plan, however clear and intelligible it may be, but is thwarted and reversed. No promises are fulfilled, instructions are disregarded, suggestions are unavailing, and so we are constantly labouring to correct and make amends for this general waywardness which pursues us. We are no sooner out of one difficulty than we are face to face with another, and we are subjected to everlasting stress and strains of appalling physical miseries, and absolute decimation. It is as clear to you as to me why these things are so. They will go on and continue so, unless I can gather the fragments of this Expedition together once and for all, and keep it together, never to be separated again. But each time I have wished to do so, the inability of the men to march, the necessity of hurrying to one place and then to another, keep us

eternally detached. After bringing the rear column, and uniting it with the advance, and collecting your garrison at Fort Bodo, we are astonished at this total absence of news from Jephson and the Pasha. Now I cannot manœuvre with a hospital in tow, such as we have with us. At the muster of to-day, after inspection, there were 124 men suffering from ulcers, debility, weakness, dysentery, and much else. They cannot march, they cannot carry goods. Jephson and the Pasha are perhaps waiting for me. It is now January 10th. I promised to be on the Nyanza again, even if I went as far as Yambuya, by the 16th; I have six days before me. You see how I am pulled this way and that way. If I could trust you to obey me, obey every word literally, that you would not swerve one iota from the path laid down, I could depart from you with confidence, and find out what is the matter with Jephson and the Pasha."

"I don't see why you should doubt us. I am sure we have always tried to do our very best to please and satisfy you," replied Stairs.

"That is strictly true, and I am most grateful to you for it. The case of Yambuya seems to be repeated here. Our friend Jephson is absent, perhaps dead from fever or from some accident; but why do we not hear from the Pasha? Therefore we surmise that some other trouble has overtaken both. Well, I must set out for the Nyanza, and either send men to obtain the news, or cut my way north through Melindwa as far as Mswa Station to discover the cause of this strange silence. Have the Mahdists come up river, and annihilated everybody, or has another Expedition reached Emin from the East. Which is it? No one can answer, but we cannot sit down until the mystery unfolds itself, nor can I travel with 124 men who require a long rest to recover from their fatigues and sicknesses. Therefore I am compelled to trust to you and the doctor, and beg you will stay here until I know what has happened, whether it is for one month or two months. You must look after the camp alertly, and I wish the doctor to attend to these sick men and cure them, not to stint medicines, but nurse them with good food from morning until night. Do you promise this faithfully, on your words as gentlemen?"

"We do," replied both warmly.

"Now, Doctor, Stairs will perform all that is required as Superintendent and Governor of the camp, but I look to you mostly. These 124 men are on the sick list; some are but slightly indisposed, and some are in a dreadful state. But they all require attention, and you must give it devotedly. You must see that your worst cases are fed regularly. Three times a day see that their food is prepared, and that it is given to them; trust no man's word, see to it yourself in person; for we want these men to reach home."

The next morning, after encouraging remarks to the invalids, we set out from Kandekoré in the territory of the Bakuba, and in forty-five minutes we had emerged out of the bush, to the immense delight and wonder of such of the rear column and Manyuema as had not seen the glorious land before.

On the 12th we reached Bessé, and were well received by our native friends. They informed us that the Pasha was building big houses at Nyamsassi, and the rumour was that he and many followers intended to pass through the land. As we had been very anxious, this piece of good news was hailed with great satisfaction.



We camped the day following in a vale a little north of Mukangi, and on the 14th we reached our old camp in Mazamboni's country. It was not long before Mazamboni, and Katto his brother, and his inseparable cousin Kalengé, appeared, and in reply to our eager questioning, informed us that Jephson had reached Kavalli's the day before yesterday (12th); that Hailallah, a boy deserter, was in charge of Kavalli, and had grown as tall as a spear. We were also told that *Maleju* (the Pasha) had despatched ten men to Kavalli's to obtain news of us, and that he had caused some fields to be cultivated near the lake, and had planted corn for our use. "What a good, thoughtful, kind man he must be!" we mentally remarked.

As Mazamboni presented us with two fat beeves, it was essential that the Zanzibaris and the Manyema should be indulged a little after long abstinence from flesh. We accordingly halted on the 15th, and during the day Chief Gavira came in and imparted the intelligence that Jephson had arrived at Katonza's village three days before with seventeen soldiers; and our people, who were now well supplied with cloth, besides beads, cowries, and wire, were able to invest in luxuries to their hearts' content. The Manyema smiled blandly, and the Zanzibaris had contracted a habit, as they had scented the grass-lands, of crowing, which when once started was imitated by nearly 300 people.

Old Gavira escorted us the next day, the date I should have been on the Nyanza, and by the afternoon we were in one of the old villages which was once burned by us, and which was again clean and new and prosperous, and we welcome and honoured guests, only one long day's march from the Lake.

Now that we were actually out of the forest, and only one thing remained for us to do—since both the Pasha and Mr. Jephson were on the Lake shore just below us, according to the natives—viz., to deliver the ammunition into the Pasha's hands, and escort a few Egyptians home, Old Gavira had reason to suppose that afternoon that "Bula Matari" was a very amiable person.

But at 5 P.M. two Wahuma messengers came with letters from Kavalli's, and as I read them a feeling of mental paralysis came over me. When I recovered myself the ears of Jephson and the Pasha must certainly have tingled. I need not criminate myself, however, and any person of any imagination may conceive what I must have felt after he has read the following letters:—

LETTER FROM EMIN.

Dufflé, 2nd September, 1888.

DEAR SIR,

Mr. Jephson having been obliged to accompany some officers who start to see you, I profit of the occasion to tender you, with my best wishes, hearty congratulations for the safe arrival of your Expedition, of which we have heard only by our boys, our letters being rigorously withheld from us. Mr. Jephson, who has been of good help to me, under very trying circumstances, will tell you what has happened, and is likewise able to give you the benefit of his experience, and to make some

suggestions, should you decide to come here as people wish. In the case of your coming, you will greatly oblige me by taking measures for the safety of my little girl, about whom I feel most anxious.

Should, however, you decide not to come, then I can only wish you a good and safe return to your country, and at the same time I may be permitted to request you to tender my cordial thanks to your officers and your people, and my heartfelt acknowledgment to those kind-hearted benefactors in England by whose generosity the Expedition was started.

Believe me, dear Sir, to be, &c., &c.,

(Signed) DR. EMIN.

### 2ND LETTER FROM EMIN.

Dufflé, 6, 11, 88.—Since the foregoing was written I have been always a prisoner here. Twice we heard you had come in, but it was not true. Now, the Mahdi's people having come up, and Rejaf Station having been taken, we may be attacked some day or other, and there seems only a few hours of our escaping. However, we hope yet. To-day I have heard the soldiers from Muggi started yesterday for Rejaf, and if they are defeated, as without any doubt they will be, the Khartoum people will be here very quickly.

Mr. Jephson has acquainted me with the letter he wrote to you, and I think there is nothing to be joined to it.\*

&c., &c.,

(Signed) DR. EMIN.

### 3RD LETTER FROM EMIN.

Tunguru, 21st December, 1888.

DEAR MR. STANLEY,

Mr. Jephson having told to you whatever has happened here after we left Dufflé, I refrain from repeating the narrative.† Although for a moment there happened a movement in my favour, the officers, elated with their victory, soon were just as bad as they were in the beginning of this comedy. Everyone is now fully decided to leave the country for finding a shelter somewhere. Nobody thinks, however, of going to Egypt, except, perhaps, a few officers and men. I am, nevertheless, not without hope of better days; but I enjoin my entreaties with those of Mr. Jephson asking you to stay where you are, viz., at Kavalli's, and to send only word of your arrival as quickly as you can.

Chief Mogo, the bearer of this and Mr. Jephson's letter, has my orders to remain at Kavalli's until you arrive. He is a good and true fellow, and you will oblige me by looking after him.

With the best wishes for you and all your people,

I am, &c., &c.,

(Signed) DR. EMIN.

\* This proves that the Pasha endorses what Mr. Jephson writes.

† The Pasha appears to admit that he has read Mr. Jephson's letters.

## LETTERS OF MR. JEPHSON.

Dufflé, 7th November, 1888,

DEAR SIR,

I am writing to tell you of the position of affairs in this country, and I trust Shukri Aga will be able by some means to deliver this letter to Kavalli in time to warn you to be careful.

On August 18th a rebellion broke out here, and the Pasha and I were made prisoners. The Pasha is a complete prisoner, but I am allowed to go about the station, though my movements are watched. The rebellion has been got up by some half-dozen officers and clerks, chiefly Egyptians, and gradually others have joined; some through inclination, but most through fear; the soldiers, with the exception of those at Laboré, have never taken part in it, but have quietly given in to their officers. The two prime promoters of the rebellion were two Egyptians, who we heard afterwards had gone and complained to you at Nsabé. One was the Pasha's adjutant, Abdul Vaal Effendi, who was formerly concerned in Arabi's rebellion; the other was Achmet Effendi Mahmoud, a one-eyed clerk. These two and some others, when the Pasha and I were on our way to Rejaf, went about and told the people they had seen you, and that you were only an adventurer, and had not come from Egypt; that the letters you had brought from the Khedive and Nubar Pasha were forgeries; that it was untrue that Khartoum had fallen, and that the Pasha and you had made a plot to take them, their wives and children out of the country, and hand them over as slaves to the English. Such words, in an ignorant and fanatical country like this, acted like fire amongst the people, and the result was a general rebellion, and we were made prisoners.

The rebels then collected officers from the different stations, and held a large meeting here to determine what measures they should take, and all those who did not join in the movement were so insulted and abused, that they were obliged for their own safety to acquiesce in what was done. The Pasha was deposed, and those officers who were suspected of being friendly to him were removed from their posts, and those friendly to the rebels were put in their places. It was decided to take the Pasha away as a prisoner to Rejaf, and some of the worst rebels were even for putting him in irons, but the officers were afraid to put these plans into execution, as the soldiers said they would never permit any one to lay a hand on him. Plans were also made to entrap you when you returned, and strip you of all you had.

Things were in this condition when we were startled by the news that the Madhi's people had arrived at Lado with three steamers and nine sandals and nuggars, and had established themselves on the site of the old station. Omar Sale, their general, sent down three peacock dervishes with a letter to the Pasha demanding the instant surrender of the country. The rebel officers seized them and put them in prison, and decided on war. After a few days the Donagla attacked and captured Rejaf, killing five officers and numbers of soldiers, and taking many women and children prisoners, and all the stores and ammunition in the station were lost. The result of this was a general stampede of people from the stations of Bidden, Kirri, and Muggi, who fled with their women and children to Laboré, abandoning almost everything. At Kirri the ammunition was abandoned, and was at once seized by the natives. The Pasha reckons that the Donagla number about 1,500.

The officers and a large number of soldiers have returned to Muggi, and intend



to make a stand against the Donagla. Our position here is extremely unpleasant, for since this rebellion all is chaos and confusion; there is no head, and half a dozen conflicting orders are given every day, and no one obeys; the rebel officers are wholly unable to control the soldiers. We are daily expecting some catastrophe to happen, for the Baris have joined the Donagla, and if they come down here with a rush, nothing can save us. After the fall of Rejaf, the soldiers cursed their officers and said, "If we had obeyed our Governor, and had done what he told us, we should now be safe; he has been a father and a mother to us all these years; but instead of listening to him we listened to you, and now we are lost."

The officers are all very much frightened at what has happened, and we are now anxiously awaiting your arrival, and desire to leave the country with you, for they are now really persuaded that Khartoum has fallen, and that you have come from the Khedive. The greater part of the officers and all the soldiers wish to reinstate the Pasha in his place, but the Egyptians are afraid that if he is reinstated vengeance will fall on their heads, so they have persuaded the Soudanese officers not to do so. The soldiers refuse to act with their officers, so everything is at a standstill, and nothing is being done for the safety of the station, either in the way of fortifying or provisioning it. We are like rats in a trap; they will neither let us act nor retire, and I fear unless you come very soon you will be too late, and our fate will be like that of the rest of the garrisons of the Soudan. Had this rebellion not happened, the Pasha could have kept the Donagla in check for some time; but as it is, he is powerless to act.

I would make the following suggestions concerning your movements when you arrive at Kavalli's, which, of course, you will only adopt if you think fit:—

On your arrival at Kavalli's, if you have a sufficient force with you, leave all unnecessary loads in charge of some officers and men there, and you yourself come to Nsabé, bringing with you as many men as you can; bring the Soudanese officers, but not the soldiers, with you.

Despatch natives in a canoe to Mswa with a letter in Arabic to Shukri Aga, telling him of your arrival, and telling him you wish to see the Pasha and myself, and write also to the Pasha or myself telling us number of men you have with you; it would, perhaps, be better to write to me, as a letter to him might be confiscated.

On no account have anything to do with people who come to you unaccompanied by either the Pasha or myself, whoever they are, or however fair their words may be. Neither the Pasha nor I think there is the slightest danger now of any attempt to capture you being made, for the people are now fully persuaded you come from Egypt, and they look to you to get them out of their difficulties; still it would be well for you to make your camp strong.

If we are not able to get out of the country, please remember me to my friends. With kindest wishes to yourself and all with you,

I am, &c., &c.,

(Signed) A. J. MOUNTENEY JEPHSON.

Wadelai, *November 24th*, 1888.

My messenger having not yet left Wadelai, I add this postscript, as the Pasha wishes me to send my former letter to you in its entirety, as it gives a fair description of our position at the time I wrote, when we hardly expected to be ever able to get out of the country. Shortly after I had written to you, the soldiers were led by their officers to attempt to retake Rejaf, but the Donagla defeated them, and killed six officers and a large number of soldiers; amongst the officers killed were some of the Pasha's worst enemies. The soldiers in all the stations were so panic-stricken and angry at what had happened that they declared they would not attempt to fight unless the Pasha was set at liberty; so the rebel officers were obliged to free him and sent us to Wadelai, where he is free to do as he pleases, but at present he has not resumed his authority in the country; he is, I believe, by no means anxious to do so. We hope in a few days to be at Tunguru, a station on the Lake two days by steamer from Nsabé, and I trust when we hear of your arrival that the Pasha himself will be able to come down with me to see you.

Shukri Aga tells us he has everything ready against your arrival, in the shape of cattle, goats, chickens, corn, etc.; he has behaved capitally throughout this rebellion, and is the only chief of station who has been able to stand against the rebels.

Our danger, as far as the Donagla are concerned, is, of course, increased by this last defeat, but our position is in one way better now, for we are further removed from them, and we have now the option of retiring if we please, which we had not before when we were prisoners. We hear that the Donagla have sent steamers down to Khartoum for reinforcements; if so, they cannot be up for another six weeks; meantime I hope that until the reinforcements arrive they will not care to come so far from their base as Wadelai or Tunguru. If they do, it will be all up with us, for the soldiers will never stand against them, and it will be a mere walk over.

These people are not the same sort that the soldiers fought three years ago, but are regular fanatics, and come on with a rush, cutting down men with their long sharp swords and broad spears. Every one is anxiously looking for your arrival, the coming of the Donagla has completely cowed them. Everything now rests on what the Donagla decided on doing. If they follow up their victories and come after us, we are lost, as I said before, for I do not think the people will allow us to retire from the country; but if the Donagla have sent down to Khartoum for reinforcements, and have decided to wait for the arrival of their reinforcements, then we may just manage to get out if you do not come later than the end of December, but it is utterly impossible to foresee what will happen.

A. J. M. J.

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Tunguru, *December 18th*, 1888.

DEAR SIR,—

Mogo not having yet started, I send a second postscript in order to give you the latest news I can. We are now at Tunguru. On November 25th the Donagla surrounded Dufflé and besieged it for four days, but the soldiers, of whom there were some 500 in the station, managed at last to repulse them, and they retired to Rejaf, which is their headquarters. They have sent down to Khartoum for reinforcements, and doubtless will again attack and take the country when they are strengthened.

In our flight from Wadelai I was asked by the officers to destroy our boat lest it should fall into the hands of the Donagla; I therefore broke it up, as we were unable to save it.

Dullé is being evacuated as fast as possible, and it is the intention of the officers to collect at Wadelai, and to decide on what steps they shall next take. The Pasha is unable to move hand or foot, as there is still a very strong party against him, and the officers are no longer in immediate fear of the Mahdi's people.

Do not on any account come down to Nsabé, but make your camp at Kavalli's; send a letter directly you arrive, and as soon as we hear of your arrival I will come down to you. I will not disguise the fact from you that you will have a difficult and dangerous task before you in dealing with the Pasha's people. I trust you will arrive before the Donagla return, or our case will be desperate.

I am, yours faithfully,

(Signed) A. J. MOUNTENEY JEPHSON.

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MY REPLY TO MR. JEPHSON.\*

Camp at Gavira's, one day from the Nyanza.

January 17th, 1889.

MY DEAR JEPHSON,—

Your letter of November 7th, 1888, with two postscripts, one dated November 24th, and the other dated December 18th, is to hand and contents noted.

I will not criticise your letter nor discuss any of its contents. I wish to be brief, and promptly act; with that view I present you with a *précis* of events connected with our journey.

We separated from the Pasha on the 23rd of May last, with the understanding that in about two months you, with or without the Pasha, would start for Fort Bodo with sufficient porters to take the goods at the Fort and convey them to the Nyanza, the Pasha expressing himself anxious to see Mt. Pisgah and our Fort, and, if words may be relied on, he was anxious to assist us in his own relief. We somewhat doubted whether his affairs would permit the Pasha's absence, but we were assured you would not remain inactive.

It was also understood that the Pasha would erect a small station on Nyamsassi Island as a provision *depôt*, in order that our Expedition might find means of subsistence on arrival at the Lake.

Eight months have elapsed, and not one single promise has been performed.

On the other hand, we, faithful to our promise, departed from the Nyanza Plain May 25th, arrived at Fort Bodo June 8th—fifteen days from the Nyanza. Conveying to Lieutenant Stairs and Captain Nelson your comforting assurances that you would be there in two months, and giving written permission to Stairs and Nelson to evacuate the Fort and accompany you to the Nyanza with the garrison, which, with the Pasha's soldiers, would have made a strong *depôt* of Nyamsassi Island, I set out from Fort Bodo on the 16th June to hunt up the Major and his column.

On the morning of the 17th August at 10 A.M., we sighted the rear column at

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\* This letter is written according to request in ninth paragraph of Jephson's letter dated November 7th. It is addressed to Jephson, but written for Emin.



Banalya, ninety miles (English) from Yambuya—592 miles from the Nyanza, on the sixty-third day from Fort Bodo, and the eighty-fifth from the Nyanza shore.

I sent my despatches to Stanley Falls and thence to Europe, and on the 31st August commenced my return towards the Nyanza. Two days before the date stated I was at Fort Bodo—December 20th. On the 24th December we moved from Fort Bodo towards the Ituri Ferry. But as your non-arrival at Fort Bodo had left us with a larger number of goods than our force could carry at one time, we had to make double journeys to Fort Bodo and back to the Ituri Ferry, but by the 10th January all that remained of the Expedition were on this side of the Ituri River, encamped half a mile from the ferry, with abundance of food assured for months. On the 12th January I left Stairs. Your absence from the Fort, and the absolute silence respecting you all, made us suspect that serious trouble had broken out. Yesterday your letters, as above stated, came to hand, and their contents explained the trouble.

The difficulties I met at Banalya are repeated to-day, near the Albert Lake, and nothing can save us now from being overwhelmed by them but a calm and clear decision. If I had hesitated at Banalya, very likely I should still be there waiting for Jameson and Ward, with my own men dying by dozens.

Are the Pasha, Casati and yourself to share the same fate? If you are still victims of indecision, then a long good-night to you all. But, while I retain my senses, I must save my Expedition; you may be saved also if you are wise.

In the "High Order" of the Khedive, dated 1st February, 1887, No. 3, to Emin Pasha, a translation of which was handed to me, I find the following words:—

"And since it is our sincerest desire to relieve you with your officers and soldiers from the difficult position you are in, our Government have made up their minds about the manner by which relief from these troubles may be obtained. A mission for the relief has been found, and the command of it given to Mr. Stanley, the famous, &c., &c., &c., and he intends to set out on it with all the necessary provisions for you, so that he may bring you, with your officers and men, to Cairo by the route he may think proper to take. Consequently we have issued this 'High Order' to you, and it is sent to you by the hand of Mr. Stanley, to let you know what was being done. As soon as it reaches you, convey my best wishes to the officers and men, and you are at full liberty with regard to your leaving for Cairo or your stay there with officers and men.

"Our Government has given a decision for paying your salaries, with that of the officers and men.

"Those who wish to stay there of the officers and men may do so on their own responsibility, and they may not expect any assistance from the Government.

"Try to understand the contents well, and make them well known to all the officers and men, that they may be fully aware of what they are going to do."

It is precisely what the Khedive says that I wish to say to you. Try and understand all this thoroughly that you may be saved from the effect of indecision, which will be fatal to you all if unheeded.

The first instalment of relief was handed to Emin Pasha on or about the 1st of May, 1888. The second and final instalment of relief is at this camp with us, ready for delivery at any place the Pasha designates, or to any person charged by the Pasha to receive it. If the Pasha fails to receive it, or to decide what shall be done with it, I must then decide briefly what I must do.

Our second object in coming here was to receive such at our camp as were dis-

posed to leave Africa, and conduct them home by the nearest and safest route. If there are none disposed to leave Africa, our Expedition has no further business in these regions, and will at once retire. Try and understand what all this means. Try and see the utter and final abandonment of all further relief, and the bitter end and fate of those obstinate and misguided people who decline assistance when tendered to them. From the 1st May, 1888, to January, 1889, are nine months—so long a time to consider a simple proposition of leaving Africa or staying here!

Therefore, in this official and formal letter accompanying this explanatory note to you, I designate Kavalli's village as the rendezvous where I am willing to receive those who are desirous of leaving Africa, subject, of course, to any new light thrown upon the complication by a personal interview or a second letter from you.

And now I address myself to you personally. If you consider yourself still a member of the Expedition subject to my orders, then, upon receipt of this letter, you will at once leave for Kavalli's with such of my men—Binza and the Soudanese—as are willing to obey you, and bring to me the final decision of Emin Pasha and Signor Casati respecting their personal intentions. If I am not at Kavalli's then, stay there, and send word by letter by means of Kavalli's messengers to Mpinga, Chief of Gavira, who will transmit the same to Mazamboni's, when probably I shall receive it. You will understand that it will be a severe strain on Kavalli's resources to provision longer than six days, and if you are longer than this period, we must retire to Mazamboni's, and finally to our camp on the Ituri Ferry. Otherwise we must seize provisions by force, and any act of violence would cut off and close native communication. This difficulty might have been avoided had the Pasha followed my suggestion of making a depôt at Nyamsassi. The fact that there are provisions at Mswa does not help us at all. There are provisions in Europe also. But unfortunately they are as inaccessible as those of Mswa. We have no boat now to communicate by lake, and you do not mention what has become of the steamers, the *Khedive* and *Nyanza*.

I understand that the Pasha has been deposed and is a prisoner. Who, then, is to communicate with me respecting what is to be done? I have no authority to receive communications from the officers—mutineers. It was Emin Pasha and his people I was supposed to relieve. If Emin Pasha was dead, then to his lawful successor in authority. Emin Pasha being alive prevents my receiving a communication from any other person, unless he be designated by the Pasha. Therefore the Pasha, if he be unable to come in person to me at Kavalli's with a sufficient escort of faithful men, or be unable to appoint some person authorised to receive this relief, it will remain for me to destroy the ammunition so laboriously brought here, and return home.

Finally, if the Pasha's people are desirous of leaving this part of Africa, and settle in some country not far remote from here, or anywhere bordering the Nyanza (Victoria), or along the route to Zanzibar, I am perfectly ready to assist, besides escorting those willing to go home to Cairo safely; but I must have clear and definite assertions, followed by prompt action, according to such orders as I shall give for effecting this purpose, or a clear and definite refusal, as we cannot stay here all our lives awaiting people who seem to be not very clear as to what they wish.

Give my best wishes to the Pasha and Signor Casati, and I hope and pray that wisdom may guide them both before it is too late. I long to see you, my dear fellow, and hear from your own lips your story.

Yours very sincerely,

(Signed) HENRY M. STANLEY.

To A. J. MOUNTENEY JEPHSON, Esq.

## PRIVATE POSTSCRIPT.

Kavalli, *January 18th, 1889, 3 p.m.*

MY DEAR JEPHSON, —

I now send thirty rifles and three of Kavalli's men down to the Lake with my letters, with urgent instructions that a canoe should set off and the bearers be rewarded.

I may be able to stay longer than six days here, perhaps for ten days. I will do my best to prolong my stay until you arrive, without rupturing the peace. Our people have a good store of beads, cowries, and cloth, and I notice that the natives trade very readily, which will assist Kavalli's resources should he get uneasy under our prolonged visit.

Be wise, be quick, and waste no hour of time, and bring Binza and your own Soudanese with you. I have read your letters half-a-dozen times over, but I fail to grasp the situation thoroughly, because in some important details one letter seems to contradict the other. In one you say the Pasha is a close prisoner, while you are allowed a certain amount of liberty; in the other you say that you will come to me as soon as you hear of our arrival here, and "I trust," you say, "the Pasha will be able to accompany me." Being prisoners, I fail to see how you could leave Tunguru at all. All this is not very clear to us who are fresh from the bush.

If the Pasha can come, send a courier on your arrival at our old camp on the Lake below here to announce the fact, and I will send a strong detachment to escort him up to the plateau, even to carry him, if he needs it. I feel too exhausted, after my thirteen hundred miles of travel since I parted from you last May, to go down to the Lake again. The Pasha must have some pity on me.

Don't be alarmed or uneasy on our account; nothing hostile can approach us within twelve miles without my knowing it. I am in the midst of a friendly population, and if I sound the war-note, within four hours I can have two thousand warriors to assist to repel any force disposed to violence. And if it is to be a war of wits, why then I am ready for the cunningest Arab alive.

I wrote above that I read your letters half-a-dozen times, and my opinion of you varies with each reading. Sometimes I fancy you are half Mahdist or Arabist, and then Eminist. I shall be wiser when I see you.

Now don't you be perverse, but obey; and let my order to you be as a frontlet between the eyes, and all, with God's gracious help, will end well.

I want to help the Pasha somehow, but he must also help me and credit me. If he wishes to get out of this trouble, I am his most devoted servant and friend; but if he hesitates again, I shall be plunged in wonder and perplexity. I could save a dozen Pashas if they were willing to be saved. I would go on my knees to implore the Pasha to be sensible in his own case. He is wise enough in all things else, except in his own interest. Be kind and good to him for many virtues, but do not you be drawn into that fatal fascination which Soudan territory seems to have for all Europeans of late years. As soon as they touch its ground, they seem to be drawn into a whirlpool, which sucks them in and covers them with its waves. The only way to avoid it is to obey blindly, devotedly, and unquestioningly all orders from the outside.

The Committee said, "Relieve Emin Pasha with this ammunition. If he wishes to come out, the ammunition will enable him to do so; if he elects to stay, it will be



of service to him." The Khedive said the same thing, and added, "But if the Pasha and his officers wish to stay, they do so on their own responsibility." Sir Evelyn Baring said the same thing, in clear and decided words; and here I am, after 4100 miles of travel, with the last instalment of relief. Let him who is authorised to take it, take it. Come; I am ready to lend him all my strength and wit to assist him. But this time there must be no hesitation, but positive yea or nay, and home we go.

Yours very sincerely,  
HENRY M. STANLEY.

A. J. MOUNTENEY JEPHSON, Esq.

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Camp at Mpinga's, one long march  
from the Nyanza, and 10 miles east of Mazamboni's,  
January 17th, 1889.

To His Excellency EMIN PASHA,  
Governor of the Equatorial Province,  
SIR,

I have the honour to inform you that the second instalment of relief which this Expedition was ordered to convey to you is now in this camp, ready for delivery to any person charged to receive it by you. If you prefer that we should deposit it at Kavalli or at Kyya Nkondo's on the Lake, we shall be ready to do so on the receipt of your instructions.

This second instalment of relief consists of sixty-three cases Remington cartridges, twenty-six cases of gunpowder, each 45 lbs. weight; four cases of percussion caps, four bales of goods, one bale of goods for Signor Casati—a gift from myself; two pieces of blue serge, writing-paper, envelopes, blank books, &c.

Having after great difficulty—greater than was anticipated—brought relief to you, I am constrained to officially demand from you receipts for the above goods and relief brought to you, and also a definite answer to the question if you propose to accept our escort and assistance to reach Zanzibar, or if Signor Casati proposes to do so, or whether there are any officers or men disposed to accept of our safe conduct to the sea. In the latter event, I would be obliged to you if you would kindly state how those persons desirous of leaving Africa can be communicated with. I would respectfully suggest that all persons desirous of leaving with me should proceed to and form camp either at Nsabé or at Kyya Nkondo's, on the Lake, with sufficient stores of grain, &c., to support them one month, and that a note should be sent to me informing me of the same *via* Kavalli, whence I soon may receive it. The person in charge of the people at this camp will inform me definitely whether the people are ready to accept of our safe conduct, and, upon being thus informed, I shall be pleased to assume all further charge of them.

If, at the end of twenty days, no news has been heard from you or Mr. Jephson, I cannot hold myself responsible for what may happen. We should be glad to stay at Kavalli's if we were assured of food, but a large following cannot be maintained there except by exacting contributions by force, which would entirely close our intercourse with the natives, and prevent us from being able to communicate with you.

If grain could be landed at Kyya Nkondo's by steamer, and left in charge of six or

seven of your men, I could, upon being informed of the fact, send a detachment of men to convey it to the plateau. It is only the question of food that creates anxiety. Hence you will perceive that I am under the necessity of requesting you to be very definite and prompt, if you have the power.

If within this period of twenty days you will be able to communicate with me, and inform or suggest to me any way I can make myself useful, or lend effective aid, I promise to strain every effort to perform service to you. Meantime, awaiting your steamer with great anxiety,

I am, your obedient servant,  
(Signed)

HENRY M. STANLEY,  
Commanding Relief Expedition.

The second day after reaching Kavalli's, thirty rifles were despatched to the Lake shore with my replies to Emin Pasha and Mr. Jephson. The men delivered the letters to Chief Mogo, and on their return to our camp reported that the chief had departed from Nsabé for Mswa station. During these few days we had received five beeves, six goats, and five days' rations of corn, beans, &c., &c., and further contributions were on the way to camp from the surrounding chiefs.

On the evening of the 21st, notice was brought to me that the Balegga were collecting to attack us, and early the following morning sixty rifles, with 1,500 Bavira and Wahuma, were sent to meet them. The forces met on the crest of the mountains overlooking the Lake, and the Balegga, after a sharp resistance, were driven to fly for protection to Melindwa, the ally of Kabba Rega.

The 23rd was spent by all the people of the plain country as a thanksgiving day, and the Bavira women met at the camp to relieve their joy at their deliverance from the Balegga, with dancing and singing, which lasted from 9 A.M. until 3 P.M. Each woman and child in the dance circles was decked with bunches of green leaves in front and rear, while their bodies were painted with red clay, and well smeared with butter. The dance was excellent and not ungraceful, but the vocal harmony was better. The young warriors circled round the female dancers, and exhibited their dexterity with the spear.

During the following days we had rest and quiet. Contributions of cattle, sheep, goats, fowls and provisions were supplied daily with great regularity, but on the 5th of February a note came from Jephson, stating that he had arrived on the Lake shore, and a detachment of Zanzibaris was at once sent to escort him to the plateau, the distance being about thirteen miles.

The next day Mr. Jephson himself arrived, and after dinner he summed up his knowledge of the Pasha, gained by nine months' residence with him, in the following words:—

— "Sentiment is the Pasha's worst enemy. No one keeps Emin Pasha

back but Emin Pasha himself." He further said, "I know no more about Emin Pasha's intentions this minute than you do yourself, and yet we have talked together every day during your absence." I then asked him to write me a full report of what had taken place, bearing upon the revolt of the troops of Equatoria, and his views respecting the invasion of the Province by



A BELLE OF BAVIRA

the Mahdists, and its results. Mr. Jephson readily complied, and wrote the following:—

Kavalli's Village, Albert Nyanza,  
February 7th, 1889.

DEAR SIR,

I have the honour to submit to you the following report of my stay, from May 24th, 1888, up to the present time, with his Excellency Emin Pasha, Mudir of the Equatorial Province.

According to your orders I visited nearly all the stations in the Province, and



read the letters from His Highness the Khedive and from His Excellency Nubar Pasha, before all the officers, soldiers, and Egyptian employés in each station, and also your own address to the soldiers. After having read, I spoke to the people, and after giving them sufficient time to talk it over amongst themselves, invited them to give me their decision as to whether they elected to accept our safe-conduct to Egypt, or remain in this country.

In every station, with the exception of Laboré, their unanimous answer was, "We will follow our mudir wherever he goes." They all seemed glad that we had come to help them, and said many things indicating their good opinion of their mudir, and spoke in the highest terms of his justice and kindness to them, and of his devotion to them all these years. During the whole of my stay in his country the Pasha has left me perfect liberty to mix with his officers and people, and I was free to converse with them as I pleased.

On reaching Kirri, which is the last station occupied by the soldiers of the 2nd Battalion, we stayed before going further, to hear news from Rejaf. The country to the north and west of Kirri is occupied by the soldiers of the 1st Battalion, who have been in open rebellion against the Pasha's authority for nearly four years. Here the Pasha received a letter from Hamid Aga, the major of the 1st Battalion, begging him not to come on to Rejaf, as the rebels had formed a plan to seize us and take us down to Khartoum, as they believed Government still existed there, and that the news that it had fallen was false. We were therefore obliged to return without visiting the more northern stations.

On our return, whilst reading the letters before the people at Laboré, a soldier stepped out of the ranks and exclaimed, "All that you are saying is a lie, and these letters are forgeries. Khartoum has not fallen. That is the right road to Egypt. We will go by that road only, or will stay and die in this country."

On the Pasha's ordering him to be put in prison, the soldiers broke from their ranks and surrounded us, and having loaded their rifles, presented them at us. They were generally excited and the utmost uproar prevailed, and for some minutes we expected a general massacre of ourselves and the small number of people with us. However, they gradually cooled down, and asked me afterwards to come and speak with them alone, which I did, and they expressed great regret at what had happened. We have since heard that Surur Aga, the Chief of the Station, had instigated them to act in this way.

A few days afterwards, on our return to Dufflé, August 18th, we found a mutiny had broken out, headed by Fadl el Mulla Aga, the Chief of Fabbo Station, and that the station was in the hands of the mutineers—on our entry we were at once made prisoners. It appears that during our absence certain Egyptians, chief amongst them Abdul Wahab Effendi and Mustapha Effendi el Adjemi, both of whom were sent up here for being concerned in Arabi's rebellion, together with the clerks Mustapha Effendi Achmet, Achmet Effendi Mahmoud, Sabri Effendi, Tybe Effendi, and several others had in our absence been speaking to the people and circulating letters amongst them, saying it was untrue that Khartoum had fallen, that the letters we had brought from His Highness the Khedive and his Excellency Nubar Pasha were forgeries, that you were only an adventurer and had not come from Egypt, but that you had formed a plot with the Pasha to take all the people out of the country and to hand them over, together with their wives and children, as slaves to the English. They added,

in Egypt they had rebelled against His Highness the Khedive himself, so that it was no great matter to rebel against Emin Pasha.

These words raised a storm in the country, and though the soldiers themselves took no active part in the mutiny beyond acting as sentries over us, they allowed their officers to do as they pleased. The head mutineers Fadl el Mulla Aga, Achmet Aga Dinkawi, and Abdul Aga el Opt had them marched to Dufflé and joined the rebellious Egyptians who had invited him to act as their chief. They sent letters to all the stations, telling the officers they had put the mudir and myself in prison, as we had conspired to betray them, and ordered them to come up to Dufflé and attend a meeting, when they would decide what further steps should be taken—they also invited the rebellious officers of the 1st Battalion to act with them.

I was brought up before the mutineers and questioned about the Expedition, and the letter from His Highness was examined and declared by the clerks to be a forgery. The mutineers then proposed to depose the Pasha, and all those who were averse to such a measure were by intimidation at last forced to give in. A letter was handed to him informing him of his deposition, and it was decided that he should be kept a prisoner at Rejaf. I was declared to be free, but to all intents and purposes I was a prisoner, as I was not allowed to leave the station, and all my movements were closely watched. A plan was also formed to entice you into the country, and to rob you of all your guns, ammunition, stores, etc., and then to turn you adrift.

The mutineers then proceeded to form a new Government, and all those officers who were suspected of being friendly to the Pasha were removed from their posts. Soon, however, jealousy and dissensions began to arise amongst them, and after the Pasha's house and the houses of two or three people supposed to be friendly to him had been looted, things came pretty much to a standstill.

Whilst things were in this state, we suddenly heard, on October 15th, that the Mahdi's people had arrived in three steamers, and nine sandals and nuggars, at Lado; and on the 17th three dervishes, under a flag of truce, brought a letter from Omar Sale, the commander of the Mahdi's forces, addressed to the Pasha, promising him a free pardon should he and his people surrender. The letter was opened by the mutineers, who decided to fight. On October 21st we heard that the Mahdi's people, who had been joined by many negroes of the Bari tribe, had attacked and taken Rejaf, and three officers, two clerks, and a great many men had been killed, and all the women and children in the station had been captured. This created a panic, and the officers and soldiers, together with their women and children, abandoned the stations of Bidden, Kirri, and Muggi, and fled in disorder to Laboré; at Kirri they even left the ammunition behind them.

The mutineers on hearing of this disaster determined to send down large reinforcements to Muggi, and soldiers were sent down from all the southern stations to collect there. On October 31st we heard that there were great dissensions amongst the officers at Muggi, and the soldiers had declared they would not fight unless their mudir was set at liberty. On November 15th we heard that the soldiers had marched down to Rejaf, but that on their approaching the station the Mahdi's people had sallied out and attacked them with a rush; the soldiers made no attempt to fight, but turned at once and fled, leaving their officers behind them. Six officers, and the newly-made Governor of the Province, and some of the worst of the rebels were

killed, two more officers were missing, and many soldiers were killed as they fell down exhausted in the flight.

Upon hearing the news, the officers who were friendly to the Pasha at once pressed the rebel officers to set him at liberty; and they, being afraid of the people, set him free and sent us to Wadelai, where the Pasha was most enthusiastically received by the faithful part of the population there—he had been a close prisoner just three months. At last the people believed that Khartoum had fallen and that we had come from Egypt.

After remaining some days at Wadelai and hearing no news from Dufflé, people became very uneasy, and messengers were sent down to Dufflé, on the east bank of the river, to carry letters and to ascertain the reason of the long silence, as we had heard that a large body of the Mahdi's people were advancing from the west on Wadelai and were only four days distant.

On December 4th, an officer in command of Bora, a small station between Wadelai and Dufflé, came in with his soldiers in great haste, saying that they had abandoned their post at Dufflé, Fabbo and all the northern stations had fallen, and that the steamers also had been captured and were in the hands of the Mahdi's people, the natives round the stations had all risen and joined the enemy and had killed our messengers. On hearing this news a council was held, and the officers and soldiers at once decided to abandon and retire to Tunguru, from which place they would ascend the mountains and try to join you at Fort Bodo. I was desired at the council to destroy our boat, the *Advance*, to prevent her falling into the hands of the Mahdi, and, as there was no prospect of saving her, I was reluctantly obliged to do so. On the next day, December 5th, we had all ready for an early start, taking with us only a few bundles of the most necessary things and abandoning everything else. All the ammunition in the storehouses was divided among the soldiers, who at the last moment declared, as they now had plenty of ammunition, they preferred to retire to their own countries—Makraka and the countries round—where they would disperse and live amongst their own people, and that they would desert the Pasha and their officers.

Things, however, seemed desperate, and we hurried on without them—a long, straggling procession, consisting chiefly of Egyptian employés with their wives and families; we were accompanied only by some seven or eight soldiers who remained faithful. Some of our servants were armed with percussion-guns, and we may have mustered some thirty guns amongst us. Immediately on our quitting the station the soldiers entered the houses and looted them.

On December 6th a steamer was seen coming up the river after us, and our people prepared to fire on her; but it turned out that there were some of our own people from Dufflé on board with letters for the Pasha. The letters contained the news that Fabbo had been evacuated, and that the refugees had been able to reach Dufflé in spite of the negroes who had attacked them. Dufflé had been besieged by the Mahdi's people for four days, and the station itself had been taken and held for some time by a small body of the enemy, who had entered it at night, and they had also captured the steamers. They had driven the soldiers, of whom there were some 500, actually out of the station; but they, finding themselves between two fires, had with the energy of despair responded to the entreaties of their officers, Selim Aga Mator, Bellal Aga, Bachil Aga, Burgont, and Suleiman Aga, had re-entered the station and



retaken it, and after making a sally, had so punished the enemy that they had retired to Rejaf and sent down two steamers to Khartoum for reinforcements.

From all accounts we have since heard the soldiers acted with great cowardice, except at last when they were rendered desperate. In this affray at Dufflé fourteen officers and a large number of soldiers were killed, and Suleiman Aga was shot by his own men, and has since died. The losses of the enemy were estimated at 250, but probably a third of that number would be nearer the mark, even though the Mahdi's people fought almost entirely with spears and swords, and the soldiers were armed with Remingtons, and fought behind a ditch and earthworks, but they are such bad shots that their shooting had not much effect.

The officers and soldiers at Wadelai were anxious for the Pasha to return, but after the faithless example the soldiers had shown, when he believed things to be desperate, he preferred to proceed to Tunguru. After this retreat from Wadelai, lasting only two days, I am better able to understand what a difficult and almost impossible task getting the people to Zanzibar will be, should they elect to go with us.

After this retreat from Wadelai, the party against the Pasha, which is again in the ascendant, have accused him of having invented the whole story of the fall of Dufflé, in order to cut off their retreat and hand them over to the Mahdi, whilst he and the people with him escaped from the country and joined you. They sentenced the Pasha, Casati, and myself to death for treachery.

During the Council held eventually at Wadelai by all the officers and soldiers, there was a great amount of quarrelling and discussion, some wishing to stay in the country, and some wishing to follow the Pasha, words ran high, and the contending parties even came to blows. Fadl el Mulla Aga and his party wished to take the Pasha and myself prisoners, and the other party, headed by Selim Aga Mator, wished to join the Pasha and leave the country with him; but though they profess to wish to leave the country, they make no effort whatever to get things ready for the start. If you intend to take them with you, you will have to wait many months before they are ready. Meanwhile the Pasha, Signor Casati and I were waiting at Tunguru, the mutineers having given strict injunctions to the chief of the station to detain us there until further orders.

On January the 26th the Pasha and I got letters from you, dated January 17th and 18th, and obeying the strict order you give me in your letters to start for Kavalli's immediately on receipt of them, I got ready to start the next day, bringing with me the Pasha's answer to your letter. Thanks to Shukri Agha, the Chief of Mswa Station, who has remained faithful to the Pasha, I was enabled to induce the natives to bring me in a canoe to Nyamsassi, but as the Lake is so rough and dangerous at this time of the year, it has taken me five days from Mswa to Nyamsassi.

It is impossible to give you any true idea of the state of the country at the present. Sometimes the mutineers are in the ascendant, and sometimes the party for the Pasha. One steamer full of reinforcements for the Mahdi's people has already arrived at Rejaf, and two more steamers full are shortly expected; reinforcements will also probably soon come in from Bahr el Ghazal, when the Mahdi's people, burning to revenge their defeat at Dufflé, will most certainly descend on Wadelai with an overpowering force, and will surprise the people in the midst of their quarrels and uncertainty. Tunguru is but two days distant from Wadelai, and the Pasha's

position there, surrounded by people in whom he can place no trust, is dangerous in the extreme, and it is of the utmost importance that he should be relieved with as little delay as possible.

In your letter to me dated 17th and 18th, you speak rather bitterly of the Pasha and myself having failed to carry out our promises of building a station at Nsabé, garrisoning it and storing it with provisions ready for you on your return to the Nyanza, of having failed to relieve Fort Bodo, and to carry the loads and garrison to the station at Nsabé, and of not having such people as wished to avail themselves of our escort ready at Nsabé, to start with you on your return. The reason we were unable to do so was as follows:—After being away from his country for nearly a month with you at Nsabé, the Pasha had naturally much business to attend to on his return to Wadelai, the seat of Government, and I myself was for nearly a month constantly prostrated by fever, and we were not able to start from Wadelai to visit the northern stations till July.\*

Having done our work to the north, we were returning with the intention of carrying out our promises to you, when on August 18th we were taken prisoners, and all authority was taken out of the Pasha's hands, and we were rendered absolutely powerless to fulfil those promises. We had tried, before leaving Wadelai, to start a party to Nsabé to build a station, but the soldiers had refused to obey the order, until they had heard what their brethren in the Northern stations had decided to do. It is very lucky that a station was not built, and the goods and garrison of Fort Bodo removed there, for the rebels would most certainly have seized all our goods, and made the Europeans in charge prisoners.

And this leads me now to say a few words concerning the position of affairs in this country when I entered it on 21st April, 1888. The first battalion had long been in open rebellion against the Pasha's authority, and had twice attempted to make him prisoner; the second battalion, though professedly loyal, was insubordinate and almost unmanageable, the Pasha possessed only a semblance, a mere rag of authority—and if he required anything of importance to be done, he could no longer order, he was obliged to beg his officers to do it.

Now, when we were at Nsabé in May '88, though the Pasha hinted that things were a little difficult in this country, he never revealed to us the true state of things, which was actually desperate; and we had not the slightest idea that any mutiny or discontent was likely to arise amongst his people. We thought—as we and most people in Europe and Egypt had been taught to believe, by the Pasha's own letters and Dr. Junker's later information—that all these difficulties arose from events outside his country, whereas in point of fact his real danger arose from internal dissensions. Thus we were led to place our trust in people who were utterly unworthy of our confidence and help, and who instead of being grateful to us for wishing to help them, have from the very first conspired to plunder the Expedition, and turn us adrift; and had the mutineers in their highly excited state been able to prove one single case of injustice, cruelty or neglect of his people against the Pasha, he would most assuredly have lost his life in this rebellion.

There are of course some people who have remained faithful to the Pasha, and

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\* In July they were to be at Fort Bodo. The arrest took place August 18th.

many who have remained neutral, and these chiefly are the people who are willing to come out with us. There are also a great number of Egyptian clerks, many of whom have behaved very badly, but the coming of the Madhi's people has so frightened them that they too now wish to come out with us; but in spite of my constant advice to them to move forward, they seem incapable of making any effort to leave the country and concentrate at Nsabé, at which place they would be within our reach—there is absolutely nothing to prevent their doing so, but their own laziness.

The greater part of the people, a large number of Egyptians and most of the Soudanese, are decidedly averse to going to Egypt, and do not wish to leave the country. Most of them have never been to Egypt, but have been recruited from the countries round here. Here they can support a large household, many of the officers have as many as from eighteen to one hundred people, women, children and servants, in their houses, and it is the great ambition of every Soudanese to have as many people as possible in his house, but in Egypt they could only afford to support three or four people on their pay. These things being considered, it is quite natural that they should prefer to remain in their own country.

As to the Pasha's wish to leave the country, I can say decidedly he is most anxious to go out with us, but under what condition he will consent to come out I can hardly understand. I do not think he quite knows himself, his ideas seem to me to vary so much on the subject; to-day he is ready to start up and go, to-morrow some new idea holds him back. I have had many conversations with him about it, but have never been able to get his unchanging opinion on the subject. After this rebellion I remarked to him, "I presume now that your people have deposed you and put you aside, you do not consider that you have any longer any responsibility or obligation concerning them," and he answered, "Had they not deposed me, I should have felt bound to stand by them and help them in any way I could, but now, I consider I am absolutely free to think only of my personal safety and welfare, and if I get the chance, I shall go out regardless of everything; and yet, only a few days before I left him, he said to me, "I know I am not in any way responsible for these people, but I cannot bear to go out myself first and leave anyone behind me who is desirous of quitting the country. It is mere sentiment, I know, and perhaps a sentiment you will not sympathize with, but my enemies at Wadelai would point at me and say to the people, 'You see he has deserted you.'" These are merely two examples of what passed between us on the subject of his going out with us, but I could quote numbers of things he said, all equally contradictory. Again, too, being somewhat impatient after one of these unsatisfactory conversations, I said, "If ever the Expedition does reach any place near you, I shall advise Mr. Stanley to arrest you and carry you off, whether you will or no;" to which he replied, "Well, I shall do nothing to prevent his doing that." It seems to me, if we are to save him, we must first save him from himself.

Before closing this report, I must bear witness to the fact that in my frequent conversations with all sorts and conditions of the Pasha's people, most of them spoke of his justice and generosity to them, but they also said, and what I have seen confirms it, that he did not hold his people with a sufficiently firm hand.

The three Soudanese soldiers you left with me as orderlies and my servant Binza



return with me, but Mabruki Kassim, the man who was wounded by the buffalo at Nsabé, died two days after you left for Fort Bodo.

I am, dear Sir, &c., &c.,

(Signed) A. J. MOUNTENEY JEPHSON.

To H. M. STANLEY, Esq.,  
Commanding the Relief Expedition.

Mr. Jephson also handed me an official receipt to my formal letter of January 18th, written by Emin Pasha.

Tunguru,

January 27th, 1889.

To H. M. STANLEY, Esq.,  
Commanding the Relief Expedition.

SIR,

I have the honour to acknowledge receipt of your note of January 14th, Camp Undussuma, and of your official letter of January 17th, which came to hand yesterday afternoon. I beg at the same time to be allowed to express my sincere congratulations to you and to your party for the work you performed.

I take note of your offer to deliver to me, or any person appointed by me, the second instalment of goods brought by you, consisting of sixty-three cases of Remington cartridges, twenty-six cases of gunpowder, each 45 lbs. weight, four cases percussion caps, four bales of goods, one bale of goods for Signor Casati—a gift from yourself; two pieces of serge, writing-paper, envelopes, blank books, &c. As soon as the officers I am awaiting from Wadelai come here, I shall appoint one of them to take charge of these goods, and I shall at the same time instruct him to give you formal receipt for them.

The thirty-one cases of Remington cartridges, which formed the first instalment of goods, have been duly deposited in Government stores.

Concerning your question if Signor Casati and myself propose to accept your escort and assistance to reach Zanzibar, and if there are any officers and men disposed to accept of your safe-conduct to the sea, I have to state that not only Signor Casati and myself would gladly avail us of your help, but that there are lots of people desirous of going out from the far Egypt, as well as for any other convenient place. As these people have been delayed by the deplorable events which have happened during your absence, and as only from a few days they begin to come in, I should entreat you to kindly assist them. I propose to send them to Nyamsassi, and a first party start to-day with Mr. Jephson. Every one of them has provisions enough to last at least for a month.

I beg to tender my thanks for the statement of your movements. As from the day you fixed your movements until the arrival of your letter elapsed nine days; the remainder of the time you kindly gave us, viz., eleven days, will scarcely be sufficient. I cannot, therefore, but thank you for your good intentions, and those of the people who sent you, and I must leave it to you if you can await us, and prefer to start after the twenty days have elapsed.

I fully understand the difficulties of getting food and provisions for your people, and I am very sorry that the short time you have to give me will not be sufficient to send you stores from here.

As Mr. Jephson starts by this steamer, and has kindly promised to hand you this

note, I avail myself of the occasion to bear witness to the great help and assistance his presence afforded to me. Under the most trying circumstances he has shown so splendid courage, such unflinching kindness and patience, that I cannot but wish him every success in life, and thank him for all his forbearance. As probably I shall not see you any more,\* you will be pleased to inform his relations of my thanks to him and them.

Before concluding I beg to be permitted to tender anew my most heartfelt thanks to you and to your officers and men, and to ask you to transmit my everlasting gratitude to the kind people who sent you to help us. May God protect you and your party, and give you a happy and speedy homeward march.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed)

DR. EMIN PASHA.

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\* I do not know what induced the Pasha to write in this melancholy strain, for I had endeavoured in the clearest language to explain to him that we considered ourselves bound to render any service in our power to him, provided he but distinctly and definitely stated his wishes.

## CHAPTER XXIII

## EMIN PASHA AND HIS OFFICERS REACH OUR CAMP AT KAVALLI

Plans regarding the release of Emin from Tunguru—Conversations with Jephson—The rebel officers at Wadelai—They release Emin, and accompany him to Kavalli—Emin Pasha's arrival—We make a grand display outside our camp—At the grand divan: Selim Bey—Stairs' column reaches camp—Mr. Bonny despatched to the Nyanza to bring up baggage—My message to the revolted officers—The Greek merchant, Marco, arrives—Suicide of Zanzibari named Mrima—Captain Nelson brings in Emin's baggage—Arrangements with native chiefs—Kabba-Rega—Emin Pasha's daughter—Selim Bey receives a letter from Fadl-el-Mulla—The Pasha a Materialist—Dr. Hassan's arrival—Capt. Casati arrives—Awash Effendi and his baggage—The rarest doctor in the world—Discovery of some chimpanzees—The Pasha "collecting"—Measurements of the dwarfs—The Zanzibaris' complaints—The ringleaders—The Egyptian officers—Interview with Shukri Agha—Conversation with Emin regarding Selim Bey and Shukri Agha—Address by me to Stairs, Nelson, Jephson and Parke before Emin Pasha.

ON February 7th I decided to send for Lieutenant Stairs and his caravan, and despatched Rashid with thirty-five men to obtain a hundred carriers from Mazamboni to assist the convalescents. My object was to collect the expedition at Kavalli, and send letters in the meantime to Emin Pasha proposing—

1st. That he should seize a steamer and embark such people as chose to leave Tunguru, and sail for our Lake-shore camp. After which we could man her with Zanzibaris, and perform with despatch any further transport service necessary. If this was not practicable, then—

2nd. He was advised to march to Mswa station overland, and on arrival to report by canoe that he had done so. If this plan was not possible, then—

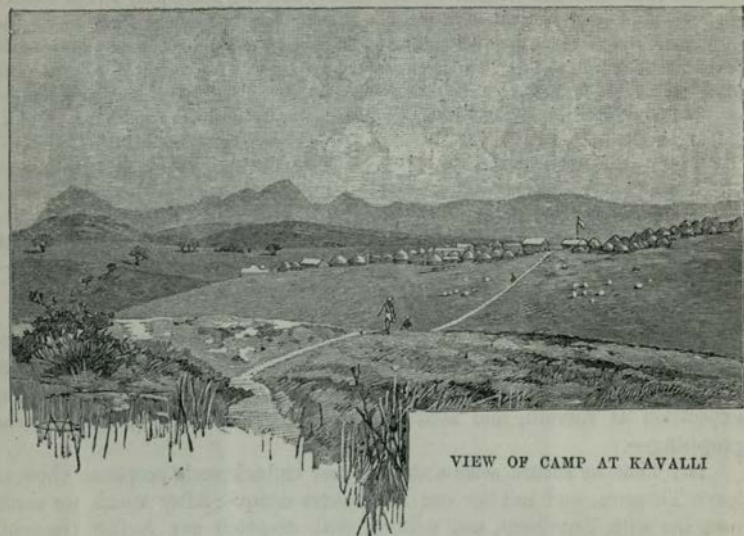
3rd. He was to stay at Tunguru, and let me know by Chief Mogo whether he needed a force to rescue him.

In the latter case I proposed, on the arrival of Lieutenant Stairs, to march with 300 rifles and 2000 native auxiliaries through Melindwa to Mswa station, and thence to Tunguru, to employ force for the relief of the Pasha. But whichever plan he preferred, it was absolutely necessary that I should be clearly told what he wished me to do. His letter of the 27th January was



quite contrary to what I expected as an answer to my definite question given in my formal letter of January 17, which was, "Would he accept our escort and assistance to reach Zanzibar, or suggest to me any way by which I could make myself useful or lend effective aid to him?" If he stated his wish decisively then, then I promised "to strain every effort to perform service to him."

Perceiving that neither my letter to Mr. Jephson—which was intended to be read to the Pasha—nor that my formal letter to himself was understood by him, I proceeded to write one after a purely business style, which I thought the dullest private in his army might understand, but when Jephson heard it read, he affected to be agast at it.



VIEW OF CAMP AT KAVALLI

As there was no desire on my part to wound the most supersensitive susceptibilities of any person—least of all the Pasha—I wrote one after a style that probably Chesterfield himself would have admired, and which my friend Jephson pronounced "charming," and "nice," and "exquisitely sweet," and on the 8th sent the couriers down to the Lake with it.

Day by day, during conversation with Mr. Jephson—who was, by-the-bye, a pronounced Eminist—I acquired a pretty correct idea of the state of affairs. There was one confirmed habit I observed that Mr. Jephson had contracted during his compulsory residence with the Pasha which provoked a smile, and that was, while saying several crushing things about the Province, he interlarded his clever remarks with—"Well, you know, the

poor, dear Pasha! He is a dear old fellow, you know. 'Pon my word, I can't help but sympathise with the Pasha, he's such a dear good man," &c., &c. They served to illuminate traits of character, and showed that, at all events, Jephson had a kindly heart, and what he had seen and heard only made him esteem the Pasha the more; but when he spoke of the Egyptians, he employed a different vocabulary. He said that one chief clerk had falsified accounts at the Khartoum Arsenal, and been punished with 1,500 stripes with the kourbash; another had been detected making huge profits by mixing powdered charcoal with the gunpowder, and filling Remington cartridges with it. A major had been convicted of trading in Government stores; others had been sent to the Equator as convicts, for various felonies, arson, murder, &c.; others were transported thither for being concerned in Arabi's rebellion, &c., &c.; and it became clear that whatever sanguine hopes the Pasha had cherished in regard to their moral improvement, he must often have had cause to distrust his powers. While there was an overshadowing personality of stern justice in the figure of Gordon at Khartoum, the penal serfs were under some control, though Gessi Pasha, even as far back as 1879, was copious in complaints of Emin's weakness to Gordon; but when the news spread throughout the Province that Khartoum was taken, and all traces of Egyptian Government had vanished, the native unruliness and brutish stubbornness of the convicts found vent, and were manifested in utter disregard to orders, and perverse misconduct. Government was petrified, and all order was dead. Some men, in Emin's place, would have become so disgusted, that they would have collected a few faithful men, and retired to some small post like Mswa station in the remote South, and applied for instructions. Some would have exacted performance of duty and discipline to the very end, regardless of consequences. Others, again, would have removed with such as were willing from the arena of perpetual discord, and have founded an empire or a kingdom, while a few only would have done what Emin did, namely, temporise and patiently hope. Men, however, reap only what they have sown; as the seed is sown, so will be the harvest.

But while Jephson and I were discussing the probable decision of the Pasha, and awaiting the arrival of Stairs's column, events unknown to us were occurring, which decided the matter in an unexpected way.

The rebel officers at Wadelai heard of our arrival on the Lake, while Jephson was on his way to us south of Tunguru. Report magnified the number of our forces to several hundred Zanzibaris and allies, armed with machine guns and repeating rifles. The officers also knew now that the Egyptian Government at Khartoum was dead, and that in its place was a Khalif, with resistless armies fully established. Some among them were Mahdist agents, others were born traitors, the rest were indifferent whom they served.

It is easy, therefore, to understand the motives of the officers, who are

declared rebels, and have traitors and Mahdists among them to influence their councils. They propose to curry favour with the Khalif by betraying their would-be rescuers and their former Pasha into his hands. For the machine guns, repeating rifles and Remingtons, and a batch of white prisoners, the Khalif, it is believed, would reward them handsomely, and promote those chiefly concerned in their delivery to him to honourable and lucrative offices, and endow them with robes of honour. But there is a difficulty. How will they gain access to the camp of their rescuers when they have heard of the Pasha being imprisoned and their friend Jephson having been treated so cruelly? "Nothing easier," says one; "let us send a deputation to the Pasha to humbly ask forgiveness, and promise to reinstate him in power. Emin is so good-natured that he will readily condone our offences, and offer to introduce us to his friends as penitents, who, wearied with past troubles, now seek to prove their obedience and loyalty to their great Government. Once in the stranger's camp, we may see for ourselves what further can be done, and if we then agree to capture the gang of whites and their followers nothing will be easier, for all white men are soft-headed duffers. At any rate, it is wise to have two ways from which to choose. If the Khalif is relentless, and his Donagla pursue us with that fierceness so characteristic of them, and the door to his mercy is closed, we can fall back upon the camp of the white men, and by apparent obedience disarm all suspicion, make use of them to find us a laud of plenty, and suddenly possess ourselves of their arms and ammunition, and either send them adrift as beggars, or slay the whites and make their followers our slaves."

We can imagine the applause that greeted this cunning Egyptian as he ended his oration. But whether such a speech was made or not, the officers despatched a deputation to the Pasha of fourteen officers. They kissed Emin's hands, they expressed humble contrition for their offences, they offered to reinstate him in power as Governor, and they implored him to accompany them to Stanley's Camp at Kavalli, and to speak for them, and the Pasha gladly acceded to their request. He embarked on board the steamer *Khedive*; refugees crowded on board with their goods and baggage, and Captain Casati was with them with his following, and the *Nyanza* likewise was freighted, and with every show of honour the Pasha was brought to Mswa. At this station he met my messengers with my last letter, and having read it, he resumed his voyage to our Lake-shore Camp.

While Jephson and I were at dinner on the evening of February 13th, messengers came to us and delivered to us a letter from Emin Pasha.

Camp (below Kavalli),  
February 13th, 1889.

TO HENRY M. STANLEY, Esq., Commanding the Relief Expedition.

SIR,—

In answer to your letter of the 7th instant, for which I beg to tender my



best thanks, I have the honour to inform you that yesterday, at 3 P.M., I arrived here with my two steamers, carrying a first lot of people desirous to leave this country under your escort. As soon as I have arranged cover for my people, the steamships have to start for Mawa station, to bring on another lot of people awaiting transport.

With me there are some twelve officers anxious to see you, and only forty soldiers. They have come under my orders to request you to give them some time to bring their brothers—at least, such as are willing to leave—from Wadelai, and I promised them to do my best to assist them. Things having to some extent now changed, you will be able to make them undergo whatever conditions you see fit to impose upon them. To arrange these I shall start from here with the officers for your camp, after having provided for the camp, and if you send carriers I could avail me of some of them.

I hope sincerely that the great difficulties you have had to undergo, and the great sacrifices made by your Expedition in its way to assist us, may be rewarded by a full success in bringing out my people. The wave of insanity which overran the country has subsided, and of such people as are now coming with me we may be sure.

Signor Casati requests me to give his best thanks for your kind remembrance of him.

Permit me to express to you once more my cordial thanks for whatever you have done for us until now, and believe me to be,

Yours very faithfully,

DR. EMIN.

By this note the Pasha evidently believes that his men are still faithful to him. He says: "You will be able to make them undergo whatever conditions you see fit to impose upon them. . . ." "Of such people as are now coming with me you may be sure."

I hope so, but if one-half of what Jephson says is true, the Pasha must have greater confidence in them than I have. However, if the "wave of insanity has subsided," so much the better. All is well that ends well. Jephson will go down to the Lake to-morrow with fifty rifles, to escort the Pasha and his officers to the Plateau. I shall send couriers also to Stairs at Mazamboni's to bring up his force quickly, that we may be all on hand to impress our rebel friends.

*February 16th.*—Received note from Stairs announcing arrival at Mazamboni's, which states he may arrive on the 17th or 18th instant. He writes: "We were all delighted at the arrival of your couriers with Chief Rashid, bringing the news that Jephson was with you; but the news about Emin Pasha seemed very black. However, your letter this morning dispels every foreboding, and now we all hope we shall be able to move on with speed towards Zanzibar."

Goodness, how impatient young men are! I wonder if we shall get away within three months!

Another courier has arrived from Jephson with one of his characteristic letters.

Weré Camp, Albert Nyanza,  
February 15th, 1889.

DEAR SIR,—

I reached this camp yesterday, but owing to the natives leading us by a very long road we did not arrive till morning.

We found the Pasha, Casati, Marco, Vita, the apothecary, and several officers and clerks, who had made their camp in a very nice spot about two miles north of our old camp, where we first met the Pasha.

On arriving, after having delivered your letter, and having told and heard the news, I asked the Pasha when he proposed moving. He said he must speak to his officers first. This morning a meeting was called, and it was decided that we should start to-morrow for Kavalli's, taking two days on the road.

The Pasha will come to see you, will perhaps stay a few days in your camp, and then return and bring up his daughter and the rest of his loads, which amount to about 200, which consist of millet, salt, sesame, &c. The officers will only bring twenty loads, as they are merely coming up to talk with you for bringing up their troops and goods. The clerks bring up all their loads and remain with us.

Both the steamers return to Mswa on the 18th, to bring up the rest of the people and goods from that station, as well as to bring up corn for the supply of the Lake camp.

On the arrival of the steamers at Mswa, the irregulars (some fifty guns) will march overland to Kavalli's with such women as are able to walk well, and the steamers, on their return here, will at once take the officers down to Wadelai.

The Pasha has brought sixty tusks of ivory; the surplus will doubtless be useful. Though there is a day's delay, I do not regret it, as both the Zanzibaris and myself were fairly worn out when we reached here yesterday, and had we started to-day there would, I fear, have been many sore feet. In spite, however, of our fatigue, the Zanzibaris rushed madly into the camp, howling like demons. They went through the usual mad exercises with imaginary enemies, and then drew up in line before the Pasha. The soldiers drew up in correct form and saluted him also. He was very pleased, and asked me to say a few words to them, expressing his thanks to them for all the trials they have gone through to help him, which I did, as well as I was able, in my broken Ki-swa-hilli. The Pasha set all the women to grind corn, and I served out two cups apiece to them, the Soudanese, Manyema, and natives. To-day Saat Tato, the hunter, and another, have brought in two kudu, and a springbok, so that they have plenty to eat. I was much amused to see how the slothful ugly Soudanese stared at the mad antics of the Zanzibaris, with the sort of expression that said, What sort of people can these boisterous, unruly Zanzibaris be?

I find Casati more impossible than ever. I asked him whether he would go with us to-morrow, and he replied he would rather wait. I then asked, "How many loads have you?"

"Oh," he answered, "you know I have very few things. All my things were taken by Kabba-Rega; perhaps I may want eighty carriers."

Vita, the apothecary, wants forty carriers, and Marco, the Greek trader, wants sixty, so at this rate our Zanzibaris will be killed between here and Kavalli's. The Pasha remonstrated with Casati for taking all his grinding-stones, earthen jars, bedsteads for his boys and women, &c., upon which he said:—

"Mr. Stanley has offered to take all our loads."

These people have no conscience, and would rather load down our long-suffering people than throw away a single load of rubbish which they will eventually be obliged to discard.

Casati, so the Pasha tells me, was averse to their leaving Tungura, in spite of Shukri Agha's offer of carriers, and my urgent letter, and did all he could to prevent his coming down here, as he considered it "impolitic." One internally fumes at the selfishness of these people, and at their inability or aversion from seeing things as they really are.

The rumour of the "white man's" expedition to Fallibeg has turned out to be, as Clerk Jopson says, "all a bam," and nothing more has been heard of it.

Casati refuses to move until he has sufficient carriers to take him and all his goods away together. The Pasha is very irritated about it.

The boat (*Advance*) has been very well mended with bolts just like our own. I am going on board the steamer this evening to get some spanners, and, if possible, some spare bolts. The Pasha has also brought the light oars, which belonged to Gordon's india-rubber boat, so that we have now the full complement.

The Pasha, Casati, and the officers desire me to send you their greetings.

I am, &c., &c., &c.,

A. J. MOUNTENEY JEPHSON.

The Pasha, 200 loads! Casati, who has lost everything, eighty loads! Vita, the apothecary, forty loads! Marco, the Greek, sixty loads! = 380 loads for four persons! True, I promised to convey everything up to the Plateau Camp, but grinding stones! Well, if I gave such a promise, we must keep it, I suppose. However, there is no harm in Mr. Jephson fuming a little.

From the Pasha the following note was received:—

DEAR SIR,—

Mr. Jephson with your people have arrived yesterday, and we propose to start to-morrow morning; I shall therefore have the pleasure to see you the day after to-morrow. My men are very anxious to hear from your own lips that their foolish behaviour in the past will not prevent you from guiding them.

I am greatly obliged for your kindly letter,\* handed to me by Mr. Jephson, and I hope that my being somewhat African in my moods may not interfere with our friendly relations.

Accept, dear Sir, my best wishes, and believe me to be, &c., &c.,

DR. EMIN.

*February 17th.*—Emin Pasha's caravan, consisting of about sixty-five persons, reached this camp about noon. The officers, who are a deputation from the revolted troops at Wadelai, are headed by Selim Bey. He is six

\* This kindly letter was after the Chesterfield style so commended by Mr. Jephson, whose sharp wits had perceived the Pasha's extremely delicate susceptibilities.



feet high, large of girth, about fifty years old, and black as coal: I am rather inclined to like him. The malignant and deadly conspirator is always lean. I read in this man's face, indolence, a tendency to pet his animalism. He is a man to be led, not to conspire. Feed him with good things to eat, and plenty to drink, Selim Bey would be faithful. Ah, the sleepy eye of the full-stomached man! This is a man to eat, and sleep, and snore, and play the sluggard in bed, to dawdle slip-shod in the bed-chamber, to call for coffee fifty times a day, and native beer by the gallon; to sip and sip and smile and then to sleep again; and so and so to his grave. The others are lean, of Cassius' make. Three of them were Egyptians, with something of Arabi in their facial mould; the others are black Soudanese.

We made a grand display outside the camp, banners waving, the Zanzibari veterans like a wall of iron on each side of the pathway, the Manyuema auxiliaries with a rough-and-ready look about them, the natives of Kavalli and the neighbourhood in hundreds, banking the formation.

Through the centre of the twin lines the Pasha, small and wiry of figure, like a Professor of Jurisprudence in appearance, despite his fez and white clothes, was escorted to the great square of the camp, and straight to the Barzah.

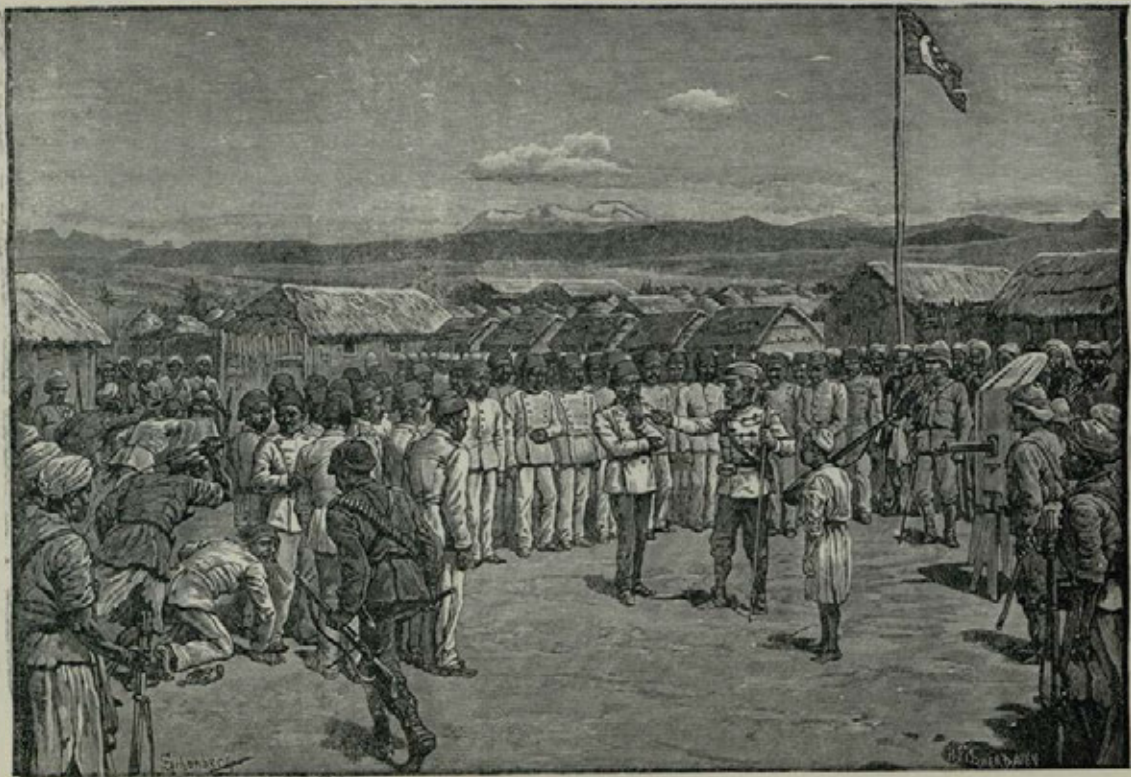
The officers, in brand new uniforms, rarely aired, created a great sensation. The natives stood with gaping lips and projected eyes hungrily looking at them.

At the Barzah house, the Pasha formally introduced these officers. We mutually saluted. We enquired anxiously about each other's healths, and after expressing mutual gratification, agreed to meet on the morrow at a grand divan, whereat each one would express his heart's desire.

*February 18th.*—The grand divan was held to-day. Each person present was arrayed in his best uniform. After an interchange of elegant compliments and coffee had been served, the Pasha was requested to be good enough to enquire of the deputation if they would be pleased to state their errand, or whether they would prefer that I should disclose the object of this gathering from twenty lands near the shores of their Lake.

They expressed through the Pasha, who is admirable as a translator, that they would be greatly gratified to hear me first.

"Well," I said, "open your ears that the words of truth may enter. The English people, hearing from your late guest, Dr. Jünker, that you were in sore distress here, and sadly in need of ammunition to defend yourselves against the infidels and the followers of the false prophet, have collected money, which they entrusted to me to purchase ammunition, and to convey it to you for your needs. But as I was going through Egypt, the Khedive asked me to say to you, that if you desired it you might accompany us, but that if you elected to stay here, you were free to act as you thought best; if you chose the latter, he disclaimed all intention of forcing you in any manner.



ADDRESS TO REBEL OFFICERS AT KAVALLI





Therefore you will please consult your own wishes entirely, and speak whatever lies hidden in your hearts."

After the Pasha had translated there was a general murmur of "Khweis"—good.

Then Selim Bey, the superior officer, said—

"The Khedive is most gracious and kind. We are His Highness's most devoted and loyal subjects. We cannot wish to stay here. We came from Cairo, and we desire nothing better than to visit the land of our breeding again. Far be it from us to wish to stay here. What gain can be obtained here? We are officers and soldiers of His Highness. He has but to command, and we will obey. Those who choose to live among the pagans here will do so. If they are left behind, it is their own fault. We have been deputed by our brothers and friends at Wadelai to ask you to give us only time to embark our families, so that we may assemble together in your camp, and start for home."

They then produced the following document, the translation of which is as follows:—

"To His Excellency, the Envoy of our Great Government, Mr. Stanley.

"When Selim Bey Mator, commander of the troops of this province, came here and told us of the news of your coming, we were greatly rejoiced to learn of your safe arrival in this Province, and our desire to reach our Government has been greatly augmented, and therefore we hope, with the help of God, to be very soon with you, and to inform you of this we have written this letter.

Wadelai.

Mabruk Shereef, Lieutenant.	Ali el Kurdi, Lieutenant.
Noor Abd el bein "	Ahmed Sultan "
Mustapha Ahmed "	Fadl el Mula Bakhit "
Halid Abdallah "	Dais el Bint Abdallah "
Faraj Sid Hamed "	Said Ibrahim "
Mursal Sudan "	Hussein Mohamed, Captain.
Murjan Ndeen "	Murjan Idris "
Sabah el Hami "	Mustapha el Adjemi "
Bakhit Mohamed "	Kher Yusuf es Said "
Adeen Ahmed "	Marjan Bakhit "
Ismail Hussein "	Surur Sudan "
Mohamed Abdu "	Abdallah Mauzal "
Halid Majib "	Fadl el Mulla el Emin "
Ahmed Idris "	Ahmed el Dinkani "
Rehan Rashid "	Kadi Ahmed "
Rikas Hamed en Nil "	Said Abd es Sid "
Halil Sid Ahmed "	Bakhit Bergoot, Adjutant Major.
Feraj Mohamed "	Bilal Dinkani "

I then said: "I have heard with attention what you have spoken. I shall give you a written promise to the effect that you are granted a sufficient time

to proceed from here to Wadelai to collect your troops and embark them with your families on board the steamers. It takes five days for a steamer to proceed to Wadelai, and five days to return. I shall give you a reasonable time for this work, and if I see that you are really serious in your intentions, I shall be quite willing to extend the time in order that we may proceed homeward in comfort."

Selim Bey and his officers answered simultaneously, "We are serious in our intentions, and there is no occasion for delay." To which I, wholly convinced, readily assented. The meeting terminated. An ox was presented to them and their followers for meat rations; and ten gallons of beer, with loads of sweet potatoes and bananas, were dispatched to their quarters for their entertainment.

At noon, Stairs' column rolled into camp with piles of wealth—Remington, Maxim and Winchester fixed ammunition, gunpowder, percussion caps, bales of handkerchiefs, white cottons, blue cutch cloths, royal striped robes, beads of all colours, coils of bright wire, &c., &c. There were Zanzibaris, Madis, Lados, Soudanese, Manyuema, Baregga, Bandusuma, dwarfs and giants; in all, 312 carriers.

The stay on the Ituri River had benefited the men greatly. As Surgeon Parke came in, I mentally blessed him, for to this fine display of convalescents he had largely contributed by his devotion.

The camp numbers now over 500 people, and the huts extend on each side of a great open space, 200 yards long by 60 wide. As a fire would be most destructive, a liberal space is preserved between each hut.

*February 19th.*—I have despatched Mr. William Bonny to the Nyanza with thirty rifles and sixty-four Bavira natives, to bring up the baggage of Captain Casati, Signor Marco, the Greek, and Dr. Vita Hassan. I propose sending at intervals a company of men from our camp (which is on the top of the plateau, 4800 feet above sea level) to the Lake shore, which is about 2400 above the sea. The journey is a long and tiring day's march, but the round trip is made within three days. The plateau slope is very steep and stony. I have vowed not to descend it again for any idle purpose. I have already been up and down four times; and would as soon undergo shot-drill or the treadmill as undertake it again. Bonny, of course, will be curious to see the Lake, as this is his first visit.

Called Selim Bey and his officers to the Barzah house, and delivered to him my message to the revolted officers at Wadelai.

#### SALAAMS!

The officers, Selim Bey, and others, having requested Mr. Stanley to await the arrival of their friends from Wadelai, Mr. Stanley causes his answer to be written down in order to prevent misunderstanding.

Mr. Stanley and his officers having been specially sent by the Khedive as guides to show the road to such people as desired to leave the Equatorial province for Cairo,

cannot do otherwise than consent to give such reasonable time as may be required for the assembling of all people willing to depart with him.

It must, however, be positively understood that all men proposing to depart with Mr. Stanley must provide their own means of carriage for themselves, their families, and baggage. No exception can be made except for the Pasha, Captain Casati, and the Greek merchant named Marco, the two last being strangers and not in the Egyptian service.

Therefore all officers and men proposing to depart from this country with Mr. Stanley will be careful to provide such animals and porters as they may need for the transport of their children and goods.

They will also be careful not to burden themselves with superfluous articles; arms, clothing, ammunition, cooking-pots, and provisions being the only necessaries needed.

The reserve ammunition, which has been brought from Egypt for the service of the Pasha and his people, is of course at the disposition of the Pasha only, according to the orders of His Highness the Khedive.

Mr. Stanley wishes it to be distinctly understood that he is responsible only for finding the right road, and for provisioning all the people according to the nature of the country.

Mr. Stanley, however, holds himself in honour bound to do all in his power for the comfort, safety, and welfare of Emin Pasha and his people, and to assist his friends in all things to the best of his ability.

On the arrival of this answer before the officers at Wadelai, the officers responsible for the direction of the people will do well to hold a general council, and consider this answer before moving. Such people as believe in their hearts that they have the courage and means to depart from the Equatorial Province will prepare to proceed to this camp as directed by the Pasha. Such people as are doubtful of their power and ability to move, will act as the superiors of the party will decide.

Mr. Stanley, in the meanwhile, will form an advance camp to make ready for the reception of such people as are going out.

At Kavalli's.

*February 19th, 1889.*

HENRY M. STANLEY,

Commanding the Relief Expedition.

*February 21st.*—Chief Katonza on the Lake shore has been sending messengers to the Lake camp to inform Captain Casati that Kabba-Rega, King of Unyoro, had seized his cattle on the 19th inst., and that his next objective was Casati's camp.

The native courier arrived with this news at 2 P.M. The Pasha and officers started immediately for the Lake camp with sixty rifles and sixty natives of the plateau. I do not think there will be any irruption of the Wanyoro into territory protected by us, but it is better to be on the safe side.

*February 22nd.*—The Greek merchant Signor Marco, a fine manly-looking man much browned by tropic heat, arrived to-day, escorted by Mr. Bonny. Marco has an eye to comfort, I see. In his train are domestics bearing parrots, pigeons, bedsteads for himself and harem, heavy Persian carpets, ox-hide mats and enormous baskets, and, oh horror! he has actually brought



three hundredweight of grinding stones! He has brought, besides, ten-gallon pots to make beer and to use as water vessels. If all the refugees are similarly encumbered, we shall, I fear, be employed here for months. That was a rash promise of mine to convey all their property. I will wait a little to note if all the officers, clerks, and soldiers expect me to regard stone as baggage.

*February 23rd.*—One of our Zanzibaris named Mrima, impatient at the slow progress towards recovery from a large and painful ulcer, shot himself with a Remington rifle to-day. Poor fellow, I remember him as a cheery, willing, and quick boy.

The Pasha writes me that all is well at the Lake camp.

*February 24th.*—Sent twenty-five rifles, under head-man Wadi Khamis, to escort fifty of Mpinga's natives as carriers.

I have notified all the chiefs of the various tribes on the plateau that they must supply carriers varying from fifty to one hundred each, according to their strength, to assist me in the transport of the baggage of our guests. Eleven chiefs have consented to proceed to the Lake in rotation, provided I protect their people from the brutality of the strangers, who, they say, have been beating their people in the most cruel manner, and making them carry "stones" of too heavy a weight for a man. This is the first time I have heard of this, and will make inquiries immediately.

*February 25th.*—Captain Nelson, who escorted the Pasha to the Lake the other day, brought in sixty loads of baggage, mostly belonging to the Pasha. I observe an immense number of articles that must necessarily be thrown away. There is an old Saratoga trunk, which was borne by two men. I tried to lift one end of it, and from its weight I should say it contains stones or treasure. What a story that old trunk could tell since it left Cairo! The Zanzibaris smile grimly at the preposterously large size of the boxes they have to carry. They declare there are thousands of such cumbrous articles yet, and that they will be kept here for ten years. The square is littered with sea-chests and clumsy coffin-like coffers, the ten-gallon jars increase in number, and the baskets look bigger and ominously heavy.

One man, an Egyptian, named Achmet Effendi, who came up, is about fifty-five years old, bent, thin, feeble, and sick. He is unable to ride a donkey without assistance.

I foresee a terrible mortality, if only sick and feeble men and women propose to undertake the 1,400 miles journey to the sea. Already a large number of small children, from one to eight years old, have arrived. These will have to be carried. By whom?

A Soudanese woman gave birth to a child on the road. Another child is so ill that it cannot survive long.

Lieut. Stairs was despatched with Chief Mwité to stir up his refractory people, who for the last four days have sent us no food.

We have formed a confederacy on the plateau, embracing all the region from the Ituri River to the Nyanza. For protection granted them against marauding Balegga of the mountains and the Warasura of Kabba-Rega, the chiefs agree to supply us with contributions of grain and cattle, and to surrender the government of the country into my hands, to raise fighting men whenever ordered, and to assist me in invading Unyoro should retaliation for invasion of their soil by the Warasura render it necessary.

*February 26th.*—An ally of Kabba-Rega was attacked this morning, and 125 head of cattle were captured. Much mischief has been done by this man, who occupies the country between here and the Pasha's province, and Kabba-Rega relied on him for assistance when the grand struggle between him and the Pasha should begin. Communication is made across the Lake in canoes, and Kabba-Rega is well informed of our movements. When we retire from here we shall have to reckon with Kabba-Rega. He possesses 1,500 guns, mostly rifles and double-barrelled shot guns, Jocelyn and Starr, Sharp, Henry-Martini, and Snider rifles and carbines. Having undertaken the serious work of protecting these hundreds of refugees to the sea, I shall enter on the affair with a clear conscience. We will not seek a struggle; the opposing forces are not matched, but there is only one road, and that runs through a portion of Unyoro.

*February 27th.*—Our cattle were driven to pasture this morning, but the calves were most intractable, and created great fun and not a little trouble. We have milk and meat for our sick now.

I hear that Selim Bey and the Egyptian officers departed on the 26th inst. by the steamers *Khedive* and *Nyanza*, which brought to the Lake camp from Mswa a large cargo of baggage and several score of fresh refugees.

Emin Pasha returned to us this morning from the Lake. He was accompanied by his daughter, a little girl of six years old, named Ferida, the offspring of an Abyssinian woman. She is extremely pretty, with large, beautiful black eyes.

104 carriers conveyed the Pasha's luggage and stores of flour, millet, sesamum, honey, and salt.

The head man, Wadi Khamis, who escorted this caravan, reports that one of Selim Bey's officers stole a Remington rifle and took it with him. This is odd. If these people meditate returning here, they should be aware that theft of arms is severely punished.

The Pasha informs me that another mail arrived from Wadelai on the 25th, and that an official letter was handed to Selim Bey from the rebel faction headed by Fadl-el-Mulla, announcing to him that he was deposed from his position as Chief Commander of the Troops, and that he, the Pasha and Casati were sentenced to death by court-martial. Captain Fadl-el-Mulla has promoted himself to the rank of Bey or Colonel. This is quite in Jack Cade's style. We must now call him Fadl-el-Mulla Bey.

*February 28th.*—Sent fifty rifles and seventy-two natives of the Wabiaasi and Ruguji tribes under Lieut. Stairs to the Lake camp to escort another contingent of refugees and convey baggage up to the plateau.

*March 1st.*—The Pasha, with his own consent, and indeed on his own proposal, has been appointed naturalist and meteorologist to the Expedition. He has accordingly received one aneroid, one max. and min. thermometer, one Bath thermometer, one standard thermometer, two boiling-point thermometers, which, added to his own instruments, equip him completely.

The Pasha is in his proper element as naturalist and meteorologist. He is of the school of Schweinfurth and Holub. His love of science borders on fanaticism. I have attempted to discover during our daily chats whether he was Christian or Moslem, Jew or Pagan, and I rather suspect that he is nothing more than a Materialist.

Sent seventy-two natives of Mpigwa's tribe under twelve Zanzibaris to Lake camp for baggage. Up to date 514 loads of baggage have been conveyed from the Lake shore to our camp on the plateau.

*March 2nd.*—Dr. Vita Hassan, of Tunis, has arrived in charge of Lieut. Stairs, with 122 carriers.

*March 3rd.*—Mr. Bonny descended to the Nyanza to-day with fifty-two Zanzibaris and forty natives of the tribe of Malai and Mabisé.

I went over the camp on an inspection. I find that we have here representatives of Germany, Greece, Tunis, England, Ireland, Italy, America, Egypt, Nubia, Madiland, Monbutto, Langgo, Bari, Shuli, Zanzibar, Usagara, Useguhha, Udoé, Unyamwezi, Uganda, Unyoro, Bavira, Wahuma, Marungu, Manyema, Basoko, Usongora, Congo, Arabia, Johanna, Comoro, Madagascar, Somali, Circassia, Turkey!!! besides pigmies from the Great Forest, and giants from the Blue Nile.

The camp is rapidly spreading out into a town. Order is maintained without any trouble. Eighty gallons of milk are served out daily to the sick, and six pounds of beef per week per man, besides flour, sweet potatoes, peas, beans, and bananas with liberal measure.

There must be a fearful consumption of food in the Soudanese camp, if one may judge from the quantity of flour that is being ground. From the early morning until late in the afternoon the sound of the grinding stones and the sweet voices of the grinders are heard.

The tribe of Mpigwa arrived with seventy loads from the Lake shore. These came up with Capt. Casati, to whom the baggage belongs.

*March 5th.*—Mr. Bonny appeared this morning with ninety-four loads of luggage from below. He was accompanied by the Major of the 2nd Battalion, Awash Effendi. I am told all this monstrous pile belongs to him alone. Ninety-four loads represent a weight of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  tons.

Mr. Mounteney Jephson started for the Nyanza this morning, with forty-two Zanzibaris and Manyema.



During the six weeks we have been here, three men and a baby have died.

This Expedition possesses the rarest doctor in the world. No country in Europe can produce his equal in my opinion. There may be many more learned perhaps, more skilful, older, or younger, as the case may be, but the best of them have something to learn from our doctor. He is such a combination of sweetness and simplicity. So unostentatious, so genuinely unobtrusive. We are all bound to him with cords of love. We have seen him do so much out of pure love for his "cases," that human nature becomes ennobled by this gem. He is tenderness itself. He has saved many lives by his devoted nursing. We see him each day at 8 A.M. and 5 P.M. with his selectest circle of "sick" around him. None with tender stomach dare approach it. He sits in the centre as though it were a rare perfume. The sloughing ulcers are exposed to view, some fearful to behold, and presenting a spectacle of horror. The doctor smiles and sweetly sniffs the tainted air, handles the swollen limbs, cleanses them from impurity, pours the soothing lotion, cheers the sufferers, binds up the painful wounds, and sends the patient away with a hopeful and gratified look. May the kindly angels record this nobleness and obliterate all else. At Abu-Klea our doctor was great; the wounded had cause to bless him; on the green sward of Kavalli, daily ministering to these suffering blacks, unknowing and unheeding whether any regarded him, our doctor was greater still.

*March 6th.*—Some chimpanzees have been discovered in a grove which fills a deep hollow in the Baregga Hills. The Pasha has shown me a carefully prepared skull of one which he procured near Mswa. It exactly resembles one I picked up at Addiguhha, a village between the two branches of the Ihuru river. The chimpanzee is the "soko" of Livingstone, though he grows to an unusual size in the Congo forest.

During the few days we have been here, the Pasha has been indefatigable in adding to his collection of birds, larks, thrushes, finches, bee-eaters, plantain-eaters, sunbirds, &c., &c.

The Pasha appears to be extraordinarily happy in this vocation of "collecting." I have ordered the Zanzibaris to carry every strange insect, bird, and reptile to him. Even vermin do not come amiss to him. We are rewarded by seeing him happy.

Each morning his clerk, Rajab, roams around to murder every winged fowl of the air, and every victim of his aim he brings to Emin, who, after lovingly patting the dead object, coolly gives the order to skin it. By night we see it suspended, with a stuffing of cotton within, to be in a day or two packed up as a treasure for the British Museum!

These "collectors" strike me as being a rare race. Schweinfurth boiled the heads of the slain in Monbuttu once to prepare the skulls for a Berlin museum, Emin Pasha proposes to do the same should we have a brush with

the Wanyoro. I suggested to him that the idea was shocking; that possibly the Zanzibaris might object to it. He smiled: "All for science."

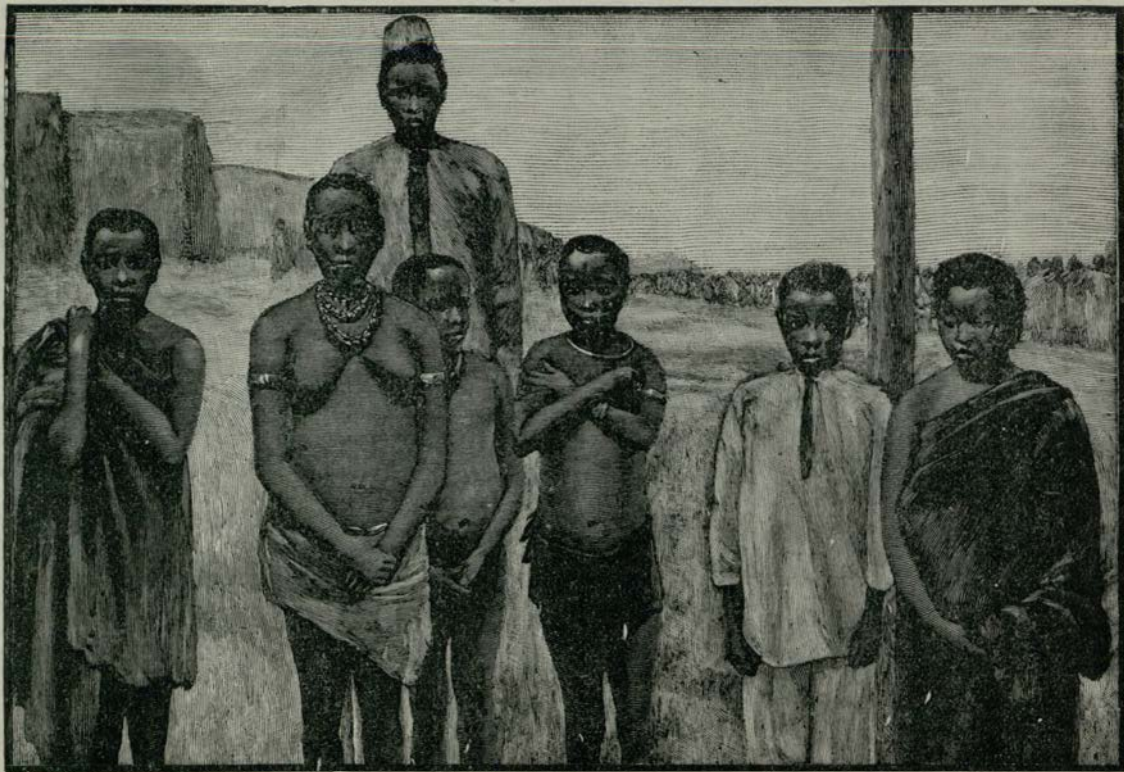
This trait in the scientific man casts some light upon a mystery. I have been attempting to discover the reasons why we two, he and I, differ in our judgments of his men. We have some dwarfs in the camp. The Pasha wished to measure their skulls; I devoted my observations to their inner nature. He proceeded to fold his tape round the circumference of the chest; I wished to study the face. The Pasha wondered at the feel of the body; I marvelled at the quick play of the feelings as revealed in the movements of the facial muscles. The Pasha admired the breadth of the frontal bone; \* I studied the tones of the voice, and watched how beautifully a flash of the eye coincided with the twitch of a lip. The Pasha might know to a grain what the body of the pigmy weighed, but I only cared to know what the inner capacity was.

And this is the reason the Pasha and I differ about the characters of his men. He knows their names, their families, their tribes, their customs; and little as I have been with them, I think I know their natures. The Pasha says they are faithful; I declare they are false. He believes that the day he leaves Kavalli they will all follow him to a man; I imagine he will be woefully deceived. He argues that he has known them for thirteep years, and he ought to know better than I who have not known them as many weeks. Very well, let it be so. Time will decide. Nevertheless, these discussions make the days at Kavalli pass smoothly, for the Pasha is an accomplished conversationalist.

\* LIST OF MEASUREMENTS TAKEN ON WAMBUITI PIGMIES BELONGING TO  
MR. STANLEY'S EXPEDITION.

Name of the Individuum	Tekbali. P. 20	A girl. I. H. P. 15	A woman. P. 35	A boy. P. 15
Height from vortex to the earth .. .. .	1·360 m.	1·240 m.	1·365 m.	1·280 m.
Height from shoulder .. .. .	1·116 m.	1·021 m.	1·110 m.	1·090 m.
Height from navel .. .. .	0·835 m.	0·725 m.	0·785 m.	0·970 m.
Length of arm from shoulder to tip of middle finger .. .. .	0·707 m.	0·571 m.	0·580 m.	0·540 m.
Breadth from shoulder to shoulder .. .. .	0·320 m.	0·304 m.	0·295 m.	0·260 m.
Circumference below nipples .. .. .	0·710 m.	0·660 m.	0·710 m.	0·640 m.
Circumference under armpit .. .. .	0·720 m.	0·660 m.	0·710 m.	0·630 m.
Greatest longitudinal diameter of head .. .. .	200 mm.	176 mm.	180 mm.	175 mm.
Smallest transversal diameter of head .. .. .	147 mm.	150 mm.	145 mm.	140 mm.
Breadth of the nose .. .. .	60 mm.	60·5 mm.	65 mm.	65 mm.
Circumference of skull .. .. .	530 mm.	535 mm.	510 mm.	510 mm.
Length of foot .. .. .	220·5 mm.	190 mm.	212 mm.	190 mm.

Bodies covered with stiffish, grey, short hair.—DR. EMIN.



2 F 2

THE PIGMIES UNDER THE LENS, AS COMPARED TO CAPTAIN CASATI'S SERVANT, OKILI  
(From a Photograph taken on the Albert Nyanza)





*March 7th.*—Mr. Mounteney Jephson arrived from the Lake shore with Mohammed Emin and family, an Egyptian widow, and four orphan children.

Surgeon Parke was permitted a holiday, to be devoted to leading to the Nyanza fifty-two Zanzibaris, thirty natives, and nineteen Manyema for conveyance of luggage here.

*March 8th.*—Uledi, the hero of old days, was despatched with twenty-one carriers to carry loads from the Lake to this camp.

*March 9th.*—Surgeon Parke has returned with his caravan. "Well, doctor," said I, "how did you like your holiday?" He smiled. "It may be agreeable as a change, but it is fearful work. I see that the best men are pulled down by that steep long climb up the plateau slope. I hear a great deal of grumbling."

"I am aware," I replied, "of what is going on. But what can we do? These people are our guests. We are bound to help them as much as possible. We indeed came here for that purpose. I wish, however, they would leave those stones behind, for even the carriers laugh at the absurd idea of carrying an 80lb. rock such a fearful height. However, when the Zanzibaris are tired of it, they will let me know in some way. Meantime, let us see to how far a point they will push our patience."

*March 10th.*—This morning as the Zanzibaris mustered for the detail to be picked out for the usual caravan to the Nyanza, they demanded to speak to me. The speaker was applauded every few minutes by the companies as they stood under their respective officers.

"Sir," said he, "we are tired of this work of carrying rocks, and great double-load boxes, and wooden bedsteads. If we did not think it to be a waste of labour we would not speak. Whither can they take the rubbish we have been obliged to carry up here? Will any one man undertake to carry one of those huge coffins a day's march through the bush? The strongest man in the world would be killed under it. For whom are we doing it? For a set of thankless, heartless people, who profess God with their lips, and know nothing of Him or of the prophet Mohammed—blessed be his name! Besides, what do they think of us? They call us *abid*—slaves. They think that any one of them can lick ten of us. They say that some day they will take our rifles from us, and make us their slaves. We know enough Arabic to know what they mean, bad as their slang Arabic is. We have come to ask you how long this is to last? If you mean to kill us, who were saved out of the forest, with this ungrateful work, please tell us. We are your servants, and we must do your bidding."

"It is well," I replied. "I have heard your speech. I knew you would come to this. But you must have some faith in me. Trust to me. Go on to the Nyanza to-day, and when you return I will explain further."

Captain Nelson was appointed leader of the caravan of 81 Zanzibaris, Soudanese, and Manyema, and marched away with them.

I observed that the people declined their rations for the journey, and that they were unmistakably discontented and in an evil mood. Fearing trouble, I sent messengers after Captain Nelson to send me the two who seemed to be the principals under guard back to camp. The Captain on receipt of the order commanded the Soudanese to take them, upon which the fifty Zanzibaris set up a loud yell of defiance, and some cried, "Shoot them all, and let us go to Mazamboni."

The Captain, however, was firm, and insisted on sending them to me, whereupon they said they would all return to camp to protect their friends.

Seeing the caravan return, the signal to muster under arms was given, and the companies were drawn up in position to prevent any sudden manoeuvre.

The malcontents were formed in line in the centre, and on looking at them I saw that little was needed to provoke strife. I sympathised with them secretly, but could not overlook such a serious breach of discipline.

"Now, my men," I said, "obey me at once, and to the letter. He who hesitates is lost. Open your ears and be sharp. Ground arms!" It was done promptly. "Retire four paces to the rear!" They withdrew quietly. "Now, Captain Stairs, march your company to the front and take possession of the rifles," which was done.

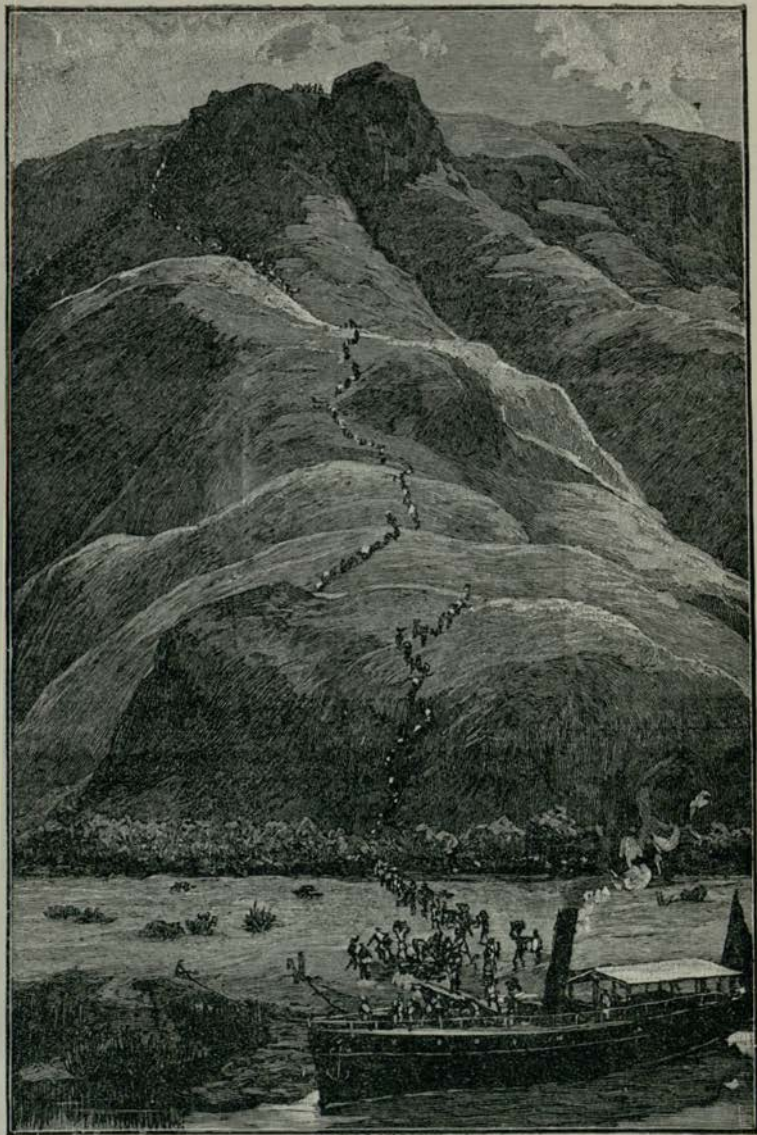
Captain Nelson was then ordered to make his report as to the cause of the caravan's return. He pointed out the ringleaders concerned in the outbreak, and those who had cried, "Shoot them all, and let us run to Mazamboni." These were at once seized and punished. The ringleaders were tied to the flag-staff. The caravan was again entrusted to Captain Nelson, but without arms, and was marched away to its duty.

Near sunset, Hassan Bakari having absented himself without permission was lightly punished with a cane by the captain of his company. On being released, he rushed in a furious temper to his hut, vowing he would shoot himself. He was caught in the act of preparing his rifle for the deed. Five men were required to restrain him. Hearing the news, I proceeded to the scene, and gently asked the reason of this outburst. He declaimed against the shame which had been put on him, as he was a freeman of good family and was not accustomed to be struck like a slave. Remarks appropriate to his wounded feelings were addressed to him, to which he gratefully responded. His rifle was restored to him with a smile. He did not use it.

*March 11th.*—Forty-one natives descended to the Nyanza to-day for more baggage. These make a total of 928 men sent down for the same purpose up to date.

*March 12th.*—"Three O'clock," the hunter, took a caravan to the Nyanza, consisting of thirty-four Zanzibaris and twenty-five natives.





CLIMBING THE PLATEAU SLOPES



*March 13th.*—Lieut. Stairs, R.E., took down to the Lake sixty-three Zanzibaris and Manyema.

The forty-one natives who left on the 11th inst. returned to-day, bringing with them absolute rubbish—wooden bedsteads, twenty-gallon copper pots, and some more flat rocks, which the Soudanese call grinding-stones. They complained that when they objected to carry these heavy, useless weights they were cruelly beaten.

As I have informed the Pasha several times that I cannot allow such rubbish to be carried, and as the Pasha has written to that effect to Osman Latif Effendi, the commander of Lake-shore camp, and his orders are not obeyed, I shall presently have to stop this cruel work.

*March 14th.*—Twenty-one of the Balegga have offered their services, and have been sent down to the Lake to carry baggage. Total loads up to date, 1037.

I consider this carrier work, to which I have subjected myself, officers, and men, as an essential part of my duty to my guests. They may not be deserving of this sacrifice on our part, but that makes no difference. What I regret is that such severe labour should be incurred uselessly. If any one of them were to express a concern that we were put to so much trouble, most of us would regard it as some compensation. But I have heard nothing which would lead me to believe that they regard this assistance as anything more than their due.

I see the Egyptian officers congregating in special and select groups each day, seated on their mats, smoking cigarettes, and discussing our absolute slavishness. They have an idea that any one of them is better than ten Zanzibaris, but I have not seen any ten of them that could be so useful in Africa as one Zanzibari.

*March 15th.*—Lieut. Stairs appeared with his caravan to-day. He reports that there are 100 people still at the Nyanza Camp, with an immense pile of baggage of the usual useless kind just arrived from Mswa station.

Shukri Agha, commandant of Mswa, has also arrived. At an interview with him, in the presence of the Pasha, I informed him in plain terms that if he expected to retire to the coast he would have to set about it immediately. I told him that I had been amazed at many things since my arrival the third time at the Lake, but the most wonderful thing of all was the utter disregard to instructions and orders manifested by everybody. In May last, ten months ago, they had all been informed of the cause of our coming. They had promised to be ready, and now he, Shukri Agha, had come to us to ask us for instructions, just as though he had never heard anything of the matter. If he, a commandant of a station and commander of troops, appeared to be so slow to comprehend, how would it be possible to convey it into the sense of the Soudanese soldier? All I had to say now was, that unless he, Shukri



Agha, paid attention to what I said, he would be left behind to take the consequences.

"Ah," says Shukri, "I will go back to Mswa, and the very next day I shall embark the women and children on the steamers, and I shall march



SHUKRI AGHA, COMMANDANT OF MSWA STATION

with our cattle through Melindwa overland, and we shall all be here in seven days."

"I shall expect you on the tenth day from this, with your families, soldiers, and cattle."

The Pasha said to me in the evening, "Shukri Agha has given me his

solemn promise that he will obey the orders I have given him to depart from Mswa at once."

"Did you write them firmly, Pasha, in such a manner that there can be no doubt!"

"Surely, I did so."

"Do you think he will obey them?"

"Most certainly. What, Shukri Agha! He will be here in ten days without fail, and all his soldiers with him."

*March 16th.*—Shukri Agha descended to the Nyanza to-day; also 108 native carriers, for baggage.

*March 17th.*—Twenty-nine natives of Malai's tribe, and sixteen natives of Bugombi, have been sent to the Nyanza Camp. Total, 1190 carriers up to date.

The Pasha proceeded this morning to the Baregga Hills for a picnic, and to increase his collections. A goat was taken up also to be slaughtered for the lunch. Lieut. Stairs, Mr. Jephson, Captain Nelson, Surgeon Parke, and Mr. Bonny have gone up with quite a following to encourage him to do his best and keep him company.

Yesterday Jephson and I had examined the summits of the hills, and in one of the hollows we had discovered tree ferns, standing eight feet high, with stalks eight inches in diameter. We also brought with us a few purple flowering heliotropes, aloes, and rock ferns for the Pasha. All this has inspired him with a desire to investigate the flora for himself.

These hills have an altitude varying from 5400 to 5600 feet above the sea. The folds and hollows between these hills are here and there somewhat picturesque, though on account of late grass burnings they are not at their best just now. Each of the hollows has its own clear water rillet, and along their courses are bamboos, tree ferns, small palms, and bush, much of which is in flower. From the lively singing of the birds I heard yesterday, it was thought likely this insatiable collector might be able to add to his store of stuffed giant-larks, thrushes, bee-eaters, sun-birds, large pigeons, &c. Only four specimens were obtained, and the Pasha is not happy.

In a bowl-like basin, rimmed around by rugged and bare rocks, I saw a level terrace a mile and a half long by a mile wide, green as a tennis lawn. Round about the foot of this terrace ran a clear rivulet, through a thick bank of woods, the tops of which just came to the level of the terrace. It has been the nicest site for a mission or a community of white men that I have seen for a long time. The altitude was 5500 feet above the sea. From the crest of the rocky hills encircling it we may obtain a view covering 3000 square miles of one of the most gloriously beautiful lands in the world. Pisgah, sixty miles westward, dominates all eminences and ridges in the direction of the forest world; Ruwenzori, 18,000 to 19,000 feet above the sea, white with perpetual snow, eighty miles off, bounds the view south; to the east the eye

looks far over the country of Unyoro; and north-east lies the length of the Albert Nyanza. The picnic was held on the terrace.

*March 18th.*—The redoubtable Rudimi, chief of Usiri, has at last joined our confederacy. Besides seven head of cattle, seven goats, and an ample store of millet flour and sweet potatoes, he also brought me thirty-one carriers who were immediately sent to the Lake-shore camp.

We can now trust these natives to handle any property unguarded. Altogether fifteen chiefs have submitted to our stipulation that they shall cease fighting with one another; that they shall submit all causes of complaint to us, and agree to our decisions. The result is that the Wavira shake hands with the Wasiri, the Balegga, and the Wahuma. The cases brought to us for settlement are frequently very trivial, but so far our decisions have given satisfaction.

The camp now consists of 339 huts and five tents, exclusive of Kavalli's village, on the southern side of which our town has grown. There are sometimes as many as 2000 people in it.

*March 21st.*—The natives of Melindwa, having made a descent upon Ruguji's, one of our Wahuma allies, and captured forty head of his cattle, Lieut. Stairs and Mr. Jephson were despatched with Companies 1 and 2, and returned with 310 head of cattle. Ruguji recognised his cattle and received them. The Wahuma are all herdsmen and shepherds. The Wavira devote themselves to agriculture.

*March 22nd.*—The Pasha, with Mr. Marco, paid a visit to Mpigwa, chief of Nyamsassi, and were well received, returning with large gifts of food.

*March 23rd.*—Contributions of provisions have come in from many chiefs to-day as an expression of gratitude for the retaliatory raid on Melindwa.

*March 26th.*—Yesterday afternoon the steamer *Nyanza* came in with the mails from Wadelai, and carriers came in this morning with them.

Selim Bey writes from Wadelai to the Pasha that he is sure all the rebels will follow him, and that they may be expected at our camp. The Pasha, beaming with joy, came to me and imparted this news, and said, "What did I tell you? You see I was right? I was sure they would all come."

Let us see what this good news amounts to.

Selim Bey left our camp on the 26th February with a promise that I should wait "a reasonable time." Though the distance is only five days, we will give him eight days. He arrives at Wadelai on the 4th March. He promised solemnly to begin embarking as soon as possible. We will grant him five days for this, considering that such people have no idea of time, and eight days for the voyage from Wadelai to our Lake camp. He should then have arrived on the 17th inst. He has not appeared yet, and in his letters to the Pasha he only states that his intentions are what they were on the 26th February last, viz., to start.

On the 14th of March, Shukri Agha, Commandant of Mswa, appeared to



obtain instructions from the Pasha, and on the 17th, Shukri Agha was back again at Mswa station, having received an order to abandon that station and to be here on the 27th. We are now told that Shukri Agha is still at Mswa, and Selim Bey still at Wadelai. Every order issued by the Pasha has been disregarded, and every promise broken.

I replied to the Pasha that I was only aware of our folly in relying on any promise made by such people, that neither Selim Bey nor probably Shukri Agha had any intention of accompanying us anywhere. Days had passed into weeks, and weeks had grown into months, and years would doubtless elapse before we should leave Africa.

"I must beg leave, Pasha, to impress on you that, besides my duty to you and to your people, I have a duty to perform to the Relief Committee. Every month I stay in Africa costs about £400. I have a duty to perform to my officers. They have their careers in the army to think of—their leave of absence has long ago expired. Then we must think of the Zanzibaris. They will want to return to their homes; they are already waxing impatient. If we had only some proof that Selim Bey and his men had any real intention of leaving Africa, and would furnish this proof by sending a couple of companies of soldiers, and I could see that the soldiers were under control, there would be no difficulty in staying some months more. But if you think, that from the 1st of May, 1888, to the end of March, 1889, are eleven months, and that we have been only able to get about forty officers and clerks and their families, and that the baggage of these has required all the carriers on this plateau one month to carry it two days' march, you will perceive that I have no reason to share in your joy.

"I pray you also to remember, that I have been at great pains to get at the correct state of mind which those officers at Wadelai are in. I have been told most curious things. Major Awash Effendi, of the 2nd Battalion, Osman Latif Effendi, Mohamed the engineer, have told me secretly that neither Selim Bey or Fadl-el-Mulla Bey will leave for Egypt. The former may perhaps come as far as here and settle in this district. But whatever the Wadelai officers may profess to be desirous of doing, I have been warned that I must be on my guard. Nobody places any faith in them except yourself. While believing that you may perhaps be right after all, you must admit that I have the best of reasons for doubting their good intentions. They have revolted three times against you. They captured Mr. Jephson, and in menacing him with rifles they insulted me. They have made it known widely enough that they intended to capture me on my return here. But, Pasha, let me tell you this much: it is not in the power of all the troops of the province to capture me, and before they arrive within rifle-shot of this camp, every officer will be in my power."

"But what answer shall I give them?" asked the Pasha.

"You had better hear it from the officers yourself. Come, without saying

a word to them. I will call them here and ask them in your presence, because they are involved in the question as much as I am myself."

"Very well," he replied.

A messenger was sent to summon the officers, Stairs, Nelson, Jephson, and Parke, and when they were seated I addressed them:—

"Gentlemen,—Before giving me the benefit of your advice at this important period, let me sum up some facts as they have transpired.

"Emin Pasha has received a mail from Wadelai. Selim Bey, who left our Lake Camp on the 26th February last, with a promise that he would hurry up such people as wished to go to Egypt, writes from Wadelai that the steamers are engaged in transporting some people from Duffié to Wadelai, that the work of transport between Wadelai and Tunguru will be resumed upon the accomplishment of the other task. When he went away from here, we were informed that he was deposed, and that Emin Pasha and he were sentenced to death by the rebel officers. We now learn that the rebel officers, ten in number, and all their faction, are desirous of proceeding to Egypt; we may suppose, therefore, that Selim Bey's party is in the ascendant again.

"Shukri Agha, the chief of the Mswa Station—the station nearest to us—paid us a visit here in the middle of March. He was informed on the 16th of March, the day that he departed, that our departure for Zanzibar would positively begin on the 10th of April. He took with him urgent letters for Selim Bey, announcing that fact in unmistakable terms.

"Eight days later we hear that Shukri Agha is still at Mswa, having only sent a few women and children to the Nyanza Camp; yet he and his people might have been here by this if they intended to accompany us.

"Thirty days ago Selim Bey left us with a promise of a reasonable time. The Pasha thought once that twenty days would be a reasonable time. However, we have extended it to forty-four days. Judging by the length of time Selim Bey has already taken, only reaching Tunguru with one-sixteenth of the expected force, I personally am quite prepared to give the Pasha my decision. For you must know, gentlemen, that the Pasha having heard from Selim Bey 'intelligence so encouraging,' wishes to know my decision, but I have preferred to call you to answer or me.

"You are aware that our instructions were to carry relief to Emin Pasha, and to escort such as were willing to accompany us to Egypt. We arrived at the Nyanza, and met Emin Pasha in the latter part of April, 1888, just twelve months ago. We handed him his letters from the Khedive and his Government, and also the first instalment of relief, and asked him whether we were to have the pleasure of his company to Zanzibar. He replied that his decision depended on that of his people.

"This was the first adverse news that we received. Instead of meeting with a number of people only too anxious to leave Africa, it was questionable whether there would be any except a few Egyptian clerks. With Major Barttelot so far distant in the rear, we could not wait at the Nyanza for his decision, as that might possibly require months; it would be more profitable to seek and assist the rear column, and by the time we arrived here again, those willing to go to Egypt would be probably

impatient to start. We, therefore, leaving Mr. Jephson to convey our message to the Pasha's troops, returned to the forest region for the rear column, and in nine months were back again on the Nyanza. But instead of discovering a camp of people anxious and ready to depart from Africa, we find no camp at all, but hear that both the Pasha and Mr. Jephson are prisoners, that the Pasha has been in imminent danger of his life from the rebels, and at another time is in danger of being bound on his bedstead and taken to the interior of Makkaraka country. It has been current talk in the Province that we were only a party of conspirators and adventurers, that the letters of the Khedive and Nubar Pasha were forgeries, concocted by the vile Christians, Stanley and Casati, assisted by Mohammed Emin Pasha. So elated have the rebels been by their bloodless victory over the Pasha and Mr. Jephson, that they have confidently boasted of their purpose to entrap me by cajoling words, and strip our Expedition of every article belonging to it, and send us adrift into the wilds to perish. We need not dwell on the ingratitude of these men, or on their intense ignorance and evil natures, but you must bear in mind the facts to guide you to a clear decision.

"We believed when we volunteered for this work that we should be met with open arms. We were received with indifference, until we were led to doubt whether any people wished to depart. My representative was made a prisoner, and threats were freely used to him. The Pasha was deposed, and for three months was a close prisoner. I am told this is the third revolt in the Province. Well, in the face of all this, we have waited nearly twelve months to obtain the few hundreds of unarmed men, women, and children in this camp. As I promised Selim Bey and his officers that I would give a reasonable time, Selim Bey and his officers repeatedly promised to us there should be no delay. The Pasha has already fixed April 10th, which extended their time to forty-four days, sufficient for three round voyages for each steamer. The news brought to-day is not that Selim Bey is close to here, but that he has not started from Wadelai yet.

"In addition to his own friends, who are said to be loyal and obedient to him, he brings the ten rebel officers, and some six hundred or seven hundred soldiers, their faction.

"Remembering the three revolts which these same officers have inspired, their pronounced intentions against this Expedition, the plots and counterplots, the life of conspiracy and smiling treachery they have led, we may well pause to consider what object principally animates them now—that from being ungovernably rebellious against all constituted authority, they have suddenly become obedient and loyal soldiers of the Khedive and his 'Great Government.' You must be aware that, exclusive of the thirty-one boxes of ammunition delivered to the Pasha by us in May, 1888, the rebels possess ammunition of the Provincial Government equal to twenty of our cases. We are bound to credit them with intelligence enough to perceive that such a small supply would be fired in an hour's fighting among so many rifles, and that only a show of submission and apparent loyalty will ensure a further supply from us. Though the Pasha brightens up each time he obtains a plausible letter from these people, strangers like we are may be forgiven for not readily trusting those men whom they have such good cause to mistrust. Could we have some guarantee of good faith, there could be no objection to delivering to them all they required: that is, with the permission of the Pasha. Can we be certain, however, that if we admit them into this camp as good friends and loyal soldiers of Egypt,



they will not rise up some night and possess themselves of all the ammunition, and so deprive us of the power of returning to Zanzibar? It would be a very easy matter for them to do so, after they had acquired the knowledge of the rules of the camp. With our minds filled with Mr. Jephson's extraordinary revelations of what has been going on in the Province since the closing of the Nile route, beholding the Pasha here before my very eyes, who was lately supposed to have several thousands of people under him, but now without any important following, and bearing in mind the 'cajoling' and 'wiles' by which we were to be entrapped, I ask you, would we be wise in extending the time of delay beyond the date fixed, that is, the 10th of April?"

The officers one after another replied in the negative.

"There, Pasha," I said, "you have your answer. We march on the 10th of April."

The Pasha then asked if we could "in our conscience acquit him of having abandoned his people," supposing they had not arrived by the 10th of April. We replied, "Most certainly."

*March 27th.*—The couriers have left to embark for Wadelai.

They bore the following:

Notice to Selim Bey and the Rebel Officers.

Camp at Kavalli,

*March 26th, 1889.*

"Salaams,—The Commander of the Relief Expedition having promised to grant a reasonable time for the arrival of such people at this camp as were desirous to quit the country, notifies Selim Bey and his brother officers that this is the 30th day since they departed from the Nyanza Camp for Wadelai to assemble their people.

"The 'reasonable time' promised to them has expired to-day.

"However, as the Pasha has requested an extension of time, it is hereby notified to all concerned that the Expedition will make a further halt at this camp of fourteen days from this date, or, in other words, that the Expedition will positively commence the march towards Zanzibar on the morning of the TENTH of APRIL next. All those people not arriving by that date must abide the consequences of their absence on the day of our departure.

"HENRY M. STANLEY."

Notice to Shukri Agha, Commanding Mswa.

"The Commander of the Relief Expedition hereby announces to the good and loyal officer Shukri Agha, that in order to allow him sufficient time to reach this camp, the Expedition will make a further halt of fourteen days from this date, at this camp, but that on the morning of the TENTH day of APRIL next, no matter who or who may not be ready to march on that date, positively no further delay will be granted.

"The Commander of the Expedition, out of sincere affection for Shukri Agha, begs that he will take this last notice into his earnest consideration, and act accordingly.

"HENRY M. STANLEY."

## CHAPTER XXIV

## WE START HOMEWARD FOR ZANZIBAR

False reports of strangers at Mazamboni's—The Pasha's ivory—Osman Lati Effendi gives me his opinions on the Wadelai officers—My boy Sali as spy in the camp—Capt. Casati's views of Emin's departure from his province—Lieut. Stairs makes the first move homeward—The snowy mountains visible—Mohammed's wife and Emin—Attempts to steal our rifles—Disorder at Wadelai—Two propositions made to Emin Pasha—A general muster—Lieut. Stairs brings the Pasha's servants into the square—The principal conspirators placed under guard—Muster of Emin Pasha's followers—Casati and Emin not on speaking terms—Preparing for the march—Fight with clubs between Omar and the Zanzibaris—We leave Kavalli—The number of our column—Halt in Mazamboni's territory—I am taken ill—Dr. Parke's skilful nursing—Plan of the homeward march—Reports of plots in the camp—Capture of twenty-two deserters—Execution of the ringleader—Illness of Surgeon Parke and Mr. Jephson—A packet of the conspirators' letters intended for Wadelai falls into my hands—Conversation with Emin Pasha—Shukri Agha arrives in our camp—Lieut. Stairs buries some ammunition—We continue our march—Three soldiers appear with letters from Selim Bey—They take a letter to Selim Bey from Emin—Ali Effendi and his servants accompany the soldiers back to Selim Bey.

*March 27th.*—I heard to-day that strangers, supposed to be Zanzibaris, had arrived at Mazamboni's. I accordingly despatched Jephson with forty-three rifles to ascertain the truth of this report, for they may be Jameson, accompanied by Salim bin Mohamed and people.

*March 29th.*—Mr. Jephson returned from Undussuma, bringing fifty-six native carriers. There were no strangers. It was a false report. Alas! for Jameson. We all wonder what course he adopted upon receiving my letters.

*March 31st.*—Captain Nelson arrived in camp from Lake shore, bringing 132 loads. These bring up the total of loads carried from the Lake shore to this camp to 1355. I am told there is nothing left except some large ivories, weighing about 150 pounds each, which we cannot carry. The Pasha brought with him sixty-five tusks, forty-five of which I proposed paying to the Manyema for their services, but they have declined taking it, as they would prefer the monthly pay paid in goods to them on arriving at the C. M. S. Mission at Msalala.

Osman Latif Effendi, the Lieut.-Governor of the Equatorial Province, came to me this afternoon, and gave me his opinions on the Wadelai officers. He says: "Selim Bey may join us. He is not a bad man. He is fond of beer and indolent. If he comes, he will have about 350 soldiers and officers with him, who form his party. Fadl-el-Mulla Bey is chief of the opposite party. Since they received news that Khartoum had fallen they have refused all allegiance to the Pasha. Believing that perhaps they would change their minds upon hearing of your coming, Emin Pasha proceeded to see them with Mr. Jephson, and both were immediately arrested. Fadl-el-Mulla Bey and his clerk are Mahdists. They hoped to get great honour from the Khalifa for delivering the Pasha up to him. They have had an idea of getting you to visit them, and by sweet words and promising everything, to catch you and send you to Khartoum. If Fadl-el-Mulla Bey comes here with his party, all I can say is that you must be very careful. I am tired of the land and wish to go to Cairo. I want nothing to do with them."

"What do you think of the people here, Osman Latif?"

"Awash Effendi would not dare to be left behind. As the Major of the 2nd Battalion he was said to be very severe. They hate him, and would kill him; almost all the others, if Selim Bey came here, and advised them to stop, would prefer living here to going with the Pasha. I and Awash Effendi will follow you. If we died on the road, that is the end of it. We should be sure to die here if we stayed."

"Why do they dislike the Pasha?"

"I do not know, except that Shaitan (the Devil) instigates them. He has been very just and good to them all, but the more he allows them to do as they please, the further their hearts are from him. They say, 'Oh, let him go on collecting beetles and birds. We don't want him.' The Pasha is very happy when he travels, and is able to collect things, and does not trouble himself about the men."

"Do you think they would have liked him better if he had hanged a few?"

"Perhaps. God knows."

"Do you think you would have liked him better if he had been severe to you?"

"No, but I should have been more afraid of him."

"Ah! yes, of course."

"But please don't tell the Pasha I said anything, otherwise he would not forgive me."

"Have no fear. If you hear what is going on in the camp, let me know."

"Myself and my son are at your service. We shall hear all that goes on, and will let you know."

I saw Osman Latif proceed soon after to the Pasha's quarters, and kiss his hands, and bend reverently before him, and immediately I followed, curious



to observe. The Pasha sat gravely on his chair, and delivered his orders to Osman Latif with the air of power, and Osman Latif bowed obsequiously after hearing each order, and an innocent stranger might have imagined that one embodied kingly authority and the other slavish obedience. Soon after I departed, absorbed in my own thoughts.



SALI, HEAD BOY

Sali, my boy, is the cleverest spy in the camp. How he obtains his information I do not know. But he appears to know a great deal more than Osman Latif or Awash Effendi, or any of the young Egyptians. He is in the counsels of the captains. He is intimate with Mohammed, the engineer. He is apparently adored by Capt. Ibrahim Effendi Elham, and his father-in-

law, Ali Effendi. Of course he has many subordinate informers to assist him. The Zanzibaris are inveterate traders: they always possess something to bargain with. During the preliminaries they discuss the affairs of the camp, and as they are detailed the traders piece this and that together, and pass it over when well digested to Sali, after which I receive the benefit of it. Much naturally is pure gossip, but on the whole it amounts to a sum of solid and valuable information.

I discover that there is a plot to break away completely from the Pasha's authority. The number of those actually faithful to-day in camp is nine. I am told that they know the Pasha is so unsuspecting that they have but to kiss his hand and plead forgiveness, and he becomes pliant to any schemer.

When a man becomes the jest of such rogues, authority is weak indeed.

Dr. Vita Hassan and Mohammed the engineer say that the Pasha pays great respect to Captain Casati's opinion. I consider it is a very natural thing that he should respect the opinion of the only European who has been with him between Dr. Junker's departure and our arrival. When Casati is inclined to presume upon kindness, Mr. Jephson reports that the Pasha knows exactly when to assume the governor.

The Pasha appeared this morning at my tent and informed me that Captain Casati was not well pleased with his departure from the Equatorial Province; that he thought it was his duty to stay.

"Where, Pasha?"

"With my people."

"What people, please?"

"Why, with my soldiers."

"Well now, really, I was under the impression that you wrote me some time ago, with your own hand, besides endorsing Mr. Jephson's letter, that you were a prisoner to your own soldiers, that they had deposed you, that they had threatened to take you in irons, strapped on your bedstead, to Khartoum, and I am sure you know as well as I do what that means."

"That is true. But you must not think that I am about to change my mind. As I said to you, I leave with you on the 10th of April next. That is settled. I wish, however, you would see Casati about this and talk to him."

"I should be most happy to do so, but my French is wretched, and his is still worse."

"Oh, if you will send a boy to call me, I will come in and be your interpreter."

What we have gleaned of Casati's character is generally regarded as a reflection of the Pasha himself. He has not been averse to declaring that he would prefer Africa to Europe. There is some reason in the Pasha seeking an excuse to remain here, but I can find none for Casati, though he has a

right to express his preference. But what good purpose can influence either to stay here now I fail to see. When the Pasha possessed force, he declined the salary of £1500 a year and £12,000 annual subsidy for the government of his Province: he deferred accepting a somewhat similar post under British auspices until it was too late. The proposal to return home was so displeasing to him that he elected to leave it unanswered until he could learn the wishes of his troops, in the attempt to ascertain which he was deposed and imprisoned, and is now—let us speak the truth—a fugitive from their power.

But when Emin and Casati get together for a social chat, the Pasha begins to feel depressed, and to vex himself unnecessarily with fears that he may be charged by his rebellious troops with deserting them. Casati feels elated somewhat at having caused these doubts. What Casati's object is, more than to secure a companion in misery, is to me unknown.

I proceeded to Captain Casati's quarters, and presently, after an ineffectual effort to be intelligible to him, sent a boy to request the Pasha's good offices. At once Casati commenced to lecture the Pasha in the name of honour and duty, and to persuade him that he was *moralement* wrong in abandoning his troops, referring of course to the Pasha's declared intention of leaving with us on the 10th of April.

"But, Captain Casati," I said, "the Pasha never had an intention of abandoning his troops, as no person knows better than you. His troops deposed him, and made him a prisoner from August 18th to February 8th, or thereabouts, nearly six months. They have three times revolted, they have said repeatedly they do not want him, they refuse to obey him, and they have threatened to kill him. They would probably have sent him to Khartoum before this, had not the mad Donaglas shown what little mercy can be expected from them."

"The governor of a fort should never surrender his charge," replied Casati.

"I quite agree with you in that, if his troops remain faithful to him; but if his troops arrest him, haul down the flag, and open the gates, what can the poor governor do?"

"A captain of a warship should fire his guns to the last."

"Quite so, but if the crew seize the captain, and put him into the hold in irons, and haul down the flag, what then?"

"No, I do not agree with you," said the Captain, with emphasis. "The Pasha should remain with his people."

"But where are his people? The rebels refuse to have anything to do with him except as a prisoner to them. Do you mean to say that the Pasha should return as a prisoner, and be content with that humiliating position?"

"No, certainly not."



"Perhaps you think that they would relent, and elevate him again to the post of Governor?"

"I cannot say."

"Do you think they would?"

"It may be."

"Would you advise the Pasha to trust himself into the power of Fadl-el-Mulla Bey and his officers again?"

"No."

"Now, here are your servants. Supposing they lay hold of you one night, and were going to kill you, and you were only saved because your cries attracted your deliverers to the scene. Would you trust your life in their hands again?"

"No."

"Supposing your servants came to you this afternoon and told you they would not obey you in the future, would you consider yourself as morally bound to command them?"

"No."

"Then, my dear Casati, you have answered the Pasha, and what you would not do, the Pasha is not bound to do. Emin Pasha had two duties to perform, one to the Khedive and one to his soldiers. It is because he performed his duty nobly and patiently towards the Khedive that I and my young friends volunteered to help him. The Khedive commands him to abandon the Province, and forwards assistance to him for that purpose. He appeals to his troops and requests them to express their views, whereupon they seize him, menace him with death, and finally imprison him for six months. Their answer has been given to him, which was, 'For the last time, we have nothing to do with you.'"

Casati was not convinced, and I see that the Pasha is much troubled in mind. They will meet again to-night, and argue the moral aspect of the case again. God knows what their intentions will be to-morrow. Neither of them realise the true state of affairs. I am convinced that their minds are in a bewildered state, as their position would be desperate if we left them to themselves for a few days.

Before retiring for the night the Pasha came to my tent and assured me that he would leave on the 10th of April; that he is certain all the Egyptians in this camp, numbering with their followers about 600, will leave with him. But reports from other quarters prove to me that the Pasha is grossly mistaken. How they will undeceive him I do not know. So far I have not exchanged many words with any of the party, and I have certainly not pretended to have any authority over them. I consider the Pasha as my guest, and the Egyptians as his followers. I supply the whole party with meat and grain, and Surgeon Parke attends to the sick each morning and afternoon.

*April 1st.*—The first move homeward has been made to-day. Lieut.

Stairs has been despatched with his company, sixty-one effective rifles, to form an advance camp at Mazamboni's, to store contributions, &c., ready for the huge column that will leave here on the 10th instant.

Accompanying him were Major Awash Effendi, Rushti Effendi, and two or three other Egyptians and their followers, also fifty-seven of Mazamboni's, twenty-nine of Usiri's, and thirty of Mpinga's natives. Besides loads of No. 2 Company, these carriers took eighty-eight loads of ammunition, Remington, Winchester, and gun-powder.

Here is a curious table for medical men :

## WEIGHTS OF OFFICERS AT

	Banana Point, 1887.	Fort Bodo in the Forest, 1888.	Kavalli's Camp, 1889.	After sickness, 1889.
Stanley	168 lbs.	135 lbs.	145 lbs.	132 lbs.
Jephson	168 "	132 "	150½ "	132 "
Dr. Parke	162 "	148 "	170 "	
Major Barttelot	144 "	—	—	
Lt. Stairs	164 "	143 "	—	
Capt. Nelson	176 "	140 "	146 "	
Emin Pasha	—	—	130 "	

*April 2nd.*—Ruwendori has been visible the last three days. The snow-covered range has been a most attractive and beautiful sight—pure, dazzling, varying in colours with the hours, with infinite depth of opaline blue all round it, until the sun set and dark night covered the earth. The natives declared it could not be seen because the south hill of the Baregga obstructed the view, but by our levels and triangulations we knew it ought to be seen; and it has been seen. We pointed it out to the natives. They turned and asked, "How did you know it could be seen from here?"

*April 3rd.*—The Pasha is slowly opening his eyes. He came to me this afternoon and related that he had assembled his household of fifty-one souls—servants, guards, orderlies, who have hitherto been attached to him—and had asked them who were willing to accompany him on the 10th of April. All but four declined. The rest say they will wait for their "brethren."

One of these four faithfuls is one who bluntly stated that he only followed him to obtain possession of a little girl whom Captain Casati was detaining by force from him, and that after getting her he would return to Kavalli to await his "brethren."

Upon asking the Pasha what claims Casati had upon the girl—who is intensely black and about five years old—he said that Casati a few years ago had applied to him for a female cook. She had accompanied him to Unyoro while he had represented him in that country. During her service with Casati the female cook gave birth to this child, who was the offspring of a

Soudanese soldier. For three years the child was reared by Casati in his house. She became a pet, and with her artless prattle and childish ways she relieved the solitary man's tedious life. On his expulsion from Unyoro by Kabba-Rega and return to the province, the woman was claimed by her husband, and likewise the child, but at the same time he disclaimed paternity. Casati refused to deliver the child up, and has obstinately refused to do so to this day.

The Pasha thinks it possible that the soldier has some sinister intentions respecting Casati, and deploras Casati's morbid attachment to his servants, male and female. He is disinclined to exercise his authority on Casati, who has been his guest and true friend for many years, but he regrets that his friend will not be advised by him. This conversation occurred between 5.30 to 6.30 P.M.

One hour later, while taking a short stroll before my tent in the moonlight, I heard a fierce voice uttering in Arabic guttural imprecations. Amid the loud, strenuous, and voluble abuse, I distinguished my name and the Pasha's frequently, with determined splutterings of "Enough—enough—enough!" I heard other voices coaxingly crying, "For the Prophet's sake," "Have a little patience," "Ease your wrath," and such like, and presently the Pasha's voice rang out deep and strong, "What is the matter there? Peace, I charge you; peace, then.—Well, go and tell Mr. Stanley; his tent is not far off. Go!"

Presently, one Mohammed Effendi, the engineer, a light-skinned and not unprepossessing Egyptian, thus challenged, rushed up to me, followed by a large crowd, and poured—that is the term—a story strongly coloured by jealousy and bitter with angry denunciation. His wife, he said, to whom he had been lawfully married at Khartoum, had been allowed by him, on the death of the Abyssinian mother of Ferida, to become nurse to the child. This was thirty months ago. At first his wife found time not only to perform her duty by the child, but also to him, but during the last six months she had become estranged from him, and abused him violently upon every occasion they met. During the last twenty-four hours he had sent over a score of messages to her, each of which she had rejected with increasing scorn. Was this right? Was there no justice for him?

"Really, my friend Mohammed," I replied, "I have no authority to settle such delicate questions. Have you been to the Pasha? Have you asked him to try and exercise his authority? Seeing that she is in his household, he is the person you should apply to; not me."

"Go to him! Why should I go to him? Nay, then, if you will not do me justice, I will either kill myself, or my wife, or the Pasha. I will do one thing sure."

He departed, storming loudly, so that the entire camp heard his threats. I had scarcely ceased wondering what all this meant, when a white-



robed figure stole up rapidly towards my tent, evidently a female by her dress.

"Who is this?" I asked.

"The wife of Mohammed Effendi."

"In the name of God why do you choose to come here?"

"You must listen to my story, having heard that of Mohammed," she answered.

"Have you the Pasha's permission to visit me?"

The permission being granted, the woman was shown into my tent by Mr. Jephson and Dr. Parke.

"Well, speak; my ears are opened."

The fair one crouched down, and made a mass of white in the darkest corner of the tent, lit as it was by a single candle. A subtle fragrance of Shiraz, or Stamboul oil, filled the tent, and a perfectly pure and delightful voice uttered such clear-cut Arabic that I imagined I understood every word. A fortnight's experience with such a voice would make me an Arabic scholar.

The fair one's story was to the effect that she disliked her husband most heartily—yea, hated him altogether. He was simply a heathen brute. He was too low to be worthy of her regard. He had robbed her, torn her clothes, beaten her, had half split her head one time. No; she would never, never—no, never, &c., &c., have anything to do with him in future.

"Have you finished your story?"

"Yes."

"Serour! Take her back to the Pasha's house."

A few seconds elapsed, and the Pasha advanced to the tent and craved an interview. He related that the woman with the husband's consent had become nurse to his little daughter, for which she received a liberal wage in cloth, which was no sooner paid to her than her husband snatched it away, and shamefully beat her. At her entreaties she obtained the Pasha's protection even against the husband. He had heard no objections made, and knew nothing of this fury of jealousy until this evening when he heard the wrathful voice of Mohammed denouncing him, and threatening to shoot him. Thereupon he was obliged to ask for my protection, as the fellow might in a fit of madness kill somebody.

"Do you leave this affair in my hands, Pasha?"

"Certainly."

"Very well. I will ask you to retire to your quarters, guards will be placed at every entrance leading to them, and I will guarantee the safety of all within. I will call Mohammed and hear his story patiently, and will let you know what arrangements have been made before you sleep."

The Pasha retired and Mohammed was called.

His story was that, having given his wife permission to be nurse to

little Ferida, he had no intention of depriving the little girl of her services; he simply wished that his wife should visit him occasionally and prove herself amenable to marital duty.

"If you will conform to a few simple conditions, I will do my best to bring your wife to her senses, but it is necessary you should meet me at the Pasha's house to-morrow morning and apologise to him for your shocking violence to-night. Now, don't interrupt me," I said; "you have been urged to this rude behaviour by your friends, to make a scene. Go to your house quietly, and beware you utter no more words to-night. To-morrow morning we shall meet again."

This evening a mail has arrived from Wadelai, and the letters announce the utmost disorder and the most extraordinary confusion at that station.

*April 4th.*—At 8 A.M. I proceeded to the Pasha's house and informed him that I desired to call Mohammed to his presence. He consented, and the man made a most submissive apology, though his angry features belied his professions of penitence. He was then told to state to the Pasha before me upon what conditions he was willing to let the woman continue as nurse. He said he wished his wife to attend on Ferida until she was put to sleep, from the first hour of the morning, that was all, to which the Pasha expressed himself agreeable.

"On the following conditions only, Mohammed, do I agree:—

"1st. Your wife shall attend on Ferida during the daytime.

"2nd. Your wife shall return to your house after sunset.

"3rd. Your wife is not to be beaten or bruised.

"4th. Your wife's personal property shall remain with the Pasha.

"5th. You shall assist, protect, and watch over your wife while on the march, and allow her on reaching camp to serve Ferida.

"6th. You shall not trouble your wife and distract her with your demands during the day—except in case of your illness.

"7th. The Pasha, in consideration of your wife's service, shall feed and clothe her, and see that she is carried on the march."

Both the Pasha and Mohammed agreed.

The woman was then called, and the Pasha translated word for word the above conditions. As she heard them she swept the white muslin from her face, and in the absence of any superior attraction she appeared to me to possess considerable beauty—a distinctively fine Cairene face, with splendid large black eyes. The hut was filled with perfume from her spotless white muslin robe. Under this overdress, she wore a scarlet dress. In the wilds of Africa I never met anything approaching her.

After the conditions had been translated, she interjected a vigorous "Never, never, no, never!" coupled with a free abuse of Mohammed, who stood looking ridiculously angry and jealous. He appealed to me to listen to her.

"Take her to you, Mohammed."

The man gave the order to her to proceed to his house, which order she contemptuously disregarded.

"She must go to your house now," I said.

Again Mohammed extended his hand towards her, which she angrily pushed aside. "Never, never, no, never!" she cried fiercely, with flashes of anger from her beautiful gazelle eyes.

"Please to command her departure, Pasha."

The Pasha delivered the order in his usual deep voice. She remained immovable.

"You see she refuses to go," said the Pasha. "What can be done?"

"My dear Pasha, we were prepared for a scene. This is exactly what we both knew would happen. Despite her obstinacy, she must—she absolutely must depart with her husband, and we must forbear, whatever happens, unless the man strikes her. Please to command once more, Pasha, that she accompany her own proper husband, or she shall be carried bodily to her home."

The Pasha did so, and after a second's hesitation, during which it was clear that she was measuring the strength of two wills, she walked out, taking the sweet fragrance and loveliness of her presence with her.

"After her, Mohammed! but if you strike her with even a feather, she shall become as a stranger to you until you reach Cairo. Let her scold on, man, even until she faints with weariness. Does a man like you fear wind? Be considerate with her for three or four days. She will come round, never fear."

Ten minutes later Mohammed again made his appearance, and anxiously cried out that she was possessed of a devil and unmanageable, tearing her robes, and pulling at her face as though she would destroy its beauty for ever, &c., &c.

"Quite so, quite so, Mohammed; just what we expected she would do. Go, tie her up by the wrists, her hands behind her back, Mohammed. Do it with a smile of confidence, and with soothing words, Mohammed. I know no law to prevent you. She is your own lawful wife, Mohammed. But beware of striking her, for if you do you are a beast!"

The man went, and, in a matter-of-fact way, tied up the shrewish beauty. Then she shrieked and wailed for half an hour, and the neighbours' wives came in to comfort her, and begged her to be submissive to her lord, and promised her that her husband would become at once tender and kind if she but showed due obedience. "It is the excess of his love for you," they said, "that makes him so fierce and angry. If you were only wise, he would become the most docile slave." Wise wives!

But their combined advice, and the cunning suggestions thrown in, had not so much influence in subduing that raging temper, in my opinion, as her



bonds, which made the proud woman appear absurdly helpless before the sneering husband.

At 3 P.M. she sent a pitiful message to me that I would cause her release, but she was sternly told that her voice had no power, nor her beauty any charms for me; that she must appeal to her husband. Accordingly she turned to Mohammed, and meekly implored her lord to go and plead for her, that her bonds pained her, and that she would in future obey him devotedly.

Then Mohammed came, with his face radiant, and relieved of those jealous wrinkles which had so disfigured it, and interceded for her release. This was granted, with an advice not to let his fondness become folly; to be commanding in tone, and austere distant for a few days, otherwise she would regain her lost advantages.

She was permitted to resume her duties in the Pasha's household. At night she meekly returned to her husband's house of her own accord. Let us hope that peace will spread her wings over the disturbed family for the future. Amen!

*April 5th.*—This morning Serour, a boy of Monbuttu land, belonging to the Pasha's household, informed me that only two of the Pasha's servants intended to follow him out of this camp. He stated that after the Pasha had questioned his servants, the day before yesterday, they had gone apart and consulted among themselves, and that they had finally resolved to let him depart without them—orderlies, guards, clerks, and servants, all except Bilal and he, Serour.

"But are you sure that you will go with him?"

"I don't know. If all my friends remain behind, what shall I do alone?"

"Well, then, only Bilal is certain of going?"

"Yes."

At 10.30, after the usual morning muster, Sali reported to me that the Zanzibaris were talking of several attempts having been made, in various parts of the camp, to steal rifles from their huts, but that on each occasion the attempt was thwarted by the prompt wakefulness of the people. I was glad to hear that at last the Zanzibaris had learned the importance of securing their rifles close by them at night. There is a general feeling in the camp that something is about to happen. The whispering circles observed each day, the care they take that no outsiders approach too near them, the discovery that the Pasha's servants had actually informed the Pasha plainly that they would not accompany him, the huge packets of letters that were despatched by the Egyptians to the ever-dilatory Egyptians at Wadelai, the heavy mails that came from Wadelai in return, the insidious warnings of others not to trust in the Egyptians, coupled with the former theft of a rifle by the returning officers, and these bold attempts to steal a few more rifles,

all conspired to prove conclusively that between this date and the 10th of April some daring scheme is about to be tried.

Up to this date I had regarded the Pasha and the people as our guests, to be treated with all politeness and consideration, and myself as host and guide merely, except when any matter was thrust and put into my management. For the Pasha personally all of us entertain great respect and sympathy. Not a day has passed without an exhibition of this feeling from myself and officers, but we have been none the less aware that the Pasha's method falls utterly to constrain obedience. There has not been a single order of his of any importance obeyed, nor any request regarded. As often as we have observed this we have regretted that he has believed himself so infallible in his judgment, from his thirteen years' experience of them. But now that the Egyptians had begun, from our quiet inoffensive manner, to conceive that the whites were similar to their Pasha, and proposed to accomplish some project involving our rights and liberties, the time was come to act.

I proceeded to the Pasha's house.

The Pasha, who was putting the final touches to some birds just stuffed by his secretary, pulled himself up with his usual dignity, and gravely prepared himself to listen.

"Emin Pasha," I said, "last evening couriers arrived from Wadelai and Mswa. They brought a large packet of letters from Selim Bey, the Egyptian clerks, and others, and each letter which you received described disorder and distress. There are now half a dozen factions there, each arrayed against the other. One Coptic clerk wrote to you that no one seemed to know what he was about, that the soldiers broke into the Government magazines and took out whatever pleased them, that the officers were unable to restrain them, and that Wadelai was like a settlement consisting wholly of madmen; that Selim Bey had not begun to embark his own family yet, that he had but few followers, and that these were altogether unruly.

"Your people here also have received many letters from their brethren, and, as though in accordance with this fact, there was an attempt made last night to appropriate our arms. Three separate times they entered the Zanzibari huts and tried to abstract the rifles; but, owing to my instructions, the Zanzibaris had tied their rifles to their waists, and when they were pulled, they were wakened, and the intending thieves decamped. While you have been engaged with your collections and studies, I have been observing your people.

"They have yet five nights before our departure on the 10th inst. The attempt to rob us of our arms of defence failed last night. They will try again, and perhaps succeed, for I credit them with being clever enough, and it is quite clear that they have a design of some kind. Of course, if they succeed in appropriating even one rifle, the punishment will be summary, for

I shall then forget what is due to them as your people and my guests. But this is what I wish to avoid. I should be loth to create scenes of violence, when a better way of safeguarding our arms and ammunition, and effecting a quiet and peaceable departure from here, can be found.

"I propose to you one of two things. Sound the signal to muster all the Arabs and Soudanese with you, and then find out gently who is willing to leave with you. Those who are not willing, I shall order to leave the camp. If they do not obey, then it will be for me to employ compulsion. But as these people despise our Zanzibaris, they may very probably attempt resistance. Well, in a land where there is no appeal but to our fire-arms, it will certainly end violently, and we shall both regret it afterwards.

"The other proposal is much more effective and more bloodless. Do you order your baggage to be packed up quietly, and at dawn my people shall all be ready to escort you to a camp about three miles from here. From that camp we shall issue a request that those who intend following you shall come in and be welcome, but no other person shall approach without permission on pain of death."

"Hum! May I inform Casati of this?" demanded the Pasha.

"No, sir. Casati is in no danger; they will not hurt him, because he is not their governor or officer. He is only a traveller. He can come the next day, or whenever he is inclined. If he is detained, I will attack the rebel camp and rescue Casati quickly enough."

The Pasha, while I spoke, shook his head in that melancholy, resigned manner peculiar to him, which has always seemed to me to betray pitiable irresolution.

"You do not like either plan, Pasha, I see. Will you, then, suggest some plan by which I can avoid coming into conflict with these wretched, misguided people, for as certain as daylight, it is impending? In my camp indiscipline and unruliness shall not prevail."

The Pasha, after a while, replied, "Your plan is not bad, but there is not sufficient time."

"Why, Pasha, you have told me you have been packing up for the last fifteen days. Do you mean to say that between now and to-morrow morning you cannot finish packing your baggage? In thirty minutes our Expedition can start. If you cannot be awakened to the danger of bloodshed, and you will not accept my plan, nor suggest anything that will relieve us of the necessity of destroying one another, I must at once take measures for the general safety; and should a single drop of blood be spilled, it must be upon your head that the guilt of it will lie. Adieu."

I rose and sounded the signal for general muster under arms. Myself and officers armed, and the Zanzibaris, Manyuema, Soudanese, and natives, seeing us assume our weapons, knew that the case was urgent, and hastened to the square with wonderful celerity. The natives of Kavalli passed the



alarm, and some hundreds came rushing up to take their share in what they believed was a coming struggle.

Within five minutes the companies were under arms, and stood attentive along three sides of the great square. The Pasha, seeing that I was in earnest, came out, and begged me to listen to one word.

"Certainly; what is it?" I asked.

"Only tell me what I have to do now."

"It is too late, Pasha, to adopt the pacific course I suggested to you. The alarm is general now, and therefore I propose to discover for myself this danger, and face it here. Sound the signal, please, for muster of your Arabs before me."

"Very good," replied the Pasha, and gave the order to his trumpeter.

We waited ten minutes in silence. Then, perceiving that not much attention was paid to the signal, I requested Mr. Jephson to take No. 1 company, arm the men with clubs and sticks, and drive every Arab, Egyptian, and Soudanese into the square, without regard to rank, to search every house, and drag out every male found within.

The Zanzibaris were deployed across the camp, and, advancing on the run, began to shower blows upon every laggard and dawdler they came across, until the most sceptical was constrained to admit that, when commanded, the Zanzibaris were fit for something better than working as hamals for lazy Egyptian slaves.

For the first time the Egyptians and Soudanese formed a decent line. Not until they had formed it with military exactitude and precision was a word said to them. It was most amusing to see an ordinary Zanzibari carrier straighten with his staff—which he flourished with a grim face—the line of majors, Vakeels, captains, lieutenants, clerks, and storekeepers.

When the line was satisfactory, I stepped up to them and informed them that I heard they wished to fight, that they were eager to try what kind of men the Zanzibaris were. They had seen how well they could work; it would be a pity if they were not able to see how well they could fight.

The Vakeel—Lieutenant-Governor—replied, "But we don't wish to fight."

"Then what is this I hear, that one of you is as good as ten of my men, of rifles being stolen, of plots and counterplots each day that you have been here, of your resolve not to follow the Pasha after making us build your houses and collect food for you, and carrying hundreds of loads the last two months up this mountain from the lake, and last night three of our houses were entered, and you laid your hands upon our arms. Speak, and say what it all means."

"Ah, Pasha, no one of us wishes to fight, and let the thieves, if found, die."

"If found! Will any thief confess his theft and deliver himself to be

shot? Will you, who are all of one mind, betray one another, and submit yourselves to punishment? Do you intend to follow your Pasha?"

"We all do," they answered.

"Stay. Those who intend following the Pasha form rank on that other side, like soldiers, each in his place."

At once there was a general and quick movement in regular order; they then turned about and faced me again.

"So! Is there none desirous of staying in this fair land with Selim Bey, where you will be able to make these natives do your work for you, cook, and feed you?"

"None, not one. La il Allah il Allah!"

"Why, Pasha, you have been misinformed, surely? These people vow they are all faithful. There is not a traitor here."

"I do not see my servants and orderlies here," replied the Pasha.

"Ah, Lieutenant Stairs, please take a party and roust every man out. On the least resistance you know what to do."

"Right, sir."

Lieutenant Stairs took his company, gave his orders, and in a few minutes the Pasha's servants were brought into the square; they were deprived of their rifles and accoutrements.

"Now, Pasha, please ask them severally before me what they intend doing."

Upon the Pasha asking them, they all replied they were willing to follow their master to the end of the world, excepting one, Serour.

The Pasha, pointing out Serour, said, "That is the chief conspirator in my household."

"Oh, it will only take one cartridge to settle his business."

"But I hope, for God's sake, that you will try him first, and not take my word for it."

"Undoubtedly, my dear Pasha. We invariably give such people a fair trial."

Serour was placed under guard with three others whom the Pasha pointed out.

"Now, Pasha, this business having been satisfactorily ended, will you be good enough to tell these officers that the tricks of Wadelai must absolutely cease here, and that in future they are under my command? If I discover any treacherous tricks, I shall be compelled to exterminate them utterly. No Mahdist, Arabist, or rebel can breathe in my camp. Those who behave themselves and are obedient to orders will suffer no harm from their fellows or from us. My duty is to lead them to Egypt, and until they arrive in Cairo I will not leave them. Whatever I can do to make them comfortable I will do, but for sedition and theft of arms there is only death."

The Pasha translated, and the Arabs bowed their assent, and through the Vakeel and two captains vowed that they would obey their father religiously.

"Good," I replied; "and now that I assume command, I want to have a list of your names and exact number of your families, and carriers will be allotted to you according to your number, and on the fifth day we leave."

Poor Pasha! It was as clear as the noonday sun why 10,000 followers had dwindled in number to Bilal, the solitary ONE! After a patient analysis of the why and wherefore of these events, the unfitness of this scientific student to govern these fawning, crafty rogues is manifest. Each man, however, follows his own nature, and must abide the consequences of his judgment and acts. But all must admit, that what is so far written does infinite credit to his heart.

The muster showed the number of Emin Pasha's followers to be 182 men; 264 women; 105 children; total 551 souls, with 397 carrier loads.

*April 6th.*—Sixty-five natives have arrived here from the chief Mazamboni as carriers, to be ready for the 10th instant.

Osman Latif Effendi, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, was once much addicted to inebriety, but of late years he has become a rigid abstainer, and such an absorbed reader of the Koran that not long ago his clothes were aflame before he was aware of it.

During the sudden muster of the day before yesterday, and the fierce declaration of my intentions, he became energetic himself, and I found that energy, as well as disease, becomes contagious. He had prepared for an immediate start after us. His mother, an old lady, seventy-five years old, with a million of wrinkles in her ghastly white face, was not very fortunate in her introduction to me, for, while almost at white heat, she threw herself before me in the middle of the square, jabbering in Arabic to me, upon which, with an impatient wave of the hand, I cried, "Get out of this; this is not the place for old women." She lifted her hands and eyes up skyward, gave a little shriek, and cried, "O Allah!" in such tragic tones that almost destroyed my character for gravity.

While arranging his eleven loads, consisting of baskets of provisions, carpets, and cooking-pots and family bedding, Osman Latif Effendi held the Koran between thumb and finger, and alternately appealed to the Arabic lines and to the Arab lares and penates in the baskets.

Among the people yesterday I found forty-nine young fellows without arms. As they drew up in line they preferred a request to be armed with rifles. Not knowing their character, I sent to the Pasha to be good enough to give me a list of the most deserving, that they might assist in the defence of the column while on the march, but he begged to be excused, as he did not feel well enough. Poor Casati is not on speaking terms with the Pasha, because of his judgment against him in the matter of the little black girl,



and I suppose the Pasha will not be on speaking terms for some days with me, because of the shock of yesterday.

The march will do them all good. When the Pasha is in presence of Ruwenzori—the Mountains of the Moon—he will recover tone.

*April 7th.*—The Egyptians are now earnestly preparing for the march. I have ordered every family to have a reserve of at least six days' provisions on hand at all times, irrespective of the plenty that may be in the vicinity. The Zanzibaris have become at last impressed with the necessity of this, though



AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN LADY

it required eighteen months' most weeful experience and constant instruction to teach them this secret of African travel.

*April 8th.*—Mazamboni's natives, who have been gathering here ready for our departure, danced nearly the whole day. The women of the Bavira turned out *en masse* to exhibit a farewell performance. My vanity induces me to publish the fact that the songs were merely extemporaneous effusions in our honour for having, as they say, "fixed the country in order."

This afternoon Omar, sergeant of our Soudanese, created a scene because of some supposed insult to his wife by the Zanzibaris. As the affair waxed serious, the intending combatants were brought to the square and requested, if they would not disperse, to fight the matter out before me as umpire. Now

Omar is a splendid specimen of manhood, an excellent soldier and officer, but both he and the cantankerous Zanzibaris were elated above reason by native beer. Omar and his Zanzibari antagonists loudly clamoured for a fight. "With fists or clubs?" "Clubs for men!" shouted the Zanzibaris—a very unfortunate choice for them, as it turned out.

Omar stood like a colossus, with his coat-sleeve rolled up. A Zanzibari sprang to the front, calling out, "I am Asmani, of Muscati; behold how I will lay low this Nubian!" They made two passes, and Asmani was struck to the ground senseless. He was taken up and placed in charge of Dr. Parke.

"Next of ye who feel aggrieved by Omar." Hajji, a tall Zanzibari, responded, flourished his club, struck deftly one side, but the blow was cleverly caught by Omar, and before he could recover his guard Hajji had measured his length on the greensward. The applause was terrific. There were some 900 people present. Hajji was dragged away like the gored horse in the Plaza de Toros, and sent to the Doctor to be cured of his skull-crack.

"Next;" and at the call bounded a sturdy, active little fellow named Ulaiya—or England—who cried, "Ho, my lads, I am England—this Turki soldier shall die!" In his brave confidence he flung his turban away, and exposed his bare head. One, two, three! and, alas, for Ulaiya, the baton of Omar came down on his unprotected cranium with a blow which would have killed a white man, but only caused him to be too confused for further effort. The sight of the blood streaming down his face infuriated his comrades, and a general rush was made upon Omar, who, before he was rescued, received an extremely sore back from the multitude of blows showered on him, so that victor and vanquished had received adequate punishment, and declared themselves perfectly satisfied. After their wounds, they were, however, taken to the guardhouse.

*April 9th.*—This morning the combatants of yesterday were brought before me at muster. Sergeant Omar was informed that, whereas he, being an officer, had allowed himself to indulge in drink, his sentence was that he should carry a box of ammunition while on the march until the Zanzibaris' heads were healed, and he, in the meanwhile, disgraced. Three other Soudanese were sentenced to do porter's duty for a similar period for having drawn steel weapons during the fight with intent to do deadly injury, and one Soudanese received a dozen for putting a cartridge with intent to shoot. Serour, the Monbuttu servant of the Pasha, with his master's permission, received two dozen for employing a shovel to strike the combatants, having been inspired by malice for the events of the 5th instant.

Notice was also given that the march towards Zanzibar would commence next morning, which announcement was received with "frantic applause."

Mpinga, Msiri, Mwité, Malai, Wabiassi, Mazamboni, and Balegga have furnished 350 carriers. They are assembled this evening, dancing, singing, and feasting.

Shukri Agha, Commandant of Mswa, has not arrived yet, though he has sent his children and women.

*April 10th.*—March from Kavalli's to Mpinga's, four hours.

At 7.30 A.M. the column streamed out of camp, led by No. 1 company, then followed the Pasha and his people, with their allotted number of carriers.

Roughly the number was as follows:—

Expedition . . . . .	230
Manyuema . . . . .	130
Plateau natives . . . . .	350
Kavallis . . . . .	200
Pasha and people . . . . .	600
Total . . . . .	<u>1,510</u>

There was no disorder or disturbance. The column kept as close order as though it was composed of veterans. The ridges and swells of land were lined with women and children, who sang their farewells to us. Every one was animated and happy.

Captain Nelson, in charge of the rear-guard, set fire to the straw town which had seen so many anxious weeks of our life. The fire was splendid, and the great cloud of black smoke announced to the country round about, even as far as Pisgah, that the Expedition was homeward bound.

*April 11th.*—Halt.

*April 12th.*—March to Mazamboni's, four and a half hours.

Continued our journey to the territory of our good friend Mazamboni, but the compact order of the march was much broken on this occasion. The Pasha's people straggled over many miles of the road. This will have to be corrected to prevent wholesale casualties. There is no fear of the natives in this country, for they are in a fair way of becoming civilized.

Lieutenant Stairs had made ample provision for the wants of the column, and had nothing but grateful news to deliver to us.

*April 13th.*—Halt. I write this in bed, am in great pain; Dr. Parke informs me I suffer from sub-acute gastritis, which I judge to be something of an inflammation of the stomach; am under the influence of morphia. Last night about 2 A.M. the first symptoms attacked me. A halt has been ordered, which I fear will be a long one. This compulsory pause will be a forced extension of time to those misguided people of the Equatorial Province who may hear of our departure from Kavalli, and who may take this halt as a further grace offered to them.

Now followed many days of excessive pain and almost utter weariness of life. The body pined for want of the nourishment that the excoriated stomach invariably rejected. Nothing but milk and water could be taken, and the agony caused by the digestion had to be eased by hypodermic injections of morphia.



For the first few days the devoted surgeon enabled me to hope that, through his skilful nursing, I might soon recover, and my mind was active in planning the homeward march, in conceiving every unhappy circumstance attending it, and the necessary measures that should be taken. I supposed Kabba-Rega was aware of the retreat of the Pasha and his people, and would do his utmost to oppose our progress. I conceded to him in imagination hundreds of rifles, and thousands of spearmen with his allies, who use the long bows of the Wahuma, and fancied that after him we should meet the brave and warlike Wasongora, of whom I had heard in 1875, and then the Wanyankori, persecuting the column night and day, and victim after victim dropping from among our living ranks; and then the passage of the Alexandra Nile amid a rain of arrows, to encounter later the no less hostile people of Karagwé, assisted by the Waganda, and the column daily decreasing in strength and numbers, until some day, a few, after infinite struggles, would reach Msalala, and tell Mackay, the missionary, the horrible scenes of disaster that had dogged us and finally destroyed us. Lying helpless on my bed, with the murmur of the great camp round about me, all these difficulties, arrayed by the vividness of my imagination, had to be struggled against in some way, and forthwith I lost myself in imaginary scenes of endless struggles and strategies along the base of the snowy range, seizing every point of vantage, rushing into a palisaded village, and answering every shot with two of most deadly aim; climbing a hill slope and repelling the enemy with such spleen that they would be glad to cease the persecution. Or at crossing of broad rivers, after a troublous search for the means, the ambuscades protecting the ferry, or forming zeribas with frantic energy, every man and woman assisting, the sharpshooters' rifles keeping up their incessant and venomous fire; Stairs, Nelson, Jephson, Parke halloing their men with cheering voice, and every one aflame with the desire to defend the people entrusted to our charge, These sanguinary scenes generally ended in delirium, and the Doctor, gently shaking his head, would administer an opiate, which would give me a few hours of unconsciousness.

Nor were these the only bugbears raised in my dazed mind. Morning after morning came the reports as usual of plots, and seditious circles of men drawing new nets of craft to gain something I knew not what, and pleasing their cruel hearts with foretelling the most ominous events. Many a rumour seemed to be afloat that the rebels were advancing with a soldiery bent on destruction, and the number of those deserting the camp by night grew greater and greater, until I had counted eighty. And then it was told me that someone was most active in disseminating falsehoods and inventions of terrible scenes of starvation wherein nothing but grass would be eaten, and the effect of these tales was so widespread that something like a panic had seized the people.

The Pasha discovered one of his men as being most industrious at this

evil work, and had had him tried and convicted, and sent for a detail of men to shoot him as an example. "No detail of Zanzibaris can be sent," I managed to whisper to Stairs. "Let the Pasha shoot his guilty man with his own people. If he needs a guard for protection, let him have the men, but we came to save life, not to destroy it." And as his own people could not be trusted to execute such an order, the man's life was spared.

Then it was told me that one of the Lieutenant-Governor's men had shot a friendly native through the head, because the poor fellow had not been quick enough in collecting fuel to please the hard-hearted slave. "Put him in chains," I said, "but do not kill him. Feed him and fatten him ready for the march. He will do to carry a reserve of ammunition."

"In a few days there will be few officers left," said Nelson. "They are all going fast, and our labour has been in vain." "Let them go," I replied. "If they do not wish to follow their Pasha, let them alone."

Then came a report that Rehan had taken with him twenty-two people, with several rifles belonging to us.

"Ah well, Stairs, my dear fellow, pick out forty good men, march to the Nyanza. You will find the rendezvous of these fellows at the Lake-shore camp. Be very wary, and let your capture of them be sudden and thorough, and bring them back. By taking our rifles they have made themselves liable to us."

On the fourth day later Lieutenant Stairs returned, having made a large haul of prisoners, among whom was Rehan, the ringleader.

A court of officers was convened, the witnesses were summoned, and from their evidence it was ascertained that his flight was to precede by two days a general exodus of the Soudanese men, women, and children; that it was a part of a deliberate plan to arm themselves at our expense, so that, on the arrival of Selim Bey, who was daily expected, we should be unable to make any prolonged defence. It was proved that he had commenced his seditious practices soon after it was known that I was seriously ill; that he had begun his intrigues by publishing the most audacious statements respecting our cruelties when on the march; how every officer and Soudanese would be laden with crushing loads on their heads, that food would be denied them, and they would be told to feed on grass. The final fall of the Equatorial Government resulted from the scandalous falsehoods of an Egyptian clerk and lieutenant. Officers and soldiers of the Pasha were summoned to bear witness to what they had heard emanating from this man, and a mass of evidence, complete and conclusive, was furnished to prove that Rehan had been guilty of most atrocious practices, subversive of all discipline, and endangering the safety of the Expedition and its charge. It was also proved that Rehan had appropriated several rifles from the Expedition, with the intention of joining Selim Bey, and employing our weapons and ammunition against people who had done naught but good and kindness to him and his friends. Thirdly, he was convicted of absconding with several women

belonging to the harems of the Egyptian officers. Fourthly, of desertion; and fifthly, of having shot some friendly natives between our camp and the Nyanza, after his flight from camp. The Court of Officers resolved that on each specification the man Rehan deserved death.

To my suggestion, that possibly a milder sentence, such as chaining him, or putting him in a forked pole, with a box of ammunition on his head, would be preferable, the Court was immovable; and, reviewing the case carefully, I concurred in the sentence, and ordered that all should assemble to hear the charges, the finding, and the sentence.

I was borne out of my bed into the presence of the people, and though to all present I seemed to be fast drifting into that dark and unknown world whence none return who enter, I found strength to address the doomed man.

"Rehan, we are both before God; but it is written in the book of Fate that you shall precede me to the grave. You are a wicked man, unfit to breathe the air among men. I found you the slave of Awash Effendi, and I made you a freeman, and the equal of any soldier here. I remember when, in the forest, our friends were dying daily from weakness and hunger, I asked you to assist in carrying the ammunition for your Pasha; you freely consented to do so for wages. When the men recovered their strength, you were relieved of your load. When you were ill, I looked after you, and supplied you with that which made you well. You knew that all our sufferings were undergone while carrying ammunition for you and your friends. When the work was done, your heart became black, and you have daily sought to do us harm. You have wished to rob us of the means of returning home; you have tried your best, in the malice of your heart, to wrong us; you have vilified us; you have entered the houses of the Egyptians and stolen their women, and you have murdered our native friends who have given us food gratuitously for the last three months; for all of which you deserve death by suspension from that tree. A number of men, who were your friends at one time, have tried your case patiently and fairly, and they answer me with one voice that you shall die.

"Now, I will give you one more chance for life. Look around on these men with whom you have eaten and drunk. If there is any one of them who will plead for you, your life is yours.

"What say you, Soudanese and Zanzibaris? Shall this man have life or death?"

"Death!" came from every voice unanimously.

"Then *Yallah rabuna!* Depart to God!"

The Soudanese with whom he had gossiped and fraternally lived in the forest briskly stepped forward and seized him, and the Zanzibaris flung the fatal noose around his neck. A man climbed the tree, and tossed the rope to a hundred pair of willing hands, and at the signal marched away, and Rehan was a silent figure hanging between earth and heaven.



"Pass the word, Mr. Stairs, throughout the camp among the Pasha's people, and bid them come and look at the dead Rehan, that they may think of this serious scene, and please God mend their ways."

I had a relapse that night, and for days afterwards it appeared to me that little hope was left for me. Then my good doctor was stricken sorely with a pernicious type of fever which has so often proved fatal on the African sea-board of the Atlantic. For many a day he was also an object of anxiety, and the Pasha being a medical practitioner in past times most kindly bestirred himself to assist his friends. Then Mr. Mounteney Jephson fell so seriously ill that one night his life was despaired of. He was said to be in a state of collapse, and our priceless doctor rose from his sick bed and hastened with his men supporting him to the side of his sick comrade, and applied restoratives, and relieved our intense anxieties, and before retiring, he called upon me to relieve my spasms. Thus passed these dreadful days.

On the 29th of April I was able to sit up in bed, and from this date to the 7th of May there was a steady but sure improvement, though the tongue, which indicated the inflammation of the mucous membrane of the stomach, appeared to be obstinately unpromising.

*May 3rd.*—Two packets of letters were brought to me by natives in the neighbourhood of the Lake shore, and as they were in Arabic I sent them to the Pasha. Presently the Pasha appeared and demanded an interview. When he was seated, he informed me that there had been a mistake, for one of the packets was a mail for Wadelai despatched some days ago from our camp, while the other packet was the mail from Wadelai.

As I was not aware of any mail having been sent away since we had arrived at Mazamboni's, such a packet must have been sent secretly, and most probably with sinister intentions to us. "Therefore, Pasha, as we are evidently in a state of war with your evil-minded people, I beg you will be good enough to open the packet and read a few of those letters to me, for you know everything is fair in war."

The first letter was from Shukri Agha, and was a kindly letter to his friend Selim Bey. There was not a syllable in it that was otherwise than honest.

The second was from Ibrahim Effendi Elham, a captain who was in the camp. It said, "I hope you will send us fifty soldiers as soon as you receive this letter. We have started, and are now waiting for a few days here. *I pray you, in the name of God, not to delay sending these men, because if we have them to help us, we can delay the march of the Expedition in many ways, but if you came yourself with 200 soldiers we could obtain all you and I wish.* Our friends are anxiously expecting news from you every day. The necessity is urgent."

"That is a discovery, Pasha! Now are you satisfied that these people are incorrigible traitors?"

"Well, I should not have expected this of Ibrahim Effendi Elham. I have been constantly kind to him. As for Selim Bey, I cannot see what he can want."

"It is this, Pasha. In reality few of these men wish to go to Egypt. Even Selim Bey, despite all his promises, never intended to proceed to Egypt. They were willing to accompany you until they reached some promising land, where there was abundance of food and cattle, and were removed from all fear of the Mahdists; they then would tell you that they were tired of the march, that they would die if they proceeded any farther, and you, after conferring with me, would grant them ammunition, and promise to send some more to them by-and-by. But this ammunition would not be sufficient in their eyes, however liberal you were. Their rifles would be too few; nothing would satisfy them but all the rifles and ammunition and everything we possessed. Wait a moment, Pasha, and I will reveal the whole plot to you.

"After Mr. Jephson received my order last January, of course the news soon spread as far north as your farthest station that I had arrived with all my people and stores. They knew, though they affected to disbelieve it, that the Khedive had sent ammunition to you. But they were clever enough to perceive that they could get nothing from me without an order from you. But as Jephson had fled and conveyed the news of your deposition and imprisonment to me, even an order would scarcely suffice. They therefore, knowing your forgiving disposition, come to you, a deputation of them, to profess regret and penitence; they kiss your hand and promise greatly, which you accept, and as a sign of amity and forgiveness of the past accompany them, and introduce them to me. You ask for a reasonable time for them, and it is granted. But so strong was the temptation, they could not resist stealing a rifle. If they intend to go with us, what do they wish to do with this rifle while steaming on the lake? Is it not a useless incumbrance to them? I suppose that the varying strength and influence of the factions have delayed them longer than they thought, and we have been saved from proceeding to extremes by their dissensions.

"Since I have heard Mr. Jephson's story, and your own account, which differs but little from his, and the different versions of Awash Effendi, Osman Latif Effendi, and the Zanzibaris, I have long ago made up my mind what to do. These people are not those to whom you may preach and reason with effect—their heads are too dense, and their hearts are too hardened with lying. They can understand only what they feel, and to make such as these feel they must receive hard knocks.

"I propose now, should Selim Bey reach us, to disarm his force, until his unruly mob is reduced to the same state of order and discipline they were in before they became infatuated with Arabi, Mahdism, and chronic rebellion. Each march that removes them further from Wadelai will assist us in bringing them into a proper frame of mind, and by-and-by their arms

will be restored to them, and they will be useful to themselves as well as us."

The day following our arrival at Mazamboni's, Shukri Agha, Commandant of Mswa, appeared. He had started from his station with twenty soldiers. Arriving at Kavalli on the plateau, he had but ten left; on reaching our camp he had but two, his trumpeter and flag-bearer. All the rest had deserted their captain. It is needless to comment on it.

It is now the 7th of May. I hear this evening that there is quite a force at Lake-shore Camp. Preparations for departure have been made during the last four days. We will start to-morrow. We have been in this country since the 18th of January—110 days. If this force proposes to follow us, they can easily overtake such a column as ours, and if they impress me that they are really desirous of accompanying us, we will not be averse to granting them some more time.

On the 7th of May I requested Lieutenant Stairs to bury twenty-five cases of ammunition in the ground-floor of his house, in order that if the rebel officers appeared and expressed earnest penitence, and begged to be permitted to stay at Mazamboni's, they might have means of defence. Mr. Stairs performed this duty thoroughly and secretly.

*May 8th.*—As I was too weak to walk more than fifty yards, I was placed in a hammock, and was borne to the front to guide the column. We advanced westward a few miles; then, abandoning our old route to the forest, turned southwards by a well-trodden track, and travelled along the base of the western slope of the group of hills known as Undussuma. We were presently amongst the luxuriant fields and banana plantations of the village of Bundegunda. The Indian corn and beans were very flourishing, and a perfect marvel of exuberant plenty. It made a great and favourable impression upon the Egyptians and their followers, and we even wondered at the prodigious fertility of the soil and the happy condition of the district. One reason for all this extraordinary abundance was the protection and shelter from the cold winds blowing from the Lake.

After an hour's march beyond the limits of the cultivation of Bundegunda, we formed camp, or rather located ourselves, in the village Bunyambiri, which Mazamboni had caused to be abandoned for our necessities.

As Mazamboni escorted us with 300 of his own men, and was with us in person, free permission was given to each member of the column to range at will among the plantations and fields. The people thus literally feasted on the ripe fruit of the banana, and the new beans, yams, sweet potatoes, colocassia, &c. In return for his services and hospitality, Mazamboni received forty head of cattle and sixteen tusks of ivory, averaging 52 lbs. each. To my shame, however, the chief complained that his people were being detained as slaves, and Lieutenant Stairs and his brother officers had to escort him



round the villages, to discover and restore them to him. It was very Egyptian, to consider every service performed as their due.

In the afternoon three soldiers, accompanied by Ayoub Effendi, an Egyptian clerk, made their appearance with letters from Selim Bey. They bring an extraordinary budget of news, which will bear being related, as it is only one more final proof of how utterly lost to all sense and reason were the officers and soldiers of the Equatorial Province, and how utterly incapable they were to appreciate the nature of their late Pasha and Governor.

They say that Fadl-el-Mulla Bey and his party appeared for a time to be consenting to all orders received from Emin Pasha and myself through Selim Bey Mator, and apparently busied themselves with the preparations for departure. Selim Bey had transported all the garrison of Dufflé to Wadelai by the steamers *Khedive* and *Nyanza*, in doing which he had broken his promise to us, and disregarded the orders to which, when delivered to him, he swore obedience to the letter. It will be remembered that he had been instructed to begin the transport of the people from Wadelai to our Lake-shore camp, that we might assist the people with the luggage to the plateau, while the transport on the Lake by steamers would continue, and at the same time the garrisons of the northernmost stations could march with their families and concentrate at Wadelai. Thus we had idly waited from the 25th February until the 8th May in the neighbourhood of the Lake, a period of 92 days, for the appearance of some of them, as a proof that they were really in earnest in their wish to depart with us.

While Selim Bey was thus carrying the troops and their families from the lower stations to Wadelai, he was unwittingly strengthening the force of the opposite faction, that of Fadl-el-Mulla Bey, and they had no sooner joined their numbers to him than the mask was thrown off. In the dead of the night Fadl-el-Mulla marched his troops to the magazines, and, possessing himself of all the ammunition stored there, left Wadelai and proceeded north-west to the country of the Makkaraka. When Selim Bey woke next morning, he found his following to consist of 200 officers, soldiers, and clerks, the magazines empty, and no ammunition remaining but the forty rounds per head which had been distributed to his soldiers a few days previously. Bitterly cursing his fate and his misfortune, he commenced embarking his people on board the steamers, and then departed for Mswa, where he arrived on the 22nd of April, to remove south as far as possible from all danger of the Mahdists. He had still abundance of time, if his crass mind could only realise his position. In an hour he could have obtained fuel sufficient from the abandoned station, and might easily have arrived at our Lake-shore camp in nine hours' steaming. On the 7th May he bethinks himself of our Expedition and of his Pasha, and dictates one letter to us, which, when read by us, only provokes a smile.

It says, "We wish to know why you convert Egyptian officers and

soldiers into beasts of burden. It has been reported to us that you have cruelly laden all with baggage, and that you convert the soldiers into porters. This is most shameful, and we shall strictly inquire into it."

Another letter was of very different tenor. It related the treachery of Fadl-el-Mulla, by whom he had been duped and abandoned, and begging us to wait for him and his people, as absolute ruin stared them in the face. They had but forty cartridges each, and if Kabba-Rega attacked them, they must be inevitably destroyed.

The soldiers were called, and they gave us the details. Twenty soldiers had arrived at Mazamboni's, but only these three had volunteered to follow us. They also pleaded most abjectly for a further delay. The Pasha and I exchanged looks.

"But, my friends," I asked, "how can we be sure that Selim Bey intends coming after all?"

"He will be sure to do so this time."

"But why is he waiting at Mswa? Why not have come himself with his steamer to the Lake-shore camp? It is only nine hours' journey."

"He heard through some deserters that you had gone on."

"It might have been easy for him to have overtaken such a big caravan as this, with the few people whom he leads."

"But everything is going wrong. There are too many counsellors with Selim Bey, and the Egyptian clerks fill his ears with all kinds of stories. He is honest in his wishes to leave the land, but the others bewilder us all with their falsehoods."

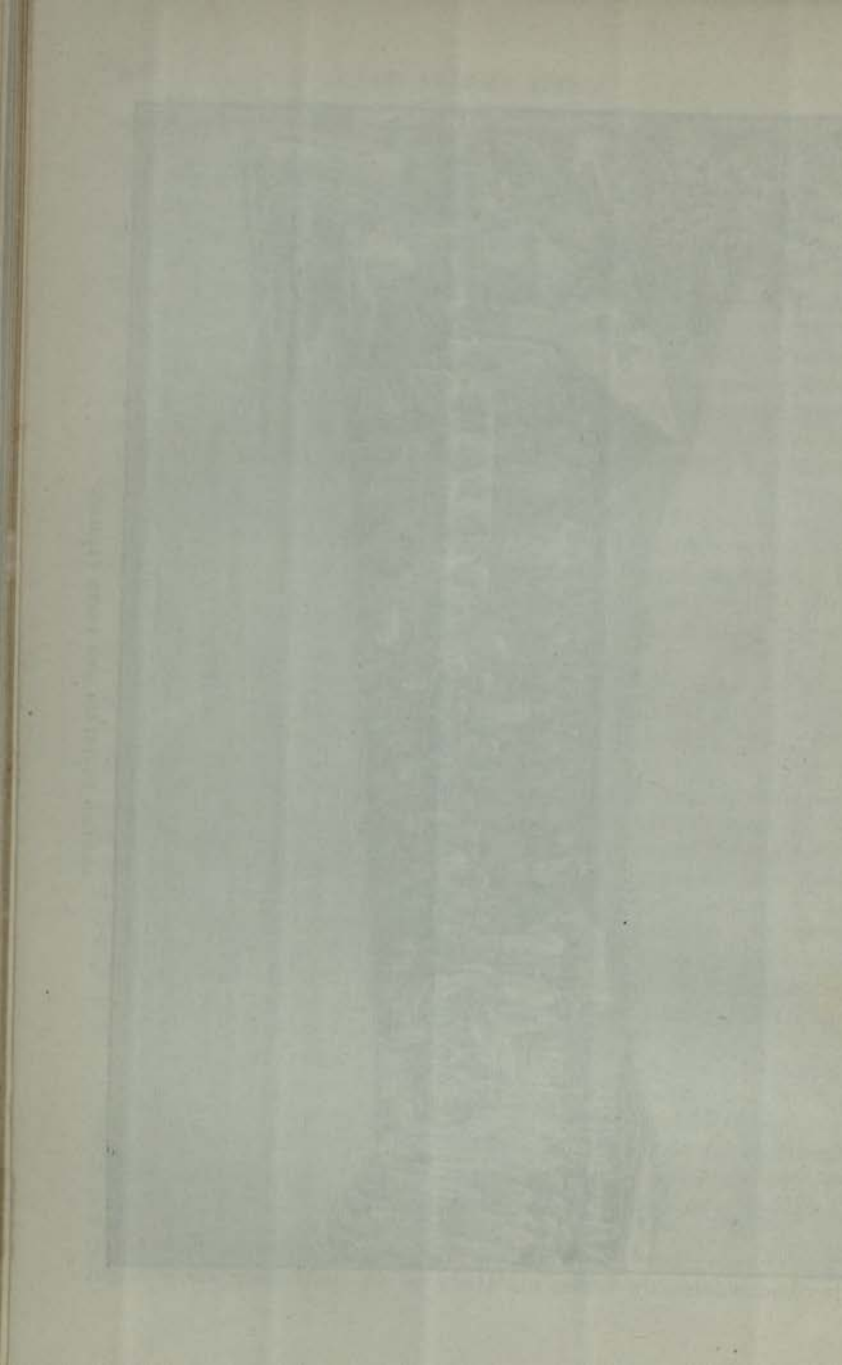
"Well, we cannot stay here to await Selim Bey. I will go on slowly—a couple of hours a day. I must keep these people marching, otherwise the Pasha will be left alone. When we have crossed the Semliki River, we will choose a place on the other side and stay there a few days, and then move slowly again for a day or two, and halt. If Selim Bey is serious in his intentions, he will soon overtake us; and, besides, when we reach the river we will send him a guide that will enable him to travel in four days what will take us twelve days. You will carry a letter from the Pasha to him, explaining all this. But you must take care to be kind to the natives, otherwise they will not help you."

Among our Egyptians there was one called Ali Effendi, a captain, who complained of heart disease. He had been ailing for months. He had nine men and nine women servants, and, in addition to these, twelve carriers were allotted to him. His baggage numbered twenty loads. He could not travel 100 yards; he had also a child of six years that was too small to walk. He required six carriers more, and there was not one to be obtained, unless I authorised levying carriers by force from the natives, an act that would have to be repeated day by day. We persuaded this man to return, as a few days' march would finish him. As he would not return without his family of



RESCUED EGYPTIANS AND THEIR FAMILIES





fifteen persons, we consigned them to the charge of the couriers of Selim Bey, who would escort him back to their chief.

The guides promised to this dilatory and obtuse Soudanese colonel were despatched, according to promise, with a letter from the Pasha; and though we loitered, and halted, and made short journeys of between one and three hours' march for a month longer, this was the last communication we had with Selim Bey. What became of him we never discovered, and it is useless to try to conjecture. He was one of those men with whom it was impossible to reason, and upon whose understanding words have no effect. He was not wicked nor designing, but so stupid that he could only comprehend an order when followed by a menace and weighted with force; but to a man of his rank and native courage, no such order could be given. He was therefore abandoned as a man whom it was impossible to persuade, and still less compel.

## CHAPTER XXV

## EMIN PASHA.—A STUDY

Now that we have actually turned our backs to Equatoria, and are "home-ward bound" with Emin Pasha, Captain Casati, and a few hundreds of fugitives in company, let us look back upon the late events, and try to discover in what light we may truthfully regard the late governor.

When I was commissioned, while yet a very young man, to go to the relief of David Livingstone, I had no very fixed idea as to what manner of man he was. The newspapers described him as worthy of the Christian world's best regard; privately men whispered strange things of him. One said that he had married an African princess, and was comfortably domiciled in Africa; another said that he was something of a misanthrope, and would take care to maintain a discreet distance from any European who might be tempted to visit him. Not knowing whom to believe, I proceeded to him with indifference, ready to take umbrage, but I parted from him in tears. The newspapers were right in his case.

In the instance of Emin Pasha, the newspapers, inspired by travellers who were supposed to know him, described a hero, a second Gordon, a tall, military-looking figure, austere in manners, an amateur in many sciences, who, despite the universal misfortune hovering over a large part of North-Central Africa, maintained evenness of mind, tranquillity of soul, and governed men and things so well that he was able to keep the Mahdi and his furious hordes at bay; that he had defeated his generals several times, but that so severe and desperate had been his resistance that he had almost exhausted his means. Like my personal friends, who so generously subscribed the money for this expedition, it filled me with pity to hear all this, as it filled the hearts of such men as Stairs, Jephson, Nelson, Parke, Barttelot, Jameson, and many hundreds of eager applicants for membership. Junker said his danger was imminent; that the Pasha must yield before the overwhelming forces arrayed against him, if not soon relieved. We seemed to feel that it was true. On board the steamer while at sea, and during our journey up the Congo, within the camp at Yambuya, while pressing on through the forest, and until we stood on the shore of the Nyanza, the one fear that had possessed us was that, notwithstanding every effort, we should be too late. Then only, when



the natives on the Lake side answered, to our eager and insistent enquiries, that they knew of no white man or steamer being on the Lake, were we tempted to utter our suspicions. But it was yet too early to declaim; the overland couriers from Zanzibar might have been delayed, the steamer may have foundered soon after Junker's departure, and Emin may have been unable to reach the south-west end of the Lake.

After an absence of nearly four months we were again on the Lake shore. There were letters awaiting us from him. By accident he had heard a rumour of our arrival, and had steamed down to the south-west end of the Lake to verify it. It was only nine hours distant from his southernmost station, and this had been his first visit. The effect was excellent, but it was a great pity that he had not conformed to the request sent by couriers at so much expense from Zanzibar. For the mere number of lives saved it would have been better; we will say nothing of the fatigue and suffering endured by us during the four months, for we were vowed to that, and to the uttermost that he would demand and our mission would exact. Still we said nothing.

We were twenty-six days together after the meeting. During this period we discovered that on some few points we had been misinformed. The Pasha was not a tall military figure, nor was he by any means a Gordon. He was simply Emin Pasha, with certain virtues peculiar to himself. He was like unto none that we had met before, but he was like unto some, perhaps, that we had read of.

We knew nothing positively detracting from our high conception of him. What we saw was entirely in his favour. We witnessed what we conceived to be a high state of discipline among the troops; we saw the steamers, and the admirable state they were in; we thought we saw evidences of a strong civilising and ruling influence; we obtained specimens of the cloth his people had manufactured out of cotton grown by themselves; we had a plentiful supply of liquor distilled from fermented millet from him; he was exquisitely clean in person; prim, precise, withal courteous in manner; he was extremely kind and affable, accomplished in literature, an entertaining conversationalist, a devoted physician, an altogether gentle man, whom to know was to admire. Had we parted with him at this time, we should have come away from his presence simply charmed with him.

But while we admired him, a suspicion fixed itself in our minds that there was something inexplicable about him. He sent a clerk and an Egyptian lieutenant to speak with me. To my amazement they roundly abused him. Each word they uttered they emphasized with hate and indescribable scorn.

Then a Soudanese captain related to me the story of a revolt of the 1st Battalion which had taken place soon after Dr. Junker had parted from him. He had fled from their neighbourhood, and had never been near them since. But the 2nd Battalion, 650 rifles, was faithful to him, it was said; so were the

irregulars, 3000 in number. These formed a very respectable force. So long as the 2nd Battalion and the irregulars were loyal his position was still firm.

Then the major and several captains of the 2nd Battalion were introduced by him to me. After a while he said to the major, "Now, promise me, before Mr. Stanley, that you will grant me forty men for this little station that Mr. Stanley advises us ought to be built." That is curious, too, for a Governor, I thought, and, try how I might to avoid reflecting upon it as a trifle, its strangeness reverted often to my mind. But, in the absence of frank information, it remained inexplicable.

It struck us all also that an extreme indecision marked the Pasha's conduct. Of course, while we were unable to explain it, our sympathies undoubtedly were with him. We did not consider the 1st Battalion, but if the 2nd Battalion and the irregulars were all loyal to him, and were yet firm in their resolution to remain in the country, it would have required a heart of stone to have abandoned them. That the few Egyptians who were involved in restless intrigue against him wished to go home was of no importance. The Pasha led us to believe that he would be glad of their departure. But if the majority of the troops were loyal, and preferred Equatoria to Egypt, and he loved his work, where then was the cause of indecision?

If Egypt casts him off, why need he care? Here was an offer of £12,000 annual subsidy, and £1500 salary as a substitute for his Egyptian pay.

Or if Egypt only was objectionable, and another portion of Equatoria under English auspices would be preferable, there was the alternative with superior advantages of regular communication and certain support.

When speaking of the troops—the 2nd Battalion and irregulars—Emin Pasha was confident in their loyalty, and always stout in his declarations that they would follow him if he elected to serve under English auspices in Equatoria. He also said that it was by far the most preferable offer made to him. Well, then, admitting that the troops are loyal to him, that they would follow him anywhere, and that the offer is agreeable to himself—why this indecision?

We were compelled to retrace that weary journey to Banalya, and returning to Fort Bodo to make double marches thence to the Ituri, and arriving at the Nyanza for the third time, after an absence of eight and a half months, we discovered that the object of our solicitude was a prisoner, and that all the troops reputed loyal, and in whom he had such implicit faith, were rebels, and had deposed him! This news was a painful shock and a grievous surprise to us. But was it a surprise to him?

When we come to glance over his letters, and study them with the knowledge we now have, it appears that in many of them he hints at troubles and dissensions among his troops, but led by his sanguine optimistic nature they were regarded too slightly by us. People at home believed that they were

but temporary ebullitions of discontent. We in Africa knew only that the 1st Battalion were implicated. Dr. Junker had not even deemed them of sufficient importance to mention—he only expressed a doubt that Emin would abandon his civilising mission and relegate himself to a useless life in Egypt as a retired Pasha; hence the doubt implied in the Khedive's letter: "You may take advantage of Mr. Stanley's escort, if you please; if you decline doing so, you remain in Africa on your own responsibility." But Mr. Jephson, who is associated with Emin during our absence, no sooner finds himself within the military circles of the Province than it strikes him that the Pasha has "kept us in ignorance of the true state of affairs." The dissatisfaction of Mr. Jephson culminates when he finds himself a prisoner, and finds leisure to ponder upon the unhappy prospect of being paraded through the streets of Khartoum as the Khalifa's syce, or slave, and my own may be forgiven when I find by indisputable proofs that this might have been averted by the exercise of a little frankness and less reticence on the Pasha's part.

For had the Pasha informed me that he could not lead his troops to Egypt, nor accept the subsidy and pay offered him, nor accept the position under English auspices, because his troops had long ago cast off all allegiance and had become chronically disloyal, and that he really could not depend upon any one company of them, something else might have been proposed. It could not have been a difficult matter to have attacked every station in detail and reduced one after another to a wholesome dread of authority. It needed only firmness and resolution on the part of the Pasha. Had we begun at Mswa, we should have found sixty soldiers led by Shukri Agha, who as yet had not been implicated in any disloyal act. These could have been embarked with our 300 on board the steamer, and we could have advanced upon Tunguru. In thirty minutes that station might have been settled, the disobedient shot, and marching with the prestige of authority and victory, Wadelaj would have succumbed without the loss of a man except the ring-leaders; and the other stations, hearing of these successive measures, would soon have been so terrified that we should have heard of nothing but capitulation everywhere. The Madhi's troops being at one end of the line of stations and a resolute column advancing from the other end, the rebels would have had no other option than surrender to one or the other.

But supposing that such a course had been adopted, of what avail, we may well ask, would all this have been? Emin Pasha has been reinstalled in his power, and we must of necessity retire. What then? In a few months he is again in terrible straits for want of resources, and another call for £30,000 and a new expedition is made, to be repeated year after year, at immense cost of life and immense sacrifices; for a land so distant from the sea, and surrounded by warlike peoples and other disadvantages, that were its soil of silver dust it would scarcely pay the transport. Yet if Emin Pasha had expressed his desire to embark upon such an enterprise, and been firm in his



resolution, it was not for us to question the wisdom of his proceeding, but to lend the right hand and act with good-will.

Was it a delusion on the Pasha's part, or was it his intention to mislead us? I believe it was a delusion caused by his extraordinary optimism and his ready faith in the external show or affectation of obedience. Even the crafty Egyptians had become penetrated with a high sense of their power by the facility with which they gained pardon for offences by ostentatious and obsequious penitence. Is this too harshly worded? Then let me say in plain Anglo-Saxon, that I think his good nature was too prone to forgive, whenever his inordinate self-esteem was gratified. The cunning people knew they had but to express sorrow and grief to make him relent, and to kiss his hands to cause him to forget every wrong. There was therefore too little punishing and too much forgiving. This amiability was extremely susceptible and tender, and the Egyptians made the most of it. The Vakeel had cause to bless it. Awash Effendi, major of the 2nd Battalion, suggested to the rebels that he should be made the Mudir instead of Emin, yet the Pasha never even reproached him. Azra Effendi declared the Khedive's letter to be a forgery, but never a rebuke passed the lips of the Pasha, and Azra was conducted to the sea safely.

The virtues and noble desires for which we must in strict justice commend the man are great and creditable. Any man striving for the sake of goodness to do what in him lies to deserve the sweet approval of conscience becomes armoured with a happy indifference to all else, and herein lies the Pasha's merit, and which made his company so grateful to us when the necessity for violent action ceased to vex him. We learned more of his character from his manner than from words. That melancholy shake of the head, the uplifted hand, the composed calm gravity of features, the upturning eyes, and the little shrug, seemed to say to us, "What is the use? You see I am resigned. I am adverse to violence; let it be. Why force them? They surely ought to have seen during these many years that I sought only their welfare. If they reject me, ought I to impose myself and my ideas on them against their will?" He never admitted so much, but we are free to construe these symptoms according to our lights.

It is probable that his injured eyesight, and his devotion to certain pursuits tending to increase of knowledge, unfitted him for the exercise of those sterner duties which it appeared to us the circumstances of his sphere demanded. But then we cannot blame him because he loved scientific studies more than the duties of government, or because his tastes led him to value the title of M.D. higher than the rank of Pasha, or because he was in danger through a cataact of losing his eyesight altogether. If the page of a book had to be brought within two inches of his face, it was physically impossible for him to observe the moods on a man's face, or to judge whether the eyes flashed scorn or illumined loyalty.

Whatever may have been our own views of what ought to have been done, we had always a high respect for him. We cannot, at a moment when his own fate lies trembling on the balance, but admire him when we see him availing himself of every opportunity to increase his store of lacustrine shells, or tropic plants, eager for the possession of a strange bird without regard to its colour or beauty, as ready to examine with interest a new species of rat as he is in the measurements of a human skull. If a great hawk-moth or a strange longicorn, or a typhlops be brought to him, he forthwith forgets the court-martial that is to decide his sentence, and seems to be indifferent whether he is to be summoned to be shot by his soldiery or to be strapped on his *angarep* to be deported as a prize to the Khalifa at Khartoum. When we learn all this about him, and begin to understand him, though wondering at these strange vagaries of human nature, we are only conscious that the man is worth every sacrifice on our part.

We cannot proceed by force to save him from himself, and rudely awake him out of his dream, without his permission. His position forbids it—our commission does not require it. To us he is only an honoured guest expectant, to whom rudeness is out of place. Without request for help, we are helpless.

From our point of view we observe the Pasha, serene and tranquil, encircled by wrangling rebels, and yet all along apparently unconscious of the atmosphere of perfidy in which he lives—at least more inclined to resignation than resistance. We feel that, were we in his place, we would speedily upset every combination against us, and are confident that only one short resolute struggle is necessary to gain freedom and power. But regarding him absorbed in his delusion that the fawning obsequiousness of his perfidious followers and troops means devotion, and seeing him enmeshed by treachery and fraud, and yet so credulous as to believe this to be fidelity, we are struck dumb with amazement, and can but turn our eyes towards one another, questioning and wondering. For it was our misfortune, that, say what we would, we could not inspire in him a sense of our conviction that his case was hopeless, and that his people had cast him off utterly. We could not tell him that his men looked down on him with contempt as a "bird collector," that they thought he showed more interest in beetles than in men; that they only paid him the externals of homage because they thought he was pleased and satisfied. We could not tell him all this; but Nelson, who hated deceit, would tell him in plain, blunt terms, that he was wrong in his beliefs, and Parke would discourage them; and Jepson would argue with him, and Stairs would give him open proof. But as often as these energetic young Englishmen, out of pure friendship and pity, would attempt to warn him against his officers, the Pasha was prompt to extenuate their offences, and to excuse their malice, and thus discouraged the efforts of his friends. What each felt on returning from one of these profitless interviews had better be left unwritten.

He would say, "But I know my people better than you can possibly know them. I have thirteen years' acquaintance with them, against as many weeks that you have."

The retort which we might have given to him was crushed under a silent fuming, for he was still the Pasha! We might have said, "Aye; but, Pasha, you know, you find more interest in insects than in men. You are interested in the anatomy of a man, we in the soul. You know something of his skull, but we can feel the pulse, and we are certain that your faith in these men is misplaced, and that in the excess of this faith lies folly."

Yet in the fervour of his belief in their imaginary fidelity, and the warmth of his manner, there was a certain nobility which deterred us from argument. His unvarying trustfulness was not convincing; but it deepened our regard for him, and it may be that he imbued us with a hope that, though invisible to us, there remained some good in them after all.

If we will only consider the accident which brought him to Khartoum, and the manner he rose from doctor to storekeeper at Lado, to that of Governor of Equatoria, we need not wonder that his nature and taste remained unchanged. The story of Gordon's troubles in the Soudan has never been written, and it never will be. Otherwise, I should like to know why there were so few English officers with him, and why such as had an opportunity of working with him did not care to protract their stay in the Soudan. I am inclined to believe by my own troubles on the Congo that his must have been great—perhaps greater; that not one of the least of his troubles must have been the difficulty of finding good, fit, serviceable, and willing men. In Emin Pasha he meets with a man who, though a German and a doctor of medicine, is industrious, civil, ready, and obliging. Those qualities are much rarer than editors of newspapers imagine. Out of three hundred officers on the Congo, I can only count ten who possessed them. How many did Gordon have? Emin was one of the best and truest.

Now Emin loved to botanize, and collect birds and insects; he studied geology, made notes upon ethnology and meteorology, and filled note-book after note-book with his observations, and at the same time did not neglect his correspondence. I know the courteous style with which he would write to the Governor-General. I can imagine how the latter would be pleased with receiving these letters—precise, careful, methodical, and polite. Therefore Emin is pushed on in his African career from storekeeper to chief of station, then envoy to Uganda, and to the astute Kabba-Rega, and finally he is made Governor of Equatoria.

In the course of his promotions, Emin shows he is ambitious of various distinctions. He would like to be an agriculturist, and he wants seeds for the fields; he applies to Gordon for them, and his reply is, "I don't want you for a gardener; I sent you to govern. If you don't like it, come away." A proud young Englishman would have taken him at his word, descended the



Nile, and parted with Gordon sulkily. Emin sent an apology, and wrote, "Very good, sir." Later, Emin sent for a photograph apparatus, and receives, "I sent you to the Equatorial Provinces as governor, not as photographer." Emin says in reply, "Very well, sir. I thank you, sir. I will do my duty." Nor does he bother the Governor-General with complaints that he never gets his mails in due time, or of the provisions sent there to him. What a valuable man he was! He showed consideration and patience, and Gordon appreciated all this.

By-and-by came trouble. After 1883 he is left to his own resources. The people obey the Governor mechanically, and stations are building and a quiet progress is evident. They do not know yet how soon that Cromwell at Khartoum may ascend the Nile to Lado, and examine into the state of affairs with his own eyes. Emin Bey, their Governor, is a very mild ruler; that other one at Khartoum is in the habit of shooting mutineers. Therefore, though among the troops of Emin there are many Arabists, and many inclined to that new prophet, the Mahdi, they are quiet. But presently news leaks that Khartoum is fallen, and Gordon slain, and all power and stern authority is prostrate; then comes the upheaval—the revolt of the First Battalion and the flight of Emin to his more faithful Irregulars and the Second Battalion, and finally universal dissolution of the government. But Emin's tastes and nature remain unchanged.

There are some things, however, I have wondered at in Emin. I have already observed that he was earnest and industrious in making observations upon plants, insects, birds, manners and customs, so that he was well equipped for geographical exploration; but I was somewhat staggered when I learned that he had not explored Lake Albert. He possessed two steamers and two life-boats, and one station at the north-west end of the Lake called Tunguru, and another called Mswa, half-way up the west side; and yet he had never visited the southern end of the Lake, examined the affluent at the south side, sounded the Lake from the north to south and east to west; never visited the Ituri River, which was only two days' good marching from Mswa. Had he done so, he would probably have seen the snowy range and left very little for us to discover in that district. He had been to Monbuttu Land on business of his province, where he claimed to have vast stores of ivory treasured; he had sent soldiers to the edge of Turkan territory; he had been twice to Uganda and once to Unyoro; but he had never stepped on board his steamer for a visit to the south end of the Lake until March, 1888, when he came to enquire into a report concerning our arrival, and then he had steamed back again to his stations.

When the convict Egyptians and unruly Soudanese were relieved from the dread of the coercive arm of the law by the fall of Khartoum and the death of the Governor-General, and they saw that their isolation from Egypt gave them scope to follow their vain imaginings, they were not long before

they disclosed their true characters, and revolted against their Governor's authority. Happy was the Pasha, then, that the good record he had won in the memories of his soldiers pleaded against the excesses to which their unprincipled chiefs were inclined.

To the north, west, and east gathered the Mahdists, barring all escape by the Nile and cutting off all communication with Khartoum. On the 7th of May, 1883, the first disaster occurs. Seventy soldiers sent to reinforce the beleaguered garrison of El-del station are massacred. On the 27th of February, 1884, Lupton, the Governor of Bahr-el-Ghazal, informs him that his people had rebelled, and on the 28th of the following month he receives the news of the destruction of General Hicks's army. On the 8th of April the news is brought that the tribes of Waddiafen, Elyat, Eofen, Euknah, Kanel, and Fakam were in open rebellion. On the 30th of May he is informed by Lupton Bey, Governor of the Bahr-el-Ghazal, that the Mahdi is within six hours of his headquarters, and that he has been summoned to surrender his authority and province. Four days later, Karamalla—who in the meantime had been appointed Governor of Equatoria by the Mahdi—writes to him to deliver up his province to him. Lupton Bey had already been vanquished. A committee of six officers having debated this serious matter, came to the conclusion that Emin had no other option than to surrender. In order to gain time he expressed his willingness to conform with their decision, and despatched the judge of their province with some other officers with the declaration of his readiness to yield.\*

But on the departure of the Commission, he set about fortifying the stations in his charge, and prepared for resistance against Karamalla, then fresh from the conquest of the Bahr-el-Ghazal. He concentrated troops from the petty stations in the vicinity at Amadi station, and strengthened that place against the expected attack of that proud chief, and also gathered at headquarters a formidable force. At this critical period he was able to weed out the most forward in their desire for submission to the Mahdi, and to separate the loyal from the disloyal, and vigorous orders were issued that traitors found communicating with the enemy would meet with no mercy at his hands. Arbeek, Ayak, and Wafi Stations are abandoned, and the troops are gathered at Amadi. The month following witnesses the struggle proceeding. Some of the principal stations are so well defended that the Mahdists suffer repeated losses of chiefs and men, while many of the Government officers have basely abandoned their posts, and take service with Karamalla; but on the 27th February, 1885, a month after the fall of Khartoum, the enemy has surrounded Amadi on all sides, and a brisk siege

\* Several of the officers informed me that Emin was alone responsible for the offer to the Mahdi of the surrender of the province. He certainly signed the document, but I am inclined to believe that he did it for the purpose of deceiving Karamalla, and his subsequent acts seem to prove this.

is maintained. On the first of April, after extraordinary efforts, the fall of Amadi is announced, with great loss of life, ammunition, cannon, small arms, and rockets. After hearing of this disaster, measures are taken for the concentration of the force of the Province along the Nile, in order to secure means of communication with Egypt, *viâ* Zanzibar, and Birri, Kirri, Bedden and Rejaf stations are founded, and out of the soldiers who have managed to escape with life from the many skirmishes and fights in which they were engaged, during 1883, 1884, to this date (April, 1885), eight companies of eighty men each are formed, and called the First Battalion, under the command of Major Rehan Agha Ibrahim. On the 1st of June, after the small outlying stations have been abandoned, a sufficient number of officers have been collected to form a second Battalion, under the command of Major Awash Effendi Montazir, to whom was given the command of the southern stations. In his despatch of 1st September, 1885, to the Government of Egypt, we observe near the close of it the first note of discontent with the First Battalion. He says:

*"But these disobediences have become a nature to these persons, &c., &c."*

In April, 1885, he learns "from the poor slave of God, Mohammed El Mahdi, the son of Abdallah," in a letter to Governor Karamalla, of the death of "that enemy to God—Gordon," and of the assault and capture of Khartoum, and that all the Soudan from Lado down to Abu Hamed Cataract is in the hands of the Mahdists, and that from the north no hope of relief may be expected. He examines his prospects and position to the south, east and west. To the east is Kabba-Rega, the King of Unyoro, and his tributary chiefs. To him he sends Captain Casati as his representative or ambassador. It is the policy of Kabba-Rega to be kind to the Governor. He knew him in past years as an officer of that active vice-king at Khartoum, and was hospitable and friendly to him. He knows not as yet of the wonderful changes that have come over that region of Africa, and is ignorant of the ruin that had overtaken that proud Government which had dictated laws to him. His African mind is too dense to grasp the meaning of this new movement abreast of his territory, and therefore, fearing to displease the Governor, he receives Captain Casati generously and with a grand display of hospitality. By-and-by deserters approach him, cunning Egyptians and treacherous Soudanese, with their arms and ammunition, and bit by bit he discovers the meaning of that fierce struggle, and begins to understand that the Government which he dreaded was a wreck.

On the 2nd of January, 1886, Dr. Junker is taken across the Albert Lake to Kibiro, a port of Unyoro. He is on his way home after years of travel in Monbuttu and the Welle basin. He succeeds in reaching Uganda, and because of his poverty is permitted to embark in a mission boat and proceeds



to Usamiro, at the south end of Lake Victoria, and thence to Zanzibar, taking with him the despatches of Emin. It is through this traveller we first learn the real straits that the Pasha is in, and the distresses in prospect for him.

To the west there is a great white blank, extending from his Province to the Congo, of which absolutely nothing is known. To the south there is a region marked on the map by the same white emptiness, and turn which way he will, with a people so unequal to the task of cutting their way out, he has no other option than to await the effect of Junker's report and his own despatches on his friends in Europe.

But in the meantime he is not idle. By the defeat of the rebels and Mahdists in Makkaraka he has compelled a truce, and is left undisturbed by Karamalla. South of Wadelai he has established Tunguru and Mswa stations, and though the First Battalion has long ago refused to recognise his authority, the Second Battalion and the Native Irregulars continue to acknowledge him, after their way, as Governor. He superintends agriculture, the planting, raising, and manufacture of cotton, travels between station and station, establishes friendship with the surrounding tribes, and by his tact maintains the semblance of good government.

There are some things, however, he cannot do. He cannot eradicate the evil dispositions of his men, nor allay the turbulent passions roused by the revolution in the Soudan. He can only postpone the hour of revolt. For against his sole influence are arrayed the hundreds of Egyptian employes scattered over the whole length of the Province, who, by their insidious counsels, reverse the effect of every measure taken by the Pasha, and palsy every effort made by him. He cannot inaugurate a new system of dealing with the natives. The system in vogue is to exact from the natives every species of contribution—herds, flocks, grain, and slaves; and to take by force of arms whatever the soldiers need from the aborigines. And the need for slaves, unfortunately, is insatiable. The officers cannot be limited to a certain number; each has three or four wives, besides concubines, and these require domestic servants for their households. Fadl-el-Mulla Bey's household requires a hundred slaves—men, women, boys, and girls. The soldiers require wives, and these also must have servants; and with the growth of the boys into manhood there grow new needs, which the natives must satisfy with their women and children of both sexes.

There are 650 men and officers in the First Battalion, and as many in the Second Battalion. There are about 3000 Irregulars; there is a little army of clerks, store-keepers, artizans, engineers, captains, and sailors. These must be wived, concubined, and fed by the natives, and in return there is nothing given to them. We hear of 8000 head of cattle being collected on a raid; the Pasha admitted that 1600 beeves and cows was the greatest number seized during his government. But these raids are frequent; each station must

have herds of its own, and there are fourteen stations. Shukri Agha, Commandant of Msua, was indefatigable in making these raids. Of course the Pasha found this state of things in his Province. It was an old-established custom—a custom that weighs on the natives with all the weight of fearful oppression. But we can understand why the natives, who had been for so many years under Egyptian government, hailed the appearance of the Mahdists, and joined them to exterminate the panic-stricken fugitives from the captured forts of the Province.

I am not concerned in writing the history of this unhappy region, which has been given up for years to be the prey of the vilest passions that human nature is capable of feeling, but I wish the reader to understand the true position of Emin Pasha. He was engaged in as impossible a task as was that of Gordon when he undertook and set out for Khartoum, in 1884, to rescue the garrisons of the Soudan. He did brave things no doubt, but he is obliged to sanction the robbing and despoiling of the natives whenever any officer apprehends scarcity and resolves upon a raiding expedition. He knows exactly what will happen; he knows there will be indiscriminate shooting and looting, he knows there will be destruction of villages and decimation of the owners; that with the captive herds brought to his stations there will be long files of captive women and children, and a distribution of the spoil; and yet he dares do nothing to thwart these cruel and hard proceedings. How can he? He has no cloth or money to buy food for all his people. What answer can he make when they demand of him means to live? Though the soil is gracious and repays labour, it is useless for him to point to it. They will grow cotton to clothe themselves, and cultivate gardens for kitchen vegetables, because no native understands these things; but grain for bread, and cattle for beef, the natives must yield to people nobler than themselves. He is the only man who can think of this work as a wrong, but as he has no force to compel men to think otherwise, he must needs endure this evil as he endures many others. Good government was therefore impossible. It was founded on blood and spoliation from the very beginning, and, like all other Governments subsisting on violence, it was decreed that it should perish utterly.

As a fitting conclusion to this chapter, I append the following documents received from Sir Francis Grenfell, the Sirdar of Egypt. Those who love to trace effects to causes may find in these documents criminating proofs of that intercourse with the enemy which was maintained by the rebel officers. They prove conclusively that their object in proceeding to the Pasha at Turguru and promising to reinstate him in power, and begging him to introduce them to me, was for the purpose of consummating the vile plot of betraying us into the hands of the Mahdists. Thanks to Jephson, who was "a chiel takin' notes," and to the clumsiness of their acts, Omar Saleh did not have the satisfaction of conveying that "other traveller who had come to Emin," and

whom he was so anxious to catch, for exhibition at Khartoum—which he may possibly regret more than I.

LETTER FROM OSMAN DIGNA TO THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL, SUAKIM.

“In the name of the Great God, &c.

“This is from Osman Digna to the Christian who is Governor of Suakim. Let me inform you that some time ago Rundle sent me a letter asking me of the man who was Governor in the Equatorial Provinces. On the arrival of the said letter in our hands I sent it at once to the Khalifa, on whom be peace, &c. The Khalifa has sent me the answer, and has informed me that the said Governor of the Equator has fallen into our hands, and is now one of the followers of the Mahdi. The Khalifa sent steamers to the Equator, commanded by one of our chiefs, named Omar Saleh. They reached Lado, and on their arrival they found that the troops of the said Governor, who were composed of military men and officers, had seized the Governor with a traveller who was with him. They put them in chains and delivered them into the hands of our chief. Now all the province is in our hands, and the inhabitants have submitted to the Mahdi. We have taken the arms and ammunition which were there; we also brought the officers and chief clerk to the Khalifa, who received them kindly, and now they are staying with him. They have handed to him all their banners.

“Therefore, as Rundle wishes to know what has become of this Governor, you tell him of this message.

“I enclose a copy of the letter which our chief in the Equator sent to the Khalifa, and also a copy of that which Tewfik had sent to the said Governor.

“I also send you a dozen rounds of the ammunition, which were brought from the Equator. I praise God for the defeat of the unbeliever, and defeat of the infidels.

“Sealed.”

“The ammunition sent was Snider ammunition, marked 1869, and is in very good condition. Two letters were enclosed. The first of these is recognised by his Excellency the Sirdar as being the one given to Mr. Stanley by his Highness the Khedive on his departure from Cairo.”

“The second is a copy of a letter of Omar Saleh to the Khalifa, dated 15th October, 1888, and is as follows:—

“We proceeded with the steamers and army, and reached the town of Lado, where Emin, the Mudir of the Equator, is staying, on the 5th Rofar, 1306 (10th October, 1888). We must thank the officers and men who made this conquest easy, for they had seized Emin and a traveller who was staying with him, and put them both in chains, refusing to go to Egypt with the Turks.

“Tewfik had sent to Emin one of the travellers; his name is Mr. Stanley. This Mr. Stanley brought with him a letter from Tewfik to Emin, dated 8th Gamad Awal (the date of the Khedive's letter), telling him to come with Mr. Stanley, and give the rest of the force the option of coming with him or remaining here, as they please.

“The force refused the Turkish orders, and received us gladly. I have found a



great deal of ivory and feathers. I am sending with this the officers and Chief Clerk on board the *Bordein*, commanded by Mohammed Kheir. I am also sending the letter which came from Tewfik to Emin, together with the banners we took from the Turks.

"I have heard that there is another traveller who came to Emin. I am looking out for him, and if he returns I am sure to catch him.

"All the chiefs of the Province, with the inhabitants, are delighted to see us. I have taken all the arms and ammunition. When you have seen the officers and Chief Clerk, and given them the necessary instructions, please send them back, as they will be of great use to me."

True copy.

(Sd.) T. R. WINGATE,  
A. A. G. Intell.

W. O.

15/1/90.

## CHAPTER XXVI

## TO THE ALBERT EDWARD NYANZA

Description of the road—The Ruwenzori range—The Pasha's officers abuse the officer in command: which compels a severe order—Brush with the enemy: Casati's servant, Okili, killed—Description of the Ruwenzori range as seen from Nboga—Mr. Jephson still an invalid—A little stowaway—We reach the Semliki river—A band of Wara Sura attack us—Crossing the river—In the Awamba forest—The Egyptians and their followers—Conversation with Emin Pasha—Unexplored parts of Africa—Abundance of food—Ruwenzori from the spur of Ugarama—We encounter some Manyema raiders—We arrive at the foot of the Ruwenzori range—Lieut. Stairs explores the Mountains of the Moon—Report of his experiences—The Semliki valley—The perfection of a tropical forest—Our friends the Wakonju—View of Ruwenzori from Mtsora—Capture of some fat cattle of Rukara's—Our first view of Lake Albert Edward Nyanza.

THE road to the south, which we now pursued on moving from Bundegunda on the 9th May, skirted the western base of that great bulk of mountain land inhabited by the Balegga, and the Bandussuma of Mazamboni. It crosses cultivated tracts devoted to beans and luxuriant sweet potatoes, yams, colossia, and sugar-cane; it is hedged thickly with glorious plantains; it is flanked by humble villages, with cone roofs; it is buried under miniature wildernesses of reedy cane; it dips down to clear, limpid rilletts; it winds in snaky curves over rich flats of pasture; it runs close to the foot of steep slopes, and then starts off along smoothly-descending spurs. About five miles off to the westward, or on our right hand, the forest, black as night, keeps company with us. We are seldom out of sight of the advancing capes and receding bays of the dark mass. On our left, in intimate neighbourhood, rise the mighty slopes, steeply receding upward into the greyish blue of an uncertain sky, and far away, in solemn lines, like a colossal battalion, is ranged a series of mountains, between each of which are deep ravines, narrow and far-reaching recessions.

On the morning of this day the snow-clad range came out from its mantle of clouds, and showed its groups of peaks resplendent with shining white snow, the blue beyond being of a spotless translucence. Far to the west, like huge double epaulettes, rose the twin peaks which I had seen in



BUWENDORI: FROM KAVALLI'S





December, 1857, and from the sunk ridge below the easternmost rose sharply the dominating and unsurpassed heights of Ruwenzori proper, a congregation of hoary heads, brilliant in white raiment; and away to the east extended a serrated ridge, until it passed out of sight behind the distant extremities of the range we were then skirting. And while in constant view of it, as I sat up in the hide hammock suspended between two men, my plan of our future route was sketched. For to the west of the twin peaks, Ruwenzori range either dropped suddenly into a plain or sheered away S.S.W. What I saw was either an angle of a mass or the western extremity. We would aim for the base of the twin peaks, and pursue our course southerly to lands unknown, along the base-line. The guides—for we had many now—pointed with their spears vaguely, and cried out “Ukonju” and (giving a little dab into the air with their spear-points) “Usongora,” meaning that Ukonju was what we saw, and beyond it lay Usongora, invisible.

After halting at Ujungwa we rose next day to march to Utinda, seven miles off. The valley between the Balegga Mountains and the forest seemed to narrow, and the path threatened to take us into troublous depths of spear-grass brakes and fens nourishing reed-cane, when, after crossing the Chai and Aturo streams, and several gushing rivulets, it ran up a lengthy spur of the Balegga Mountains, and took us to a height of 500 feet above the valley.

From this altitude we observed that we had narrowly escaped being buried in the forest again, for it had advanced behind the spur right across the valley, and occupied every inch of lowland. Within its sombre depths the Chai and Aturo rivers and other streams united their currents to form a respectable tributary of the Ituri river.

A little to our left, as we looked south, was a deep basin parted into numerous small arable plots, appertaining to the district of Utinda. Every ravine and hollow seemed choked by long, straggling plantations of plantain and banana. The beans and Indian corn were late, for they were not more than five inches high, while at Bundegunda the crops were quite four feet high and in flower.

The Egyptians reached camp four hours after the advance guard, and Captain Nelson in charge of the rear complained bitterly of the abuse that he had received from the Pasha's officers, some of them jeering at him, making mouths, and daring him to drive them along, which compelled me to issue the following order:—

“Whereas the Expedition must necessarily proceed slowly, and shorten its marches, owing to the promise that we have given Selim Bey, and to the fact that the Egyptians, the Soudanese and their followers are as yet unaccustomed to hard travel and fatigue, and to the fact that I, their guide, am physically too weak to endure more than two or three hours' exertion of any kind, the officers will please exercise the greatest patience and forbearance, but they must on no account forget the duties peculiar to the rear-guard. They will permit no straggling by the wayside, no looting of villages,

no indiscriminate pillaging of plantations, no marauding upon any excuse; and upon any insolence, whether from Egyptian officer, private soldier or follower, the officer in charge will call his guard and bind the offender, and bring him to me for punishment. If any violence is offered, it must be met by such violence as will instantly crush it."

From the basin of Utinda we ascended, and, after surmounting two ridges separated by well-watered valleys, we arrived on the airy upland of grassy Uhobo, 4900 feet above sea-level. A little later the chief, Kaibuga, entered our camp. This chief was of the Wahuma settled among the Balegga, whose grounds overlooked the plain of Kavalli and the south end of the Nyanza, and whose territory extended to the debouchure of the Semliki. He urged active hostilities, as Uhobo belonged to Kabba-Rega. Naturally we smiled at this, as we had not seen the semblance of a single enemy, though it is true that the Uhobo natives had disappeared from view at our approach. At this instant a picquet signalled the advance of a column of Kabba-Rega's people armed with guns, and two companies of Zanzibaris were mustered by Lieutenant Stairs and Captain Nelson, the latter of whom had so improved by the diet of Kavalli and Mazamboni that he was fit for any work.

After proceeding about two miles they met the small party of the Pasha's people carrying the dead body of Captain Casati's faithful servant Okili, for whom Casati entertained deep affection. He had been shot through the forehead by a rifle-ball. It appears that while the Soudanese had been bathing in a stream south of Uhobo, the column of the Wara Sura happened to be observed marching, with two flags, towards them, and a few minutes later would have surprised them, but the whole party hastily dressed, and, snatching their rifles, opened fire on them. Three of the enemy fell dead, and Okili was shot by the fire that was returned. On the approach of the Zanzibaris the Wara Sura fled, and were pursued for three miles, but no further casualties occurred.

A severe rainstorm, lasting seven hours, fell during the night, and in the morning when marching to Mboga we were involved in cloud and mist. As the day advanced, however, Ruwenzori thrust its immense body into view far above the vapours rising from the low Semliki Valley, and every now and then the topmost cones gathered the cloudy fleeces and veiled their white heads from view. As we advanced nearer each day to the range, we were surprised that we were not able to discover so much snow as we had seen at Kavalli, but on reflection it became evident that the line of snow became obscured from view by an advanced ridge, which the nearer we approached impeded the view the more. We observed also that the lofty mountain range assumed the form of a crescent; Ajif Mountain forming the northern end and the Twin Peak shoulder to the west the other end; and further, that beyond Ajif, which I estimated at about 6000 feet above the sea, there was a steady and perceptible rise to the snow line, and then a sudden uplift to



the proud height of from 2000 to 5000 feet higher, most of which was under snow.

This place of Mboga, were it in any other country than under the Equator in Mid Africa, would afford a splendid view of this unique range. From the Twin Peak angle and up to thirty miles N.N.E. of Ajif the whole of it ought to be in sight in any other clime, but the mist escapes in continuous series or strata from the valley beneath, and floats in fleeting masses, which quite obscure every other minute the entire outlines. Between this point and the Ruwenzori range lies the deep sunken valley of the Semliki, from twelve to twenty-five miles wide. From a point abreast of Mboga to the edge of the Lake the first glance of it suggests a lake. Indeed, the officers supposed it to be the Albert Lake, and the Soudanese women were immoderately joyous at the sight, and relieved their feelings by shrill lu-lu-lus; but a binocular revealed pale brown grass in its sere, with tiny bushes dotting the plain. To our right, as we looked down the depth of 2500 feet, there was a dark tongue of acacia bushes deepening into blackness as the forest, which we had left near the Chai River, usurped the entire breadth of the valley.

Mr. Jephson was still an invalid, with a fever which varied from 102° to 105° temperature, ever since the 23rd of April, and at this time he was in rather an anxious state of mind. Like myself, he was much shrunk, and we both looked ill. We halted on the 13th to give rest to invalids and the little children.

To Kiryama, on the 14th, a village situated near the mouth of a deep and narrow valley, which in old times must have been a somewhat picturesque inlet of the Lake, we made a continuous descent by declining spurs. The soil of the valley was extremely rich, and a copious stream coursed through it to the Semliki. We obtained, at brief intervals, glimpses of Ruwenzori; but had the mist not been so tantalising, we should have had a grand view of the magnificent and imposing altitude of 15,500 feet above us.

In our camp we found a strange little boy about eleven years old, named Tukabi. He was what is termed "a stowaway." While we were at Mazamboni, his father, a subject of Kavalli, had come to appeal for help to recover him. He had attached himself to some Zanzibaris. The boy was delivered up, and his father was charged to observe the young truant carefully. He had disguised himself with some cloth to cover his face, but as he passed my tent I recognised him. He was asked why he deserted his father to join strangers who might be unkind to him. "Because," he answered, "I prefer my friend to my father." "Does your father beat you?" "No; but I wish to see the place where these guns come from, and where the thunder medicine (gunpowder) is made." It was the first time in my experience that an African boy of such a tender age was known to voluntarily abandon his parents. He was a singularly bright little fellow, with very intelligent eyes, and belonged to the Wahuma race.

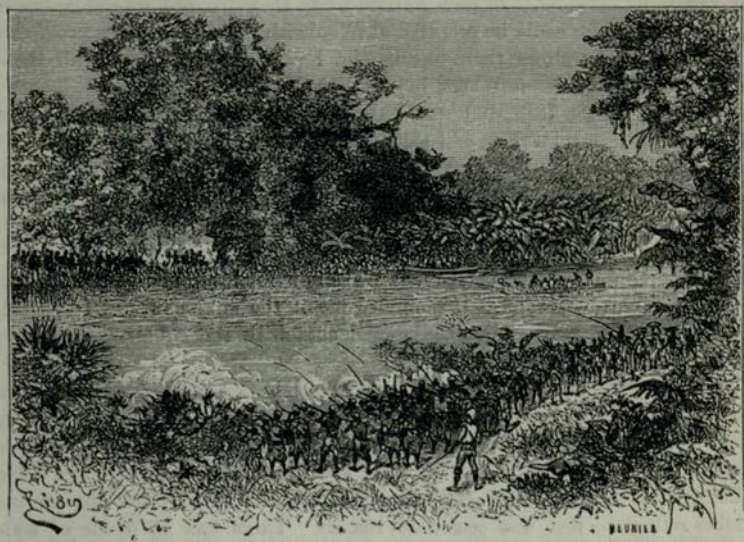
Captain Nelson was despatched to proceed to the Semliki River with 80 rifles, to examine what opportunities there might be for crossing the river. He returned after a brilliant march, and reported that the Semliki at the ferry was about eighty or ninety yards wide, swift and deep, with steep banks of from ten to twenty feet high, much subject to undermining by the river; that the canoes had all been removed by Ravidongo, the General of Kabba-Rega, who was said to have gathered a large force to oppose our crossing, and also that all the natives of Uhobo, Mboga, and Kiryama districts were collected across the Semliki River with him, and that it was clear a stout resistance would be made, as the opposite banks were carefully watched; that while they were examining the river a volley had been fired at them, which was fortunately harmless.

After a two days' rest at Kiryama we marched south across the grassy plain to another ferry, led by Kaibuga. That which some of us had assumed to be a lake was now found to be very firm alluvium and lacustrine deposit, growing a thin crop of innutritious grass, about 18 inches high. As we advanced up the river the soil sensibly improved, and at the third hour from Kiryama an acacia tree was seen; a little later there were five, then a dozen, wide apart and stunted. At the fourth hour there was quite a thin forest on the left side of the Semliki, while to the right it was a thick and umbrageous tropic forest, and suddenly we were on the bank of the Semliki. At the point we touched the river it was sixty yards wide, with between a four and five-knot current. A little below it widened into 100 yards, a fine, deep, and promising river. Up and down, and opposite, there were broad signs of recent land falls. Its banks consisted of sediment and gravelly débris, which could offer no resistance to the strong current when it surged against the base. The river was a loopy and twisting, crooked stream, forming a wide-stretching S in every mile of its course, and its water was of a whitey-brown colour, and weighted with sediment. Out of a tumblerful of the liquid a fourth of an inch of fine earth would be deposited.

By a good aneroid the altitude of the bank, which was about twenty feet above the river, was proved to be 2388 feet above the sea. Lake Albert by the same aneroid was 2350 feet. There was a difference indicated of 38 feet. I estimated that we were about thirty English miles from the lake.

As we arrived at the Semliki a canoe was observed floating down. The alarm had been given, probably, by some natives who had heard our voices, and in their hurry to escape had either purposely cast off their canoe, or had feared to be detained through the necessity of securing it. The village of the Awamba, whence it had floated adrift, was in sight. Men were sent up and down the banks to discover a canoe, and Uledi—always Uledi—sent up soon the good news that he had found one. The caravan proceeded in his direction, and camped in a large but abandoned banana plantation. The canoe was across the river in a small creek, opposite the camping place. By some

method it was necessary to obtain it, as one canoe at this time was priceless. The men with the bill-hooks were ordered up to clear twenty yards of bush, and to leave a thin screen between the sharpshooters and the river. Then three or four volleys scoured the position around the canoe, and in the meantime the bold Uledi and Saat Tato, the hunter, swam across, and when near the vessel the firing ceased. In a few seconds they had cut the canoe loose, and were in it, paddling across to our side with all energy. They had gained the centre of the river when the archers rose up and shot the hunter, and at the same time the rifles blazed across. But the canoe was obtained, and Saat Tato, streaming with blood, was attended by Dr. Parke. Fortunately, the



ATTACK BY THE WANYORO AT SEMLIKI FERRY

broad-bladed arrow had struck the shoulder blade, which saved the vitals. Both the brave fellows were rewarded with \$20 worth of cloth on the spot.

At 5 P.M. Mr. Bonny performed signal service. He accepted the mission of leading five Soudanese across the Semliki as the vanguard of the Expedition. By sunset there were fifty rifles across.

On the 18th the ferriage was resumed at dawn. By noon two more canoes had been discovered by scouts. Stairs and Jephson were both very ill of fever, and I was a prematurely old man of ninety in appearance, and just able to walk at this time about one hundred yards. Captain Nelson and Surgeon Parke therefore superintended the work of transporting the Expedition across the Semliki. At two o'clock in the afternoon, while the ferrying was briskly



proceeding, a body of fifty of the Wara Sura stole up to within 250 yards of the ferry, and fired a volley at the canoes while in mid-river. Iron slugs and lead bullets screamed over the heads of the passengers, and flew along the face of the water, but fortunately there was no harm done. Notwithstanding our admiration at their impudent audacity, a second volley might be more effective, but Captain Nelson sprang from the river-side, and a hundred rifles gathered around him and a chase began. We heard a good deal of volleying, but the chase and retreat were so hot that not a bullet found its purposed billet. However, the Wara Sura discovered that, whatever our intentions might be, we were in strong force, and we understood that they were capable of contriving mischief. In their hurried flight they dropped several as well-made cartridges as could be prepared at Woolwich; and here was a proof also what a nest of traitors there was in the Equatorial Province, for all these articles were of course furnished by the scores of deserters.

By night of the 18th, 669 people had been ferried across. At 3 o'clock of the 19th, 1168 men, women and children, 610 loads of baggage, 3 canoe loads of sheep and goats, and 235 head of cattle had been taken across. The only loss sustained was a calf, which was drowned. It may be imagined how pleased I was at the brilliant services, activity and care shown by Captain Nelson and Dr. Parke.

A few hours later one of the Pasha's followers was taken to the surgeon with a fatal arrow-wound. It reminded me of the anxious times I suffered, during the first eighteen months' experiences with the equally thoughtless Zanzibaris.

On the 20th the Expedition moved through the thick forest, along an extremely sloughy path to a little village removed one and a half hours from the river. We arrived just as the intolerable pests of gnats were at their liveliest. They swarmed into our eyes, nostrils, and ears, in myriads. We thought the uninhabited forest was preferable, but at 9 o'clock the minute tribes retired to rest and ceased to vex us. There was an odour of stale banana wine and ripe banana refuse, and these probably had attracted the gnats. Two large troughs—equal in size to small canoes—in which the natives pressed the ripe fruit and manufactured their wine were found in the village.

It is worth noticing that the Awamba, whose territory we were now in, understood the art of drying bananas over wooden gratings, for the purpose of making flour. We had often wondered, during our life in the forest region, that natives did not appear to have discovered what invaluable, nourishing, and easily digestible food they possessed in the plantain and banana. All banana lands—Cuba, Brazil, West Indies—seem to me to have been specially remiss on this point. If only the virtues of the flour were publicly known, it is not to be doubted but it would be largely consumed in Europe. For infants, persons of delicate digestion, dyspeptics, and those suffering from

temporary derangements of the stomach, the flour, properly prepared, would be of universal demand. During my two attacks of gastritis, a light gruel of this, mixed with milk, was the only matter that could be digested by me.

On the 22nd we were obliged to march for six hours through quagmire and reeking mud before we found a fit resting-place. The dense forest, while as purely tropical in its luxuriance as any we had travelled, was more discomfiting owing to its greater heat and over-abundant moisture. The excessive humidity revealed itself in a thin, opaque, damp haze just above us. In the tree-tops it had already gathered into a mist; above them it was a cloud; so that between us and sunshine we had clouds several miles in thickness, the thick, dark, matted foliage of the forest, then thickening layers of mist, and finally a haze of warm vapour. We therefore picked our way through shallow pool and gluey black mud, under a perpetual dropping of condensed vapour, and by a leaden light that was apt to encourage thoughts of suicide, while our bodily distress was evinced by trickling rillets of perspiration.

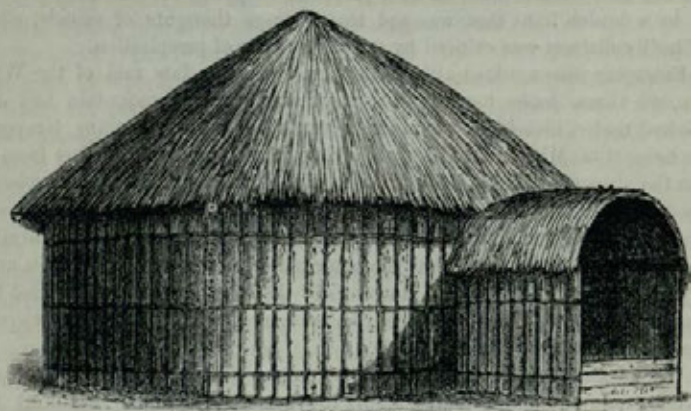
Emerging into a ruined village, the result of some late raid of the Wara Sura, we threw looks towards Ruwenzori, but the old mountain had disappeared under blue-black clouds that reminded one of brooding tempests. The heights of Mboga were dimly visible, though they were further from us than the stupendous mass behind which the thunder muttered, and whence rain seemed imminent. We began to realize that we were in the centre of a great fermenting vat, and that the exhalations growing out of it concentrated themselves into clouds, and that the latter hung in ever-thickening folds until they floated against the face of Ruwenzori; that they languidly ascended the slants and clung to the summits, until a draught of wind over the snow-crests blew them away and cleared the view.

We passed through an extremely populous district the next day, and travelled only two and a quarter hours to reach Baki Kundi. Flanking the path were seen familiar features, such as several camps of pigmies, who were here called Watwa.

The distance from the Semliki to these villages wherein we were now encamped is 15½ English miles, which we had taken three days to travel, compelling a two days' halt in consequence. But slow as this was, and supplied as was the caravan with running streams of good water and unlimited quantities of meat and grain, potatoes, plantains, and ripe fruit, the misery of African travel had been realised to its depths. Mothers had left their little children on the road, and one Egyptian soldier, named Hamdan, had laid down by the wayside and stubbornly refused to move, unwilling to continue the journey further. He had no load to carry, he was not sick, but he—what can be said? He belonged to the donkey breed of humanity; he could not travel, but he could die, and the rear-guard were obliged to leave him. This started a rumour through the camp that the commander of the rear-guard had quietly despatched him,

The 24th of May was a halt, and we availed ourselves of it to despatch two companies to trace the paths, that I might obtain a general idea which would best suit our purposes. One company took a road leading slightly east of south, and suddenly came across a few Baundwe, whom we knew for real forest aborigines. This was in itself a discovery, for we had supposed we were still in Utuku, as the east side of the Semliki is called, and which is under Kabba-Rega's rule. The language of the Baundwe was new, but they understood a little Kinyoro, and by this means we learned that Ruwenzori was known to them as Bugombowa, and that the Watwa pigmies and the Wara Sura were their worst enemies, and that the former were scattered through the woods to the W.S.W.

The other company travelled in a S. by W. direction, and reached the thin



HOUSES ON THE EDGE OF THE FOREST

line of open country that divided the immediate base-line of Ruwenzori from the forest. They spoke in raptures of the abundance of food they had found, but the people were hostile and warlike. The arms of the men were similar to those of other forest people, but the women were distinguished by iron collars, to some of which were suspended small phial-shaped pendants of hollow iron, while others ended in fine spiral coils.

Another short march of two and a quarter hours brought us to a village of thirty-nine round, conical huts, which possessed elaborate doorways, ornamented here and there with triangles painted red and black. Oil palms were very numerous near the village.

On the next day we emerged out of the forest, and camped on grass-land in the village of Ugarama, in N. lat.  $0^{\circ} 45' 49''$  and E. long.  $30^{\circ} 14' 45''$ .



The path had led along the crests of a narrow, wooded spur, with ravines 200 feet deep on either hand, covered with giant trees. The grass-land did not produce that short nutritive herbage which made Kavalli so pleasant, but was crowded with gigantic spear-grasses, from 6 to 15 feet high.

The Egyptian Hamdan made his reappearance at this camp. Left to himself, he had probably discovered it hard to die alone in the lonely woods, and had repented of his folly. By this time we had become fully sensible of the difficulty we should meet each day while these people were under our charge. Low as was my estimation of them before, it had descended far below zero now. Words availed nothing, reason could not penetrate their dense heads. Their custom was to rush at early dawn along the path, and after an hour's spurt sit down, dawdle, light a fire, and cook, and smoke, and gossip; then, when the rear-guard came up to urge them along, assume sour and discontented looks, and mutter to themselves of the cruelty of the infidels. Almost every day complaints reached me from them respecting Captain Nelson and Lieutenant Stairs. Either one or the other was reported for being exacting and too peremptory. It was tedious work to get them to comprehend that they were obeying orders; that their sole anxiety was to save them from being killed by the natives, or from losing their way; that the earlier they reached camp the better for everybody; that marches of two or three hours would not kill a child even; that while it was our duty to be careful of their lives, it was also our duty to have some regard for the Zanzibaris, who, instead of being two or three hours on the road, were kept on their feet for ten hours, with boxes on their heads; that it was my duty also to see that the white officers were not worn out by being exposed to the rain, and mud, and shivering damp, waiting on people who would not see the benefit of walking four or five miles quickly to camp to enjoy twenty to twenty-one hours' rest out of the twenty-four. These whining people, who were unable to walk empty-handed two and a half or three hours per day, were yellow Egyptians; a man with a little black pigment in his skin seldom complained, the extreme black and the extreme white never.

The Egyptians and their followers had such a number of infants and young children that when the camp space was at all limited, as on a narrow spur, sleep was scarcely possible. These wee creatures must have possessed irascible natures, for such obstinate and persistent caterwauling never tormented me before. The tiny blacks and sallow yellows competed with each other with all the power of their lungs until long past midnight, then about 3 or 4 A.M. they would start afresh at the meawing chorus.

Our Zanzibaris concluded that though the people of Equatoria might be excellent breeders, they were very poor soldiers. The Egyptians had been so long accustomed to overawe the natives of the Province by their numbers and superior arms, that now their number was somewhat reduced and overmatched by natives, they appeared to be doubtful of reaching peaceful countries; but

they were so undisciplined and imperious, that they would speedily convert the most peaceful natives to rancorous foes.

With the Pasha I had a conversation on this date, and I became fully aware that, though polite, he yet smarted under resentment for the explosion of April 5th. But the truth is that the explosion was necessary and unavoidable. While there was no action in prospect we enjoyed one another's society. He was learned, industrious and gentlemanly, and I admired and



EGYPTIAN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

appreciated his merits as a conversationalist. But we had not been commissioned to pass our days in Equatoria in scientific talk, nor to hold a protracted conversation on Lake Albert. The time had come to begin a forward movement, but Emin so loved his chair that the very notion of travel was most objectionable to him. Now that we were on the journey I discovered to my regret that there were other causes for friction. The Pasha was devoured with a desire to augment his bird collections, and thought that, having come so far to help him, we might "take it easy." "But we are

taking it easy for manifold reasons. The little children, the large number of women burdened with infants, the incapable Egyptians, the hope that Selim Bey will overtake us, the feeble condition of Jephson and myself, and Stairs is far from strong," we replied. "Well, then, take it more easy." "We have done so; a mile and a half per day is surely easy going." "Then be easier still." "Heavens, Pasha, do you wish us to stay here altogether? Then let us make our wills, and resign ourselves to die with our work undone." The thunder was muttering again, and another explosion was imminent.

I knew he was an ardent collector of birds and reptiles and insects, but I did not know that it was a mania with him. He would slay every bird in Africa; he would collect ugly reptiles, and every hideous insect; he would gather every skull until we should become a travelling museum and cemetery, if only carriers could be obtained. But then his people were already developing those rabid ulcers, syphilis had weakened their constitutions, a puncture of a thorn in the face grew into a horrid and sloughy sore; they had pastured on vice and were reaping the consequences. The camps soon became so filthy that they would breed a pestilence if we loitered in them, and we should soon become a moving sight to gods and men. Carriers were dying—they were not well treated—and then, why then, we could not move at all by-and-by. He was in Heaven when his secretary, Rajab Effendi, brought him new species; he looked grateful when there was to be a two days' rest, sad when he heard we were to march, and radiant when we were to stay a week.

Now, all this often repeated made me feel as if we were engaged in a most ungrateful task. As long as life lasts, he will hold me in aversion, and his friends, the Felkins, the Junkers, and Schweinfurths will believe in his querulous complaints, but they will never reflect that work in this world must not consist entirely of the storage in museums of skulls, and birds, and insects; that the continent of Africa was never meant by the all-bounteous Creator to be merely a botanical reserve, or an entomological museum.

Every native I met, giant or dwarf, only deepened the belief that Africa had other claims on man, and every feature of the glorious land only impressed me the more that there was a crying need for immediate relief and assistance from civilisation; that first of all, roads of iron must be built, and that fire and water were essential agencies for transport, more especially on this long-troubled continent than on any other.

Alas! alas! With this grand mountain range within a stone's throw of our camp—not yet outlined on my map—that other lake we heard so much about from Kaibuga, our Mhuma chief, not yet discovered, the Semliki Valley, with its treasures of woods and vegetable productions, not yet explored, and the Semliki River, which was said to connect the upper with the lower lake, not yet traced. To hear about wonderful salt lakes that



might supply the world with salt; of large-bodied Wazongora, and numbers of amiable tribes; of the mysterious Wanyavingi, who were said to be descended from white men; to be in the neighbourhood of colossal mountains topped with snow, which I believed to be the lost Mountains of the Moon; to be in a land which could boast of possessing the fabulous fountains de la lune, a veritable land of marvel and mystery, a land of pigmies and tall men reported from of old, and not feel a glad desire to search into the truth of these sayings! He—the Maker who raised those eternal mountains and tapestried their slopes with the mosses, and divided them by myriads of watercourses for the melted snow to run into the fruitful valley, and caused that mighty forest to clothe it, surely intended that Africa should be reserved for something higher than to be a nursery for birds and a store-place for reptiles.

The abundance of food in this region was one of the most remarkable features in it. Ten battalions would have needed no commissary to provide their provisions. We had but to pluck and eat. Our scouts reported that on every hand lay plantations abounding in the heaviest clusters of fruit. The native granaries were full of red millet, the huts were stored with Indian corn; the neighbouring garden plots were prolific with needful vegetables.

From the spur of Ugarama, where we halted on the 27th, we could see that up to 8000 feet the slopes were dotted with several scores of cultivated plots, and that the crooked lines of ravines were green with lengthy banana groves, and that upland and lowland teemed with population and food. Through a glass we were able to note that a thick forest covered the upper slopes and ridges, to an elevation of from 9000 up to 12,000 feet; and that where there was no cultivation the woods continued down to the base. The wild banana was seen flourishing up to a lofty limit, gracing the slopes denuded of trees, and towering over the tallest grass. The peaks of Ruwenzori appeared shrouded by leaden clouds, and the lower mountain ranges played at hide-and-seek under the drifting and shifting masses of white vapour. By aneroid, Ugarama is 2994 feet; and by boiling point, 2942 feet above the sea. The immediate range under whose lee the spur ran out to Ugarama village, was, by triangulation, discovered to be of an altitude of 9147 feet.

Two women—light-complexioned and of pleasing features, found in the woods near the village—were able to speak the Kinyoro language. It was from them we learned that we were in Ugarama, in the country of Awamba; that Utuku was a name given to the open country up to the Mississi River and the Lake; that the next district we should reach southerly was Bukoko, where the principal Chief lived; and beyond Bukoko was Butama. We learned also that from Ugarama to the northern extremity of Bukonju, or Ukonju, was one day's march; that two days thence would take us to Toro, but we should have to cross the mountains; that the king of N, Ukonju was

called Ruhandika; that the tribe formerly owned vast herds of cattle, but the Wara Sura had swept the herds away. We were also told that if we followed the base line of the big mountains, three days' march would enable us to reach a country of short grass, wherein goats and sheep were plentiful, and wherein there were a few herds of cattle; but the Wara Sura had raided so many times there that cattle could not be kept. The enemies of the Awamba, who cut down the woods and tilled the ground, were the vicious Watma pigmies, who made their lives miserable by robbing their plantations, and destroying small parties while at work, or proceeding to market in adjoining districts, while the Wara Sura, who were in the service of Kabba-Rega, devastated far and near.

When asked if they ever enjoyed days of sunshine, and the snow mountains could be seen clear and bright for three or four days, or a week, or a month, the women replied that they had never witnessed so much rain as at this time; and they believed that we had purposely caused this in order the more easily to detect people by the tracks along the paths. They also said that at first they had taken us for Wara Sura; but the large herd of cattle with us disproved that we had taken them from the Awamba, for they possessed none. When we informed them that we had seized them from people who acknowledged Kabba-Rega as their chief, they said: "Oh, if our people but knew that, they would bring you everything." "Well, then, you shall go and tell them that we are friends to everyone who will not close the road. We are going to a far country, and, as we cannot fly, we must use the path; but we never hurt those who do not raise the spear and draw the bow."

On the 28th we advanced five miles over a series of spurs, and across deep ravines, continuous descents of 200 feet to ravines a few yards across, and opposite ascensions, to a similar height. They were so steep that we were either sliding, or climbing by means of the trees and creepers depending from them; and all this under an unceasing, drizzly rain. The rotting banana stalks and refuse of the fruit created a sickening stench.

The next day's march of four miles enabled us to reach Butama, after an experience as opposite to the sloughs, mud, rock, descents and ascents of the day before, as a fine path, broad enough for an European's wide-stepping feet, could well be in Africa. The sandy loam quickly absorbed the rain; the rank reed-grass, except at rare intervals, afforded a sufficient space between, and troops of elephants had tramped the ground hard.

An old man, with white hair, and too feeble to flee, had awaited his fate at Butama. On being questioned, he replied that the name of the snow mountains that now were immediately above us at an appalling height, was "Avirika, Aviruka, Avrika, Avruka, Avirika, and Avuruka!" so he rang the changes by pressure of eager questions. Upon the Watwa pigmies he was most severe. He charged them with being exceedingly treacherous, and

in the habit of making friends with chiefs of rich districts by fraudulent arts and false professions, and, despite blood-brotherhood and plighted faith, of suddenly turning upon them and destroying them.

On the 30th we reached Bukoko in four hours' easy travel, for we marched over a smooth graduated terrace formed by the débris rolled down the slopes of the snow mountain, and scoured by repeated falls of rain to a gentle slope, luxuriant with reed-grass, and wonderfully prolific in edibles where cultivated. Here and there cropped out a monster boulder, half imbedded in the loam and gravelly soil, which had rolled and thundered wildly down when displaced by some landslip, or detached from its resting-place by a torrential shower.

Bukoko was a large and powerful settlement and an important cluster of villages; but it struck us as we entered it that it had been for several days abandoned, probably as long ago as a month. Its groves seemed endless and most thriving, and weighted with fruit, and tomatoes grew in prodigious plenty.

The scouts, as usual, soon after stacking goods and arranging camp, set out to explore, and in a short time met some people in cotton dresses who were armed with guns, and who fired upon them. We heard the loud boom of percussion muskets, and the sharper crack of rifles, and then there was quiet. Presently the scouts returned to report, and they brought me an Enfield rifle which had been thrown away by the defeated band; two of the men were supposed to be fatally wounded, one was said to be dead. They also brought with them a woman and a boy, who were evidently natives of the country, and could say nothing intelligible to us.

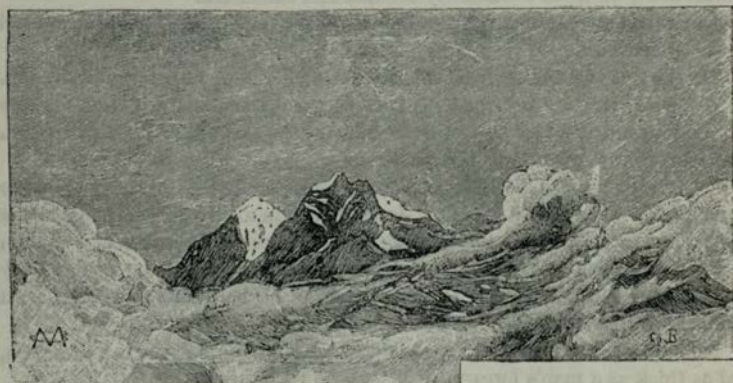
A company of seventy rifles was immediately despatched to reconnoitre further, and in ten minutes there was quite a sustained fusillade, deep booming of muskets against sharp volleys of Remingtons and Winchesters. Soon after two of our men were carried to camp wounded, who reported that the enemy were Wara Sura. The rifles appeared to have pressed the strangers hard; the firing was getting more distant, but in an hour's time we had two more wounded, and a Zanzibari youth and a Manyuema youth killed, and almost immediately, as I thought of preparing a strong reinforcement, Ulcdi and the rifles walked into camp accompanied by the chiefs of the enemy, who turned out to be Manyuema raiders, the followers of Kilonga-Longa!

Their story was that a band of fifty gunmen, accompanied by about 100 spearman, had crossed the Ituri River, and pushing east had arrived about twenty days before to the edge of the forest, having crossed the Semliki River, and with their usual tactics had commenced raiding when they caught sight of some men with guns whom they guessed to be Wara Sura, and had fired upon them. The strangers had fired in return and killed one of them, wounded another mortally, and four others severely. The rest had fled to their settlement, crying out, "We are finished," whereupon they had then



sent men to be in ambush along the route, while the community at the settlement was repairing its defences. On seeing the head of the party coming along the road, they had fired, killing two and wounding four slightly, but when their friends began to rain bullets on them, they cried out "Who are you?" and were answered that they were Stanley's men, and firing at once ceased, and an acquaintance ever disastrous to us was then renewed. Though we should have wished to have had a legitimate excuse for annihilating one band of the unconscionable raiders, we could not but accept their apologies for what had clearly been an accident, and gifts were exchanged.

We were told that they had met gangs of the Wara Sura, but had met "bad luck," and only one small tusk of ivory rewarded their efforts. Ipoto, according to them, was twenty days' march through the forest from Bukoko.



THE TALLEST PEAK OF RUWENZORI, FROM AWAMBA FOREST

Ruwenzori was now known as Virika by the Awamba of this district.

Since emerging from the forest near Ugarama, we had journeyed along a narrow strip, covered with prodigious growth of cane-grass reaching as high as fifteen feet. From eminences this strip appeared to be from three to eight miles wide. In the immediate vicinity of the mountain, notwithstanding that the grass was of the height and thickness of bamboo, the path was good, and we had but to cross one or two ravines and watercourses during a march. A feature of this narrow piece of grass land was the parachute-shaped acacia which in the neighbourhood of the Nyanza was the only tree visible. Near the forest line the tree disappears, and vegetation becomes riotously luxuriant and purely tropical.

The streams we had lately crossed were cold mountain torrents with fairly wide beds, showing gravel, sand, cobble stones, specimens of the rocks

above, gneiss, porphyry, hornblende, sandstone, scatite, hematite, and granite, with several pumice lumps. Three of the principal rivers, called the Rami, Rubutu, and Singiri, were respectively of the temperatures 68°, 62°, and 65° Fahrenheit.

After a halt of two days at Bukoko we marched a distance of eight miles to the village of Banzombé, situate on a narrow, level-topped spur between two deep ravines, on the edge of the forest, which here had crept up to the base-line of the snow mountains. As usual, Ruwenzori was invisible, and I feared we should have little chance of photographing it, or employ any of its lofty peaks to take bearings.

The vapours issuing from the Semliki Valley appeared to be weighed down by pressure from above, judging by the long time required for a mass of ascending vapour to reach the summit. The smoke of the camp hung over us like a fog until we were nearly blinded and suffocated.

Our cattle showed signs of fagging out. We now possessed 104 head, and 30 sheep and goats.

On the 3rd of June we reached the little village of Bakokoro, in N. Lat. 0° 37', and here a Copt, one of four brothers, breathed his last. Three considerable streams had been traversed during the short march of three miles. The temperature of one was 62° Fahrenheit.

Unable to trace a path beyond Bakokoro, tending in the direction we required, we halted on the 4th. Jephson was in a high fever; temperature 105°. Mr. Bonny was also suffering; but Stairs had recovered. Captain Nelson was robust and strong, and during these days was doing double duty to endeavour to make up for the long months he had been invalided, from October, 1887, to October, 1888.

Some plantains measured here were seventeen and a half inches in length, and as thick as a man's forearm.

After a short march of two and a half hours, we arrived at Mtarega, situated near the deep gorge of the Rami-Lulu river, near where it issued from a deep chasm in the mountains.

We had all we desired to possess at this camp. We were within 200 yards from the foot of the Ruwenzori range. Paths were seen leading up the steep slopes; a fine cool river was 200 feet below, rushing through the gorge fresh from the snow tops, and of 61° Fahrenheit temperature. Bananas, plantains, and yams, and corn and sugar-cane were in the plantations and fields 200 yards away. Now was the period of exploration, and to make botanical collections. Accordingly I sounded the note to prepare to win immortal renown by scaling the heights of the famous Mountains of the Moon. My strength was so far recovered that I could walk 200 yards. Mr. Jephson regretted to say that the fever had conquered and subdued his sanguine spirit; Captain Nelson was sorry, but really, if there was any practical use in climbing such ruthlessly tall mountains—and he took a long

and solemn look at them, and said, "No, thanks!" Surgeon Parke's line was amid suffering humanity; Mr. Bonny was in bad luck—an obstinate fever had gripped him and reduced his limbs to mere sticks. Captain Casati smiled mournfully, and seemed to say, "Look at me, and imagine how far I could go." But the Pasha's honour was at stake; he had at all times expressed rapture at the very thought, and this was the critical period in the march of the Expedition, and Stairs, taking a sly glance at the grim, unconquered heights, said, "I'll go, like a shot." It only remained for me to advise him, to furnish him with instruments, to compare his aneroids with a standard one in camp, and supply the men with many anxious counsels to avoid the cold, and to beware of chills after an ascent.

The night was an agreeable one. The altitude of the camp above the sea was 3860 feet, and a gentle, cool wind blew all night from the gap of the Rami-Lulu river. In the morning Stairs departed, and the Pasha accompanied him. But, alas! the Pasha had to yield after a thousand feet, and returned to camp beaten, while Stairs held on his way. The following is the report of his experiences:—

Expedition Camp,  
*June 8th, 1889.*

Sir,—

Early on the morning of the 6th June, accompanied by some forty Zanzibaris, we made a start from the Expedition Camp at the foot-hills of the range, crossed the stream close to a camp, and commenced the ascent of the mountain.

With me I had two aneroids, which together we had previously noted and compared with a standard aneroid remaining in camp under your immediate observation; also a Fahrenheit thermometer.

For the first 900 feet above camp the climbing was fairly good, and our progress was greatly aided by a native track which led up to some huts in the hills. These huts we found to be of the ordinary circular type so common on the plain, but with the difference that bamboo was largely used in their interior construction. Here we found the food of the natives to be maize, bananas, and colocassia roots. On moving away from these huts, we soon left behind us the long rank grass, and entered a patch of low scrubby bush, intermixed with bracken and thorns, making the journey more difficult.

At 8.30 A.M. we came upon some more huts of the same type, and found that the natives had decamped from them some days previously. Here the barometer read 23.58 and 22.85; the thermometer 75° F. On all sides of us we could see *Dracenas* and here and there an occasional tree-fern and palm: and, tangled in all shapes on either side of the track, were masses of long bracken. The natives now appeared at different hill-tops and points near by, and did their best to frighten us back down the mountain, by shouting and blowing horns. We, however, kept on our way up the slope, and in a short time they disappeared and gave us very little further trouble.

Of the forest plains, stretching far away below us, we could see nothing, owing to the thick haze; we were thus prevented from seeing the hills to the west and north-west.



At 10.30 A.M., after some sharp climbing, we reached the last settlement of the natives, the cultivation consisting of beans and colocassias, but no bananas. Here the barometer read 22.36; thermometer 84° F. Beyond this settlement was a rough track leading up the spur to the forest; this we followed, but in many places, to get along at all, we had to crawl on our hands and knees, so steep were the slopes.

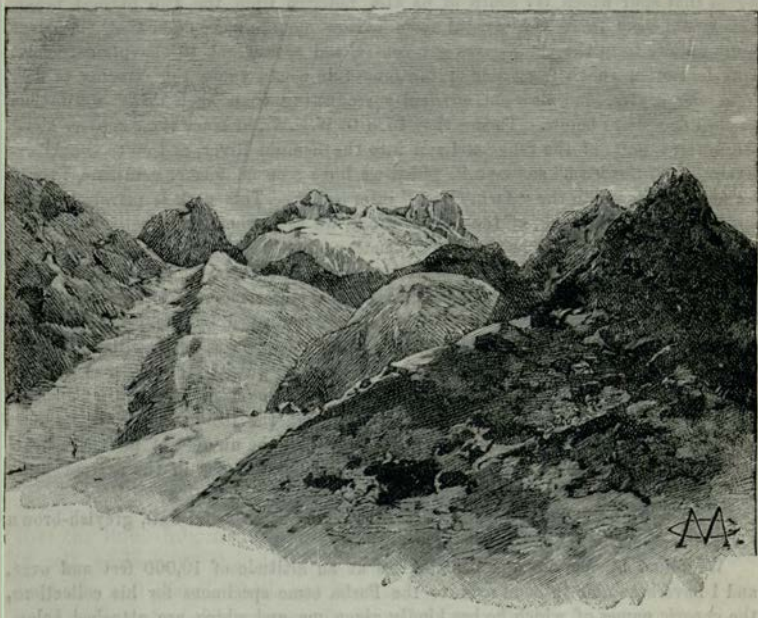
At 11 A.M. we reached this forest and found it to be one of bamboos, at first open, and then getting denser as we ascended. We had noticed a complete and sudden change in the air from that we had just passed through. It became much cooler and more pure and refreshing, and all went along at a faster rate and with lighter hearts. Now that the Zanzibaris had come so far, they all appeared anxious to ascend as high as possible, and began to chaff each other as to who should bring down the biggest load of the "white stuff" on the top of the mountain. At 12.40 P.M. we emerged from the bamboos and sat down on a grassy spot to eat our lunch. Barometers, 21.10 and 27.85. Thermometer, 70° F. Ahead of us, and rising in one even slope, stood a peak, in altitude 1200 feet higher than we were. This we now started to climb, and after going up it a short distance, came upon the tree-heaths. Some of these bushes must have been 20 feet high, and, as we had to cut our way foot by foot through them, our progress was necessarily slow and very fatiguing to those ahead.

At 3.15 P.M. we halted among the heaths for a few moments to regain our breath. Here and there were patches of inferior bamboos, almost every stem having holes in it, made by some boring insect and quite destroying its usefulness. Under foot was a thick spongy carpet of wet moss, and the heaths on all sides of us, we noticed, were covered with "old man's beard" (*Usnea*). We found great numbers of blue violets and lichens, and from this spot I brought away some specimens of plants for the Pasha to classify. A general feeling of cold dampness prevailed: in spite of our exertions in climbing, we all felt the cold mist very much. It is this continual mist clinging to the hill-tops that no doubt causes all the vegetation to be so heavily charged with moisture and makes the ground under foot somewhat slippery.

Shortly after 4 P.M. we halted among some high heaths for camp. Breaking down the largest bushes, we made rough shelters for ourselves, collected what firewood we could find, and in other ways made ready for the night. Firewood, however, was scarce, owing to the wood being so wet that it would not burn. In consequence of this, the lightly-clad Zanzibaris felt the cold very much, though the altitude was only about 8500 feet. On turning in, the thermometer registered 60° F. From camp I got a view of the peaks ahead, and it was now that I began to fear that we should not be able to reach the snow. Ahead of us, lying directly in our path, were three enormous ravines; at the bottom of at least two of these there was dense bush. Over these we should have to travel and cut our way through the bush. It would then resolve itself into a question of time as to whether we could reach the summit or not. I determined to go on in the morning, and see exactly what difficulties lay before us, and if these could be surmounted in a reasonable time, to go on as far as we possibly could.

On the morning of the 7th, selecting some of the best men, and sending the others down the mountain, we started off again upwards, the climbing being similar to that we experienced yesterday afternoon. The night had been bitterly cold, and some of the men complained of fever, but all were in good spirits, and quite ready to go on. About 10 A.M. we were stopped by the first of the ravines mentioned

above. On looking at this I saw that it would take a long time to cross, and there were ahead of it still two others. We now got our first glimpse of a snow peak, distance about two and a half miles, and I judged it would take us still a day and a half to reach this, the nearest snow. To attempt it, therefore, would only end disastrously, unprovided as we were with food and some better clothing for two of the men. I therefore decided to return, trusting all the time that at some future camp a better opportunity of making an ascent would present itself, and the summit be reached. Across this ravine was a bare rocky peak, very clearly defined and known to us as the south-west of the "Twin Cones." The upper part of this was



S.W. TWIN CONES OF RUWENZORI, BY LIEUT. STAIRS

devoid of vegetation, the steep beds of rock only allowing a few grasses and heaths in one or two spots to exist.

The greatest altitude reached by us, after being worked out and all connections applied, was about 10,677 feet above the sea. The altitude of the snow peak above this would probably be about 6000 feet, making the mountain, say, 16,600 feet high. This, though, is not the highest peak in the Ruwenzori cluster. With the aid of a field-glass I could make out the form of the mountain-top perfectly. The extreme top of the peak is crowned with an irregular mass of jagged and precipitous rock, and has a distinct crater-like form. I could see through a gap in the near side a corresponding rim or edge on the farther of the same formation and altitude. From

this crown of rock, the big peak slopes to the eastward at a slope of about  $25^{\circ}$  until shut out from view by an intervening peak; but to the west the slope is much steeper. Of the snow, the greater mass lay on that slope directly nearest us, covering the slope wherever its inclination was not too great. The largest bed of snow would cover a space measuring about 600 by 300 feet, and of such a depth that in only two spots did the black rock crop out above its surface. Smaller patches of snow extended well down into the ravine; the height from the lowest snow to the summit of the peak would be about 1200 feet or 1000 feet. To the E.N.E. our horizon was bounded by the spur which, standing directly behind our main camp, and mounting abruptly, takes a curve in a horizontal plane and centres on to the snow peak. Again that spur which lay south of us also radiated from the two highest peaks. This would seem to be the general form of the mountain, namely, that the large spurs radiate from the snow-peaks as a centre, and spread out to the plains below. This formation on the west side of the mountain would cause the streams to flow from the centre, and flow on, gradually separating from each other until they reached the plains below. Thence they turn to W.N.W., or trace their courses along the bottom spurs of the range and run into the Semliki River, and on to the Albert Nyauza. Of the second snow-peak, which we have seen on former occasions, I could see nothing, owing to the "Twin Cones" intervening. This peak is merely the termination, I should think, of the snowy range we saw when at Kavalli, and has a greater elevation, if so, than the peak we endeavoured to ascend. Many things go to show that the existence of these peaks is due to volcanic causes. The greatest proof that this is so lies in the numbers of conical peaks clustering round the central mass on the western side. These minor cones have been formed by the central volcano getting blocked in its crater, owing to the pressure of its gases not being sufficient to throw out the rock and lava from its interior; and consequently the gases, seeking for weak spots, have burst through the earth's crust and thus been the means of forming these minor cones that now exist. Of animal life on the mountain we saw almost nothing. That game of some sort exists is plain from the number of pitfalls we saw on the road-sides, and from the fact of our finding small nooses in the natives' huts, such as those used for taking ground game.

We heard the cries of an ape in a ravine, and saw several dull, greyish-brown birds like stonechats, but beyond these, nothing.

We found blueberries and blackberries at an altitude of 10,000 feet and over, and I have been able to hand over to the Pasha some specimens for his collections, the generic names of which he has kindly given me, and which are attached below. That I could not manage to reach the snow and bring back some as evidence of our work, I regret very much; but to have proceeded onwards to the mountain under the conditions in which we were situated, I felt would be worse than useless, and though all of us were keen and ready to go on, I gave the order to return. I then read off the large aneroid, and found the hand stood at 19-90. I set the index-pin directly opposite to the hand, and we started down hill. At 3 P.M. on the 7th, I reached you, it having taken four and a half hours of marching from the "Twin Cones."

I have the honour to be, &c.,

(Signed) W. G. STAIRS, Lieut. R.E.



P.S.—The following are the generic names of the plants collected by me, as named by the Pasha:—

- |                  |                      |                  |
|------------------|----------------------|------------------|
| 1. Clematis.     | 14. Sonchus.         | 27. Asplenium.   |
| 2. Viola.        | 15. Erica arborea.   | 28. Aspidium.    |
| 3. Hibiscus.     | 16. Landolphia.      | 29. Polypodium.  |
| 4. Impatiens.    | 17. Heliotropium.    | 30. Lycopodium.  |
| 5. Tephrosia.    | 18. Lantana.         | 31. Selaginella. |
| 6. Elycina (?).  | 19. Mochosma.        | 32. Marchantia.  |
| 7. Rubus.        | 20. Lissochilus.     | 33. Parmelia.    |
| 8. Vaccinium.    | 21. Luzula.          | 34. Dracæna.     |
| 9. Begonia.      | 22. Carex.           | 35. Usnea.       |
| 10. Pencedanum.  | 23. Anthistiria.     | 36. Tree fern    |
| 11. Gnaphalium.  | 24. Adiantum.        | 37. One fern     |
| 12. Helichrysum. | 25. Pella.           | 38. One polypo-  |
| 13. Senecio.     | 26. Pteris aquilina. | dium             |

} unknown.

Could we have obtained a view over the Semliki Valley, it would have been of exceeding interest. But the thick sluggish mist soared over the whole in irregular streams or in one heavy mass, which gave it the aspect of an inverted sky. Sometimes for a brief period a faint image of endless woods loomed out, but the mist streamed upward through the foliage as though a multitude of great geysers emitted vapours of steam. In the immediate foreground it was not difficult to distinguish a few elevations and depressions, or round basin-like hollows filled with the light-green fronds of banana forests.

One of the Twin Cones was visible a few hundred yards from camp, and after a careful measurement with *alta-azimuth* it was found to be 12,070 feet.

After a halt of three days we struck camp, descended the precipitous walls of the gorge of the Rami-lulu, and, traversing the narrow level, shortly ascended the equally wall-like slope on the other side, discovering a fact which, but for the ascent and descent, we might not have thought of, namely, that the Rami-lulu had channelled this deep ditch through a terrace formed of soil washed off the slopes. It was a *débris*, consisting of earth, rock, boulders, and gravel, which had been brought down the gap and accompanied by landslips of so great a magnitude as to have choked up the course of the river and formed quite an extensive and elevated tract, but the Rami-lulu had eventually furrowed and grooved itself deeply through, and so the great bank of material lies cut in two, to the depth of 200 feet, sufficiently instructive.

At early dawn a Madi chief was speared by a bold native. About a mile from Mtarega the grassy strip to which we had clung came to an end, and the forest filled the breadth of the Semliki Valley, and absorbed the Ruwenzori slopes to a height of seven thousand feet above us, and whether we would or no, we had to enter the doleful shades again. But then the perfection of a tropical forest was around us. It even eclipsed the Ituri Valley in the variety of plants and general sappiness. There were clumps of palms, giant tree-ferns, wild bananas, and tall, stately trees all coated with thick green

moss from top to root, impenetrable thickets of broad-leaved plants, and beads of moisture everywhere, besides tiny rillets oozing out every few yards from under the matted tangle of vivid green. It was the best specimen of a tropical conservatory I had ever seen. It could not be excelled if art had lent its aid to improve nature. In every tree-fork and along the great horizontal branches grew the loveliest ferns and lichens; the elephant ear by the dozen, the orchids in close fellowship, and the bright green moss had formed soft circular cushions about them, and on almost every fibre there trembled a clear water-drop, and everything was bathed in a most humid atmosphere. The reason of all this was not far to seek; there were three hot-water springs, the temperature of which was 102°, and this tract of forest was also in the cosiest fold of the snow mountains, and whatever heat a hot sun furnished on this place was long retained.

We camped in a dry spot in this forest, and the next day, after marching a distance of six and a quarter miles, we emerged out of it into the superb clearing of Ulegga, and sought shelter in a straggling village within a bow-shot reach of the mountains. Banana groves clothed the slopes and ran up the ravines, and were ranged along the base line, and extended out in deep frondiose groves far into the Semliki Valley. There were bananas everywhere; and there was no lack of tobacco, or of Indian corn, beans, yams, and colocassia.

We entered into this district suspicious and suspecting; the death of the Madi chief had impressed us that we ought not to be too confident, and that vigilance was necessary day and night. At the first village the advance guard encountered men who unhesitatingly resented their intrusion, and began hostilities, and this had created an impression that an important effort would be made. Wherever we looked there were villages, and if courage aided numbers, the people were capable of an obstinate resistance. So we pressed bands of armed men up to the mountains, and the skirmishing was brisk, but at 4 p.m. Matyera, a Bari interpreter among the Pasha's followers, managed to get speech of a few natives, and succeeded in inducing the chief to consent to peace. He came in and said that he had come to throw himself at our feet to be slain or saved. The trumpeters sounded to cease firing, and within two minutes there was a dead silence.

This chief and his friends were the first representatives of Ukonju we had seen, and the devoted mission of the chief instantly won our sympathy and admiration. I was rather disappointed in their appearance, however, though needlessly upon reflection. There is no reason, save a fancy, why I should have expected those mountaineers familiar with the mountain altitudes to be lighter in complexion than the people in the hot Semliki and Ituri Valley forests; but the truth is, they are much darker than even the Zanzibaris. These dark-complexioned people of the true negroid type had found themselves unable to resist the invasions of the Indo-African Wachwezi and the



RWENZORI: FROM MTSORA





coppery-faced tribes of the forest, and had sought shelter on the hills and in the recesses of the Equatorial Alps, and round about them ebbed and flowed the paler tribes, and so the Wakonju were confined to their mountains.

During our march to Mtsora on the next day we crossed five streams, which, descending from the mountains, flowed to the Semliki. One of these was of considerable volume and called the Butahu River, the temperature of which was 57° Fahrenheit.

At Mtsora we received in a short time a good local knowledge from the Wakonju, who were now our friends. I learned the following items of interest:—

We were told that a few miles north of here was an arm of the upper lake which we had heard so much about, and which I discovered in January, 1876. They call it the Ingezi, which in Kinyoro means river, swamp, or small lake. The Ruweru, or lake, was two days' march south.

They also called it the Nyanza; and when I asked its name, they replied, Muta-Nzige, and some of them knew of three Muta-Nziges—the "Muta-Nzige" of Unyoro, the "Muta-Nzige" of Usongora, the "Muta-Nzige" of Uganda.

As for Nyanzas, the number became perplexing. There is the Nyanza of Unyoro, the Nyanza of Usongora, the Nyanza of Unyampaka, the Nyanza of Toro, the Nyanza Semliki, the Nyanza Unyavingi, the Nyanza of Karagwé, and the Nyanza of Uganda. So that a river of any importance feeding a lake becomes a Nyanza, a large bay becomes a Nyanza; a small lake, or a greater, is known as a Nyanza, or Ruweru.

The semi-Ethiopic peoples, known to us as the Wahuma, Waima, Wawitu, Wachwezi, were now called Waiyana, Wanyavingi, Wasongora, and Wanyankori.

Ruwenzori, called already Bugombowa, Avirika, and Viruka, by the forest tribes, became now known as the Ruwenzu-ru-ru, or Ruwenjura, according as a native might be able to articulate.

The Butahu River separates Ulegga from Uringa.

The Wara-Sura were gathered under Rukara, a general of Kabba-Rega, King of Unyoro. Some of these ferocious raiders were said to be stationed at the ferry of Waiyana, a few miles north of here. The Wakonju offered to assist us to drive them out of the land.

We were told that Rukara's headquarters were at Katwé, a town near the Salt Lakes, somewhere to the southward of us.

That on the western bank of the Semliki are the tribes Wakovi and Wasoki, and that there are also Watwa pigmies.

We were informed that Usongora and Toro had submitted to Kabba-Rega; but the inhabitants of the lake islands had refused to give their allegiance to him, and it was said Kakuri, the chief, had applied to the Wanyavingi and Wanyankori for assistance against the Wanyoro. We were promised the submission of all the Wakonju and Wasongora if we entered into treaty or agreement with them, and I accepted the offer.

The Wakonju people are round-headed, broad-faced, and of medium size. They affect very slender circlets manufactured of calamus fibre, which cover their ankles by hundreds. They also wear a large number on the upper arm. The chiefs are distinguished by heavy copper or brass wristlets. The women's neck decorations consist of heavy iron rings coiled spirally at the ends. On the slopes of the mountain, I am told, is found much fine crystal quartz.

At the entrance of almost every village in Ukonju may be seen a miniature tent, with a very small doorway, before which the natives place a banana or an egg. A tradition exists that Mikonju, the founder of the tribe, who first cleared the forest and planted bananas, initiated this custom to prevent theft. It is a tithe offered to the fetish or spirit to remind it that they wish their banana groves, or the eggs whence issue fowls, protected.

On the 12th of June I despatched Lieutenant Stairs, with sixty rifles and a number of Wakonju guides, to proceed to the Semliki, and satisfy all doubts about it; and on the next day he returned, having been favourably received by the natives, who tendered their submission, and accompanied our officer to the river, explaining to him every matter of interest. He found it forty-two yards wide, and ten feet deep, sunk between banks of fifty and sixty feet high, and with a current of three miles per hour. After tasting and looking at it, and questioning all the natives who could impart information, he concluded that:—I. Because of the unbroken appearance of the range westward, which has faced the Ruwenzori range ever since leaving the Albert; II. Because of the peculiar grey, muddy colour of the water; III. Because of the peculiar flavour, which is slightly saline, and "unsatisfying," like that of the Albert Lake; IV. Because of the unanimous statement of the natives that it flows a little west of north, then north, then north-easterly to the Lake of Unyoro, which is the Albert; V. Because of the positive assurance of one native traveller, who is acquainted with the river along its course, from its exit out of one lake to its entering into the other; the Semliki river leaves the upper lake, takes a winding course, with a strong inclination to the western range, when, after turning to the north-east, it gradually draws nearer the Ruwenzori range, flows through Awamba forest and Utuku into the Albert Nyanza.

From an anthill near Mtsora, I observed that from W.N.W., a mile away, commenced a plain extending southerly, which was a duplicate of that which had so deceived the Egyptians at the southern end of the Albert Nyanza. The level plain appeared as though it were the bed of a lake from which the waters had but recently receded. The Semliki, which had drained it dry, was now from 50 to 60 feet below the crest of its banks. The slopes, consisting of lacustrine deposits, grey loam, and sand, could offer no resistance to a three-mile current, and if it were not for certain reefs, formed by the bed-rock under the surface of the lacustrine deposit, it is not to be doubted that





G. MONTAUD

BUWENZORI: FROM KARIML. (*From a photograph*)



such a river would soon drain the upper lake. The forest ran across from side to side of the valley, a dark barrier, in very opposite contrast to the bleached grass which the nitrous old bed of the lake nourished.

We had a magnificent view of Ruwenzori just before sunset one evening during our halt in Mtsora. A large field of snow, and a number of snow-peaks appeared in view. During the whole day our eyes had rested on a long line of dark and solemn spurs, their summits buried in leaden mist; but soon after 5 p.m. the upper extremities of those spurs loomed up one after another, and a great line of mountain shoulders stood out; then peak after peak struggled from behind night-black clouds into sight, until at last the snowy range, immense and beautiful, a perfect picture of beautiful and majestic desolation, drew all eyes and riveted the attention of all upon the grand scene. The natives told us that the meaning of the word Ruwenzori means the Rain-Maker, or Cloud King.

On the 14th of June, escorted by a large following of Wakonju, we marched four and a half hours, and entered Muhamba, in Usongora. Soon after leaving Mtsora we had descended into the grassy plains, which had been within a calculable period of time a portion of the bed of the lake we were now approaching. About half way, we passed a respectable tributary of the Semliki, called the Rwimi, which separates Ukonju from Usongora. One of the streams we crossed soon after issued from a hot-spring.

The next day, an hour's march from Muhamba, we left the plain and commenced the ascent of the mountains, where the range declining towards the south forms a lengthened hilly promontory, and divides Usongora into western and eastern divisions. The plain lying on either side of the promontory must have been not very long ago covered by the lake. After an ascent of about 1500 feet, a world of hills rose before us, and a view worthy of memory would have been obtained but for the eternal mist covering the grander ranges. Still that which we saw was a fascinating sight, and one that in time to come will be often painted and described. It reminded me greatly of the lower Alps, as viewed from Berne, though these successive ranges of African Alps are much higher; but the white-headed mountain kings rose far above these even, and at this time were hidden in the murky clouds. Having crossed the promontory, we descended 300 feet, and, on getting to the opposite side of a profound and narrow valley, camped at Karimi.

At 5.15 p.m. the mists and fogs were blown away from the loftiest crowns of Ruwenzori, and for once we enjoyed a clear view of the entire range. The photographic apparatus was up in a short time, to perpetuate one of the rarest sights in the world and one of the grandest views that Africa can furnish.

On the 16th June, after a long march of four and three-quarter hours, we arrived at the zeriba of Rusessé. We descended from Karimi about 700 feet to the plain of Eastern Usongora, and an hour later we came to Raverahi



River, 40 feet wide, and a foot deep; an ice-cold stream, clear as crystal and fresh from the snows. Ruwenzori was all the morning in sight, a bright vision of mountain beauty and glory. As we approached Rusessé a Msongora herdsman, in the employ of Rukara, the General of the Wara-Sura, came across the plain, and informed us that he could direct us to one of Rukara's herds. We availed ourselves of his kind offices, which he was performing as a patriot son of the soil tyrannised over and devastated by Rukara; and fifty rifles were sent with him, and in fifteen minutes we were in possession of a fine herd of twenty-five fat cattle, which we drove without incident with our own hundred head to the zeriba of Rusessé. From a bank of cattle-dung, so high as to be like a great earthwork round about the village, we gained our first view of the Albert Edward Nyanza, which was but three miles off.]

## CHAPTER XXVII

## RUWENZORI AND LAKE ALBERT EDWARD

Importance of maps in books of travels—The dry bed of a lake discovered near Karimi—The basin of the twin lakes—Zeribas of euphorbia—The raid of the Waganda—The last view of Ruwenzori—The town of Katwé—The Albert Edward Nyanza—The Salt Lake at Katwé—The great repute of the Katwé salt—The Lakists of the Albert Edward—Exploration of the large Katwé lake—A black leopard—The native huts at Mukungu—We round Beatrice Gulf—Ambuscade by some of the Wara Sura near the Rukoki: we put them to flight—Captain Nelson and men follow up the rearguard of Rukara—Our Wakonju and Wasongora friends leave us—Sickness amongst us through bad water—Illness and death among the Egyptians and blacks—Our last engagement with the Wara Sura at Kavandaré pass—The Pasha's muster roll—Our first and last view of the Lake—What we might have seen if the day had been clearer.

Carries are in the habit of omitting almost all mention of maps when attached to books of travel. This is not quite fair. Mine have cost me more labour than the note-taking, literary work, sketching, and photographing combined. In the aggregate, the winding of the three chronometers daily for nearly three years, the 300 sets of observations, the calculation of all these observations, the mapping of the positions, tracing of rivers, and shading of mountain ranges, the number of compass-bearings taken, the boiling of the thermometers, the records of the varying of the aneroids, the computing of heights, and the notes of temperature, all of which are necessary for a good map, have cost me no less than 780 hours of honest work, which, say at six hours per day, would make 130 working days. If there were no maps accompanying books of this kind, it would scarcely be possible to comprehend what was described, and the narrative would become intolerably dry. I relegate the dryness to the maps,\* by which I am relieved from tedious description, at the same time that they minister to my desire of being clear, and are beautiful, necessary, and interesting features of the book; and I am firmly convinced that with a glance at the profile map of Ruwenzori, the Semliki Valley, and Lakes Albert Edward and Albert, the reader will know more of the grand physical features of this region than he knew of the surroundings of Lake Michigan.

As we descend from Karimi to the basin of the Albert Edward, the first

\* This edition contains one map only, giving the complete journey from sea to sea.

thing that we become conscious of is that we are treading the dry bed of a lake. Five feet of rise to the lake would increase its extent five miles to the north and five miles to the south. Fifty feet of rise would restore the lake to its old time-honoured condition, when its waves rolled over the pebbled beach under the shadows of the forest near Mtsora. We find that we really needed to pay this visit to the shores of the Albert Edward to thoroughly understand the physical changes which have, within the last few hundred years, diminished the former spacious lake to its present circumscribed limits. We cannot fix a hard and fast date to the period when Lake Albert extended to the Forest of Awamba from the north, and Lake Albert Edward extended from the south to the southern edge of the forest. But it does not need a clever mathematician to calculate the number of years which have elapsed since the Semliki channeled its bed deep enough to drain the plain near its source. It is easily computable. The nitrous, saline, and acrid properties deposited on the soil of the plain by the receding lake have not been thoroughly scoured out yet. The grass is nutritious enough for the hardy cattle; the dark euphorbia, the acacia, and thorn-bush find along the edges of the plain a little thin humus of decayed grass; but the soil is so acid that the tropic forest of Awamba cannot advance its borders. The case is the same on the southern plain of the Albert. We find there a stretch of plain twenty miles long devoted to poor grass, which is fatal to cattle; then we find eight miles covered with a thin forest of parachute acacias, with here and there an euphorbia, and then we reach the old, old forest.

There was a time when Ruwenzori did not exist. It was then grassy upland, extending from Unyoro to the Balegga plateau. When the upheaval came, Ruwenzori was raised to the clouds, and a yawning abyss 250 miles long and thirty miles broad was formed. The tropic rains fell for ages; they filled the abyss to overflowing with water, and in time it found an outlet through what is known under the modern name of Equatoria. The outflowing water washed the earth away along its course, down to the bed-rock, and for countless ages, through every second of time, it has been scouring it away, atom by atom, to form Lower Egypt and fill the Mediterranean, and in the meantime the bottom of the abyss has been silting up with the sediment and débris of Ruwenzori, with the remains of unaccountable generations of fish, with unnumbered centuries of dead vegetation, until, with the wearing away of the dykes of rock and reefs in the course of the White Nile, two lakes were formed. Other dykes of rock appeared between the lakes, first as clusters of islets, then covered with grass; finally, they caught the soil brought down by glaciers, moraines connected rock to rock, and formed a valley marvellous in its growth of tropic forest, and at each end of this forest there are plains undergoing the slow process of improvement, and all along the lake borders we see yet an intermediate stage in the daily increasing mud, and animal and vegetable life add to the height



of it, and presently it will be firm dry ground. Now dip a punting-pole into the shallows at the south end of Lake Albert, and the pole drops into five feet of ooze. It is the sediment borne down from the slopes of Ruwenzori and deposited by the Semliki in the waters of the lake. If we sound the depths of Lake Albert Edward, the pole drops through four or five feet of grey mud, to which are attached thousands of minute mica flakes, fish scales and pulverised bones of fish, which emit an overpowering stench. And atom by atom the bed-rock between the forest of Awamba and the Lake Albert Edward is being scoured away, until, by-and-by, the lake will be quite emptied and will become dry land, and through the centre of it will meander the Semliki, having gathered the tributaries from Ruwenzori, the Ankori, and Ruanda uplands to itself; and in the course of time, when the nitrous and acrid properties have been well scoured off the plain, and the humus has thickened, the forest of Awamba will advance by degrees, and its trees will exude oil and gum, and bear goodly fruit for the uses of man. That is, in brief, what we learn by observation from the Semliki Valley and the basin of the twin lakes, and what will be confirmed during our journey over the tracts of lake-bed between Rusessé and Unyampaka.

Between Rusessé and Katwé is an extensive plain, dipping down in a succession of low terraces to the Nyama-gazani River, and covered with pasture grass. This terraced plain is remarkable for its round clumps of *euphorbia*. These trees were planted by generations of Wasongora to form zeribas to protect their herds from beasts of prey and for defence against the archers and spearmen of predatory tribes. Many of these euphorbia trees that stood in circles round the clustered huts of the herdsmen were venerable patriarchs, quite five centuries old. Hence we assume that the Wasongora have been established in this region for a long time. I was told they were a powerful nation until the Waganda and Wanyoro, furnished with guns and rifles by Arabs, came sweeping through the land on their periodic raids. Readers of 'Through the Dark Continent' will remember the story of the Katekero's raid, that must have occurred about eighteen years ago, and of the reported marvels said to have been met by the host, as they travelled through a great plain where there were geysers spouting mud, hot springs, intolerable thirst, immense loss of life, ruthless conflicts between the native tribe and the Waganda, and bad water that killed hundreds. We are now on the land which witnessed the raid of these Waganda, and which was then despoiled of its splendid herds of cattle. Since that time Kabba-Rega, with the aid of his musket-armed Wara Sura, has occupied the land, and has possessed himself of every cow. Captain Casati has informed me that he once witnessed the return of the raiders from Usongora, and saw the many thousands of cattle which they had taken.

The wide expanses of flats, white with efflorescing natron, teeming with hot springs and muddy geysers, turned out to be pure exaggerations of an

imaginative boy, and nothing of all the horrors expected have we seen except perhaps a dreary monotony of level and uniformity of surface features, grass fallen into the sere through drought, and clumps of rigid euphorbia, so characteristic of poor soil. The silence of the plain is due to the wholesale expatriation of the tribe; the thirst, because the Lake tributaries lie far apart; the sickness, from the habit of people drinking the stagnant liquid found in the pits.

The grass of the plain grieved us sorely while travelling through it. The stalks grew to the height of three feet, and its spikelets pierced through the thickest clothing, and clung to every garment as we passed by, and became very irritating and troublesome.

The two best views of Ruwenzori were obtained from Karimi, up a long, narrow valley, and from the plain near the Nyama-gazani River. The last was the farewell view. The great mountain suddenly cast off its cloudy garments to gratify us once more. In rank above rank the mountainous ridges rose until Ruwenzori was revealed from end to end. From the south it looks like a range of about thirty miles in length, with as many blunt-topped peaks, separated from each other by deep hollows. Up to this time we had estimated the height to be about 17,000 feet, but the revelation of the southern face, shrouded with far-descending fields of deep and pure snow, exalted it 1500 feet higher in the general opinion. I seized this opportunity to photograph the scene, that other eyes might view the most characteristic image of Ruwenzori.

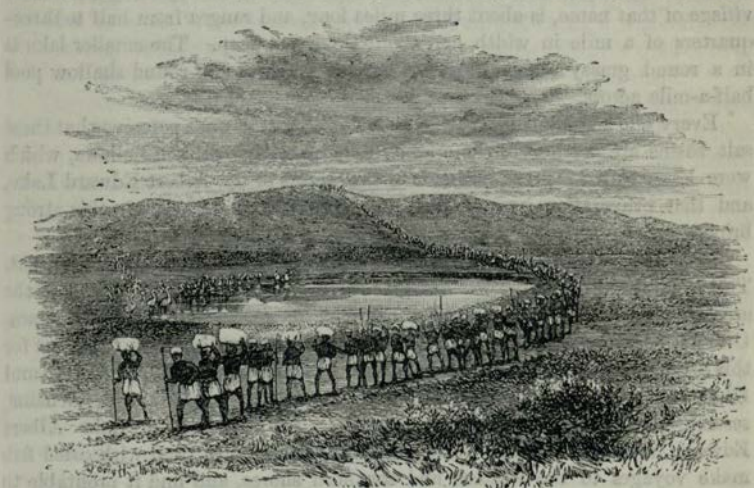
A few miles beyond the Nyama-gazani River, which is forty feet wide and a foot deep, clear as crystal and beautifully cool, we entered the town of Katwé, the headquarters of Rukara, the commanding chief of the Wara Sura. He and his troops had left the town the night before, evidently in such haste that he was unable to transport the grain away.

The town of Katwé must have contained a population of about 2000. As the surrounding country was only adapted for the rearing of cattle, the population was supported by the sale of the salt of the two salt lakes near it. It was quite a congeries of zeribas of euphorbia, connected one with another by mazy lanes of cane hedges and milk weed inclosures.

The town is situated on a narrow grassy ridge between one of the salt lakes and a spacious bay of the Albert Edward Nyanza. In length the ridge is about two miles, and in breadth half a mile from the shore of one lake to the other.

By boiling point the Albert Edward Nyanza is 3307 feet, the crest of the grassy ridge of Katwé is 3461 feet, and the Salt Lake is 3265 feet above the sea. So that the summit of the ridge was 154 feet above the Salt Lake and 112 feet higher than the Albert Edward Lake, and the difference of level between the two lakes was 42 feet. The town is situated in  $0^{\circ} 8' 15''$  south of the Equator.

After seeing to the distribution of corn, I proceeded across the ridge, and descending a stiff slope after 154 feet of descent, came to the dark sandy shore of the Salt Lake of Katwé, at a place where there were piles of salt-cakes lying about. The temperature of the water was  $78.4^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit; a narrow thread of sulphurous water indicated  $84^{\circ}$ . Its flavour was that of very strong brine. Where the sand had been scooped out into hollow beds, and the water of the lake had been permitted to flow in, evaporation had left a bed of crystal salt of rocky hardness, compacted and cemented together like coarse quartz. The appearance of these beds at a distance was like frozen pools. When not disturbed by the salt gatherers, the shore is ringed around with *Ukindu* palms, scrubby bush, reedy cane, euphorbia, aloetic



THE LITTLE SALT LAKE AT KATWÉ

plants; and at Mkiyo, a small village inhabited by salt-workers, there is a small grove of bananas, and a few fields of Indian corn and *Eleusine coracana*. Thus, though the lake has a singularly dead and lonely appearance, the narrow belt of verdure below the cliffy walls which encompass it is a relief. Immediately behind this greenness of plants and bush, the precipitous slopes rise in a series of horizontal beds of grey compacted deposit, whitened at various places by thin incrustations of salt. There are also chalky-looking patches here and there, one of which, on being examined, proved to be of stalagmite. In one of these I found a large tusk of ivory, bones of small animals, teeth, and shells of about the size of cockles. There were several of these stalagmite beds around the lake.

One remarkable peculiarity of the lake was the blood tints of its water, or



of some deposit in it. On looking into the water I saw that this deposit floated, like congealed blood, on and below the surface. A man at my request stepped in—the water was only up to his knees—and brought up a solid cake of coarse-grained crystallised salt, and underneath it was a blood-red tinge. This reddish viscous stuff gives the lake, when looked at from the crest of Katwé ridge, a purple appearance, as though a crimson dye had been mixed with it.

Hundreds of dead butterflies of various colours strewed the beach. There was not a fish seen in its waters, though its border seems to be a favourite haunt for herons, storks, pelican, egrets.

The larger Salt Lake of Katwé, sometimes called Lake of Mkiyo, from the village of that name, is about three miles long, and ranges from half to three-quarters of a mile in width, and about three feet deep. The smaller lake is in a round grassy basin about two miles east, and is a round shallow pool half-a-mile across.

Every one acquainted with the above facts will at once perceive that these salt basins are portions of the original lake occupying sunken hollows, which were left isolated by the recession of the waters of the Albert Edward Lake, and that evaporation has reduced the former sweet waters into this strong brine.

Salt is a valuable article, eagerly sought after by the tribes round about. The reputation of this deposit had reached Kavalli, where I first heard of the greater Salt Lake as "Katto." Flotillas of canoes come from Makara, Ukonju, Unyampaka, Ankori and Ruanda, loaded with grain, to barter for this article. Caravans arrive from eastern Ukonju, north Usongora, Toro and Uhaiyana, to trade millet, bark cloth, beans, peas, tullabun or cleusine, sesame, iron tools, weapons, &c., for it. The islanders of Lake Albert Edward freight their little vessels with the commodity, and with dried fish make voyages to the western and southern shores, and find it profitable to carry on this exchange of produce. The possession of Katwé town, which commands the lakes, is a cause of great jealousy. The Wasongora owned it formerly, then Antari of Ankori. Kakuri, the island chief, became heir to it, when finally Kabba-Rega heard of the rich deposits, and despatched Rukara to occupy the town.

Our march into Ukonju had instantly caused the Wara Sura to evacuate the plain of Makara, and our approach to Katwé had caused a speedy flight of Rukara and his army of musketeers and spearmen. Wakonju, to the number of 150 men in our camp, and Wasongora were joining, and supplying us with information gratuitously.

In the afternoon of the first day's arrival at Katwé we saw a flotilla of canoes approaching from an island distant about three miles from the shore. The crews were cautious enough to keep just within hail. We were told that they had been sent by Kakuri to ascertain what strangers were those who had

frightened Rukara and his Wara Sura from the land, for they had done good service to Kakuri and "all the world" by their acts. We replied in a suitable manner, but they professed to disbelieve us. They finally said that if we "burned the town of Katwé they would accept it as a proof that we were not Wara Sura." Accordingly, the villages near the shore were fired, and the crews cheered the act loudly.

The speaker said, "I believe you to be of the Wanyavangi now. Sleep in peace, and to-morrow Kakuri shall come with gifts to give you welcome."

Then Bevwa, chief of our Wakonju, stood on a canoe which was in the lake, and asked, "Ah, you children of Kakuri, the great chief of the sea, do you remember Kwaru-Kwanzi, who lent Kakuri's sons the spears to defend the land from the Wara Sura robbers? Lo! Kwaru-Kwanzi, a true son of the Wanyavangi, is here again. Rejoice, my friends, Rukara and his thieves have fled, and all the land will rise as one man to follow in pursuit of them."

The crews clapped hands, applauding, and half-a-dozen little drums were beaten. Then the principal speaker of the islanders said, "Kakuri is a man who has not had a tooth drawn yet, and he is not going to have one drawn by any Mrasura alive. We have caught a dozen Wara Sura as they were flying from Makara because of these strangers. Kakuri will see that they die before the sun sets, and to-morrow he will see the chief of the strangers face to face."

When they had paddled away, Bevwa was questioned as to these Wanyavangi. What were they? Were they a tribe?

Then Bevwa looked hard at me and said—

"Why do you ask? Do you not know that we believe you to be of the Wanyavangi? Who but the Wanyavangi and Wachwezi are of your colour?"

"What, are they white people like us?"

"They have no clothes like you, nor do they wear anything on their feet like you, but they are tall big men, with long noses and a pale colour, who came, as I heard from our old men, from somewhere beyond Ruwenzori, and you came from that direction; therefore you must be of the Wanyavangi."

"But where do they live?"

"Ruanda, and Ruanda is a great country, stretching round from east of south to S.S.W. Their spears are innumerable, and their bows stand higher than I. The king of Usongora, Nyika, was an Myavangi. There are some men in these parts whom Kabba-Rega cannot conquer, and those are in Ruanda; even the King of Uganda will not venture there."

When Kakuri appeared next morning he brought us gifts, several fish, goats, bananas and beans. Some Wasongora chiefs with him agreed to accompany us, in the hope that we should fall in with some of Kabba-Rega's bands, as we journeyed towards Toro and Uhaiyana. The island chief was physically a fine man, but not differing in complexion from the dark Wakonju ;

while the Wasongora were as like in features to the finest of the Somali types and Wa-galla as though they were of the same race.

Kakuri was requested to bring his canoes in the afternoon, and freight them with salt to deposit on his island, as I would have to continue my journey eastward in a day or two. Therefore all the afternoon about 100 islanders were busy transporting salt to Kakuri Island, and the Wakonju who followed us did a good business by assisting them. They walked into the lake to a distance of 100 yards, the depth being up to their knees, and stooping down, conveyed great cakes of the crystallized salt to the shore, and across the ridge to the canoes in the Albert Edward Lake.

Having found a cumbrous and heavy canoe, but somewhat large, on the 19th it was manned with twelve men, and I set out to explore. At about 11 A.M. I had got a distance of eight miles, and halted in front of Kaiyura's settlement, which consisted of eighty-one large huts, and was rich in goats and sheep. The craft in which we were voyaging was too clumsy and lopsided to venture far out into the lake, for with the slightest breeze the water leaped in, but I was quite a mile from the shore during most of the trip, and the lead was cast every few minutes, but the deepest water I obtained was fifteen feet, while it sank over three feet in a soft ooze. About 400 yards from the shore a long sounding pole was used, and each time it dropped four feet into the ooze, which emitted a stench like that of a sewer when it came out.

In the early part of the day the face of the Lake was smooth as a mirror, of a grey-green colour. The shore was remarkable for the great number of butterflies, and many floated dead on the surface of the water.

There were two islands standing in the middle of Katwé Bay, and rising about 100 feet above the water. One of them was distinguished for a chalky-coloured cliff. They contained large settlements, and were evidently well populated.

On returning to Katwé I saw a great black leopard about 250 yards off, just retreating from the Lake side, where he had been slaking his thirst. He disappeared before we could paddle the unwieldy craft nearer the shore.

The only advantage I derived from my day's exploration was the complete survey of the bay, and obtaining a view beyond the headland of Kaiyura into the formless void. The haze was as thick as a fog, and nothing could be distinguished further than three miles.

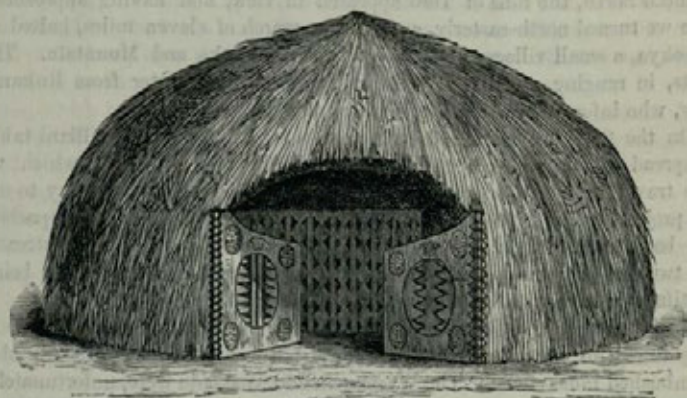
On the 20th of June we marched out from Katwé, and escorted by a large number of Wasongora chiefs and herdsmen, and our Wakonju friends, filed to the eastward, along a path that skirted the great Salt Lake, and dipped down into the grassy round basin of the lesser briny lake. Surmounting the ridge eastward of the basin, we descended into a great plain, which evidently had but recently been covered with the waters of the Albert Edward. We passed by several narrow tongues of swamp, until, after a



march of eighteen and a half miles, we arrived at Makungu, in Toro. Kassessé, the name of its chief, was made familiar to me in January, 1876.

Opposite the half-dozen zeribas of Mukungu was the long low island called Irangara. A narrow arm of the Lake, almost covered with pistia plants, about 150 yards across, wound around it, and between the islands of Katero, Kateribba, and four or five others to the east of Irangara. Far across through the mist loomed the highlands of Uhaiyana, and to the south we had the faintest image of Kitagwenda, Chief Ruigi, and I knew then that we stood west of the arm of the lake we had called Beatrice Gulf in 1876.

The cattle of the people of Mukungu had been driven across into the island of Irangara, and everything of value had been carried away, and a monstrous herd had but lately left for Buruli, evidently urged to fast travel



SECTION OF A HOUSE NEAR LAKE ALBERT NYANZA

by the retreating Rukara and his army. The huts of the chiefs showed that the people of Mukungu were advanced in the arts of ornamental architecture. A house which the Pasha occupied was one of the most ornate I had seen. The hut was twenty feet in height and about twenty-five feet in diameter, with a doorway brilliant in colouring, like a rude imitation of the stucco work of primitive Egyptians. The doorway was ample—six feet high and six feet wide, with a neat arched approach. Plastered partitions, in which were sunk triangles and diamond figures, lines of triangles surmounting lines of diamonds, the whole pointed in red and black, divided the interiors into segments of circles. One division before the wide doorway was intended as a hall of audience—behind the gaily-decorated partition was the family bed-chamber; to the right were segments of the circle devoted to the children.

Every zeriba, besides being protected by an impenetrable hedge of thorn-

bush, had within a circular dyke of cow-dung, rising five feet high. These great circular heaps of refuse and dung were frequently met in Usongora, and will remain for a century to indicate the site of the settlements, when village and generation after generation have disappeared.

The river-like arms of the Lake, now narrowing and broadening, swarmed with egrets, ducks, geese, ibis, heron, storks, pelicans, snipes, kingfishers, divers, and other water-birds.

The next day we followed the track of Rukara and his army and droves, and made a westerly and then northerly course to round the prolonged arm of the Lake called Beatrice Gulf. A few years ago it must have spread to a great distance. The plain was perfectly flat, and long-reaching, shallow tongues of water projected far inland, which we had to cross. As we advanced north, the hills of Toro appeared in view, and having approached them we turned north-easterly, and after a march of eleven miles, halted at Mubokya, a small village, equidistant from the Lake and Mountain. The scouts, in ranging around the outskirts, captured a deserter from Rukara's army, who informed us that the Wara Sura were at Buruli.

On the 22nd we continued our march. A plain, level as a billiard table, lay spread to our right, about forty feet below a terrace, over which we were travelling, and the south-eastern flank of Ruwenzori range lay to our left, projected into capes, terminated mostly by conical hills, with spacious land bays, reaching far inland, between. We crossed three little streams and two considerable rivers, the Unyamwambi and Rukoki, the first being plentifully strewn with large smooth cobblestones.

Arriving near the Rukoki, whose banks were buried under thickets of reedy cane, the vanguard suddenly received a volley from a large number of ambushed musketeers. The Wasongora and Wakonju were, unfortunately, in the van, leading the way, and these fell into a heap in the river, their sharp spears, as they frantically struggled in their fright, more dangerous to us than the concealed enemy. However, the loads were dropped, and in a few minutes we had two full companies charging through the brake with admirable unconcern, just in time to see the rear-guard of the Wara Sura breaking out of their coverts. Some lively firing followed, but wars with natives require cavalry, for every person seems to be on the perpetual run, either advancing or in retreat. Some of the Wara Sura fled south, some ran up the mountains to avoid the pellets of our rifles. After seeing them all in full flight, the companies returned, and we lifted our loads and resumed our march to Buruli, whose extensive groves of banana plantations soon appeared in view, and promised a rare supply of food.

Just before reaching the ambushade we had passed a slaughtered goat, that had been placed across the path, with a score or so of yellow tomato-like fruit set in some order near the bleeding throat. We all knew what this superstitious exhibition implied. The natives, however, confident in our

strength, had not hesitated to advance; nevertheless the ambushade was a great shock to them.

In the afternoon the Wara Sura were pursued by scouts, and ascertained to be joining their scattered parties, and proceeding on an E.N.E. course across the plain. The scouts, unable to contain themselves, sent a few bullets after them, lending an impulsion to their flight. The baggage was thrown away; the sticks were seen being applied to their prisoners, until several, frantic with fear and pain, threw their loads away, and deserted to the arms of the scouts. Many articles were picked up of great use that were discarded by the fugitives, and among the prisoners was an Mhuma woman, of very pleasing appearance, who gave us much information respecting Rukara and his vast herds of cattle.

Early next morning Captain Nelson was despatched with one hundred rifles and fifty Wakonju and Wasongora spearmen to follow up the rear-guard of Rukara, and if possible overtake the enemy. He followed them for twelve miles, and perceiving no signs of them, returned again to us at Buruli, which he reached well after sunset, after a most brilliant march.

I was told of two hot springs being some miles off, one being near a place called Iwanda, N. by E. from Buruli, the other, "hot enough to cook bananas," N. E. near Luajimba.

We halted two days at Buruli, as we had performed some splendid marching on the plains. The paths were good, broad, clear of thorns, stones, roots, red ants, and all obstructions. Before leaving this prosperous settlement, our Wakonju and Wasongora friends begged permission to retire. Each chief and elder received our gifts, and departed to our regret. Bevwa and his Wakonju were now eighty-five miles distant from their homes, and their good nature had quite won our hearts.

A march of twelve miles took us on the 25th across a very flat plain, level as a bowling-green, intersected by five streams, and broad tongues of swamp, until about half-way it heaved up in gentle undulations, alternated by breadths of grassy plain. Thick forests of acacia crested these land swells, and on the edges of the subsident flats grew three species of euphorbia, stout fan palms, a few borassus, and *Ukindu* palms. A little after noon we camped in a forest an hour's march from the Nsongi River.

The neighbourhood had evidently been often used as camping ground by Wara Sura bands and Toro caravans bound for the Salt Lakes, and as water was far, the tired cooks used the water from some pits that had been excavated by thirsty native travellers. This water created terrible sickness among us.

The next day we crossed the Nsongi, a river fifty feet wide and thirty inches deep, and immediately after we began to ascend to the lofty uplands of Uhaiyana, which form, with Eastern Toro, Kitagwenda, and Ankori, the eastern wall of the basin of the Lake Albert Edward. We encamped near



noon on a broad plainlike terrace at Kawandaré in Uhaiyana, 3990 feet above the sea, and about 680 feet above the Lake.

The Wara Sura were on the alert, and commenced firing from the hill-tops, but as the advance rushed to the attack they decamped, leaving one stout prisoner in our hands, who was captured in the act of throwing a spear by one of the scouts who had crept behind him.

On first reaching the terrace we had passed through Kakonya and its prosperous fields of white millet, sesamum, beans, and sweet potatoes. Karamulli, a most important settlement, lies E. by N. an hour's journey from Kakonya.

Soon after arriving in camp Yusuf Effendi, an Egyptian officer, died from an indurated liver. This, I believe, was the sixth death among the Egyptians. They had led such a fearful life of debauchery and licence in their province that few of them had any stamina remaining, and they broke down under what was only a moderate exercise to the Zanzibaris.

The effects of the water taken out of the pits the day before commenced to be manifest in twenty-four hours. Over thirty cases of ague had been developed among the Zanzibaris, two of the European officers were prostrated, and I myself felt approaching symptoms. The Pasha's followers and Manyuema were reeling with sickness, and it was reported that several men were missing from having hidden themselves in the bush to avoid being driven on by the rear-guard.

Lieutenant Stairs was therefore sent back with his company on the 27th to endeavour to recover some of the lost people. He found some on the road, attempting to overtake the column. He came across a woman belonging to one of the Pasha's followers speared through the body, and arrived in time to save a Manyuema from sharing the same fate. He brought to camp about twenty who had out of sheer wretchedness thrown themselves into the grass and lain still until the rear-guard had passed.

Altogether the sick cases had increased to 200. Egyptians, blacks of Zanzibar, Soudan, and Manyuema were moaning and sorrowing over their sufferings. The Pasha, Dr. Parke, and Mr. Jephson were also prostrate with fever.

On the 28th we made a short march past the range of Kawandaré. The advance and main body of the column filed through the pass unmolested, but the rear-guard was fiercely attacked, though the enemy turned to flight when the repeating rifles began to respond in earnest, and this proved our last engagement with the Wara Sura.

We reached Chamirikwa the next day, having meantime descended to the level terrace bordering the Albert Edward Lake, and on July 1st arrived at Kasunga-Nyanza in Eastern Unyampaka, a place known to us in January, 1876, when I sent a body of Waganda to search for canoes for the purpose of crossing the Lake then discovered. Bulemo-Ruigi, the king, having heard

our praises from the islanders of Kakuri, despatched messengers to place his country at our disposal, with free privileges of eating whatever gardens, fields, or plantations produced, only asking that we would be good enough not to cut down banana stalks, to which moderate request we willingly consented.

The Pasha on this day sent me his muster-roll for the beginning of the month, which was as follows:—

44 officers, heads of families, and clerks.
90 married women and concubines.
107 children.
223 guards, soldiers, orderlies, and servants.
91 followers.
<hr/>
555
<hr/>

On the 3rd of July we entered Katari settlement, on the borders of the Lake. At the camp of the 28th of June symptoms of fever developed, and numbered me among those smitten down with the sickness, which raged like a pest through all ranks, regardless of age, colour, or sex, and I remained till the 2nd of July as prostrated with it as any person. Having laid every one low, it then attacked Captain Nelson, who now was the hardiest amongst us. It took its course of shivering, nausea, and high fever, irrespective of medicine, and after three or four days of grievous suffering, left us dazed and bewildered. But though nearly every person had suffered, not one fatal case had occurred.

From the camp of the 28th, above which was visible Mt. Edwin Arnold, we skirted the base of the upland, and two days later entered the country of Kitagwenda. By Unyampaka E. is intended the Lake shore of Kitagwenda. The entire distance then to Katari in Ankori is an almost unbroken line of banana plantations skirting the shore of the Lake, and fields of Indian corn, sugar-cane, eleusine, and holcus, which are the properties of the owners of the half-dozen salt markets dotting the coast. The mountainous upland looms parallel with the Lake with many a bold headland at the distance, varying from three to six miles.

We have thus travelled along the north, the north-west, and eastern coasts of Lake Albert Edward. We have had abundant opportunities of hearing about the south and western sides, but we have illustrated our information on the carefully-prepared map accompanying this volume. The south side of the Lake, much of which we have viewed from commanding heights such as Kiteté, is of the same character as the flat plains of Usongora, and extends between twenty and thirty miles to the base of the uplands of Mpororo and Usongora. Kakuri's canoe-men have been frequent voyagers to the various ports belonging to Ruanda and to the western countries, and all around the Lake, and they inform me that the shores are very flat, more extensive to the

south than even to the north, and more to the west than to the east. No rivers of any great importance feed the Albert Edward Lake, though there are several which are from twenty to fifty feet wide and two feet deep. The largest is said to be the Mpanga and the Nsongi. This being so, the most important river from the south cannot have a winding course of more than sixty miles, so that the farthest reach of the Albertine sources of the Nile scarcely extends beyond  $1^{\circ} 10'$  south latitude.

Our first view, as well as the last, of Lake Albert Edward, was utterly unlike any view we ever had before of land or water in a new region. We looked through fluffy and wavy strata of vapours, through which the Lake appeared like dusty quicksilver, bounded by vague shadowy outlines of a tawny-faced land. It was most unsatisfying in every way. We could neither define distance, form, nor figure, estimate height of land-crests above the water, nor depth of lake; we could ascribe no just limit to the extent of the expanse, nor venture to say whether it was an inland ocean or a shallow pond. The fog-like haze hung over it like a grey pall. We sighed for rain to clear the atmosphere, and the rain fell; but the fog became as dark as that which distracts London on a November day.

The natural colour of the lake is of a light sea-green colour, but at a short distance from the shore it is converted by the unfriendly mist into that of pallid grey. There is neither sunshine nor sparkle, but a dead opacity, struggling through a measureless depth of mist. If we attempted to peer under or through it, to get a peep at the mysterious water, we were struck with the suggestion of chaos at the sight of the pallid surface. It realised perfectly the description of the earth being without form and void, and darkness being upon the face of the deep. This idea was strengthened when we looked up to examine the composition of the vaporous mist. Above our heads we saw clouds of fantastic and formless phantasms, eerie figures, flakes, films, or worm-like threads swimming and floating and drifting in such numberless multitudes that one fancied he could catch a handful. In the delirium of fevers I have seen such shapes, like wriggling animalculæ, shifting their forms with the rapidity of thought, and swiftly evolving into strange amorphous figures before the dazed senses. Speaking plainly, the atmosphere seemed crowded with organisms, the most frequent shapes bearing a rough resemblance to squirming tadpoles. While looking at the dim image of an island about three miles from the shore, it was observed that the image deepened, or got more befogged, as a thinner or thicker horizontal stratum of these atmospheric shapes subsided downward or floated upward; and following this with a fixed sight I could see a vibration of it as clearly as of a stream of sunbeams. From the crest of a ridge, the crown of a tall hill, or the sad grey beach, I tried to ascertain whether what I saw, or thought I saw, three miles away was tawny land, or grey water, or ashen sky, but all in vain. I needed but to hear the distant strains of a dirge to cause me to imagine that one of



Kakuri's canoes out yonder on the windless lake was a funereal barge, slowly gliding with its freight of dead explorers to the gloomy bourne from whence never an explorer returned.

And oh! what might have been seen could we have had but one clear day! We might then have set some picture before the world from these never-known lands as never painter painted. We might have been able to show the lake, with its tender blue colour, here broadening nobly, there enfolding with its sparkling white arms clusters of tropic isles, or projecting long silvery tongues of blazing water among spacious meadowy flats, curving everywhere in rounded bays or extending along flowing shore-lines, under the shadows of impending plateau walls, and flotillas of canoes gliding over its bright bosom to give it life, and broad bands of tropic verdure to give beauty to its borders. And round about the compass we could have shown the irregularly circular line of lofty uplands, mountainous promontories, penetrating far into the basin, or deep folds half enclosing fair valleys, silver threads of streams shooting in arrowy flights down the cliffy steeps; broad belts of vivid green grass, of deep green forest, alternating with frowning grey or white precipices, and far northward the horizon bounded by the Alps of Ruwenzori, a league in height above the lake, entrancingly picturesque in their congregation of peaks and ranged gloriously against a crystalline sky.

But alas! alas! In vain we turned our yearning eyes and longing looks in every direction. The Mountains of the Moon lay slumbering in their cloudy tents, and the lake which gives birth to the Albertine Nile remained brooding under the impenetrable and loveless mist.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

## THROUGH ANKORI TO THE ALEXANDRA NILE

The several routes to the sea discussed—We decide on the Ankori route—Welcome from King Antari—Two Waganda Christians appear in camp—Astounding events in Uganda—Mwanga, King of Uganda—The fever epidemic—The Rwizi River crossed—Present from the king's mother—Scandalous practices of some of my men—Our journey down Namianja Valley—I go through the rite of blood-brotherhood with Prince Uchunku—The Maxim gun—A second deputation from the Waganda Christians—My answer to the Christians—We come in sight of the Alexandra Valley—The Alexandra Nile.

ON the evening of July 3rd the officers of the Expedition were summoned to assist me in the decision as to which of the following routes we should adopt for our seaward march:—

"I. As to the route *viâ* Uganda along my old road to the mouth of the Katonga. If, as in the old days, the king was friendly, we could take the Expedition to Dumo, on the Victoria Lake, and we would find means to borrow his canoes to transport us to Kavirondo, whence, after preparing live stock and grain, we could start for Kikuyu, and thence to Mombasa.

"II. As to the route southerly direct through Ankori. In 1876 Antari, the king, paid tribute to the King of Uganda. Scores of Waganda would be found at the capital. Antari himself was well able to prevent us marching through his territory, for by my estimate he must be able to muster 200,000 spears in case of an invasion. 10,000 spears would be quite enough to stop our little force. What he may do no one knows. With fifty Zanzibaris we could find our way through the wilderness. With 600 such people as the Pasha has with him attached to us the wilderness is impossible. We must, therefore, be prepared for the worst.

"III. The first two routes lead up those plateau walls close by. The third and last skirts for a day's march the base, and then proceeds south to Ruanda, and through it to Uzigé and the Tanganika, whence we could send messengers to Ujiji or to Kavalla, to bring canoes or boats to us. We could then proceed homeward from Ujiji *viâ* Ünyanyembé to Zanzibar, or to the south end of the Lake Tanganika, and thence to Nyassa, and so down the Shire and Zambezi to Quilimane. But long before we could reach the

Tanganika every art that we know will have been well tested. I know that it is almost a proverb with the Arab that it is easier to get into Ruanda than to get out of it. An Arab caravan went there about eighteen years ago and never returned. Mohammed, the brother of Tippu-Tib, has tried to penetrate Ruanda with 600 guns, and failed. I do not think there is force enough in Ruanda to stop us, and if there were no other road, of course there would be no debating as to what we should do, but go straight ahead. It is an interesting country, and I should like to see its interesting king and people. But it is a long journey.

"Thus you have the shortest road *viâ* Lake Victoria and Kavirondo, but with the Waganda, with whom we must reckon. You have the next shortest road *viâ* Ankori and Karagwé, but with Waganda and Ankori combined. You have the longest route through Ruanda."

After an animated discussion it was concluded to refer it to me, upon which the Ankori route was elected.

Accordingly, instructions were issued to prepare five days' provisions, that from the free provisions obtained from the Nyanza we might be well into Ankori before beginning the distribution of beads and cloth to about 1000 people, and also permission to assist themselves gratuitously was withdrawn, and the criers were sent through the camp proclaiming in the several languages that any person detected robbing plantations, or convicted of looting villages, would be made a public example.

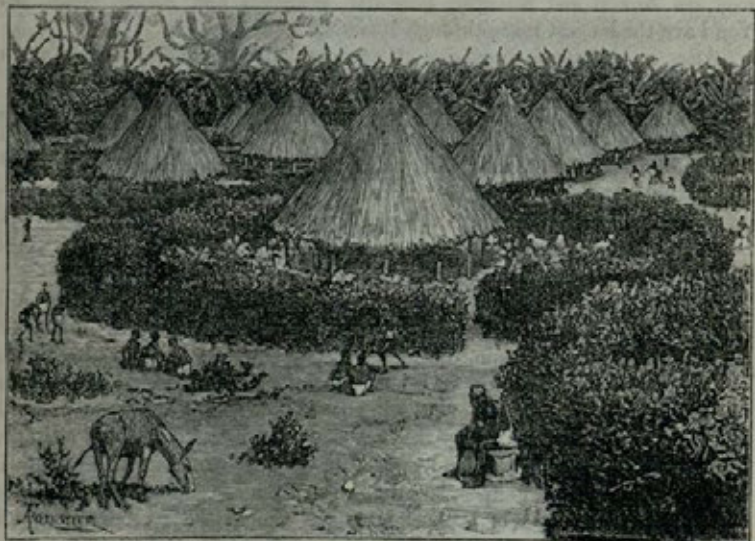
On the morning of the 4th we turned our backs to the Albert Edward Nyanza and followed a road leading east of south over the plain. In about an hour the level flat assumed a rolling character, freely sprinkled over with bush clumps and a few trees. An hour's experience of this kind brought us to the base of the first line of hills, thence up one ascent after another until noon, when we halted at Kitété, having gained a thousand feet of altitude. We were received kindly, and welcomed in the name of King Antari. Messengers had arrived almost simultaneously from Masakuma, the Governor of the Lake Province of Ankori, that we should be received with all hospitality and honour, and brought by degrees to him. Consequently, such is the power of emissaries from authority, the villagers were ordered out of their houses with cries of "Room for the guests of Antari! Room for the friends of Masakuma! Ha, villains, don't you hear? Out with you, bag and baggage!" and so forth, the messengers every now and then taking sly glances at us to note if we admired the style of the thing. We had not been long in Ankori before we grasped the situation thoroughly. Ankori was the king's property. The people we should have to deal with were only the governors, called Wakungu, and the king, his mother, brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, &c. Ankori was a copy of Uganda.

From Kitété a considerable portion of the south-east extremity of Lake Albert Edward appeared in view. We were a thousand feet above it. The



sun shone strongly, and for once we obtained about a ten-mile view through the mist. From  $312\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  to  $324^{\circ}$  magnetic the flats below were penetrated with long-reaching inlets of the lake, surrounding numbers of little low islets. To  $17\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  magnetic rose Nsinda Mountain, 2500 feet above the lake, and behind, at the distance of three miles, rose the range of Kinyamagara, and on the eastern side of a deep valley separating it from the uplands of Ankori rose, precipitous and gray, the frowning walls of the Denny range, which formed the western face.

Our course on the 5th was a steady ascent, E.N.E., to Kibwiga, at the foot of the Denny range, Nsinda Mountain now bearing N.N.W. Opposite



A VILLAGE IN ANKORI

to the village was Kinyamagara mountain. In the triangular valley between these mountains the first herds of the Wanyankori were discovered.

We travelled in very close and compact order on the 7th up the pass between the ranges of Kinyamagara and Denny, and having gained the altitude of 6160 feet, the summit of Kinyamagara, where we were uncommonly chilled by the cold winds, we descended 800 feet down the eastern slope of the range to the chief village of Masakuma, the Governor of the Lake Province of Ankori.

We found Masakuma to be a genial old fellow. With all our doings with the Wara Sura he was well acquainted, and at a great and ceremonious

meeting in the afternoon he insisted that we should tell our story, that his sub-chiefs and elders might hear how the Wanyoro were beaten at Mboga, Utuku, Awamba, Ukonju, Usongora, and were clean swept from Toro. "There," said he, "that is the way the thieves of Unyoro should be driven from all the lands they have plundered. Ah, if we had only known what brave work was being done, we should have gone as far as Mruli with you," which sentiment was loudly applauded.

The women of the chief then came out dressed with bead-worked caps and bead tassels, and a thick roll of necklaces and broad breast-ornaments of neat bead-work, and paid us the visit of ceremony. We had to undergo many fine compliments for the good work we had accomplished, and they begged us to accept their expressions of gratitude. "Ankori is your own country in future. No subject of Antari will refuse the right hand of fellowship, for you proved yourselves to be true Wanyavingi."

Then the elders, grey-haired, feeble men, smitten with age, and in their dotage, advanced, and said,



EXPEDITION CLIMBING THE ROCK IN THE VALLEY OF ANKORI

with the two hands spread out, palm upward, "We greet you gladly. We see to-day, for the first time, what our fathers never saw, the real Wachwezi, and the true Wanyavingi. Look on them, oh, people; they are those who made Kabba-Rega run. These are they of whom we heard that the Wara Sura at the sight of them showed their backs, and fled as though they had wings to their feet."

Little did we anticipate such a reception as this from Ankori when we debated, on the evening of July 3rd, what road we should take. And though the terms Wachwezi and Wanyavingi did not seem to be very euphonious, they were clearly titles of honour, and were accompanied with an admiring regard from the chief Masakuma to the half-nude slave women, who carried water and performed chores for us all day.

On the following day over 300 bunches of bananas and several pots of banana wine were brought us as our rations during our stay. Deputations from the neighbouring settlements also came, and the story of the chase of the Wara Sura and the deliverance of the Salt Lakes was retold them by Masakuma, and we were publicly thanked again for our services. Indeed, considering how many tribes were affected by our interference, we were not surprised at the general joy manifested. The story was the "open sesame" to the affection of the Wanyankori.

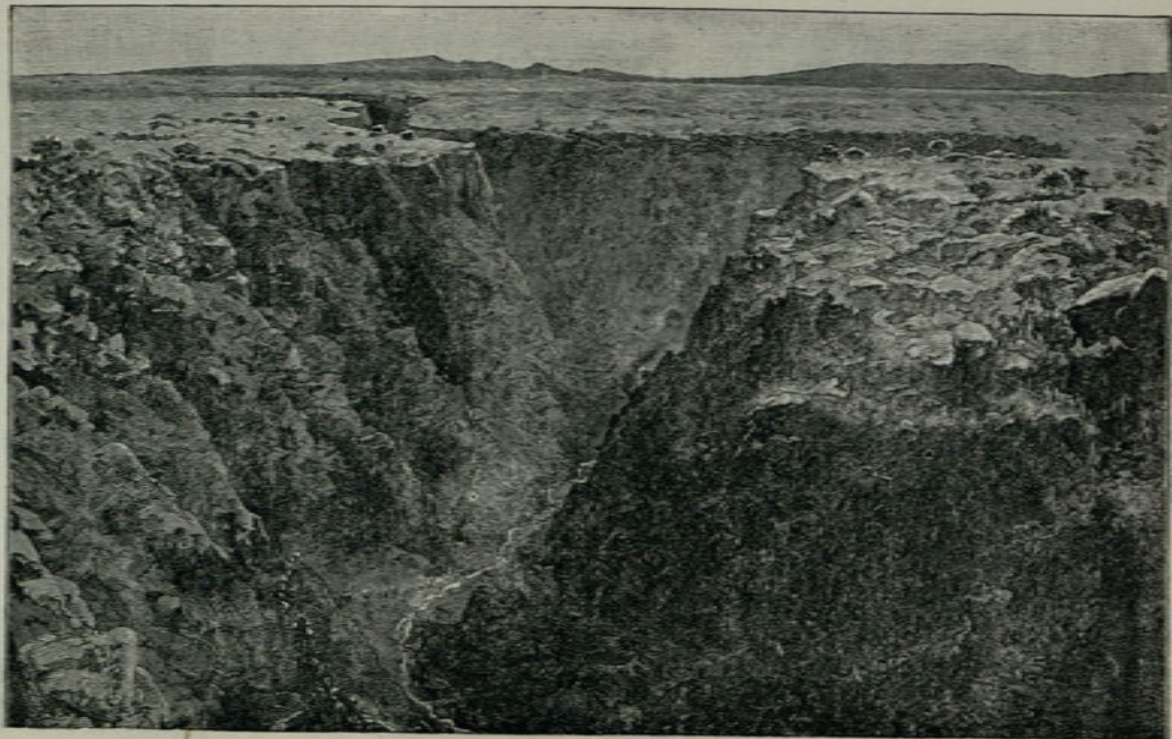
Near sunset the runners despatched to the capital reappeared with a message from the king's mother, which, though diplomatic, was well understood by us. It ran as follows:—

"Masakuma will furnish you with guides to show you the road to Karagwé. Food will be given you at every camp so long as you are in Ankori. Goats and cattle will be freely given to you. Travel in peace. The king's mother is ill now, but she hopes she will be well enough to receive you when you again revisit the land. For from to-day the land is yours, and all that is in it. Antari, the king, is absent on a war, and as the king's mother is ill and confined to her bed, there is none worthy to receive you."

It appeared that at the capital our prowess and numbers had been exaggerated, from the reports of Bevwa and Kakuri; our long column in single file was also imposing. The terrible Maxim machine gun also contributed a moral influence, and the fact that the Wanyoro, or Wara Sura, had been chased out of so many countries, and that Ruigi, King of Kitagwenda, had also spoken in our favour, coupled with the nature of the service which had caused so many canoe cargoes of salt to be disposed of at small cost; and, therefore, though the royal family were disposed to be cordial and kind, they were not wholly without fear that the party which had marched through southern Unyoro might in some manner be a danger to Ankori.

Poor king's mother! Had she known how secretly glad I was with the





EXPEDITION WINDING UP THE GORGE OF KARYA-MIBODO



best message that I received in all Africa, she need not have entertained any anxiety respecting the manner in which her message would be received. For though we were tolerably well supplied with native cloth and beads, we were poor in gifts worthy of royalty of such pretensions as those of Ankori.

The country is said to be infested with lions and leopards, but we had heard nothing of them during the night. A hyæna, however, broke into our camp fold on the first night at Masakuma's, and dragged away a goat.

Two days' short marches of four and three-quarters and three hours respectively enabled us to reach Katara on 11th of July. Our road had led through a long winding valley, the Denny range on our right and the Ivanda on our left. The streamlets we now crossed were the sources of the Rusango, which, flowing north towards the Edwin Arnold Mt., meet the Mpanga flowing south from the Gordon Bennett and Mackinnon Cones. The Mpanga we crossed as we marched parallel with the eastern shore of the Lake Albert Edward.

Soon after arrival in camp two Waganda Christians named Samuel and Zachariah, with an important following, came to us by the permission of Antari. After greeting us, they said they wished to impart some information if I could grant them a quiet hour. Expectant of the usual praises of their king Mwanga, which every loyal Mganda, as I knew him, was very prone to utter, we deferred the interview until evening. They delivered a packet of gunpowder and percussion caps, the property of a Manyema, to me, which they had picked up on the road. This act was in their favour, and I laid it down near my chair, but within a few minutes it had been abstracted by a light-fingered Moslem.

When evening came Zachariah took upon himself to relate a narrative of astonishing events which had occurred in Uganda the last year. King Mwanga, the son of Mtesa, had proceeded from bad to worse, until the native Mohammedans had united with the Christians, who are called "Amasia," to depose the cruel tyrant because of his ruthless executions. The Christians were induced to join the Mohammedans—proselytes of the Arab traders—unanimously, not only because of Mwanga's butcheries of their co-religionists, but because he had recently meditated a wholesale massacre of them. He had ordered a large number of goats to be carried on an island, and he had invited the Christians to embark in his canoes for their capture. Had they accepted this invitation, his intention had been to withdraw the vessels after the disembarkation, and to allow them to subsist on the goats, and afterwards starve. But one of the pages betrayed his purposes, and warned the Christian chiefs of the king's design. Consequently they declined to be present.

The union of these two parties in the kingdom of Uganda was soon followed by a successful attempt to depose him. Mwanga resisted for a



time with such as were faithful to him, but as his capitals, Rubaga and Ulagalla, were taken, he was constrained to leave the country. He departed in canoes to the south of Lake Victoria, and took refuge with Said bin Saif *alias* Kipanda, a trader, and an old acquaintance of mine in 1871, who was settled in Usukuma. Said, the Arab, however, ill-treated the dethroned king, and he secretly fled again, and sought the protection of the French missionaries at Bukumbi. Previous to this it appears that both English and French missionaries had been expelled from Uganda by Mwangi, and deprived of all their property except their underclothing. The French settled themselves at Bukumbi, and the English in Usamiro, at the extreme south end of Lake Victoria.

After Mwangi's departure from Uganda, the victorious Moslem and Christian proselytes elected Kiwewa for their king. Matters proceeded smoothly for a time, until it was discovered that the Moslem party were endeavouring to excite hostility against the Christians in the mind of the new king. They were heard to insinuate that, as England was ruled by a queen, the Christians intended to elevate one of Mtesa's daughters on the throne occupied by Kiwewa. This king then leaned to the Moslems, and abandoned the Christians, but they were pleased to express their doubts of his attachment to them and their faith, and would not be assured of it unless he formally underwent the ceremony of circumcision. The necessity of this Kiwewa affected not to understand, and it was then resolved by the Moslems to operate on him by force, and twelve Watongoli (colonels) were chosen to perform the operation. Among these colonels was my gossip, Sabadu, to whom I was indebted for the traditional history of Uganda in 1875. Kiwewa was informed of their purpose, and filled his house with armed men, who seized the colonels as they entered the house, and speared them one by one. The alarm soon spread through the capital, and an assault was instantly made on the palace and its court, and in the strife Kiwewa was taken and slain.

The rebels then elected Karema to be King of Uganda, who was a brother of the slain Kiwewa and the deposed Mwangi, and he was the present occupant of the throne.

The Christians had repeatedly attacked Karema's forces, and had maintained their cause well, sometimes successfully; but at the fourth battle they were sorely defeated, and the survivors had fled to Ankori to seek refuge with Antari, who, it was thought, would not disdain the assistance of such a force of fighting men in his various troubles with Mpororo and Ruanda. There were now about 2,500 Christians at Ankori's capital, and about 2,000 scattered in Uddu.

Having heard that Mwangi had become a Christian, and been baptised by the French missionaries during his stay with them in Bukumbi, the Christians tendered their allegiance to him, and he came to Uddu to see

them, in company with an English trader named Stokes; but, as the means of retaking the throne were small, Mwanga took possession of an island not far from the Murchison Bay, and there he remains with about 250 guns, while Stokes, it is believed, has returned to the coast with ivory to purchase rifles and ammunition at Zanzibar in the cause of Mwanga. Up to this date the mainland of Uganda was under Karema, while the islands recognised Mwanga, and the entire flotilla of Uganda, mustering several hundred canoes, was at the disposition of the latter.

They then informed me that their appearance in my camp was due to the fact that while at the capital they had heard of the arrival of white men, and they had been sent by their compatriots to solicit our assistance to recover the throne of Uganda for Mwanga.

Now, as this king had won an unenviable reputation for his excesses, debaucheries, his executions of Christians in the most vile and barbarous manner, and as he was guilty of causing Luba, of Usoga, to murder Bishop Hannington and massacre over sixty of his poor Zanzibari followers, though the story of Zachariah and Samuel was clear enough, and no doubt true, there were strong reasons why I could not at once place implicit credence in the conversion and penitence of Mwanga, or even accept with perfect faith the revelations of the converts. I had too intimate a knowledge of the fraudulent duplicity of Waganda, and their remarkable gifts for dissimulation, to rush at this prospective adventure; and even if I were inclined to accept the mission of reinstating Mwanga, the unfulfilled duties of escorting the Pasha, Casati, the Egyptians and their followers to the sea prohibited all thoughts of it. But to African natives it is not so easy to explain why their impulsive wishes cannot be gratified; and if Kiganda nature remained anything similar to what I was acquainted with in 1876, the Waganda were quite capable of intriguing with Antari to interrupt my march. No readers of my chapters on the Waganda in "Through the Dark Continent" will doubt this statement. I therefore informed Zachariah and Samuel that I should think of the matter, and give them my final answer on reaching some place near the Alexandra Nile, where supplies of food could be found sufficient for the party which I should be obliged to leave behind in the event of my conforming to their wish, and that it would be well for them to go back to the Waganda, ascertain where Mwanga was at that time, and whether there was any news of Mr. Stokes.

At Katara, Mohammed Kher, an Egyptian officer, died. Abdul Wahid Effendi chose to remain behind at Kitega, and Ibrahim Telbass and his followers had, after starting from Kitega, vanished into the tall grass, and, it may be presumed, had returned to remain with his sick countryman.

Our people were now recovered somewhat from that epidemic of fevers which had prostrated so many of us. But the Pasha, Captain Casati, Lieutenant Stairs, and Mr. Jephson were still suffering. The night before

we had slept at an altitude of 5750 feet above the sea. The long Denny Range was 700 feet higher, and on this morning I observed that there was hoar frost on the ground, and during this day's march we had discovered blackberries on the road bushes, a fruit I had not seen for two decades.

On a third march up the valley we went between Iwanda and Denny Range, and, reaching its extremity, crossed a narrow neck of land and descended into the basin of the Rwizi. By degrees the misty atmosphere of this region was clearing, and we could now see about five miles distance, and the contour of the pastoral plateau of Ankori. It was not by any means at its best. It was well into the droughty season. The dry season had commenced two months previously. Hilly range, steep cone, hummock, and plain were clothed with grass ripe for fire. The herds were numerous, and all as fat as prize cattle. In the valley between the Denny and Iwanda ranges, we had passed over 4000 cattle of the long-horned species. The basin of the Rwizi, which we were now in, and which was the heart of Ankori, possessed scores of herds.

We camped at Wamaganga on the 11th. Its inhabitants consist of Watusi herdsmen and Wanyankori agriculturists. They represent the two classes into which the people of Ankori are divided. The Watusi women wore necklaces of copper bells, and to their ankles were attached circlets of small iron bells. The language was that of Unyoro, but there was a slight dialectic difference, and in their vocabulary they had an expressive word for gratitude. "Kasingi" was frequently used in this sense.

One of our men, whom we greatly regretted, died at this place, of illness which ended in paralysis, and another, a Nubian, disappeared into the tall grass and was lost.

On the 12th we marched along the Rwizi, and after an hour and a half crossed the stream, which had now spread into a swamp a mile wide, overgrown with papyrus. Our drove of cattle was lessened by twenty-four head in crossing this swamp. An hour's distance from the terrible swamp we camped in the settlement of Kasari.

The king's mother sent us four head, and the king three head of cattle and a splendid tusk of ivory, with a kindly message that he hoped he and I would become allied by blood-brotherhood. Among the messengers employed was a prince of the blood royal of Usongora, a son of King Nyika, as pure a specimen of Ethiopic descent as could be wished. The messengers were charged to escort us with all honour, and to provide for our hospitable entertainment on the way.

Though it is very economical to be the guest of a powerful African king, it has its disadvantages, for the subjects become sour and discontented at the great tax on their resources. They vexed us with complaints, some of which were fabricated. Our men also, emboldened by their privileges, seized the milk of the Wanyankori; and it is considered to be a great offence for a



person who is accustomed to eat vegetables to put his lips to a milk vessel, and a person who cooks his food is regarded as unfit to touch one, as it causes the death of cattle and other ill effects. Seven of our men were charged with these awful crimes, and the herdsmen, who are as litigious as the Aden Somalis, came in a white heat to prefer their complaints. It cost me some inconvenience to judge the people and soothe the wounded feelings provoked by such scandalous practices.

On the 14th we arrived at Nyamatoso, a large and prosperous settlement situated at the northern base of the Ruampara range, when orders were issued to provide seven days' rations of banana flour, because of the abundance of this fruit in the vicinity.

Mpororo is S.S.W. from this place. A few years ago Antari advanced and invaded it, and after several sanguinary encounters the people and their king became tributary to him. Ruanda begins from a line drawn to the W.S.W., and is ruled over by King Kigeri. Not much information could be gleaned respecting it, excepting that it was a large country, described as equal from Nyamatoso to Kafurro. The people were reported to be numerous and warlike, allowing no strangers to enter their country.

One of our officers, feeble from many fever attacks, aimedadverted fiercely against the Wanyankori on this day. He said, "Yesterday you know the sun was scorchingly hot, and the heat, the long march, and a slight fever made me feel as if I would give anything for a drink of cool water. I came to that little village on the plain, and I asked a man, who was insolently regarding us, and standing before the door of his hut, to give me a little water to drink. Do you think he did so? He pointed to the swamp, and with his spear to the black ooze, as if to say, 'There you are; help yourself to what you want!' How can you call these people a fine race? I don't understand where you get your ideas from. Is that fine, to refuse a man a drink of water? If that man had what he deserved—ah, well, it is no use talking."

"My dear good fellow," I answered, "have a little patience, and I will show you another view that might be taken of that man. Have you lost your pocket mirror? If you have, I will lend you mine, and you will see a most ungracious face, garnished with bristles, something like a thin copy of William de la Marek unshaved, half starved, and sick. Your eyes appear smaller than ever, and look lustreless and dead. Your lanky body is clothed in rags. When you were in London I was charmed with your appearance. Adonis was nothing to you, but now, alas! excuse me, we have all a most disgraceful appearance; but you, when you have a fever! Well, look in a glass and examine yourself! Now this native saw such a man, with such an unlovely aspect, coming to him. How did you ask him? Did you give him one of your charming smiles, that would make a buffalo pause in his charge. I doubt it. You were tired, feverish, thirsty; you said imperiously,

'Give me a drink of water,' and your manner added, 'instantly, or——.' Why should he, a freeman, before his own doorway, obey such a command? He did not know you from Adam, and probably your appearance suggested it would not be pleasant to cultivate your acquaintance. Are you going to join the clique of travellers who can never recognise the good that is in Africa and the Africans? To your utter confusion, unfortunate man, let me tell you the story of an occurrence that happened yesterday to Bonny. The man of whom he tells the story was probably a brother or a cousin of this same individual who has incurred your severe displeasure.

"Bonny had a bad attack of fever; he was seized with a vertigo, he reeled, and sank in the grass by the wayside. Nelson, commanding the rear-guard, did not see him, and passed him by, little thinking a sick comrade lay fainting and almost unconscious so near him. By-and-by a native warrior came by armed with spear, bow, and arrows. He saw there was something in the grass. He went to the spot and saw Bonny helplessly lying before him. If he were a brute, he might have driven that sharp spear of his into him, and we should have lost one of our number. But this man, listen, did nothing of the kind; and though he had never heard the story of the kindly Samaritan, went away, and in half an hour returned with a half-gallon gourd filled with fresh and cool milk, and gave it to him to drink, and in a short time Bonny rose up strengthened, and marched to camp to tell me the kindly story. Here is Bonny; ask him yourself.

"Besides, think of the hospitality we receive from them. A thousand men subsisting freely and gratuitously on the produce of their plantations and their fields—plantains, beans, millet, sweet potatoes for food, tobacco to smoke, and a free road, without levy of tax or blackmail! How do you know that that man had not been vexed by many things before you came? Perhaps some of our men had giped at him in scorn, or looted his house, or threatened his family just before you came. Come, try again. Go into any of these villages about here. Ask kindly and smilingly for anything—milk, butter, or tobacco—and I will guarantee you will not be refused.

"And remember, again, this country has only lately been conquered by Antari. I am told that the king took forty women belonging to the chiefs hereabouts and distributed them as gifts to his bravest warriors, and that all the principal chiefs were afterwards killed, and I do not wonder that they resent the king laying such a tax upon them as the provisioning of this multitude with us; and if you will observe the conduct of the king's messengers, you will find that it is very tyrannical and overbearing, and very little calculated to increase their estimation of us."

The Expedition proceeded up a pass in the pastoral range of mountains called Ruampara, the western end of which I think abuts the line of hills that bound the Albert Edward basin, and divides the basin of the Rwizi from the Alexandra Nile, and, after crossing several airy mountain tops,

descended into the bowl-like valley of Rusussu, whence rises the stream Namianja. Here we halted three days to refresh the people.

Under date the 20th of July I find the following note in my diary:—

“This morning my fever passed away. I have been a little premature in saying that we were recovering from the ill effects of that Usongora pit-water. No sooner is one of us well than another is prostrated. The Pasha and I have been now three times down with severe fever at the same time. Stairs' fever left him yesterday. Bonny's temperature has been normal the last two days. Casati fell ill on the 17th, was abed all day on the 18th, and up on the 19th. This is the way we exist now. There are constant relapses, with two or three days of insecure health in the interval. Khamis Wadi Nassib has also died of paralysis, and a Nubian has disappeared.

“Four Egyptian officers have begged me, on account of their increasing ulcers, to be permitted to stay in Ankori. As we are already loaded with sick whites, Egyptians, feeble old women, and children, I am obliged to yield to their entreaties, and they and their families will therefore stay here. As I expect the Heir-apparent of Ankori daily to go through the process of blood-brotherhood, I will be able to provide for their comfort.

“It is a peculiar climate, this of Ankori. The cold gusty winds sweeping from E. to S.E., and then N.E., create chest affections; there is universal coughing, catarrhs, headaches; the great variation between maximum and minimum temperature makes us all unusually feverish. Yet I remember, in Jan., 1876, my followers and myself were healthy and vigorous while crossing North Ankori, and my private journals contain no notes like these I jot down daily. Perhaps this excessive sickness is owing to the season, or to that deadly pit-water, or it may be our cooks employ the black water of the Rwizi, which drains a putrefying compost.”

On the 21st we resumed our march, and proceeded to follow a road that ran down the valley parallel with the Namianja. Thistles of unusual size, some sunflowers, and blackberry bushes lined the path. The stream has three sources—a tiny thread of sweet water rising from a ferny recess, a pool of nitrous and sulphurous water, and a little pond of strong alkaline water. At the end of three hours' march the stream was five feet wide, but its flavour was not much improved. Banana plantations alternated with cattle-folds along the path.

The next day we started at dawn to continue our journey down the Namianja Valley, which is narrow and winding. In an hour we turned sharply from E. by N. to S.E. by S. down another valley. Herd after herd of the finest and fattest cattle met us as they were driven from their zeribas to graze on the rich, hay-like grass, which was green in moist places. After a short time the course deflected more eastward, until we gained the entrance of a defile, which we entered, to ascend in half an hour the bare breast of a rocky hill. Surmounting the naked hill, we crossed its narrow summit, and descended at once its southerly side into a basin prosperous with banana



plantations, pasture, and herds, and took refuge from the glaring and scorching sun in Viaruha village.

The rear-guard were disconcerted on leaving Namianja Valley by the hitherto peaceful natives turning out suddenly *en masse*, shouting their war-cries. They advanced to the attack twice, without, however, doing more than levelling their spears and threatening to launch them. On the third advance, conceiving that the guard must be terribly frightened by their numbers, they shot some eight or ten arrows, at which the Commander ordered a few harmless shots to be fired, and this sufficed to send them scampering with loud cries up the hills.

Close behind the rear-guard, but unknown to them, were advancing Uchunku, the Prince Royal of Ankori, and his escort of musketeers and spearmen, and a second deputation from the Waganda Christians. The Prince, in obedience to his father, was on his way to our camp to exchange blood and form a treaty with me. The Prince, hearing the shots, demanded to know the reason, and some of the Wahuma herdsmen, who had been spectators of the hostile play, explained, upon which the musketeers were sent in chase, killed two of the Wanyankori and disarmed twenty of them.

At 2 P.M. Prince Uchunku and escort reached Viaruha, and instantly requested an interview. He was a sweet-faced, gentle-looking boy of about thirteen or fourteen years old, a true Mhuma with Abyssinian features. He was accompanied by his governor, or guardian, an officer in command of the spearmen and carbine-armed guards of the Prince. He gave us two large steers; one had such massive and long horns that made it but a poor traveller, and had to be slaughtered for beef. The usual friendly speeches were exchanged, and after he had fairly satisfied his curiosity with viewing the strange sights in camp, it was arranged that the ceremony should take place on the next day.

On the 23rd the ceremony passed off with considerable *éclat*. The Zanzibaris, Soudanese, and Manyemas were all under arms ready to salute the Prince with a few discharges from their rifles at the face of the hill, about 400 yards away. The Maxim was also in order to assist with its automatic action.

The rite of blood brotherhood began with the laying of a Persian carpet, upon which the Prince and I took our seats cross-legged, with left hands clasped across the knees. The Professors of the Art advanced, and made an incision in each left arm, and then each Professor took a small portion of butter, mixed it with our blood on two leaflets, which served as platters, and then exchanging the leaves, our foreheads were rubbed with the mixture. The ceremony was thus relieved of the repulsiveness which accompanies it when performed among the Congo tribes. Then the Prince, who was now my young brother, took me by the hand into my hut to smile and to look pleased.

His young heart was made glad with some choice Cairene cloths, a necklace, contributed by the Egyptian women and the Pasha, of fine large beads, which captured his affection by storm. His governor received a cow, and the guardsmen received an ox to feast themselves with beef, and the Prince had, in his turn, to give a fine goat to our Professor, for these offices, even in Congoland, are in high honour, and must receive handsome fees.

The rifles then fired five rounds each, to the boy's great admiration, but the showers of the Maxim and the cloud of dust raised by the bullets on the face of the opposite hill simply sent him into ecstasies, and to prevent him crying his soul out in rapture, he laid his hand firmly over his mouth. Opinions differed as to the reason of his covering his mouth, and even in jest it is not good to be untruthful, but some said that he feared his fine teeth would be snapped in pieces by excessive chattering in terror, but I firmly maintain that it was from childlike wonder and pleasure.

At any rate, I was publicly recognised as a son of Ankori, to be hereafter permitted to range at will throughout the dominions of Antari, with right of residence, and free access to every plantation in the kingdom. Furthermore, the Prince swore in his father's name, for so he was commanded, that all white men entering Ankori must have a recommendation from me, and then such kindness would be shown to them as would be shown to me personally. Only the cattle, goats and weapons were exempted as private property, over which the king even has no right.

With the Prince of Ankori was a second deputation from the Waganda Christians. The result of my long cross-examination of them ended in my informing Zachariah and Samuel, their leaders, that, owing to the impossibility of leaving my charge, they had better trust to Mr. Stokes and Mr. Mackay, and that if I could explain matters to their English friends I would surely do so. Seeing that I was resolved on departure, five of the Christians begged to be permitted to accompany me to the sea, which permission was readily granted.

On the 24th, after winding in and out of several valleys, between various pastoral ranges, which were black from recent fires, as the grass everywhere was white with age and drought, we entered the valley of Mavona, to descend gradually amid a thin forest of acacia sprinkled with euphorbia, milkweed, thistles, and tall aloetic plants. The settlement of Mavona produced abundantly quite a variety of garden produce, such as peas, beans, tomatoes, potatoes, manioc, cucumbers, brinjalls, bananas, and plantains.

The next day, continuing down the Mavona valley for four and a half hours, we suddenly came in sight of the Alexandra valley, and found that the long line of hills which stood S.S.E. was on the Karagwé side of the river. At this season the features of the land on both sides are very forbidding, from the fires, which transform every valley and hill into wastes of black ashes and desolateness.

During the 26th and 27th we were ferried across the river in four double sets of most uncouth canoes, and then the Ankori escort and the Waganda converts were dismissed, having satisfied Antari, and each of our friends, with such gifts as won their professions of gratitude.

The Alexandra Nile at this place was about 125 yards wide, and an average depth of nine feet, flowing three knots per hour in the centre.



## CHAPTER XXIX

TO THE ENGLISH MISSION STATION, SOUTH END OF VICTORIA NYANZA

Karagwé; and the Alexandra Nile—Mtagata Hot Springs—A baby rhinoceros shows fight in camp—The Pasha's opinion of Captain Casati—Surgeon Parke and the pigmy damsel—Conduct of a boy pigmy—Arrival at Kafurro—Recent kings of Karagwé—The King of Uganda greatly dreaded in Karagwé—Loss of men through cold—The Lake of Urigi—Fath-el-Mullah runs amuck among the natives—We obtain a view of Lake Victoria—Lions and human skulls in the vicinity of our camp—The French missionaries and their stations at Usambiro—Arrival at the English Mission station—Mr. Mackay and his books—We rest, and replenish our stores, etc.

A STRANGER entering Ankori or Karagwé in the dry season, and seeing only vast spaces made black with fire, and lines and massive outcroppings of grey rock, long mountainous ridges heaving one after another, all burnt up, and scorched to seeming desolateness, would be apt to exclaim impatiently, "Show me one beauty spot on the face of it!" This man is an old acquaintance of mine. He is a spleeny, querulous, joyless fellow, of thin blood and aching liver. He will go to the Congo, or to East Africa, or to Bechuanaland, and standing on an ant-heap, he will ask with a sneer, "Do you call this Africa? Pho!" Nevertheless, within three weeks after the fire which burnt the sere grass, and gave the land an aspect of desolation, the young grass is waving merrily over mountain summit, slope, and valley, and the pasturelands, renowned for the breeding of their cattle, really look beautiful.

We are now in Karagwé. The Alexandra Nile—drawing its waters from Ruanda, Mpororo, Uhha, Urundi and Kishakka—runs north along the western frontier of Karagwé, and reaching Ankori, turns sharply round to eastward to empty into the Victorian Sea; and as we leave its narrow valley, and ascend gradually upward, along one of those sloping narrow troughs so characteristic of this part of Central Africa, we camp at Unyakatera, below a mountain ridge of that name. Karagwé is a system of deep narrow valleys running between long narrow ranges as far as the eye can reach. In the north of Karagwé they are drained by small streams which flow into the Alexandra.

The second day's travel was terminated when we reached Mtagata hot springs, which I have already described in 'Through the Dark Continent.'

Soon after reaching the camp our Nubians set out to hunt, for the land is famous for rhinoceros, and being good shots, they dropped four of these huge beasts, and captured a baby rhinoceros, which they brought to us. We tied the animal, which was as large as a prize boar, to a tree, and he fully showed what combativeness there was in his nature. Sometimes he mistook the tree



A HOT SPRING, MTAGATA. (From a Photograph.)

for an enemy, and rushed to the attack, battering it with its horny nose until, perceiving that the tree obstinately resisted him, he would halt to reconnoitre it, as though he had the intention of assaulting it by another method; but at such times some wicked Zanzibari boys prodded him in the hams with a reed cane, and uttering a startling squeal of rage, he would dash at the offenders to the length of his tether. He seemed to me to be the stupidest, most ireful,



BABY RHINOCEROS SHOWING FIGHT IN CAMP





intractable little beastie that I had ever met. Feeling himself restrained by the cord, he felt sure it must be the tree that was teasing him, and he would make another dash at it with such vehemence that sent him on his haunches. Prodded in the rear again, he squealed, and swinging round with wonderful activity, he would start headlong, to be flung on his back by the rope; until at last, feeling that it would be only misery to him to be carried to the coast he was consigned to the butcher and his assistants.

On the march of July 31st to Kirurumo, Wadi Asmani, a Zanzibari headman, laid his rifle and box on the path, and disappeared without a word of parting or warning to any person, with nearly thirty months' pay due to him, while in perfect condition of body and at peace with all the world.

Captain Casati was placed in a hammock, and carried on account of increasing weakness. The Pasha visited me, and related his opinion that Casati was a curious man. Said he: "I have just come from seeing my friend Casati; I found him lying on some grass, and the sunshine pouring on his bare head with such heat that, even with my topee, I suffered inconvenience. He has four women, besides two Manyema and his young man from our province. I asked him why he did not make his people build him a shelter with banana leaves, for there were some within forty yards of him. He replied, 'I have no servants.' I then said to him, 'Why did you not send for the bath-tub I promised you? You should avail yourself of these hot springs.' 'True,' he replied, 'but I have no people.' 'But you have four stout female servants that I know of.' 'Yes,' said he, 'but I don't like to ask them to do anything lest they should say I work them like slaves. They are widows, you know, and their husbands are dead, etc.'"

The young pigmy damsel who had been with us for over a year began to show symptoms of chronic ill health, and was left with the chief of Kirurumo. The little thing had performed devoted service to Surgeon Parke, who had quite won her heart with those soft gentle tones of his that made everybody smile affectionately on the Doctor. She used to be the guardian of his tent, and whenever the Doctor had to absent himself for his duties, she crouched at the door, faithful as a spaniel, and would permit no intruder to approach the doorway. She performed her work in the most unobtrusive manner, and she was the only one of her sex who did not abuse the privileges we generally concede to women in the camp. On the road she carried the Doctor's satchel, and on nearing the resting-place she was as industrious as a bee in collecting fuel, and preparing the Surgeon's cheering cup of tea, which after patient teaching she learned was necessary for his well-being. There was a little fellow of her tribe attached to another of the officers, who never spoke a word to mortal being except to his master, was one of the first to gain camp, collect the fuel, and make his fire. Though loaded on the march, he never appeared fatigued or worried, and never gave any trouble. Sometimes when by his industry he had collected a stock of fuel, and a big callous-hearted ruffian

took it from the boy, he would show his distress by his looks, but presently gathering courage he would abandon it and collect another pile, as though time was too precious to waste in useless argument over the inevitable. And thus the pigmies showed by their conduct that they were related to all that was best and noble in human nature.

Kibbo-bora, a headman of the Manyema, lost his wife at the Hot Springs, and so great was his grief that he had to be restrained lest he should commit suicide. Sitting apart in the gorge of Mtagata, he howled his laments during twenty-four hours, and his followers formed a chorus to respond to his mournful cries. None of us had much sleep that night, and thus we became involuntarily partakers of his woe. It was several days before the poor fellow recovered from the shock.

Continuing our journey along those grassy ridges which run parallel to deep narrow valleys in a S.S.E. and N.N.W. direction, in three marches we arrived at Kafurro, a settlement that was once a favourite resort of Arab traders.

As in Uganda, changes have taken place in Karagwé. Mtesa, first made known to us by Captains Speke and Grant, has departed to the great majority, and within fourteen years Mwanga, Kiwewa, Karema, and again Mwanga, have sat on Mtesa's throne. Rumanika, the gentle pagan, a characteristic Mhuma, has gone too, to sleep only a little more peacefully than he had lived. And after him came Kyensi, his eldest son, who reigned only nine months. Then followed Kakoko, another son, who usurped the throne and reigned for three years, and during that time slew seventeen brothers, and put out the eyes of Luajumba, his youngest brother. Then Ka-chikonju went in unto Kakoko as he lay on his bedstead sodden with *malwa*, and drove his sharp spear twice through his breast, and relieved the land of the tyrant. The same month Hamed bin Ibrahim, who had lived in Karagwé many years trading in ivory, was murdered by his son, Syed bin Hamed. The successor of Kakoko to the rights and prerogatives of King of Karagwé is Ndagara, or Unyagumbwa, for he has two names. This prince is now in his sixteenth year, and as the son of Kyensi is the rightful heir.

The welcome extended to us through Ankori was extended to the Expedition in our journey through Karagwé. On the road to Kafurro we had been permitted to help ourselves to bananas and plantains, and as soon as Ndagara was officially informed of our arrival, he despatched to camp a sufficient supply of bananas, an ox, fowls, *malwa*, and some loads of beans, sweet potatoes, and grain. In return I made him a present of a Winchester, and a couple of coils of wire.

Kiengo, also the old guide of Speke and Grant, who accompanied them from Unyanyembé to Unyoro, sent us an ox, bananas, fowls, and milk; and to Captain Nelson, because he bore some resemblance to "Speki," he gave a fat broad-tailed sheep, and the only tax we had to pay was that on our



patience while listening to his reminiscences of "Speki," which he was never tired of repeating.

The King of Uganda is greatly dreaded in Karagwé. Before Mwanga was deposed no stranger could pass through the land without obtaining his sanction. The Waganda, after the death of Rumanika, had carried matters with such a high hand that they also taxed Ndagara's Arab guests with the same freedom as they would have exacted toll in Uganda. Two years before our arrival the Waganda were in force at Ndagara's capital, and at Kitangulé to command the ferries across the Alexandra Nile. They found Bakari, a coast trader, occupying the place of Hamed Ibrahim at Kafurro, and demanded from him twenty guns and twenty kegs of powder, which he refused on the ground that he was a guest of the King of Karagwé, and not of the King of Uganda; whereupon he and his principal men were shot forthwith. Considering these things, it is not likely we should have had a peaceful passage through Karagwé had we adopted this route for the relief of Emin, with such quantities of ammunition and rifles as would have made Uganda so intractable that nothing but a great military force would have been able to bring its king to reason.

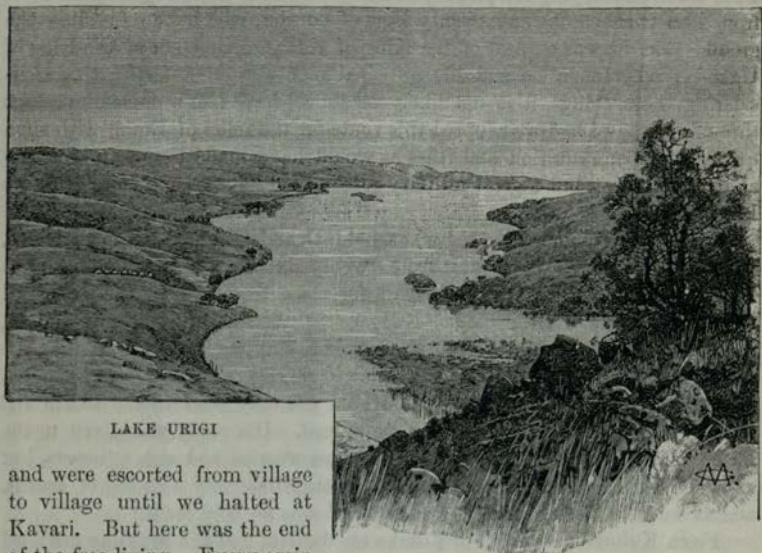
It was clearly demonstrated what hold Uganda maintained in Karagwé, when in obedience to a request from twenty-six of the Pasha's people that I should obtain permission of Ndagara for them to remain in the land until they were cured of their ulcers, Ndagara returned a reply stating that on no consideration would he permit the people to stay, as if it once reached the ears of the King of Uganda that he allowed strangers to stay in his country, he would be so exasperated that he would not only send a force to kill the strangers, but that Karagwé would be ruined. His reply was given to the Pasha, and he explained and argued with his wearied and sick followers, but as he said they were resolved to stay, as they had only a choice of deaths, and as we were already cruelly loaded, there was no help for it.

From Kafurro we moved to Rozaka on the 7th, and the next day marched over dreary wastes of sere grass, in valley and on mountain. The morning was very gloomy and threatened rain, and after we had filed along a tall ridge in the face of a bitter and chilly wind, a drizzly sleet commenced to fall, which paralysed the Pasha's followers. The rear-guard advancing after the column saw symptoms of collapse among many cases, and its commander, Captain Nelson, ordered a halt, and directed his men to make fires, but before the freezing people could reach the warmth, many fell down and stiffened, and becoming powerless, had to be carried to the fires and shampooed by the Zanzibaris, when they soon recovered. Five, however, had perished from the cold before the hard-worked rear-guard could reach them.

On the 10th we left Uthenga, and crossing two mountain ridges descended 800 feet to the narrow basin at the head of Urigi Lake, then traversed its ancient bed, and winding along a road followed the east shore line of the

lake. On reaching camp, opposite to where the lake was about a mile wide, we slaughtered nine head of cattle for meat rations, and tossed two boxes of Remington ammunition into the water. We had already relieved ourselves of African curios from the forest lands, and of every superfluous article. We were now beginning to relieve ourselves of the ammunition, in order that we might be able to carry the sick refugees from the Equatorial Province.

On the 11th we passed out of Karagwé territory, and because of the complimentary introductions from Ndagara we were welcomed in Ihangiro,



LAKE URIGI

and were escorted from village to village until we halted at Kavari. But here was the end of the free living. Every grain and banana would have to be purchased henceforward. From the Albert Nyanza to this first important district in Ihangiro, nearly 600 miles, the Expedition had been supplied gratuitously and abundantly. It now behoved us to distribute to each man, woman, and child in the Expedition supplies of beads of various colours, red, white, blue, brown, and pink, of porcelain and glass, and each person would barter these currencies for food as he or she pleased. To people who were accustomed to eat five days' provisions in one day, it was imprudent to give more than four or five days' ration beads at a time. Had we given each person a month's allowance—which would have been a vast relief to our burdened carriers, and a saving of some sick people's lives—nine-tenths of our followers would have expended their ration monies in purchasing only a

little grain, but vast quantities of *malwa*, fowls, and goats, and in ten days they would have applied for more beads or cloth, and the Expedition would have been halted, completely beggared.

The Lake of Urigi is pretty when seen from Useni or Kavari. At this season its hilly frame is all brown, with little dots of dark green bush scattered here and there; the water was of a light blue owing to a bright blue sky. Its receding waters have left great extents of flat plain on the sides and around the bays running far inland into valleys. Its shores and waters are favourite haunts of birds, from cranes, herons, and pelicans, to the small black *Parra Africana*, egrets and waders, which find excellent feeding over the large spaces near the extremities and shore line of bays, covered with close-packed growths of *Pistia stratiotes* plants, until they resemble green lawns from a little distance off. Hippos abound, and, unfortunately, armies of black mosquitoes. The eastern shore we found to be littered with bones of slain animals, for the lions and hyenas, it is said, kill much game. A large supply of fish is found in the lake, but they are infested with guinea worm—at least those which we purchased were deemed quite uneatable from that cause. The lake measures about twenty-five miles in length by from one to three miles wide, and is sunk about 1200 feet below the average level of the bare grassy hills around it.

From Kavari we journeyed along the lake shore to Mutara. No sooner had we arrived than native men, women, and children visited us to barter for their surplus provisions of grain, honey, fish, fowls, and bananas. The hard-headed Soudanese proceeded to the village of Mutara, a mile off, and, oblivious of the orders given the day before when the beads were distributed, commenced to loot the village, more especially for *malwa* and beans. In a country where not the least obstacle is placed in the way of travellers, and where they may purchase anything of the product of the land, as much surprise was manifested as would be shown by shopkeepers in Cairo or London at the sight of a mob of men looting stores and markets. Consequently the natives expostulated, and demanded to know what this conduct implied. For answer a Soudanese, Fath-el-Mullah, loaded his Remington and shot one man dead, another in the jaw, and another in the leg. As this was perfectly inexplicable to the natives, instead of avenging themselves there and then, a body of fifty of them formed a deputation, to demand an explanation of me. The story appeared so incredible that I sent an officer with them to see the dead man and wounded, and the officer on his return reported that the story was true. Then every man in the Expedition was mustered, the rolls were called, Zanzibaris, Soudanese, Manyema, Egyptians, and their followers, and the natives were requested to walk all round the rude square, and point out the man who had entered their village to run amuck while the women were bartering in the camp, and, after going searchingly about, five of them pointed at Fath-el-Mullah. As this was not sufficient evidence even, the question



was addressed to the Soudanese, and his comrade Sururu stepped out and described the circumstance that a native had tried to prevent him taking a pot of *malwa*, whereupon, calling him *Abid* and *Kelb*—slave and dog—he shot him dead, and fired three or four times at others indiscriminately.

"The man is yours—you can take him; but if you will sell him for cattle, cloth, wire, beads, or anything else, I will buy him."

"No, no, no, no; we don't sell our people; not for a hundred cattle would we part with him."

"But what good will his blood be to you? You can't eat him; he will not work for you. Take five cattle for him."

"No, no, no, no. We want him, for he has slain a chief man in our village, and perhaps the others will die also. We will take him."

"Take him, then; he does not belong to me, and has no right in my camp."

He was marched away, and we never knew what became of him.

On the next day we struck away easterly from Lake Urigi, over rough stony ground, and covered with a dwarfed bush, or rather a thin forest of miserable and leafless acacia. Within two hours we reached the base of Unya-Matundu plateau, and, as the morning was yet early, we ascended to the summit, 1200 feet above Lake Urigi, travelled an hour over a rolling surface of pasture land, then through prosperous fields and scattered settlements, and halted at Ngoti after four and a half hours' march.

Mwengi, the chief, was a gigantic young Mhuma, tall as a guardsman, but quiet and self-possessed, and his people obeyed him with alacrity. We therefore agreed to do a day's bartering. A fine bunch of bananas could be purchased for ten cowries, and as eight cowries constituted a days' ration allowance, no one could possibly complain of insufficient food.

An hour's march beyond Ngoti we began to descend the eastern face of the plateau, and on reaching the rolling plain 900 feet lower, were in the country of Uzinja.

We halted after five hours in Kizinga—Chief Kajumba's territory. The chief was another tall person of the Wahuma breed, at the time suffering from ophthalmia. When the Waganda invaded his territory a year ago, he fled to Unya-Ruwamba, an island in the lake, whence, after paying a tribute of cattle to Uganda, he was permitted to return to his own land as a subject of Mwanga, but to find his banana groves cut down, and the land well cleaned of every product. For the protection afforded him in his distress, Ihangiro claims Kizinga as a district attached to it. Kassasura, King of Usui, having invaded Kizinga and captured Kajumba and held him a prisoner for two months, also lays claim to his allegiance.

Kajumba was liberal to us, as he sent us eighty-one bunches of bananas, one goat, and two pots of *malwa*. As he was on the verge of senility, he was inclined to be despotic and querulous, and it may be imagined that perhaps a small caravan would be differently treated.



SOUTH-WEST EXTREMITTY OF LAKE VICTORIA NYANZA





Accompanied by guides from this chief, we set out southward, and three miles beyond we obtained a charming view of Lake Victoria and the islands Ikuta, Majinga, Soswa, Rumondo, and distant Mysomé, and near noon we camped at Nyamagoju, at the south-west extremity of an arm of the lake which receives the Lohugati, a periodical stream draining East Usui.

The next day's march was along a plain which extended from Nyamagoju to another lake arm, at whose extremity we camped at a village called Kisaho. Our route each day now was across flat extents of land, from which the lake had within twenty-five years or so receded. They are covered over with low bush, which at this season is leafless. The ground is dry, streamless, hard-baked and cracked, and shows a nitrous efflorescence in many places. To our right, as the land rises, on ridges over fifty feet above the lake, we find a thin dwarf forest; at a hundred feet elevation we see respectable trees, and grasses become more nutritious.

We cut across a broad cape-like formation of land and passed from the bay of Kisaho to a bay near Itari on the 20th, and from the summit of a high ridge near the latter place, I perceived by compass bearings and solar observation that we were much south of the south-west coast-line, as marked on my map in "Through the Dark Continent." From this elevated ridge could be seen the long series of islands overlapping one another, which, in our flight from the ferocious natives of Bumbiré in 1875, without oars, had been left unexplored, and which, therefore, I had sketched as mainland.

We find that the Wazinja call the Victoria Nyanza, Muta Nzigé, as the Wanyoro call the Albert Lake, Muta Nzigé, and the Wasongora and Wanyankori call the Albert Edward by the same name.

On leaving Itari, we were made aware of lions having paid the vicinity of our camp a visit by a dead zebra which had just been killed. We were also astonished at the number of human skulls about, and when we asked the guides the cause, we were informed that at Itari the Wazinja endeavoured to oppose the Waganda during their late invasion. It may be that the Wazinja deserved the cruel visitation. It is well known that Usui needs a lesson like it. The last caprice of Kassasura has been to halt a caravan of 150 guns.

As we reflected on the various events which appear to have occurred in this region in 1887, the Waganda in force in Karagwé, audacious and insolent, and shooting Arab traders, and invading Uzinja, and from Kishakka to the Victoria Lake, making the land one seething area of strife and bloodshed, it struck us that the events of 1888, the deposition of Mwanga, the revolution and counter-revolution, were simply clearing our track for a peaceful march to the sea.

It became impressed on us as we travelled over these dry, waterless plains, with their nakedness scarcely hidden by dwarf acacia and hardy

euphorbias, that the forest people were utterly unfit to be taken out of their arboreal homes. Half of those who had accompanied us we had been obliged to leave behind, and yet there had been no want of either food or water. In the same manner the Somalis, Soudanese, Madis, or Baris, when taken into the forest, had soon become joyless, and moping, and had died. And yet I have read in affectedly learned books that Africa was only fit for the Africans!

To my great surprise, and indeed delight, the lake extended to  $2^{\circ} 48'$  south latitude, which we ascertained on reaching Amranda on the 21st. The highest elevation reached since leaving Nyamaagoju has not been higher than fifty feet above the lake, while immense tracts of as yet poor flat country have been left bare by the recession of its waters, and until many a season yet of rains has scoured the nitre out of these plains, they must remain mean and unproductive.

By a gradual rise from Amranda southward, we escape after a few miles out of the unlovely plains to older land producing a better quality of timber. Before we were 100 feet above the lake, a visible improvement had taken place, the acacia had disappeared, and the myombo, a tree whose bark is useful for native cloth and for boxes, and even for canoes, flourished everywhere. At Bwanga, the next village, the language of the Wabuma, which we had heard continually since leaving the Albert Nyanza, ceases, and the Unyamwezi interpreters had now to be employed, which fact the sceptical Zanzibaris hailed as being evidence that we were approaching *Pwani* (the coast).

And now we had to turn east, straight for the English Mission House, which we began to hear of as being in Usambiro. From Bwanga to Uyombi is a march of six and three-quarter hours, thence another, Kamwaga, of five hours, thence to Umpeté, five hours, and from thence to the abandoned French Mission Station in Usambiro in six hours. In the centre of the circular palisade was a neat church, and above the roof of it was a simple cross, which instantly suggested CHRIST and CIVILISATION, words and thoughts to which I fear most of us had been strangers for many months.

The French Missionaries, we must admit, are not to be excelled in the art of building stations and developing an appearance of comfort and prettiness out of the most unpromising materials. Those who have travelled the last three or four hundred miles with us will have seen that I have been almost indifferent to the face of the land. We had traversed it during the dry season, when it is difficult to find one acre out of a million worth looking at, and yet equal in unloveliness to any we had seen was that occupied by this handsome Mission Station. The low earth-covered structures formed three sides of a spacious square, and in each row were four or five chambers neatly plastered within and without with grey clay. Midway between the houses was the church, excellently built out of materials in the vicinity; an

inner circle of palisades surrounded the civilised quarters, and an outer circle protected the village of the proselytes. Nothing could be better, considering that the myombo forest close by, and the soil around them, furnished the materials, than the plan and execution of it. One realised how patiently and with what love the French Missionaries must have laboured. There were two faults in the place, however, which, had their faith not been so great, they would have known before building. The natives were cantankerous, hard-hearted, worldly Wanyamwezi, and there was no water, and before they had quite completed the station, the signal for retreat and abandonment was given.

The next day, having already sent messengers ahead, that we might not take Mr. Mackay, of the Church Missionary Society, by surprise, we arrived in view of the English Mission. It was built in the middle of what appeared to be no better than a grey waste. The ground gently sloped from curious heaps of big boulders, or enormous blocks thrown higgledy-piggledy to the height of a respectable hill down to a marshy flat green with a dense crop of papyrus, beyond which we saw a gleam of an inlet of the Victoria Nyanza. We were approaching the mission by a waggon track, and presently we came to the waggon itself, a simple thing on wooden wheels used to haul timber for building. There was not a green thing in view except in the marsh; the aspect was cheerless and melancholy, the grass was all dead, the trees were leafless and withered. When we were about half a mile from the Mission House, a gentleman of small stature, with a rich brown beard, dressed in white linen and a grey Tyrolese hat, advanced to meet us.

"And so you are Mr. Mackay? Mwanga did not get you, then, this time? What experiences you must have had with that man! But you look so well one would say you had been to England lately."

"Oh, no, this is my twelfth year in Africa. Mwanga permitted me to leave Uganda, and the Rev. Cyril Gordon took my place, but not for long, since they were all shortly after expelled from Uganda."

Talking thus, we entered the circle of tall poles within which the Mission Station was built. There were signs of labour all round, and constant unwearying patience of sweating under a hot sun, and a steadfast determination to do something to keep the mind employed. There was a big, solid workshop in the yard filled with machinery and tools, a launch's boiler was being prepared by the blacksmiths, a big canoe was lying outside repairing; there were sawpits, and large logs of hard timber, there were great stacks of palisade poles; in a corner of an outer yard was a cattle-fold and a goat-pen, fowls by the score pecked at microscopic grains, and out of the European quarter there trooped out a number of little boys and big boys looking uncommonly sleek and happy; and quiet labourers came up to bid us, with hats off, "Good morning." Now if there is anything on God's earth better calculated than work to make men happy, it must be with some peculiar



dispositions the knowledge that their work is ended. Hence, when I entered the Mission House, my soul was possessed with some such feeling as this; at any rate, before my mission was quite terminated, the welcome we received promised rest and relief.

I was ushered into the room of a substantial clay structure, the walls about two feet thick, evenly plastered, and garnished with missionary pictures and placards. There were four separate ranges of shelves filled with choice, useful books. "Allah ho Akbar," replied Hassan, his Zanzibari head-man, to me; "books! Mackay has thousands of books, in the dining-room, bedroom, the church, everywhere. Books! ah, loads upon loads! of them!" And while I was sipping real coffee, and eating home-made bread and butter for the first time for thirty months, I thoroughly sympathised with Mackay's love of books. But it becomes quite clear why, amongst so many books, and children, and outdoor work, Mackay cannot find leisure to brood and become morbid, and think of "drearinesses, wildernesses, despair and loneliness." A clever writer lately wrote a book about a man who spent much time in Africa, which from beginning to end is a long-drawn wail. It would have cured both writer and hero of all moping to have seen the manner of Mackay's life. He has no time to fret and groan and weep, and God knows if ever man had reason to think of "graves and worms and oblivion," and to be doleful and lonely and sad, Mackay had, when, after murdering his bishop, and burning his pupils, and strangling his converts, and clubbing to death his dark friends, Mwangi turned his eye of death on him. And yet the little man met it with calm blue eyes that never winked. To see one man of this kind, working day after day for twelve years bravely, and without a syllable of complaint or a moan amid the "wildernesses," and to hear him lead his little flock to show forth God's loving kindness in the morning, and His faithfulness every night, is worth going a long journey, for the moral courage and contentment that one derives from it.

We stayed at the Mission Station from the 28th of August to the morning of the 17th of September, and on the Europeans of the Expedition the effect of regular diet and well-cooked food, of amiable society and perfect restfulness, was marvellous.

We were rich in goods of all kinds, for in Mr. Mackay's keeping since Mr. Stokes brought them from the coast in 1888, we possessed about two hundred loads of bulky currency and forty loads of preserved provisions. Thirty loads of cloth were instantly distributed among the people on account, at cost price, that each man might make amends during our rest for any late privations. We had also fourteen pack-donkeys, which were delivered to the Pasha's followers, and the Pasha, Casati, and myself were able to purchase riding asses from the French Missionaries at Bukumbi, who were good enough to visit us with valuable gifts of garden produce. From their



STANLEY ENIN, CASATI, AND OFFICERS AT USAMBIDO

share to propose the health of Emin Pasha, and to Mr. Mackay to propose mine, and there was no member then present who was not the recipient of most friendly wishes on the part of everybody else, delivered, as I thoroughly believe, in perfect sincerity.

*The last letter from MR. A. M. MACKAY.*

“USAMBIRO, *January 5th, 1890.*

“MY VERY DEAR SIR,

“I have no less than three valuable letters from you, viz., two dated Usongo, and one from Ugogo. The last arrived here on 1st December.

“Since the French priests passed this way to overtake your Expedition, I have not sent off a post to the coast.

“I was most pleased to hear of your satisfactory progress; and doubtless you are, by this time, comfortably housed in civilized territory, and enjoying a more than well-earned rest after the fatigues and privations of African travel. If any man merits the congratulations of Europe, certainly you do. But you will likely soon be sick of being fêted everywhere, and in disgust, retire into some out-of-the-way corner to write the full account of your remarkable adventures. What a strange loneliness hung about this place—physically and mentally—after you left, goes without saying. The looked-for mail did not come; only the carriers returned from Kisokwé, on October 23rd, without any letters from the coast. Although on December 1st we got a batch of letters, but no papers or magazines. These will come some time.

“Deakes has been a good deal unwell, but now fully recovered, while the commencement of the rains has laid up nearly all my colony of Baganda with protracted low fever. Your man, Ali bin Said, died on September 27th, and one of the Pasha's whites, Mohammed Arabi, died on October 20th. The others, eight in number, have all fully recovered, and are at work.

“I have fitted up my steam engine, and find pumps complete, and also riveted the boiler, both outer shell and firebox. The boiler has been a serious job, as fourteen years of knocking about have thrown every plate out of shape, besides turning the iron, originally of ‘Best’ brand, into a brittle, steely sort of thing, which determined to crack on the first touch of a hammer. But by carefully annealing the whole, I have succeeded. I am now rigging up a steam saw-mill, to cut up the planks for the new boat. The rough boat, or transformed canoe, which you saw here in progress, is now nearly finished, and should have been completed some time ago; but I have not been able to look after it, owing to occupation at other work, including printing for Baganda.

“You will have heard that, after severe fighting, the Christians defeated Kalema and his Arab party, and have replaced Mwanga on the throne. They have taken possession of all the chieftainships for themselves, equally dividing them between the Roman Catholics and the Protestants. An active young fellow named Kagwa Apollo, a pupil of my own, is now the Katekiro.

“Mwanga is altogether in the hands of the new Christian chiefs, and they do not seem likely to allow him to have his own way any more. Five of the Frenchmen, including their Bishops, are now there, while our Mission is represented by only Walker and Gordon.

“I can hear nothing of the I. B. E. A. Co., except the old report of February from Zanzibar, that they were at Ulu. They seem to require a man of determination and pluck at their head; and my joy will be great when I hear of your undertaking to put their affairs on a sound footing. I am glad to hear of Mr. Mackinnon being knighted. He well deserves the honour. I have written to his agents in Zanzibar, explaining the absurdity of their acceding to Germany's wish to draw the



boundary-line west of this Lake, along the 1st parallel of S. Lat., as that would cut the kingdom of Buganda into two halves; for Karagwé, Usui, and Usinja, as far south as Serombo, are actually part of Buganda, being tributary to it. No *paper* delimitation, made in Berlin or London, can ever remove these states from their allegiance to Buganda. Therefore, there need be little jealousy about the matter. The only fair boundary-line that I can see would be from this end of the long creek (Smith Sound) diagonally S.W. to the intersection of the 4th parallel with the 32nd degree of E. long., and then straight west to Bikani on the Tanganika.

"Many chiefs to the S.W. have been visiting here personally, and others sending; and I mean to send these letters their way to Uyui, as the wretched Nindo people are too grasping for my taste.

"I sent cloth, etc., to Nindo, to redeem your rifle taken from your messenger; but the rascally Mwanangwa has stuck to both ransom and rifle, under pretext of some quarrel with Stokes; so I give that crew a wide berth.

"I hear, on good authority, that the Banyoro, whom you fought, were not a chance raiding gang, but Kabba-Rega's own army, which he sent expressly to check your advance. He was so terrified at the defeat of his troops that he took refuge on an island in the Albert Lake. Mwanga sent here a deputation, a month after you left, craving your assistance.

"The Arabs seem now completely discomfited, and have fled from Nagu. Said bin Saif's (Kipanda) dhow, with a cargo of guns and kegs of powder, was captured by Mwanga's people, and the vessel destroyed. Sunguru's likewise. Stokes' boat is, at this moment, the only one on the Lake. The *Eleanor* I have cut up, as being too rotten for further use, but hope soon to launch the other boat, which may do good service till I get the steam launch afloat.

"I have no definite news of the coast. I only heard of the re-establishment of the Germans at Mpwapwa. Surely, they will learn wisdom in time, but hitherto they have made a sorry hash of matters. I only hope they and the English will keep the gunpowder out. In no other way will they ever be able to exercise any control on the chiefs in the Interior.

"'To be, or not to be; that is the question.' Is it to be a track to the Lake or not? I see in you the only hope for this region, in your getting Sir W. Mackinnon to see the matter in its true light. I would not give sixpence for all the Company will do in half a century to come, unless they join the Lake with the coast by a line let it be at first ever so rough. When they have got that, they will have broken the backbone of native cantankerousness.

"Very many thanks for your kindness in proposing to leave the theodolite for me at Kisokwe. I hope it will come this far in safety. I shall value it doubly as a souvenir from your hands.

"With very best wishes, etc., etc.,  
(Signed) "A. M. MACKAY.\*"

H. M. STANLEY, Esq."

\* To my great grief, I learn that Mr. Mackay, the best missionary since Livingstone, died about the beginning of the February following. Like Livingstone, he had declined to return, though I strongly urged him to accompany us to the coast.

## CHAPTER: XXX

## FROM THE VICTORIA NYANZA TO ZANZIBAR

Missionary work along the Victoria Nyanza and the Congo River—The road from Mackay's Mission—Rupture of peace at Ikoma—The Wasukuma warriors attack us, but finally retire—Treachery—The natives follow us from Nera to Seké—Continued aggression of the natives—Massacre of a caravan—The district of Usongo, and its chief—Two French missionaries overtake us—Human skulls at Ikungu—We meet one of Tippu-Tib's caravans from Zanzibar—Welcome at the German station of Mpwapwa—Emin Pasha visits the French mission of San Esprit—Our mails in Africa continually going astray—Baron von Gravenreuth and others meet us—Arrival of an Expedition with European provisions, clothing and boots for us—Major Wissmann—Arrival at Bagamoyo—A memorable Banquet—Emin's accident—The feeling at Bagamoyo—Embark for Zanzibar—Parting words with Emin Pasha—Illness of Doctor Parke—Emin Pasha enters the service of the German Government—Sudden termination of Emin's acquaintance with me—The British East African Company and Emin—Courtesy and hospitality at Zanzibar—Tippu-Tib's agent at Zanzibar—The Consular Judge grants me an injunction against Tippu-Tib's Agent—At Cairo—Conclusion.

It is fifteen years ago this month since I first saw this Victorian Sea, and launched my boat on its waters, and sailed along the shores, to map out its area. Six months later those two journals, the "Daily Telegraph" and "New York Herald," published the fact to every person who could afford the small sum of one penny, that the greatest Lake of Africa had been explored, and that at the north end of the Lake there was an African King ruling three millions of cleanly people, who cried out that he was in darkness and required light. And some good men heard the cry, and responded to it nobly. They sent missionaries to the King, and for years they taught him and his people, at first with little success, but by-and-by some of the seed fell upon good soil, and it took root and flourished, and despite the tares and the thistles and rank grasses that grew in the virgin soil, there was a good harvest.

In turning towards the sea, the thought came across my mind that elsewhere on the Congo, for 1400 miles from the western ocean, it had been permitted to me to float the steamers along that river, and build the Stations on its banks, which in 1887 were to be of great service to me to carry myself and my followers along the great river, and to offer shelter where we should meet with welcome and hospitality in the same manner as this Missionary

Station, which we were about to leave, had received us in 1889 with honour and regard. Truly I felt inclined to use the metaphor of the Preacher, and to admit that the bread I had cast upon the waters had returned to me abundantly after many days.

I do not propose to linger long over the lands intervening between Lake Victoria and Bagamoyo. I have already described them, and it is needless to repeat what is already written.

The road from Mackay's Mission takes a south-easterly direction at first. It then turns northerly, runs parallel with the creek which enters Lake Victoria, and finally strikes easterly over a low plain, where the soil seems to be so poor as to grow a grass not much higher than rock moss. The five hundred yards wide swamp at the South end of the Lake reminded me that the French missionaries, since their settlement near the Lake at Bukumbi, have ascertained that the Lake is now three feet lower than when they first settled here—that is about eleven years ago—that Ukerewé is no longer an island but is a peninsula. If this be true, and there is no reason to doubt it, and assuming that the decrease of the Lake has been uniform, a decrease of fifty feet in the Lake has required 183 years. At the time when Frederick the Great was crowned King of Prussia Lake Victoria must have been over 40,000 square miles in extent. It covers now, by this last discovery at the south-western extremity of the Lake, as near as I am able to measure it, 26,900 square miles.

The appearance of the country at Gengé, which had steadily improved since leaving the neighbourhood of the Lake, suggested to our coloured people that the missionaries had not made a wise choice in settling in Usambiro. They did not reflect that the more populous a district in Usukuma or Unyamwezi is, it becomes less tenable to poor missionaries, that the taxes, demands, and blackmail of the headstrong and bumptious chief would soon be so onerous that starvation would be imminent and the oppression unbearable.

We reached Ikoma on the 20th. At Gengé and at Kungu we had considerable difficulty in preserving the peace. The path was beset by howling mobs, who came up dancing and uttering war-cries. This mattered very little, but some demon of a youth was mischievous enough to push both parties into a wordy war about whether we were cannibals or not. They took the cicatrices on the Soudanese features as proof that they were man-eaters, and man-eaters had no business in their country. But while something like a camp was being formed, though bush was scarce, and grass was not to be discovered, there came to us a follower of the Egyptians, with an arrow in his arm, his head gashed with an axe. He had also been robbed of his clothes and allowance of cloth as well as his rifle. Two words were only needed to have amply revenged him. We pocketed the injury and many another insult that day, and the next we marched to Ikoma, the residential district of



the chief, and naturally, being the seat of power, it was four times more populous.

Our business at Ikoma was very simple. Mr. Mackay had informed us that Mr. Stokes, the English ivory trader, had a station there, that the principal chief, Malissa, was his friend, and that at this station Mr. Stokes had a supply of provisions—biscuits, butter, ham, bacon, &c.—which he wished to dispose of. Well, we were ten Europeans in number, every one of whom was blessed with a devouring appetite. We agreed to call that way and purchase them at any cost, and Mr. Mackay furnished us with two guides. Therefore, though the Kungu natives had been dangerously insolent, we thought that at Malissa's, the friend of Stokes, we should be asked to overlook the matter, as being mere noisy ebullitions of a few intractable youths.

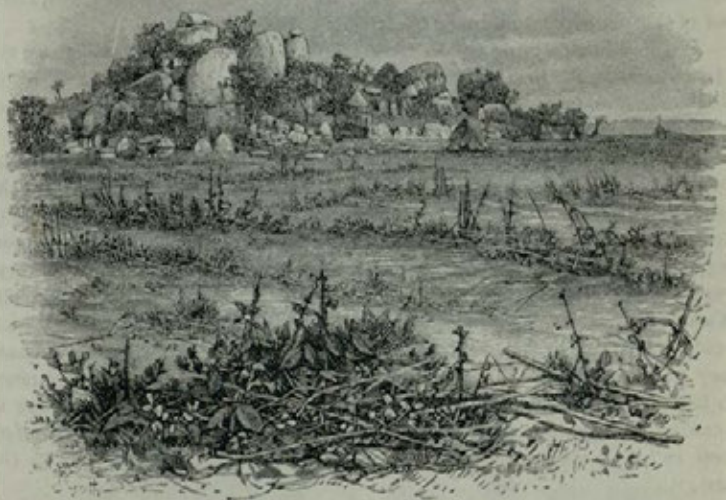
Before us, in the centre of a plain which three or four centuries ago, perhaps, was covered with the waters of Lake Victoria, there rose what must have been once a hilly island, but now the soil had been thoroughly scoured away, and left the frame of the island only in ridges of grey gneissic rock, and ruined heaps of monoliths and boulders and vast rock fragments, and under the shadow, and between these, were grouped a population of about five thousand people; and within sound of musket-shot, or blare of horn, or ringing cries, were congeries of hamlets out on the plain round about this natural fortress, and each hamlet surrounded by its own milk-weed hedge. In the plain west of the isleted rock-heaps, I counted twenty-three separate herds of cattle, besides flocks of sheep and goats, and we concluded that Ikoma was prosperous, and secure in its vast population and its impregnable rock-piles.

As we drew near there came scores of sleek and merry youths and girls, who kept laughing and giggling and romping about us like healthy, guileless young creatures, enjoying their youth and life. We travelled up a smooth easy pass flanked by piles of rocks rising to two hundred feet above us, which narrowed somewhat as we approached the chief's village. Presently a multitude of warriors came forward on the double quick towards us, making a brave display of feathers, shining spears, and floating robes, and drew up in front of the column to drive it back. They were heard shrilly screaming and sputtering their orders to the guides, who were telling them that we were only a caravan—friends of Stokes and Malissa; but the madmen drowned every word with storms of cries, and menaced the guides and men of the advance. I walked up to ascertain what was the matter, and I became an object to some fellows, who raced at me with levelled spears. One man seized my rifle; two Zanzibaris came up to my assistance, and tore the rifle from his hands; bows were drawn, and spears were lifted; two of our men were wounded, and in a second we were engaged in clearing the crowd away. In this close *mêlée* about ten lives were lost, and a Monangwa was captured. After this burst of hostility there would be no chance of purchasing

provisions, and as the rocks had already begun to be lined with musketeers and bowmen, we had to withdraw as quickly as possible from the pass, and form camp somewhere before we should be overwhelmed.

We found a pool of water near the end of the loose rock ridges; a huge monolith or two stood upright like Druids' stones outside. We completed the circle with bales and boxes and grassy huts, and camped to wait the upshot.

From our camp we could see the ancient bed of the Lake spreading out



ROCK HILLS, USAMBIRO

for a distance of many miles. Every half-mile or so there was a large cluster of hamlets, each separated from the other by hedges of milk-weed. The plain separating these clusters was the common pasture-land which had been cropped by hungry herds as low as stone moss. On our way to the camp a herd of cattle had been captured, but they had been released; we had a Monangwa in our hands, and we asked him what all this was about. He could not, or he would not, answer. We clothed him in fine cloths, and sent

him away to tell Malissa that we were white men, friends of Stokes, that we had many Wasukuma porters in our caravan, and that we had no intention of fighting anybody, but of going to the coast as quickly as possible. The chief was escorted within a quarter of a mile of Malissa's village, and released. He did not return, but during the day there were several efforts made to annoy us, until at 4 P.M., from the north, east and south appeared three separate multitudes, for a great effort. It was then the machine-gun was prepared.

The Wasukuma swayed closer up, but cautiously, and, it appeared to me, reluctantly. In front of the mob coming from the south were several skirmishers, who pranced forward to within 300 yards. One of the skirmishers was dropped, and the machine showered about a hundred and fifty rounds in their direction. Not one of the natives was hit, but the great range and bullet shower was enough. They fled; a company was sent out to meet the eastern mob, another was sent to threaten the crowd to the north, and the Wasukuma yielded and finally retired. Only one native was killed out of this demonstration made by probably 2000 warriors.

We had other things to do than fight Wasukuma, and therefore on the 21st we resumed the coastward march. We had been disappointed in obtaining those provisions of ham and bacon, and Malissa had lost his gifts of cloth which we had made ready for him.

We were not long on the march before the entire population of Urima seemed to be gathering on our flanks, and at 8 A.M. a dash was made on the column. There was no necessity to tell the Egyptians and their followers to keep close together. Nothing could be better than their behaviour for our purpose. They were now gathered in a close-packed mob. In front of them were two companies, and behind them was a strong rear-guard. The Wasukuma could make no impression whatever on the column had they been treble their number, and yet they seemed to be sure that in some manner they would be able to do something. But we continued on our way, pursued on flank and in rear until noon, when we reached Muanza, on the edge of a crooked rift in the old lacustrine deposit forty yards wide and thirty feet deep called Jordan's Nullah, whence water was obtained from pits in the sand.

As the natives hovered round us, we thought that we should make another trial to cause them to abate their fierce rancour, and we sent Poli-Poli, the chief Wasukuma guide, to talk to them. Poli-Poli literally means, "Go gently, gently." An hour's crying out from a distance succeeded in inducing a Monangwa and four of his men to approach and enter our camp, and the camp was soon absorbed with their arrival and prospect of a happy termination to the "war." While we were exchanging tokens of good will and professions of peace, and cutting out some cloth for them, as an earnest of our intentions, the Wasukuma had been allowed to approach. The Monangwa





OUR EXPERIENCES IN USUKUMA



and his friends had left my tent about five minutes, perfectly satisfied apparently, when I heard about fifty rifle shots fired in volleys. Running out, I found that the enemy was right among us. One of our men was dying from a spear wound, our goats were in full flight, being driven away on the run, the bottom of the nullah was covered with leaping forms. We had a very narrow escape from serious loss; but seven natives were killed within ten yards of the camp, the treacherous Mouangwa received a bullet in the shoulder and lost his cloth, and we recovered our goats.

We marched on the next morning at the usual hour; the villages stood on each side of our track in one continued series, and the population of S. Nera turned out *en masse*. The natives confined themselves to following us in a dense column stretching for quite two miles, every now and then firing at us from heavily loaded muskets. For three hours they continued in this manner, until as we were about leaving Nera, and entering Mamara, they uttered a series of war-cries, and made another effort. Dropping our loads, we raced towards them, and in a minute's time they were on the full trot in retreat. We lifted our loads and resumed our journey; but the natives presently re-collected, and followed us on the flanks as far as Seké—a fatiguing march of six hours.

On the 23rd we proceeded from N. Seké to Seke Kwikuru, or Seke the capital, vast crowds hanging on our flanks as before. Though we knew that trifling mercies, such as we were able to show, seldom made any impression on tribes quivering under extraordinary excitement and rage for battle, nevertheless we abstained from needlessly augmenting this causeless madness against us, and only halted a few minutes to repel a rush.

We were all in sad want of water and rest. Our cattle and riding animals had not been watered for two days, and at Seké the water was brackish and scarce. The sun was at its hottest. Our faces were baked and cracking. The grass was so short that the cattle were feeding upon the roots.

The next day was a halt. The natives advanced to within 800 yards of our camp; but after a few shots they dispersed, and we were left to enjoy the first rest gained after seven days' continuous travel and fighting.

Entering Sinyanga on the 25th, we were welcomed with "lu-lu-lus" by the women, and as they had heard all about our "little war" with Usukuma, every elder we met expressed a hope that we had cleared the wicked people out, for they were always a cursed lot, bothering travellers and strangers.

As we marched from one petty independent district to another, each governed by its own chief and council of elders, following its own peculiar customs, and each varying from the other according to the age, intelligence, and disposition of the chief, our duties and rule of conduct varied according to the demands made upon us. Here was the small district of Sinyanga with a population not exceeding 2000. The chief and his headmen



were as proud of their little state as any monarch and his senate might be of an empire. The chief was conscious of weakness, and that imprudent aggressiveness would prove speedy ruin; but he exacted his dues all the same. We paid them freely and with kindly words. The chief reciprocated the kindness, returned a gift to mark his pleasure, then his people flocked to the camp to exchange their grain and produce for cloth and beads, during which many a friendship and brotherly act was formed between the natives and our men.

In Urima and Nera again, the natives pounced down on us like wolves, with war-cries and insulting by-plays. Our flanks were thronged with hooting warriors, jeering youths and fleeing girls, who annoyed us by obscene gestures, and savagely taunted us. These insults might have been borne with equanimity, for words do not hurt, yet they made us more circumspect. Arrived in camp, the mobs grew greater; lusty long-legged youths hung about the tents, flourished their weapons, blew their shrill war-flutes, and artfully pursued a cunning system of annoyance in the belief that our forbearance meant fear. They looked around and saw that their numbers were fourfold superior to our own. They whispered to one another like village louts and bullies, "What a pity that we can't kick up a row! Ah, if anything happened, I would soon make myself master of that cloth, or that gun, or the things in those boxes," &c., &c. The chief was finally carried away by this general desire for booty, and relying upon the assurances that it would be an easy matter to overpower us, he committed himself to the imprudent scheme, and had cause to mourn. They could not plead ignorance as the new tribes might. Fifteen years ago I travelled through Usukuma, paying no more than ten or twelve cloths to any chief, and receiving a good ox or a couple of goats in return. Since that time, however, missionary after missionary, both English and French, and Arab caravans have made Usukuma a highway to the Victoria Lake. The tributes have been raised by the chief to 300 doti—£90 per petty district. To three petty districts the French missionaries were compelled to pay 900 doti of cloth—£270!

Khambi Mbya—an Arab who camped in Nera two years ago—was homeward bound from Uganda with his ivory. The tribute had been paid. A little personal dispute followed soon after between a woman of the camp, and a herdsman at a pool, as to whether the woman should take water first, or the cattle. The herdsman raised the war-cry, which resulted in the massacre of every man, woman, and child in the caravan.

Messrs. Ashe and Walker, C.M.S. missionaries, were seized, I am told, by one of these petty chiefs, and detained until they were ransomed by Mackay. Mr. Stokes, who is compelled by his business of trading in ivory, like many an Arab trader before him, to be patient and long-suffering, must have experienced many unhappy moments when he saw his carriers dropping their bales and flying before a noisy mob of bullies. The French missionaries have

abandoned Usambiro Station, and made their residence in Bukumbi. Mr. Mackay has left Msalala, and built a station at Makolo's. If these natives possessed any sense, or could have been touched by shame after being so generously treated and honoured by these missionaries, they would not have driven them away by extortion and oppression.

On the 4th of October we arrived at Stokes' boma, in the country of his friend Mittinginya. The king's capital lies about three-fourths of a mile to the south-east, and is a square enclosure of wattle and mud. Bullets might be rained against the walls for weeks without disastrous effects to those within, and provided the defenders had fuel, food, and water sufficient, and were properly vigilant, these fort-like structures would be impregnable except against cannon. The district of Usongo, of which Mittinginya is chief, is studded pretty thickly with these structures, and excepting the stubborn old baobab, no bush or plant obstructs the view between each tembé.

The chief is often embroiled with his neighbours. To the north there is a hostile chief called Simba, to the west he has a quarrel with the people of Uyogu, behind these are Kapera and his allies the Watuta or Wangoni—Equatorial Zulus; to the south the predatory Wataturu, descendants of Somalis, and to the north-east Wandui are at war with him. We stumbled into this hornet's nest of angry tribes, led to it by reports of Mittinginya's good nature, and in the hope that we should be able to obtain a few carriers for our ever-wailing Egyptians.

To emphasize the visible unrest here, the chief has invited a horde of wild Masai to assist him in his ambitious projects. The Masai had already distinguished themselves against the Watuta-Zulus, for the Wanduis had become as dumb-dogs. Seeing quiet strangers owning donkeys, the Masai quietly made themselves masters of four, which however they were compelled to return to us, and after eight days' halt we were able to leave Stokes's friend with his hornets humming around him, with twenty fresh carriers and without being implicated in any feud.

On the 17th we entered Ikungu, where we were overtaken by two French missionaries, Pères Girault and Schintze, who were invalids and were desirous of availing themselves of our escort to the sea.

Around the milk-weed hedges that surrounded the chief's village were over a hundred human skulls, while innumerable human fragments strewed the vicinity. Inquiring what calamity had occurred, I was told they were the remains of a tribe of Wanyaturu over four hundred strong, who had fled to Ikungu from Ituru, in the hope of saving themselves from famine. What articles they had brought with them were soon sold for food which they consumed, and then they sold their children and their wives, and when they had nothing left they died. The children were of the mulatto colour, and very superior in features to the sable urchins of Unyamwezi.

We met a caravan from Zanzibar at this place belonging to Tippu-Tib, and the Manyema reported that the coast war between the Germans and Coast Arabs was still proceeding, but that the Germans had commenced to be victorious.

On the 26th we entered Muhalala, and by the 8th of November we had passed through Ugogo.

Two days beyond Ugogo we entered the German Station of Mpwapwa, and were welcomed by Lieutenant Rochus Schmidt, who had arrived about a month previous, escorted by Major Wissmann, who was said to be the Imperial Commissary of German East Africa. He had already erected a stone breastwork around his little camp, which contained a hundred Zulus, on a commanding but windy spot that must needs be fatal to many a white officer whose misfortune it may be to be appointed Military Commandant of Mpwapwa.

The Rev. Mr. Price paid us a visit, and among other benefits resulting from his presence we obtained a year's issue of the "Weekly Times." In turning over the pages of the voluminous history of the past year, I gathered that the civilised world was spinning safely along without rack or tear. England was still at anchor amidst the silver seas; the Empire was where it ought to be; Europe was amusing herself with peaceful drill, and America was gathering her splendid harvests, and filling the Treasury cellars with gold ingots and silver bricks.

On the 13th, accompanied by Lieutenant Schmidt, the Expedition, about seven hundred strong, moved from Mpwapwa towards the coast, and five days later exchanged the parched aspect of the thorny wilderness of the interior for one that was fragrant with the perfume of lilies, and pleasant with the verdure of spring. After a two hours' march from Muini Usagara, we defiled out of the Mukondokwa Valley, and emerged into the plain of the Makata, the sight of which, with its green grass and pleasant shady trees and many groups of villages, after four months of droughty views, roused the enthusiasm of each of our officers. A Père from the French Mission near Ferahani, established near the base of the mountains, brought us a few welcome articles with their compliments and good wishes.

At Vianzi, two marches later, supplies reached us from Major Wissmann. They consisted of such assortments of provisions that only an explorer of experience would have known would be most appreciated, and in such prodigal abundance that our camp tables hence to the coast were loaded with luxuries.

On the 23rd we arrived at Simbamwenni, which is a town surrounded with a mud wall enclosing about four hundred conical houses. During the next day's halt Lieutenant Schmidt escorted Emin Pasha to see the good Pères of the French Mission of San Esprit, who have commenced to work at Morogoro with the same earnest thoroughness that has made their establishment





BANQUET AT MSUA.



at Bagamoyo so famous. They have planted oranges, mangoes, plantains, vanilla, cinnamon and coffee, and almost all fruits known in tropical lands, and have led a clear and bounteous stream of water through their little estate.

Lieutenant Schmidt informed me that he was somewhat taken aback at the fact that the Fathers, in their intense devotion to their own religious duties, were unacquainted with the repute of his illustrious companion. A Père had asked him in a whisper, after eyeing the Pasha in wonder, "Can he speak anything but Arabic?" and was astounded when he heard, with that warmth so characteristic of young straightforward German officers, that he could not only speak Arabic, but could speak French, English, German, Turkish, Italian and Greek, with easy fluency, and that he was German by birth.

"Indeed! And is his expedition commercial, scientific, or military?"

Then Lieutenant Schmidt, all amazed at the extraordinary seclusion of the pious recluse, had to relate the whole story, and for the first time he knew what business had brought me on my third visit to this region.

The Pasha, who enjoyed the relation of the story, was asked to be comforted, and for his solace I related how I had been introduced by a Canon of Westminster Abbey to a well-known bishop—as one who had done some good work on the Congo. The bishop hesitated a minute, and then said blandly, "Ah, indeed, how very interesting! But pray tell me where is the Congo."

On the 27th we arrived at Ungerengeri, and for the first time we received a few letters. Never had any such fatality attended mails in Africa as had attended ours. Three several times I had requested our friends to despatch our letters to Msalala, south end of Lake Victoria, bearing legibly a superscription to the effect that they were "to be left until called for." Bushels of mails had been sent, and every packet but one, containing three letters, had been lost.

While halting at Msua, the Baron von Gravenreuth arrived, with 100 soldiers. The Baron is a dashing soldier, fond of the excitement of battle-strife, and in his attacks on the zeribas of the coast Arabs has displayed considerable skill. It was most amusing to hear him remind me how he had once applied to me for advice respecting equipment and conduct in Africa, and that I had paternally advised him to read "The Congo and the Founding of its Free State," "an advice—I may tell you now—I followed, and I am glad of it."

Soon after appeared two correspondents of American newspapers, one of whom was Mr. Thomas Stevens, and the other Mr. Edmund Vizetelly, representing the "New York Herald." The last-named gentleman brought us quite a number of well-selected articles for personal comfort and some provisions, by request of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the proprietor of the



Journal in whose service I had undertaken two previous expeditions into Africa.

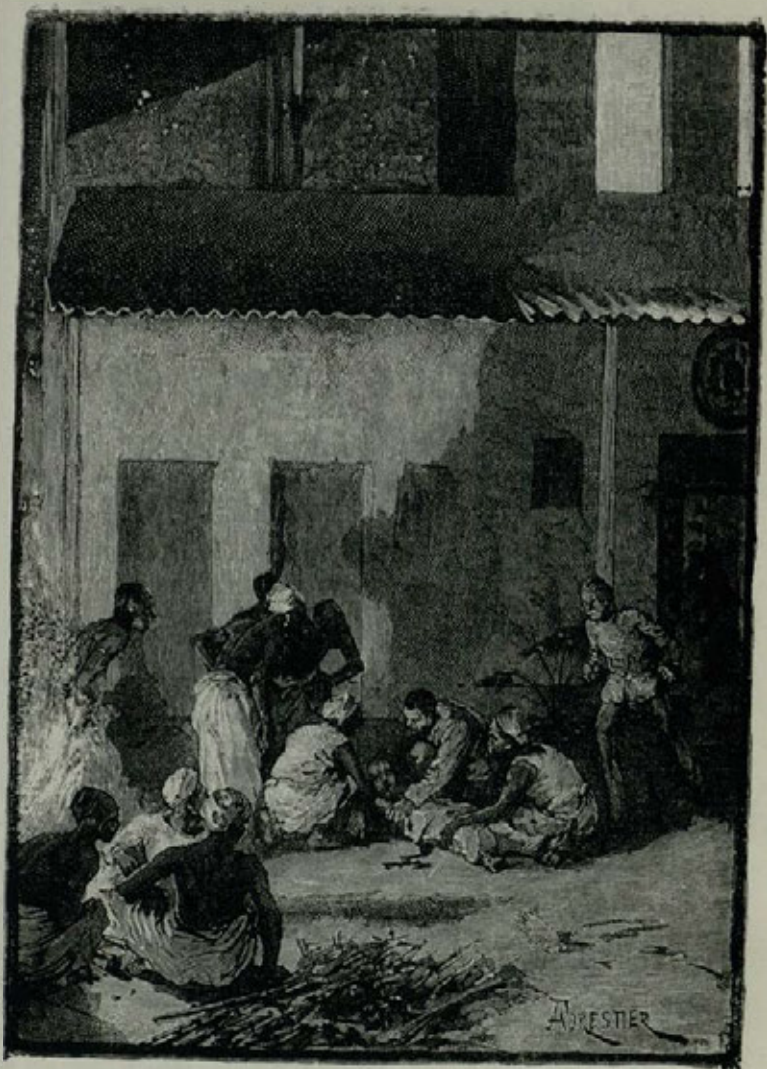
Two marches from Msua an expedition from the Imperial British East African Company arrived in our camp, conveying for our use 170 porter-loads of rice, and twenty-five cases of European provisions, clothing and boots, so that each person in the column received twenty-two pounds of rice, besides rations of salt, sugar, jams and biscuits.

The evening of December 3rd, as we were conversing outdoors in the moonlight, the sound of a cannon was heard. It was the evening gun at Zanzibar, and the Zanzibaris set up ear-piercing cries of joy at that which announced to them that the long journey across the Continent was drawing near its close, and the Egyptians and their followers echoed the shouts as the conviction dawned on them that within the next twenty-four hours they should see the ocean, on which with all comfort and leisure they would be borne to the land of Egypt and to their future homes.

On arriving at the ferry of the Kingani River next day Major Wissmann came across to meet us, and for the first time I had the honour of being introduced to a colleague who had first distinguished himself, at the headquarters of the Kasai River, in the service of the International Association, while I was building stations along the main river. On reaching the right bank of the Kingani we found some horses saddled, and turning over the command of the column to Lieut. Stairs, Emin Pasha and myself were conducted by Major Wissmann and Lieut. Schmidt to Bagamoyo. Within the coast-town we found the streets decorated handsomely with palm branches, and received the congratulations of Banian and Hindu citizens, and of many a brave German officer who had shared the fatigues and dangers of the arduous campaign, which Wissmann was prosecuting with such well-deserved success, against the Arab malcontents of German East Africa. Presently rounding a corner of the street we came in view of the battery square in front of Wissmann's headquarters, and on our left, close at hand, was the softly undulating Indian Sea, one great expanse of beautiful blue. "There, Pasha," I said. "We are at home!"

"Yes, thank God," he replied. At the same time, the battery thundered the salute in his honour, and announced to the war-ships at anchor that Emin, the Governor of Eutoria, had arrived at Bagamoyo by the sea.

We dismounted at the door of the mess-house of the German officers, and were conducted upstairs to a long and broad verandah about forty-five by twenty-five feet, which had been converted into a palmy bower, gaily decorated with palm branches and German flags. Several round tables were spread, and on a wide buffet was arranged a sumptuous lunch, of which our appetites enabled us to partake fearlessly; but dubious of the effects of fine champagne after such long absence, I diluted mine largely with Sauerbrunn water. The Pasha was never gayer than on this afternoon,



HOUSE AND BALCONY FROM WHICH EMIN FELL.





when, surrounded by his friends and countrymen, he replied to their thousand eager questions respecting the life he had endured during his long exile in Africa.

At four o'clock the Expedition filed in, making a brave show. The people were conducted to huts ready constructed near the beach, and as the carriers dropped their loads and the long train of hammocks deposited their grievous burdens of sick men and women and poor children for the last time on the ground, they, like myself, must have felt profound relief and understood to the full what this arrival by the shore of the sea meant.

At 7.30 P.M. the banquet was to take place. As we mounted the stairs to the broad verandah, the Pascha was met, having just left the lunch table going to dress for dinner. We assembled in the palmy bower, thirty-four persons all told—English Vice-Consul, Mr. Churchill, German Consul, and Italian Consul, Captain Brackenbury, of H.M.S. *Turquoise*, and Commander T. Mackenzie Fraser, of H.M.S. *Somali*, the Consular Judge, Captains Foss and Hirschberg, of the German warships *Sperber* and *Schwalbe*, Officers of the Imperial Commissary's Staff, Emin Pasha, Captain Casati, Captain Nelson, Lieutenant Stairs, Surgeon Parke, Mr. Jephson, Mr. Bonny, Pères Etienne and Schmidt of the Bagamoyo Mission, Pères Girault and Schintze of the Algerian Mission, Officers of the German East Africa Co., Baron St. Paul Illaire, and others; Mr. W. H. W. Nicoll, of the Imperial British East Africa, Captain of the Commissary's Flotilla, &c. &c. The band of the *Schwalbe* was in attendance to give *éclat* to what was a very superb affair for Bagamoyo.

The guests having assembled, Major Wissmann led the way to the long banqueting-room, into which the central room of the house had been converted for the occasion. While we were feasting within, the Zanzibaris—tireless creatures—were celebrating the close of a troublous period in the street just below the verandah, with active dance and hearty chorus. The banquet included the usual number of dishes. I am utterly powerless to describe it. To me it appeared wonderful for Bagamoyo. I omitted to inquire of Wissmann where he obtained his chef, and how it all was managed. Without a particle of exaggeration the dinner was a triumph. The wines were choice and well selected and iced, and had it not been for the Sauerbrunn close at hand in unstinted quantity, I should soon have been incompetent to speak of their merits. I had almost forgotten the ceremony which follows banquets; but as the time drew near 9 o'clock, and the music was hushed, Major Wissmann rose to his feet. A presentiment possessed me, that he aimed at proposing to the company that they should join him in drinking to the good healths of the guests, Emin Pasha, Captain Casati, Mr. Stanley and the officers of the Expedition, which had concluded its labours by its arrival in the port of German East Africa that day. As I supposed, so the gallant Major spoke, in well-measured phrases, with genuiue kindness and

incomparable cordiality; and the company rose to their feet to emphasize the sentiments with hearty hurrahs.

The principles of my reply were, first, that I was unaware that Emin Pasha was a German when I offered my services to carry relief to him; that our thoughts were mainly of a brave Governor in difficulties, guarding his province with a tenacity, courage and wisdom, against the assaults of ferocious fanatics who had already eradicated every vestige of civilization from the Soudan. Secondly, that as it had been proved by former expeditions that success was only gained by hearty good will, unwearied effort, and uttermost striving, my companions and myself, like men animated with one mind, had devoted ungrudgingly every fibre, and all our strength, morally and physically, to accomplish the purpose for which we set out. And thirdly, that as the world educated men to become indifferent to its praise or censure, that as neither perfection nor devotion ensured its favour, as misfortune ensured its contempt, success its envy or hate, and as no individual possessed merit enough to win the admiration of all—the safest plan was to seek the approval of one's conscience; and fourthly, that though we had but proposed, it was God who had disposed events as He saw fit. "Emin is here, Casati is here. I and my friends are all here; wherefore we confess that we have a perfect and wholesome joy in knowing that, for a season at least, the daily march and its fatigues are at an end."

The Pasha's speech, delivered with finished elocution—clear, distinct, and grammatical—and a deep, resonant voice, took the company by surprise. It was mainly an outpouring of gratitude to the generous English people who had thought of him, to his German countrymen for their kind reception of him, and to His Imperial Majesty Wilhelm II. for his gracious message of welcome and congratulation.

An effusive gladness pervaded the company. There were several of us whose hearts overflowed with undisguised pleasure at the thought that a period of restfulness was to begin with the morning's sun—the rest rejoiced from a pure and generous sympathy. The Pasha was supremely gay and happy. He was seen wandering from one end of the table to the other, now bending over Père Etienne; then exchanging innocent gaiety with Surgeon Parke, and many others; while I was absorbed in listening to Wissmann's oral account of the events of the East Coast War. Presently Sali, my boy-steward, suddenly whispered in my ear that the Pasha had fallen down, which I took to mean "stumbled over a chair," but perceiving that I did not accept it as a serious incident, he added, "He has fallen over the verandah wall into the street, and is dangerously hurt."

The banquet was forgotten. Sali led me down the stairs to the street, and at a spot removed about twenty feet from the place where he had fallen there were two little pools of blood. The accident seems to have occurred within fifteen minutes after the delivery of his speech, and some minutes



UNDER THE PALMS AT BAGANOVO. (From a Photograph.)





must have elapsed before I was informed, for the Pasha had been carried away to the German Hospital.

Hastening after my guide, with my mind oppressed by this sudden transition from gaiety to gloom, I reached the hospital, and at the door met a German officer, who, with uplifted hands, revealed the impression made on him by a view of the unfortunate man. Guided upstairs, I was shown to a bed surrounded by an anxious-looking group. I saw the Pasha's form half undressed extended on the bed, wet bandages passed over the right side of the head and right eye. A corner of the wetted lint was lifted up, and I saw that the right eye was closed by a great lump formed by swollen tissues, and discovered that the lint was crimson with blood oozing from the ear. No one seemed to be able to give an exact account of how the accident happened, but the general impression seemed to be that the Pasha, who was half-blind, and had been so for the last two years, had moved somewhat too briskly towards the verandah, or balcony wall of that "palmy bower" wherein we had lunched, to look at the happy natives dancing in the moonlight, and, misjudging its height, had leaned over suddenly, and too far, and before he had recovered his balance had toppled on to the zinc shed, over the sidewalk, and into the street, a fall of about fourteen feet from the edge of the shed. Lieut. Rochus Schmidt had instantly been informed, and hurrying into the street, and finding the Pasha unconscious, had attempted to rouse him by pouring cold water over his head, and failing in this had him conveyed to the hospital.

Next morning Surgeon Parke reported to me that the Pasha had remained completely unconscious until near dawn, and that though the accident was undoubtedly a serious one, it need not be considered dangerous, as he had examined him, and could discover no fracture of the skull, the blood from the ear having issued from injured arteries, and that, provided no inflammation supervened, he might be easily removed within ten days. The Pasha was much bruised on his right side and back, and was in a most painful condition.

Two German surgeons from the war-ships, however, announced that after a careful examination they had come to the conclusion that the Pasha's condition was most dangerous, that there was an unmistakable fracture near the base of the skull, and that only 20 per cent. of such cases ever recovered.

There was not one European at Bagamoyo but felt extremely grieved at the sad event that had wrecked the general joy. The feeling was much deeper than soldiers will permit themselves to manifest. People were shocked that his first day's greeting among his countrymen and friends should have proved so disastrous to him after fourteen years' absence from them. What the Emir Karamallah and his fanatics, a hundred barbarous negro tribes, conspirators, and rebel soldiery, and fourteen years of Equatorial heat had

failed to effect, an innocent hospitality had nearly succeeded in doing. At the very moment he might well have said, Soul, enjoy thyself! behold, the shadow of the grave was thrust across the vision.

On the 6th of December our people were embarked on board H.M.S. *Somali* and three of Major Wissmann's steamers, and at 9 A.M. a fleet, consisting of H.M.S. *Turquoise*, Capt. Brackenbury, with Lieut. Stairs, Major Wissmann, Messrs. Jephson and Bonny on board, the *Sperber*, Capt. Foss, with myself, Capt. Nelson, and four Algerian Pères, the *Schwalbe*, Capt. Hirschberg, H.M.S. *Somali*, Commander Fraser, and three vessels of Wissmann's steam flotilla, after lifting anchor, formed line, and proceeded towards the island of Zanzibar. The sea, a clear blue, paling into a diluted green over reefs which flanked the course, was lovely, and as the gentle wind met us, we respired deep draughts of air free from taint and miasma. Oh! the deep relief I felt that this was the end of that continual rising in the morning with a hundred moaning and despairing invalids wailing their helplessness and imploring for help, of those daily scenes of disease, suffering, and misery!

Now let me for a moment speak proudly. Knowing what my companions and I know, we have this certain satisfaction, that let envy, malice, and jealousy provoke men to say what they will, the acutest cross-examination of witnesses in a court of justice would elicit nothing more, so far as we are concerned, than a fuller recognition and higher appreciation of the sacrifice and earnestness of the endeavour which we freely and gratuitously gave to assist Emin Pasha and Captain Casati, and their few hundreds of followers. Money, time, years, strength, health, life, anything and everything—freely, kindly, and devotedly—without even giving one thought to a reward, which, whatever its character might be, would be utterly inadequate as compensation. No honour, however great, can be equal to that subtle satisfaction that a man feels when he can point to his work and say, "See, now, the task I promised you to perform with all loyalty and honesty, with might and main, to the utmost of my ability, and God willing, is to-day finished."

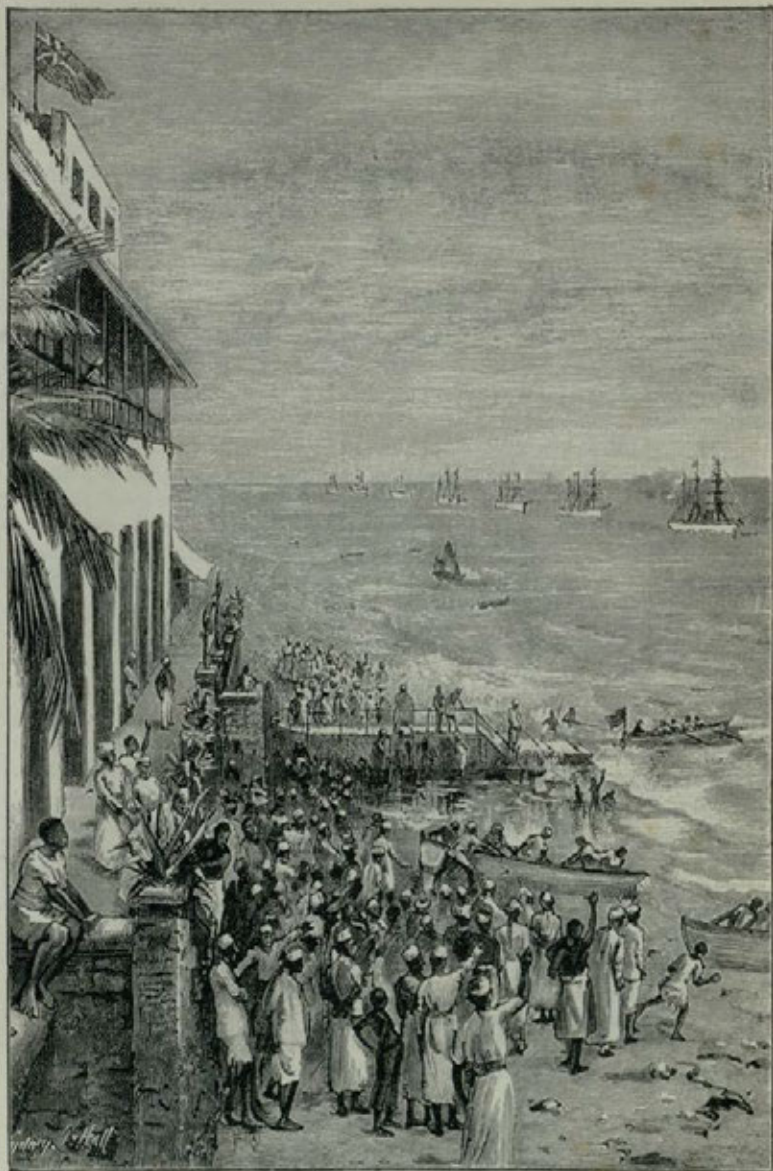
In the morning I had paid a visit to Emin Pasha. He was in great trouble and pain. "Well, Pasha," I said, "I hope you don't mean to admit the possibility that you are to die here, do you?" "Oh! no. I am not so bad as that," and he shook his head.

"By what I have seen, Pasha, I am entirely of the same opinion. A person with a fractured head could not move his head after that manner.\* Good-bye. Dr. Parke will remain with you until dismissed by you, and I hope to hear good news from him daily." We shook hands, and I withdrew.

It may be curious, but it is true. Emin Pasha, who breathed a cosmopolitan spirit while he was in the interior, and who professed broad views,

\* The Pasha arrived at Zanzibar about the beginning of March, 1890, perfectly recovered.





THE RELIEF EXPEDITION RETURNING TO ZANZIBAR ON BOARD H.M.S.S. "TURQUOISE"  
AND "SOMALI," THE GERMAN WARSHIPS "SPERBER" AND "SCHWALBE,"  
AND MAJOR WISSMANN'S STEAM FLOTILLA.



became different in a few days. Only the day before we reached Bagamoyo I had said to him, "Within a short time, Pasha, you will be among your countrymen; but while you glow with pride and pleasure at being once more amongst them, do not forget that they were English people who first heard your cries for help; that it was English money which enabled these young English gentlemen to rescue you from Khartoum."

"Never; have no fear of that," replied the Pasha.

Dr. Parke bore up, I am told, against much unpleasantness. But finally, falling ill himself, to the peril of his life, he was conveyed to the French hospital in Zanzibar, where he lay as hopeless a case almost as Emin Pasha was immediately after his accident. Happily he recovered from the severe illness that he had incurred while watching at the Pasha's bedside.

The reports were more and more unsatisfactory from Bagamoyo, and finally I despatched my boy-steward Sali, who returned from his visit to the Pasha protesting that he had been threatened with a short shrift if he ever visited Bagamoyo again; and never message or note did I receive from Emin, the late Governor of Equatoria.

While writing this concluding chapter there appeared the announcement that Emin Pasha had entered the service of the German Government in East Africa. It was the conviction that he would do this that had caused me to remind him on the 4th of December, that it was English money which had enabled our Expedition to proceed to his relief and rescue. That he has ultimately elected to serve Germany in preference to England appears perfectly natural, and yet the mere announcement surprised a great many of his warmest and most disinterested friends, among whom we may number ourselves.

For among the copies of letters relating to Emin Pasha, and the objects of our Expedition, supplied to me by the British Foreign Office, was a copy of one purporting to have been written by Emin himself to Sir John Kirk, offering to surrender his province to England, before even he had obtained authority from the Khedive to part with it. The appearance of this letter in print vexed him greatly, as it seemed to accuse him of seeking to betray the interests of the Government he was supposed to have served so faithfully. Instead, however, of meeting with an agent of England, empowered to treat with him for the delivery of the province to the British Government, and to appoint him as the Governor of the Province under British auspices, he was informed that the Egyptian Government, acting under the advice of the British representative at Cairo, had only availed themselves of our Expedition to convey to him their wish that he would retire from Equatoria with such troops as were willing to accompany him. Those who are interested in motives will not find it difficult, therefore, to understand the apparent hesitation and indecision that he seemed to labour under when questioned by me as to his intentions. For nothing could have been more unexpected and



unwelcome than the official letters from the Khedive and Nubar Pasha which declared their resolve to abandon the province, except the absolute silence of British officials, or British philanthropists, or commercial companies, respecting the future of the country wherein he had spent so many years of his life in contentment, if not in peace. In lieu of what he had expected, I had only the offer of the King of the Belgians to make to him, to which were attached certain conditions, that appeared to him to render the offer of no value. He could not guarantee a revenue—possibly because he knew better than any one else that there was neither Government nor province, and that, therefore, revenue could not be collected. It was then I proposed to him, solely on my own responsibility, that he should take service with a British East African Association, because from his letter to Sir John Kirk I believed it approached nearer to his own views than any other. As I could not guarantee the engagement and could only promise that I would do my utmost to realise my ideas, I could but extract a declaration from him that the offer was congenial to him. Yet, as we know, he could definitely accept neither, inasmuch as he did not know whether his rebellious officers would consent to depart from the province, even as far as the Victoria Nyanza. As my mission to Emin was solely to convey ammunition to him, or to assist him in any way desirable and convenient to him, I was as free to carry offers to him from Italy, Germany, Russia, Portugal, or Greece as I was to carry that from Belgium. But as Emin was disinclined to return to Egypt, and declined to accept King Leopold's generous offer of employment, and dared not pledge himself to accept service with the English company until he had ascertained whether any of his people were willing to accompany him, he was compelled to return to his province to consult the inclinations of his officers, in doing which he was deposed from his authority and made a prisoner. When permitted to visit our camp by his rebellious officers, he placed himself under our escort, and accompanied us to the sea, with such servants as we compelled to serve him during the journey.

Therefore, having accomplished our mission towards him faithfully, with every consideration, respect, and solicitude for himself and family during a journey of 1,400 miles, we have some reason for being more than surprised that the accident at the banquet at Bagamoyo should have so suddenly terminated our acquaintance without the smallest acknowledgment. Three several times I am aware I offended Emin. The first time was on April 5th, when, finding him utterly unable to decide, or to suggest anything, or accept suggestion from me, my patience, after fifty-two days' restraint, gave way. Even now the very thought of it upsets me. If the Pasha had had a whipping boy, I fear the poor fellow would have had a severe time of it. Secondly, my judgment in the affair of Mohammed's wife was contrary to his wishes, but had he been my brother, or benefactor, I could not have done otherwise than render strict justice. The third was at Mtsora, when Emin came to apologise

for certain intemperate words which he had used, and when I seized the opportunity of telling him what kind of conduct was unbecoming a Pasha and a gentleman. "I frankly accept your apology, Pasha," I said, "but I do hope that from here to the coast you will allow us to remember that you are still the Governor of Equatoria, and not a vain and spoiled child. It is a grief to us to see you showing childish pettishness, because we cannot forget that you are he for whom we were all ready to fling away our lives at a moment's notice. The method of showing resentment for imaginary offences which we see in vogue with you and Casati is new to us. We do not understand why every little misunderstanding should be followed by suspension of intercourse. We have been in the habit of expressing frankly our opinions, but never, above a minute, nourishing resentment, and brooding over fancied wrongs. If you could bear this in mind, you would be convinced that this forced seclusion in your tent cannot appear otherwise than absurd and infantile to us."

"Ah, Mr. Stanley, I am sorry I ever came on with you, and, if you will allow me, on reaching Mr. Mackay's, I will ask you to let me remain with him," said he.

"But why, Pasha?" I asked. "Tell me why, and what is it you wish. Has any person offended you? I know of everything that happens in this camp, but I confess that I am ignorant of any offence being done towards you intentionally by any person. Down to the smallest Zanzibari boy I can only see a sincere desire to serve you. Now, Pasha, let me show you in few words for the first time how strange your conduct appears to us. When we volunteered to convey relief to you, you were a kind of hero to us; you were Gordon's last lieutenant, who was in danger of being overcome by the fate which seemed to overtake every person connected with the Soudan, and we resolved to employ every faculty to extricate you from what appeared to be the common doom. We did not ask what country gave you birth, we did not inquire into your antecedents; you were Emin, the heroic Governor of Equatoria, to us. Felkin, and Junker, and Allen, of the Anti-Slavery Society, had by their letters and speeches created a keen sympathy in every breast for Emin, the last lieutenant of Gordon. We were told that all you needed was ammunition, and from the day when I left New York to take command of this Expedition, I had only one thought, and that was to reach you before it was too late. I wrote to you from Zanzibar that we intended to take the Congo route, and that we should march for Kavalli, and I begged you to prepare the natives for our coming, for you had two steamers, and life-boats, besides canoes. Well, we reached Kavalli on the 14th December, 1887. You did not reach Kavalli before March, 1888. That omission on your part cost us the life of a gallant Englishman, the lives of over a hundred followers, and a delay of four months. We had to return to Fort Bodo, and bring our boat to search for you. During twenty-six days' stay with you, we were not

certain of any one thing, except that you would wait for the arrival of the Major and rear column. We hastened back to hunt up the rear column, to find the Major was dead, and the rear column a wreck. Now all this might have been avoided if you had visited Kavalli, and assisted in your own relief. When we returned to you in January, 1889, you were deposed, a helpless prisoner, and in danger of being taken to Khartoum; and yet, though you had written to me that you and Casati and many Egyptians were resolved to depart if I would give you a little time, after fifty-six days' patient waiting you were still undecided what to do. My illness gave you an additional twenty-eight days' delay, and even now I find you hankering for something that I cannot guess, and which you will not name. Up to this date we have lost Major Barttelot, and three hundred lives; we are here to lose our own lives if they are required. What more can we do for you? What is it you wish us to do? Write out in plain words your needs, and you shall then judge for yourself whether our professions are mere empty words."

But no, the Pasha could sulk for days, and keep on thinking and brooding, but it was not in his nature to be frank, and tell us what this something was that he appeared to want. Once, at Mackay's house, I thought he was about to unbosom himself, but he stopped abruptly, and went out, and while with him I had no suspicion of the character or quality of this "something" which disturbed him and mystified us.

From this time to the hour I bade him my farewell at the hospital on the 6th December nothing occurred to mar a pleasant intercourse. There was one difficulty, however, under which I laboured, and that was to write my letters to the Emin Relief Committee, without betraying my surprise at the extraordinary vacillation which marked the Governor's conduct. It would have been a more agreeable task to have maintained the illusions under which we had set out from England, but it was impossible. What occurred at Kavalli was visible to every officer in the Expedition, and at some indiscreet moment the mask under which friendship may have attempted to disguise the eccentricities of the Pasha would surely have been brushed aside. It was, therefore, necessary that I should state the truth as charitably as possible, so that whatever might be deduced by critics, the worst charge would have been no more than that his apparent vacillation was due to excess of amiability.

But the Pasha's conduct at Bagamoyo, from the moment he entered the German Hospital, will not even permit me the privilege of exhibiting him in such an amiable light. The ungrateful treatment which the poor boy Sali received, the making of my letters common property among the German officers, the strange ingratitude shown to Dr. Parke, who ought not to have an enemy in the wide world, the sudden and inexplicable cessation of intercourse with every member of our Expedition, render it necessary that we should not close this book without reference to these things.



In Africa Emin Pasha expressed his fears that if he returned to Egypt he would be unemployed. Within half-an-hour of my arrival in Cairo, I took the liberty of urging upon the Khedive that Emin Pasha should be assured, as early as possible, that he would be certain of employment. The Khedive at once consented, and in thirty-six hours Emin replied to the promise of his Highness, "Thanks, my kind master."

Four weeks later he cabled to the Khedive requiring that a credit for £400 should be given to him at Zanzibar. Col. Euan-Smith, at Zanzibar, was requested by the Government of Egypt to pay that amount to Emin, whereupon he cabled back, "Since you cannot treat me better than that, I send you my resignation."

As he had offered his services to England, the British East African Company were induced to listen to his overtures, and I was aware while at Cairo that a very liberal engagement was open to his acceptance; but suddenly everybody was shocked to hear that he had accepted service with the Germans in East Africa, and naturally one of his first duties was to inform his new employers of the high estimate placed on his genius for administration by the directors of the British East African Company. I understand that he had agreed to serve Germany one month previous to his offer of service to the British Company. It is clear, therefore, why he was negotiating with the latter.

As has been stated above, his desire to serve the Germans has not been a surprise to me; but this reckless indifference to his own reputation, and his disregard of the finer human feelings, certainly are calculated to diminish admiration. While most readers of this book would be indifferent to his employment by his own Emperor, and would consider it natural and right that he should show preference for his own natal land and countrymen, it will not appear so natural to them that the flag which he had stated at Kavalli he had served for thirty years, should have been so disdainfully cast aside, or that the "kind master," the Khedive of Egypt, who had given £14,000 towards his rescue, should have been parted with so unceremoniously; or that Sir William Mackinnon and his English friends, who had subscribed £16,000 for sending to him the assistance he had requested, should have been subjected to such a sudden chilling of their kindly sympathies. Nor will it appear quite natural to us that he should so soon forget his "dear people" for whom he pleaded so warmly in May, 1888, and February and March, 1889, as to leave them in Cairo for four months without a word. Dr. Vita Hassan, the apothecary, his most devoted follower, received a letter from him a few days before I left Cairo, which announced to him that he and the others must look out for themselves, that as he had severed his connection with Egypt he could not be troubled any more with them. Poor Shukri Agha, faithful to the last, with tears in his eyes came to me to ask what it all meant. What had he done to be treated with such neglect? With eight years' arrears of pay due

to them, the Pasha's followers remain wondering why their late chief has so utterly cast them away.

We were the recipients at Zanzibar of very great courtesy and hospitality. To Major Wissmann I am vastly indebted for large and unstinted hospitality, and I feel honoured with the acquaintance of this noble and brave German centurion. To the gallant Captains Foss and Hirschberg, of the Imperial German Navy, we owe great gratitude for their unremitting kindness. From Consul-General Col. Euan-Smith and his charming wife, I received courtesies past counting, a hospitality as ungrudging as it was princely and thoroughly disinterested, besides favours and honours without number, but to adequately express my gratitude for such goodness is impossible. Indeed, there was not a German, or English, or Italian, or Indian resident at Zanzibar who did not show to myself and companions in some form or another their—what was called—appreciation of our services in behalf of Emin Pasha, Captain Casati, and their followers.

The Agent of the East African Company in company with Lieut. Stairs having completed their labours of calculating the sums due to the survivors of the Relief Expedition, and having paid them accordingly, a purse of 10,000 rupees was subscribed thus: 3000 rupees from the Khedive of Egypt; 3000 rupees from the Emin Relief Fund; 3000 rupees from myself personally; 1000 rupees from the Seyyid Khali'a of Zanzibar, which enabled the payees to deliver from 40 to 60 rupees extra to each survivor according to desert. General Lloyd Mathews gave them also a grand banquet, and in the name of the kind-hearted Sultan showed in various ways how merit should be rewarded. An extra sum of 10,000 rupees was set apart from the Relief Fund for distribution among the widows and orphans of those who perished in the Yambuya Camp and with the Advance Column.

Among my visitors at Zanzibar was a wealthy Mohammedan East Indian, named Jaffar Tarya, who acts as agent for many Arab caravan owners in Africa. He also acts as agent for Hamed bin Mohammed, *alias* Tippu-Tib. He informed me that he held the sum of £10,600 in gold, which had been paid to Tippu-Tib's account by the Government of the Congo Free State for ivory purchased by Lieut. Becker from Tippu-Tib. Jaffar Tarya had thus unwittingly put the means into my hands to bring Tippu-Tib before the Consular Court at Zanzibar for judgment for his offences against British subjects, and for certain expenses which had been incurred by the declarations he had made before Acting Consul-General Holmwood, that he would assist the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition with carriers. The bill of claims that we could legitimately present amounted in the aggregate to £10,000. Whereupon I pleaded for an injunction that Tippu-Tib's money should not depart from the hands of the British subject Jaffar Tarya until an English court of justice should decide whether the Emin Relief Committee was not entitled in equity to have their expenses and moneys refunded. After hearing the



THE FAITHFULS AT ZANZIBAR. (From a photograph.)





evidence the Consular Judge granted the injunction. There is not a doubt, then, that, if strict justice be dealt to this arch offender, the Emin Relief Committee may find itself in possession of funds sufficient to pay each Zanzibari survivor a bonus of 300 rupees, and each of our officers the sum of £1000 cash, a consummation devoutly to be wished.

After arriving at Cairo on the 16th of January, 1890, and delivering 260 refugees to the Egyptian authorities, I sought a retired house wherein I might write this record of three years' experiences, "In Darkest Africa, and the Story of the Quest, Rescue, and Retreat of Emin, the Governor of Equatoria." I discovered such a house in the Villa Victoria, and on January 25th I seized my pen to do a day's work. But I knew not how to begin. Like Elihu, my memory was full of matter, and I desired to write that I might be refreshed; but there was no vent. My right hand had forgotten its cunning, and the art of composition was lost by long disuse. Wherefore, putting firm restraint on the crowds of reminiscences, I let slip one after another with painful deliberation into the light, until by-and-bye my pen fairly raced over the paper at the rate of nine folios an hour. Finally, after fifty days' close labour, in obedience to an irresistible impulse I have succeeded in reaching this page 903 of foolscap manuscript, besides writing 400 letters and about 100 telegrams, and am now compelled from overweariness to beg the reader's permission to conclude.

Some scenes of the wonderful land of Inner Africa, through which we have travelled together, must for ever cling to our memories. Wherever we go some thought of some one of the many scenes in that great forest will intrude itself into the mind. The eternal woods will stand in their far-away loneliness for ever. As in the past, so they will flourish and fall for countless ages in the future. In fancy we shall often hear the thunder sounds rushing in rolling echoes through the silence and the darkness; we shall see the leaden mists of the morning, the lustre of the bedewed verdure and the sheen of wet foliage, and inhale the fragrance of flowers.

And now and then—oh, the misery of it!—athwart the memory will glide spectres of men cowering in the rainy gloom, shivering with cold, sad-eyed through hunger, despairing in the midst of the unknown; we shall hear the moaning of dying men, see the stark forms of the dead, and grieve again over our state. Then like gleams of fair morning will rise to view the prospects of the grassland, vistas of hills, and swathes of young grass waltzing merrily with the gale. And often thought will wing itself lighter than a swift, and sail along the lengthy line of colossal mountain shoulders turned towards the Semliki, and around the congregation of white heads seated in glory far above the Afric world, and listen to the dropping waters as they tumble down the winding grooves of Ruwenzori in sheaves of silver arrows, and speed through the cool atmosphere over Ankori and Karagwé, over 300

leagues of pastoral plains, until we marvel once more at the delightful azure of the Indian Ocean.

Good-night, Pasha, and you, Captain Casati! Good-night, Gentlemen of the Relief Committee! And good-night to you, oh! my Companions! May honours such as you deserve be showered upon you. To the warm hearts of your countrymen I consign you. Should one doubt be thrown upon your manhood, or upon your loyalty or honour, within these pages, the record of your faithfulness during a period which I doubt will ever be excelled for its gloom and hopelessness, will be found to show with what noble fortitude you bore all. A long good-night to you all!

You who never turned your backs,  
 But marched breast forward,  
 Never doubted clouds would break,  
 Never dreamed, though right were worsted,  
 Wrong would triumph.  
 Held we fall to rise, are baffled to  
 Fight better,  
 Slept to wake.

No, at noonday, in the bustle of  
 Man's work-time,  
 Greet the Unseen with a cheer!  
 Bid them forward, breast and back, as  
 Either should be.  
 "Strive and thrive!" cry, "speed, fight  
 On, for ever,  
 There as here."

THE THANKS BE TO GOD FOR EVER AND EVER. AMEN.



## SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTER I

## THE GREAT CENTRAL AFRICAN FOREST

AN English Professor, who is a talented writer, and gifted with first-class descriptive powers, and qualified to write F.R.S.E., F.G.S., after his name, while confessing that he was but a "minor traveller, possessing but few assets," ventured upon the following bold statements respecting Africa:—

"Cover the coast belt with rank yellow grass, dot here and there a palm, scatter through it a few demoralised villages, and stock it with the leopard, the hyena, the crocodile, and the hippopotamus; clothe the mountainous plateaux next, both of them with endless forest, not grand umbrageous forest, like the forests of South America, nor matted jungle like the forests of India, but with thin, rather weak forest, with forest of low trees, whose half-grown trunks and scanty leaves offer no shade from the tropical sun,"—but you will find nothing in all these trees to remind you that you are in the tropics. "Day after day you may wander through these forests with nothing except the climate to remind you where you are \* \* \* \* \*." "The fairy labyrinth of ferns and palms, the festoons of climbing plants blocking the paths and scenting the forests with their resplendent flowers, the gorgeous clouds of insects, the gaily plumaged birds, the parraquets, the monkey swinging from his trapeze in the shaded bowers—these are unknown to Africa."

"Once a week you will see a palm; once in three months the monkeys will cross your path; the flowers on the whole are few, the trees are poor, and, to be honest"—but enough; if this is honest description, the reader had better toss my book aside, for this chapter goes to prove that I differ *in toto* with the learned Professor's views respecting tropical Africa.

We have travelled together thus far 1670 miles through the great central African forest, and we can vouch that the above description by Professor Drummond bears no more resemblance to tropical Africa than the tors of Devon, or the moors of Yorkshire, or the downs of Dover, represent the smiling scenes of England, of leafy Warwickshire, the gardens of Kent, and the glorious vales of the isle. Nyassaland is not Africa, but itself. Neither can we call the wilderness of Masai Land, or the scrub-covered deserts of Kalahari, or the rolling grass land of Usukuma, or the thin forests of

Unyamwezi, or the ochreous acacia-covered area of Ugogo, anything but sections of a continent that boasts many zones. Africa is about three times greater than Europe in its extent, and is infinitely more varied. You have the desert of deserts in the Sahara, you have the steppes of Eastern Russia in Masai Land and parts of South Africa, you have the Castilian uplands in Unyamwezi, you have the best parts of France represented by Egypt, you have Switzerland in Ukonju and Toro, the Alps in Ruwenzori, you have Brazil in the Congo basin, the Amazon in the Congo River, and the Brazilian forest rivalled by the Central African forest which I am about to describe.

The greatest length of this forest, stretching from near Kabambarré in South Manyuëma to Bagbomo on the Welle-Makua in West Niam-niam, is 621 miles; its average breadth is 517 miles, which makes a compact square area of 321,057 square miles. This is exclusive of the forest areas separated or penetrated into by campo-like reaches of grass-land, or of the broad belts of timber which fill the lower levels of each great river basin like the Lumani, Lulungu, Welle-Mubangi, and the parent river from Bolobo to the Loika River.

The Congo and the Aruwimi rivers enabled us to penetrate this vast area of primeval woods a considerable length. I only mean to treat, therefore, of that portion which extends from Yambuya in  $25^{\circ} 3\frac{1}{2}'$  E. L. to Indesura,  $29^{\circ} 59' = 326\frac{1}{2}$  English miles in a straight line.

Now let us look at this great forest, not for a scientific analysis of its woods and productions, but to get a real idea of what it is like. It covers such a vast area, it is so varied and yet so uniform in its features, that it would require many books to treat of it properly. Nay, if we regard it too closely, a legion of specialists would be needed. We have no time to examine the buds and the flowers or the fruit, and the many marvels of vegetation, or to regard the fine differences between bark and leaf in the various towering trees around us, or to compare the different exudations in the viscous or vitrified gums, or to observe the industrious ants which ascend and descend up and down the tree shafts, whose deep wrinkles of bark are as valleys and ridges to the insect armies, or to wait for the furious struggle which will surely ensue between them and yonder army of red ants. Nor at this time do we care to probe into that mighty mass of dead tree, brown and porous as a sponge. Its minute tribes would charm an entomologist. But put your ear to it, and you hear a distinct murmurous hum. It is the stir and movement of insect life in many forms, matchless in size, glorious in colour, radiant in livery, rejoicing in their occupations, exultant in their fierce but brief life, and ravaging, foraging, fighting, destroying, building, and swarming everywhere and exploring everything. Lean but your hand on a tree, measure but your length on the ground, seat yourself on a fallen branch, and you will then understand what venom, fury, voracity and activity breathes around you. Open your note-book, the page attracts a dozen

butterflies, a honey<sup>1</sup>-bee hovers over your hand; other forms of bees dash for your eyes; a wasp buzzes in your ear, a huge hornet menaces your face, an army of pismires come marching to your feet. Some are already crawling up, and will presently be digging their scissor-like mandibles in your neck. Woe! woe!

And yet it is all beautiful—but there must be no sitting or lying down on this seething earth. It is not like your pine groves and your dainty woods in England. It is a tropic world, and to enjoy it you must keep slowly moving.

Imagine the whole of France and the Iberian peninsula closely packed with trees varying from 20 to 180 feet high, whose crowns of foliage interlace and prevent any view of sky and sun, and each tree from a few inches to four feet in diameter. Then from tree to tree run cables from two inches to fifteen inches in diameter, up and down in loops and festoons and W's and badly-formed M's; fold them round the trees in great tight coils, until they have run up the entire height, like endless anacondas; let them flower and leaf luxuriantly, and mix up above with the foliage of the trees to hide the sun; then from the highest branches let fall the ends of the cables, reaching near to the ground by hundreds with frayed extremities, for these represent the air roots of the Epiphytes; let slender cords hang down also in tassels with open thread-work at the ends. Work others through and through these as confusedly as possible, from branch to branch, with absolute disregard of material, and at every fork and on every horizontal branch plant cabbage-like lichens of the largest kind, and broad spear-leaved plants—these would represent the elephant-eared plant—and orchids and clusters of vegetable marvels, and a drapery of delicate ferns which abound. Now cover tree, branch, twig and creeper with a thick moss like a green fur. Where the forest is compact as described above, we may not do more than cover the ground closely with a thick crop of phrynica, and amoma, and dwarf bush; but if the lightning, as frequently happens, has severed the crown of a proud tree, and let in the sunlight, or split a giant down to its roots, or scorched it dead, or a tornado has been uprooting a few trees, then the race for air and light has caused a multitude of baby trees to rush upward, which crowd and strangle one another, until the whole is one impervious bush.

The average forest is a mixture of these scenes. There will probably be groups of fifty trees standing like columns of a cathedral, grey and solemn in the twilight, and in the midst there will be a naked and gaunt patriarch, bleached white, and around it will have grown a young community, each young tree clambering upward to become heir to the area of light and sunshine once occupied by the sire. The law of primogeniture reigns here also.

There is also death from wounds, sickness, decay, hereditary disease and old age, and various accidents which thin the forest, remove the unfit, the weakly, the unadaptable, as among humanity. Let us suppose a tall cotton-



wood among the giants. By a head he lifts himself above his fellows--the monarch of all he surveys; but his pride attracts the lightning, and he becomes shivered to the roots, he topples, declines, and wounds half-a-dozen other trees in his fall. This is why we see so many tumorous excrescences, great goitrous swellings, and deformed trunks. On some trees the parasites again have frequently been outlived by the trees they had half strangled, and the deep marks of their forceful pressure may be traced up to the forks. Some trees also have sickened by intense rivalry of other kinds, and have perished at an immature age; some have grown with a deep crook in their stems, by a prostrate log which had fallen and pressed them obliquely. Some have been injured by branches, fallen during a storm, and been untimely dwarfed. Some have been gnawed by rodents, or been strained by elephants leaning on them while rubbing their prurient hides, and ants of all kinds have done infinite mischief. Some have been pecked at by birds, until we see ulcerous sores exuding great globules of gum, and frequently nomadic aborigines have tried their axes, spears, and knives on the trees, and hence we see that decay and death are busy here as with us.

To complete the mental picture of this forest, the ground should be strewn thickly with a humus composed of rotting twigs, leaves, branches; every few yards there should be a prostrate giant, a reeking compost of fibres, and departed generations of insects, and colonies of ants, half veiled with masses of vines and shrouded by the leafage of a multitude of baby saplings, lengthy briars and calamus in many fathom lengths, and every mile or so there should be muddy streams, stagnant creeks, and shallow pools, green with duckweed, leaves of lotus and lilies, and a greasy-looking scum. Then people this vast region of woods with numberless fragments of human tribes, who are at war with each other, and live apart, from ten to fifty miles, in the midst of a prostrate forest, amongst whose ruins they have planted the plantain, banana, manioc, beans, tobacco, colocassia, gourds, melons, &c., and who, in order to make their villages inaccessible, have resorted to every means of defence suggested to wild men by the nature of their lives. They have planted skewers along their paths, and cunningly hidden them under an apparently stray leaf, or on the lee side of a log, by striding over which the naked foot is pierced, and the intruder is either killed from the poison smeared on the tops of the skewers, or lamed for months. They have piled up branches, and have formed abattis of great trees, behind which they lie in wait with sheaves of poisoned arrows, wooden spears hardened in fire, and smeared with poison.

The primeval forest is easily distinguishable from that part which at some time or another has afforded shelter for man. The trees are taller, straighter, and of colossal girth. It has frequently glades which present little difficulty for travel, the invariable obstructions being the arum, phrynica, and amoma. The ground is firmer and more compact, and the favourite

camping grounds for the pigmy nomads are located in such places. When the plants and small bushes are cut down, we have an airy, sylvan, cool, temple-like space, delightful for a dwelling.

Then comes the forest, which during a few generations has obliterated all evidences of former husbandry. A few of the trees, especially of the soft-wooded kind, have grown to equal height with the ancient patriarchs, but as soon as man abandoned the clearing, hosts of nameless shrubs and plants have riotously hastened to avail themselves of his absence, and the race for air and light has been continued for many years; consequently the undergrowth, by the larger quantity of sunshine, has become luxuriant, and there are but few places penetrable in it without infinite labour.

Then we have the bush proper, the growth of a few years, which admits no ingress whatever within its shade. We are therefore obliged to tunnel through stifling masses of young vegetation, so matted and tangled together, that one fancies it would be easier to travel over the top were it of consistent thickness and level. Vigorous young trees are found imbedded in these solid and compact masses of vegetation, which support the climbing plants, the vines, and creepers. Under these, after a pathway has been scooped out, the unshod feet are in danger from the thorns, and the sharp cut stalks, which are apt to pierce the feet and lacerate the legs.

This last was the character of the bush mostly near the river. Both banks presented numberless old clearings and abandoned sites; and as the stream was the only means of communication employed by the tribes, the only way of effecting any progress was by laborious cutting.

The clearings which had been abandoned within a year exhibited unsurpassed fecundity and bewildering variety of species. The charred poles of the huts became the supports of climbers, whose vivid green leaves soon shrouded the ugliness of desolation, and every upright stump assumed the appearance of a miniature bower, or a massive piece of columned ruin. As the stumps were frequently twenty feet high, and were often seen in twins, the plants had gravitated across the space between, and after embracing had formed an umbrageous arch, and had twisted themselves in endless lengths around the supports, until it became difficult to find what supported such masses of delicate vines. In some instances they had formed lofty twin towers, with an arched gateway between, resembling a great ruin of an old castle, and the whole was gay with purple and white flowers. The silvered boles of ancient primeval giants, long ago ringed by the axe and doomed to decay, and the great gaunt, far-spreading arms and branchlets had been clothed by vines a hundred-fold, until they seemed like clouds of vivid green, which, under the influence of sudden gusts, streamed with countless tendrils, or swayed like immense curtains.

While marching with the column, or preparing our camps for the night, the murmur of voices was not congenial to fine sentiments about the

forest. We suffered too much hunger, and were preyed upon too often by misery. Our clothes, which suited well enough for open country, were no protection against the hostilities of the bush. But if once we wandered from camp and the voices of the men, and our miseries did not absorb our senses, an awe of the forest rushed upon the soul and filled the mind. The sound of the voice was heard with rolling echoes, as in a cathedral, and we became conscious of its eerie strangeness. The absence of sunshine, the subdued light, and the queer feeling of loneliness which possessed us caused us to look inquiringly around to be assured that this loneliness was no delusion. One felt as if he stood amid the inhabitants of another world—one human life amid an universe of vegetable. And it did seem curious that the two lives, so like in some sense, were yet so incommunicable. It would have suited the fitness of things, I thought, had a wrinkled old patriarch addressed me with the gravity and seriousness of a Methuselah, or an Achillean and powerful bombax, with his buttressed feet planted firm in the ground, had disdainfully demanded my business in that assembly of stately forest kings.

But what thoughts were kindled as one peeped out from an opening in the woods and looked across the darkening river which reflected the advancing tempest, and caught a view of the mighty army of trees—their heights as various as their kind, all rigid in the gloaming, awaiting in stern array the war with the storm. The coming wind has concentrated its terrors for destruction, the forked lightning is seen darting its spears of white flame across the front of infinite hosts of clouds. Out of their depths issues the thunderbolt, and the march of the winds is heard coming to the onset. Suddenly the trees, which have stood still—as in a painted canvas—awaiting the shock with secure tranquility, are seen to bow their tops in unison and immediately commence swaying and straining as though a wild panic had seized them. They reel this way and that, but they are restrained from flight by sturdy stems and fixed roots, and the strong buttresses which maintain them upright. Pressed backward to a perilous length, they recover from the first blow, and dart their heads in furious waves forward, and the glory of the war between the forest and the storm is at its height. Legion after legion of clouds ride over the wind-tossed crests, there is a crashing and roaring, a loud soughing and moaning, shrill screaming of squalls, and groaning of countless woods. There are mighty sweeps from the great tree-kings, as though mighty strokes were being dealt; there is a world-wide rustling of foliage, as though in gleeful approval of the vast strength of their sires; there are flashes of pale green light, as the lesser battalions are roused up to the fight by the example of their brave ancients. Our own spirits are aroused by the grand conflict—the Berserker rage is contagious. In our souls we applaud the rush and levelling force of the wind, and for a second are ready to hail the victor; but the magnificent array of the forest champions, with streaming locks, the firmness with which the vast army of trees



rise in unison with their leaders, the rapturous quiver of the bush below inspire a belief that they will win if they but persevere. The lightning darts here and there with splendour of light and scathing flame, the thunders explode with deafening crashes, reverberating with terrible sounds among the army of woods, the black clouds roll over and darken the prospect; and as cloud becomes involved within cloud, in the shifting light, we have a last view of the wild war, we are stunned by the fury of the tempest and the royal rage of the forest, when down comes the deluge of tropic rain—which in a short time extinguishes the white heat wrath of the elements, and soothes to stillness the noble anger of the woods.

Along the banks of the Aruwimi, a better idea of tropical vegetation may be obtained than in any part of Africa, outside of the eastern half of the Congo basin. The banks are for the most part low, though no one could guess what height they were, because of the lofty hedges of creeping plants, which cover every inch of ground from the water's edge to as high as fifty feet above in some places, while immediately behind them rises the black-green forest to the towering height of from 150 to 200 feet above the river. The aspects of the banks vary considerably, however. Abandoned sites of human dwellings possess their own peculiar wilderness appearance, the virgin forest its own, and as the soil varies so do its growths.

Lately abandoned clearings will show, besides inordinate density of vegetation, gorgeous flowering sections. Above these will probably rise a few trees with masses of thick, shining leaves, and a profusion of blood-red flowers, whose petals have been showered on the impervious mass of creepers and shrubs below, in strong contrast to their own light purple, yellow, or white flowerets. The amoma show snowy flower-goblets, edged with pink; a wild vine will have its light purple; a creeper, with pinnate leaves, though flowerless at the time, will have its foliage tinted auburn; a pepper bush with its red pods, or a wild mango, attracts attention by myriads of bead-like flowerets; or an acacia effuses overpowering fragrance from its snowy buds, or a mimosa with its sweet-smelling yellow blossoms. Different shades of green are presented by ferns, protruding leaves of sword grass, a young *Elais* palm, or the broad and useful leaf of the *phrynium*. A young fig-tree, with silver stem, and branching widely, mixes its leaves with those of the tender leaflets of the sensitive plant and the palmate calamus; below is a multitude of nettles and nettle-leaved plants with stalks and leaves, making a mass of vegetation at once curious and delightful. Perhaps the base of all this intricate and inextricable confusion of plants and impervious hill of verdure and beauty, is a prostrate tree, long ago fallen, fast decaying, black with mould spread thinly with humus, fungous parasites abounding, and every crack, cranny, and flaw in it nestling all kinds of insatiable insects, from the tiny termite to the black centipede or mammoth beetle.

Further on we see something different. Numberless giant trees, pressing

right up to the edge of the river bank, have caused some to grow horizontally to the length of fifty feet over the river. Under their shade a hundred canoes may find shelter from a scorching sun. The wood is yellow and hard as iron. To cut one of these trees would require a score of American axes. It bears clusters of fruit which when unripe are russet, and afterwards resemble beautiful damsons. Others of the same species produce a fruit like ripe dates, but neither are edible.

These widely-spreading trees are favourites with the black wasps, to which they attach their pensile nests. Externally the nests are like fancifully cut brown-paper sacks, or a series of such sacks arranged one above another, with frills and ornate cuttings, like the fancy paper grate-covers in English parlours in summer time.

We avoided such trees religiously, and when there was no such terror as a big nest of wasps near, we could rest in comfort and examine the forest at leisure. We first saw, besides countless grey columns, thousands of pendent slender threads and wavy lines, loops, festoons, clustered groups and broad breadths of grey mingled with more than studied disorder with darkest depths of green, lightened only by broad damp leaves reflecting stray glints of sunshine or sprays, and a magic dust of softened light perpetually shifting and playing, profound spaces of darkness relieved by a breadth of grey tree trunk, silvered rods of parasites, or fancy grey filigree of vine stems. As we surveyed the whole, the eye caught various crimson dots of phrynica berries, red knots of amoma fruit, outer fringes of auburn leaves, a cap of a mushroom staring white out of a loose sheaf of delicate ferns, snowy bits of hard fungi clinging like barnacles to a deeply-wrinkled log, bright green of orchid leaves, the grey-green face of a pendent leaf of an elephant-eared plant, films of moss, tumorous lumps on trees exuding tears of gum, which swarmed with ants, length after length of whip-like calamus, squirming and twisting lianes, and great serpent-like convolvuli, winding in and out by mazy galleries of dark shadows, and finally emerging triumphant far above to lean their weight on the topmost branches.

As I have already said, the forest is typical of the life of humanity. Every glance at it suggests life, decay, and death. I never could cast a leisurely look at it but I found myself, unconsciously, wondering at a feature which reminded me of some scene in the civilised world. It has suggested a morning when I went to see the human tide flowing into the city over London Bridge between half-past seven and half-past eight, where I saw the pale, overworked people, on their way to their dismal struggle for existence. They were represented here faithfully, in all their youth, vigour, and decrepitude; one is prematurely aged and blanched, another is goitrous, organically weak, a hunchback, or suffers from poor nutrition, many are pallid from want of air and sunshine, or are supported by their neighbours because of constitutional infirmity, others are toppling one over another, as

though they were the incurables of a hospital, and you wonder how they exist at all. Some are already dead, and, lying buried under heaps of leaves, have become nurseries of bush families and parasites, or are colonised by hordes of destructive insects; some are bleached white by the palsying thunderbolt, or shivered by the levin brand, or quite decapitated; or some old veteran, centuries old, which was born before ever a Christian sailed south of the Equator, is decaying in core and vitals; but the majority have the assurance of insolent youth, with all its grace and elegance of form, the mighty strength of prime life, and the tranquil and silent pride of hoary old aristocrats. One gathers from a view of the whole one indisputable fact — that they are resolved to struggle for existence as long as they may. All characters of humanity are seen here, except the martyr and suicide. For sacrifice is not within tree nature, and it may be that they only heard two precepts, "Obedience is better than sacrifice," and "Live and multiply."

And as there is nothing so ugly and distasteful to me as the mob of a Derby day, so there is nothing so ugly in forest nature as when I am reminded of it by the visible selfish rush upward of the hosts of shrubs in a clearing, after it has been abandoned a few years. I seem to hear the uproar of the rush, the heartless jostling and trampling, the cry, "Self for self, the devil take the weakest!" and to see the white-hot excitement, and the shameless disregard for all order and decency!

It is worth pausing also to ask why small incidents in such an out of the way place as the depth of a primeval forest should remind one of thoughts of friends and their homes in England. One night the melancholy sound of the wind fluttering the leafy world aloft reminded me vividly of a night spent at — House, where I passed half the time listening to the dreadful sighing of its rooky grove, and which filled my mind with a feeling of forlornness and discomfort. Another night, as I lay in my tent, memories of ocean gales, and general cold, pitiful wretchedness were suggested, and when the rain fell in an earnest shower and the heavy fall of raindrops sounded a deep and funereal dirge round about me, it seemed to me that I heard echoes of sad and unsatisfied longings, and forthwith was impelled to review crowds of unworded thoughts, past aspirations, unbreathed sentiments of love, friendship, and unuttered sympathies. The imagination was as it were all alive with memories of what might have been until my burden of regrets was so great that I came near dissolving in tears and to cry out, "Oh, my friends, the good God is above all, and knows all things!"

These are a few secrets of the woods that one learns in time, even without a mentor in forestry. To know that the Elais palm while requiring abundant moisture demands also plenty of sunshine to flourish, that the Raphia palm flourishes best by the sedge-lined swamp and ooze, that the Calamus palm requires a thick bush for its support, that the Phoenix spinosa thrives best by the waterside, and that the Fan palm is killed by excessive moisture, is not



difficult to learn. But a stranger in tropic woods, accustomed to oak, beech, poplar, and pine, is somewhat mazed at the unfamiliar leafage above him. By-and-by, however, he can tell at a glance which are the soft and hard woods. There are several families of soft woods, which stand in place of the pine and fir in the tropics, and these have invariably large leaves. It seems to be a rule that the soft woods shall have large leaves, and the hard woods shall have small leaves, though they vary in size according to their degrees of strength and durability. The trees of the Rubiaceæ order, for instance, have leaves almost similar in form and size to the castor-oil plant. The wood is most useful and workable, fit to build fleets of wooden vessels, or to be turned into beautiful domestic utensils—trays, benches, stools, troughs, wooden milkpots, platters, mugs, spoons, drums, &c. It serves for boarding, ceiling, doors, fences, and palisades. Though it is brittle as cedar, it will stand any amount of weather without splitting. There are more than one species of what is known as cotton-wood, but you may know them all by the magnificent buttresses, and their unsurpassed height, by the silver grey of their bark, and by the stiff thorns on their stems, by the white floss of their flowering and grey-green leaves.

Then there is the strong African teak, the camwood, the African mahogany, the green-heart, the lignum vitæ, the everlasting iron-wood, the no less hard yellow wood by the riverside, infinitely harder than an oak; the stink-wood, the ebony, the copal-wood tree with its glossy and burnished foliage, the arborescent wild mango, the small-leaved wild orange, the silver-boled wild fig, the butter tree, the acacia tribes, the stately mpafu, and the thousands of wild fruit-trees, most of which are unknown to me. Therefore, to understand what this truly tropical forest is like, one must imagine all these varieties confusedly mixed, and lashed together by millions of vines and creepers, great and small, until a perfect tangle has been formed, and sunshine quite shut out, except a little flickering dust of light here and there to show that the sun is out in the sky with his usual heat and splendour.

Considering the number of months we were in the forest, and the hundreds of miles we travelled through and through it, it is not the least wonder that an accident never befell one of the Expedition from the beginning to the end of our life in it, from the fall of a branch or a tree. Trees have fallen immediately in front of the van, and directly behind the rear guard; they have suddenly crashed to the earth on our flanks, and near the camps, by night as well as by day. The nearest escape we had was soon after we had landed from our boat one day, when a great ruin dropped into the river close to the stern, raising the boat up high with the mound of water raised by it, and spraying the crew who were at work.

Many people have questioned me respecting the game in the forest. Elephant, buffalo, wild pig, bush antelopes, coneys, gazelles, chimpanzees, baboons, monkeys of all kin's, squirrels, civets, wild cats, genets, zebra,

ichneumons, large rodents, are among the few animals we know to exist within the woods. The forest tops swarm with birds and bats, the air is alive with their sailing and soaring forms, the river teems with fish and bivalves, oysters and clams; there are a few crocodiles and hippopotami also. But we must remember that the people of the forest are the most vicious and degraded of the human race on the face of the earth, and the forest is not favourable to the sudden growth of amicable intercourse. Men cannot see one another until they suddenly encounter, and for a few seconds they are paralysed with surprise. Instinctively they raise their weapons. One has a sheaf of arrows tipped with a poison as deadly as prussic acid; the other has a gun, and neither is so amiable as to let the other kill him if he can help it. As the forest people are in the habit of killing at sight, it is not safe for a small hunting party to set out to search for game. That is one reason why there were no animals hunted.

Secondly, it is not every person who has the gift of finding his way in a forest. A dozen times on a day's march I had to correct the course of the van. Even such a mark as a river was not sufficient to serve as a guide to the course for three officers. Within 200 yards any man in the Expedition, if he were turned about a little, would be bewildered to find his way back to the place whence he started.

Thirdly, a party would make too much noise in breaking of twigs, in treading upon crisp leaves, in brushing against bush, or in cutting a vine or a creeper to make headway. A wild animal is warned long before the hunters know that it is near them, and bounds away to distant coverts. We have approached as close as ten yards to a herd of elephants without having seen them, and they instantly crashed their way through a jungle that was impervious to pursuers. As for buffalo and other game, their tracks were very common, but it would have been madness to have pursued them.

Fourthly, we had too serious an object in view, which was to discover food and where we were most likely to get it—not for a small party, but for all.

As for birds, they made clatter enough overhead, but we were in the basement, and they were on the roof of a fifteen-storey house. They could not be seen at all, though their whistlings, warblings, screamings, and hootings were heard everywhere.

The Simian tribe was well represented. I have caught sight of more than a dozen species. I have seen the colobus, dark and grey furred baboon, small black monkeys, galagos and flying squirrels, and others, but not nearer than a hundred yards. Long before we could reach them they had been alarmed by the murmur of the caravan, and commenced the retreat.

We came across a number of reptiles. The Ituri swarms with water snakes of various lengths. They dropped frequently very close to our boat; some were slender and green, others of lead colour and of formidable size;

others gold and black, and six feet long. We saw pythons, puff adders, horned and fanged snakes, while small bush snakes about two feet long often fell victims during the preparation of camps.

Insects would require a whole book. Never have I seen such countless armies and species as during my various marches through this forest. I recollect but few hours of daylight that I did not express myself unkindly towards them. Those bees, large and small, the wasps, the hordes of moths by night, the house-flies, tsetse, gadflies, gnats, and butterflies by day, the giant beetles, attracted by the light in the tent, sailing through the darkness, and dashing frantically against the canvas, rebounding in their rage from side to side, and all the time hoarsely booming, finally with roars of fury dashing themselves against my book or face, as though they would wreak vengeance on me for some reason; then the swarms of ants peering into my plate, intruding into my washy soup, crawling over my bananas, the crickets that sprang like demons, and fixed themselves in my scalp, or on my forehead; and the shrill cicadae that drove one mad were worse than the peppo-inspired Manyema women.

The small bees of the size of gnats were the most tormenting of all the species. We became acquainted with four. They are of the *Mellipona*. When we read, wrote, or ate, we required the devoted services of an attendant to drive them away. The eyes were their favourite points of attack; but the ears and nostrils also were sensitive objects to which they invariably reverted. The donkeys' legs were stripped bare of hair, because of these pests. The death of one left an odour of bitter almonds on the hand.

The beetles, again, varied from the size of a monstrous two-and-a-half inches in length to an insect that would have bored through the eye of a tailor's needle. This last when examined through a magnifying glass seemed to be efficiently equipped for troubling humanity. It burrowed into the skin. It could not be discovered by the eyes unless attention was directed by giving a cross rub with the hand, when a pain like the prick of a pin was felt. The natives' huts were infested with three peculiar species. One burrowed into one's body, another bored into the rafters and dropped fine sawdust into the soup, another explored among the crisp leaves of the roof and gave one a creeping fear that there were snakes about; a fourth, which was a roaring lion of a beetle, waited until night, and then made it impossible to keep a candle lit for a quiet pipe and meditation.

Among the minor unpleasantnesses which we had to endure we may mention the "jigger," which deposited its eggs under the toenails of the most active men, but which attacked the body of a "goee-goe" and made him a mass of living corruption; the little beetle that dived underneath the skin and pricked one as with a needle; the mellipona bee, that troubled the eyes, and made one almost frantic some days; the small and large ticks that insidiously sucked one's small store of blood; the wasps, which stung us into



a raging fever if some careless idiot touched the tree, or shouted near their haunts; the wild honey-bees, which one day scattered two canoe crews, and punished them so that we had to send a detachment of men to rescue them; the tiger-slug, that dropped from the branches and left his poisonous fur in the pores of the body until one raved from the pain; the red ants, that invaded the camp by night and disturbed our sleep, and attacked the caravan half a score of times on the march, and made the men run faster than if pursued by so many pigmies; the black ants, which infested the trumpet tree, and dropped on us when passing underneath, and gave us all a foretaste of the Inferno; the small ants that invaded every particle of food, which required great care lest we might swallow half a dozen inadvertently, and have the stomach membranes perforated or blistered—small as they were, they were the most troublesome, for in every tunnel made through the bush thousands of them housed themselves upon us, and so bit and stung us that I have seen the pioneers covered with blisters as from nettles; and, of course, there were our old friends the mosquitos in numbers in the greater clearings.

But if we were bitten and stung by pismires and numberless tribes of insects by day, which every one will confess is as bad as being whipped with nettles, the night had also its alarms, terrors, and anxieties. In the dead of night, when the entire caravan was wrapped in slumber, a series of explosions would wake every one. Some tree or another was nightly struck by lightning, and there was a danger that half the camp might be mangled by the fall of one; the sound of the swaying branches during a storm was like the roar of breakers or the rolling of a surf. When the rain fell no voice could be heard in the camp, for it was like a cataract with its din of falling waters. Almost every night a dead tree fell with startling crackle, and the rending and rushing ended with a crash which shook the earth.

The night winds whipped the branches and hurled them against each other, amid a chorus of creaking stems, swinging cables and rustling leaves. Then there were the monotonous piping of the cicadae, and the perpetual chorus of frogs, the doleful cries of lemur, which made night hideous, and loneliness and darkness repulsive. Or a chimpanzee at solitary exercise amused himself with rapid strokes upon a tree like little boys at home when they rattle a stick against the area railings. Then often midnight troops of elephants, prevented from marching right over us by the scores of fires scattered about the camp, charged in a panic through the bush near by.

Considering the number of sokos or chimpanzees in this great forest, it is rather a curious fact that not one of the Expedition saw one alive. My terrier "Randy" hunted them almost every day between Ipoto and Ibwiri, and one time was severely handled. I have heard their notes four several times, and have possessed a couple of their skulls, one of which I gave to the Pasha; the other, which I was obliged to leave, was monstrously large.

In 1887 rain fell during eight days in July, ten days in August, fourteen

days in September, fifteen days in October, seventeen days in November, and seven days in December. From the 1st of June, 1887, to the 31st of May, 1888, there were 138 days, or 569 hours of rain. We could not measure the rain in the forest in any other way than by time. We shall not be far wrong if we estimate this forest to be one of the rainiest zones on the earth.

For nine months of the year the winds blow from the South Atlantic along the course of the Congo, and up the Aruwimi. They bear the moisture of the sea, and the vapours exhaled by a course of 1400 miles of a river which spreads from half-a-mile to sixteen miles wide, and meeting on their easterly course the cold atmosphere prevailing at the high altitude they descend upon the forest almost every alternate day in copious showers of rain. This forest is also favourably situated to receive the vapours exhaled by Lakes Tanganika, the Albert Edward, and Albert Lakes. While standing in the plain on the verge of the forest, I have seen two rain clouds, one from the westward and one from the eastward, collide and dissolve in a deluge of rain on Pisgah Mount and the surrounding country. Besides the rains, which lasted ten or twelve hours at a time during our march from Yambuya to Fort Bodo, we had frequent local showers of short duration. When these latter fell we were sure that some lofty hill was in the neighbourhood, which had intercepted a portion of the vapour drifting easterly, and liquefied it for the benefit of the neighbourhood. The rear-guard of the caravan sometimes suffered from a heavy rainfall while the pioneers were enjoying the effects of sunshine. It occurred at Mabengu Rapids, and at Engweddé. Being in the depths of the forest we could not see any sign of a hill, but such sudden showers betrayed the presence of one in the vicinity. When well away from these localities we would sometimes look behind down a straight stretch of river, and hilly masses 500 feet above the river were revealed to us.

The Ituri or Upper Aruwimi is therefore seldom very low. We have seen it in July about six feet below high-water mark. In October one night it rose a foot. It is highest in November and lowest in December. But it is a stream that constantly fluctuates, and pours an immense volume of water into the Congo. In length of course it is about 700 miles, rising to the south of that group of hills known as the Travellers' Group, and called Mounts Speke, Schweinfurth, and Junker. Its basin covers an area of 67,000 square miles.

On the north side of the basin we have heard of the Ababua, Mabodé, Momvu, and the Balessé peoples; to the south are the Bakumu and Baburu. These are the principal tribes, which are subdivided into hundreds of smaller tribes. The language of the Bakumu which is to be found inland east of Stanley Falls is known as far as Panga Falls, with slight dialectic variations among the Baburu. The language of Momvu is spoken between Panga Falls and the Ngaiyo. East of that we found that the language of the Balessé took us as far as Indendua; beyond that was a separate and distinct language

spoken by the Babusessé. But we found sub-tribes in each section who professed not to understand what was said to them from natives two camps removed from them.

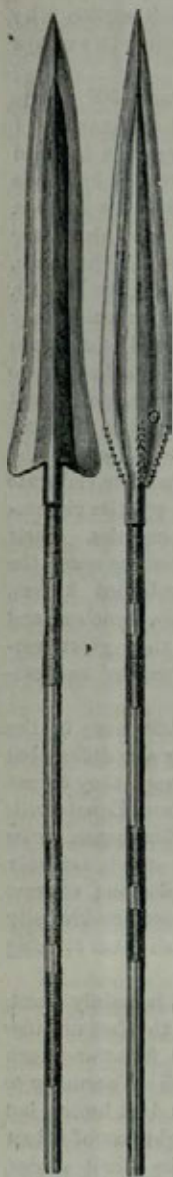
All the tribes from the Atlantic Ocean to East Longitude 30° in the Equatorial region have a distinct resemblance of features and customs, but I should place East Longitude 18° as the divisional line of longitude between two families of one original parent race. Across twelve degrees of longitude we have hundreds of tribes bearing a most close resemblance to one another. What Schweinfurth and Junker, Emin and Casati, have said about the Monbuttu, Nian Niam, and Momvu may, with a few fine shades of difference, be said about the Bangala, the Wyyanzi, the Batomba, the Basoko, the Baburu, the Bakumu, and Balessé. One tribe more compact in organisation may possess a few superior characteristics to one which has suffered misfortunes and been oppressed by more powerful neighbours, but in the main I see no difference whatever. They own no cattle, but possess sheep, goats, and domestic fowls. One tribe may be more partial to manioc, but they all cultivate the plantain and banana. Their dresses are all alike, of bark cloth; their headdresses are nearly similar, though one tribe may be more elaborate in the mode of headdressing than another. Some of them practise circumcision; but all are addicted to eating the flesh of their enemies. Their weapons are nearly the same, and consist of the broad razor-sharp spear, the double-edged and pointed knife, the curious two- or four-bladed knives, curved swords, small bows and short arrows. Their stools, benches, and back-rests; their ear-rings, bracelets, armlets and leglets; their great war-drums and little tom-toms, their war-horns; their blacksmiths' and carpenters' tools are also similar.

In the architecture of their houses there is a great difference; in the tattooing, facial marks, and their upper lip ornaments they also differ; but these are often due to the desire to distinguish tribes, though they do not show a difference of race. If one could travel in a steamer from Equatorville on the Congo to Indesura on the Upper Ituri, and see the various communities on the river banks from the decks, the passengers would be struck, not only by the similarity of dress and equipments, but also of complexion; whereas were a colony of Soudanese, Zanzibaris, Wanyamwezi to be seen accidentally among those communities the stranger might easily distinguish them as being foreign to the soil.

This region, which embraces twelve degrees of longitude, is mainly forest, though to the west it has several reaches of grass-land, and this fact modifies the complexion considerably. The inhabitants of the true forest are much lighter in colour than those of the grass-land. They are inclined normally to be coppery, while some are as light as Arabs, and others are dark brown, but they are all purely negroid in character. Probably this lightness of colour may be due to a long residence through generations in the forest shades,



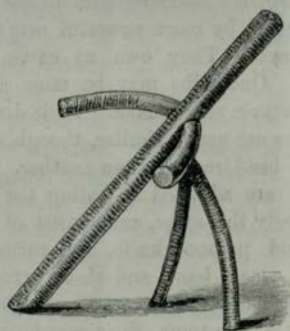
though it is likely to have been the result of an amalgamation of an originally black and light coloured race. When we cross the limits of the forest and enter the grass-land



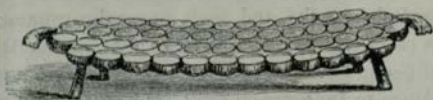
SPEARS



POT



STOOL



PLAY-TABLE



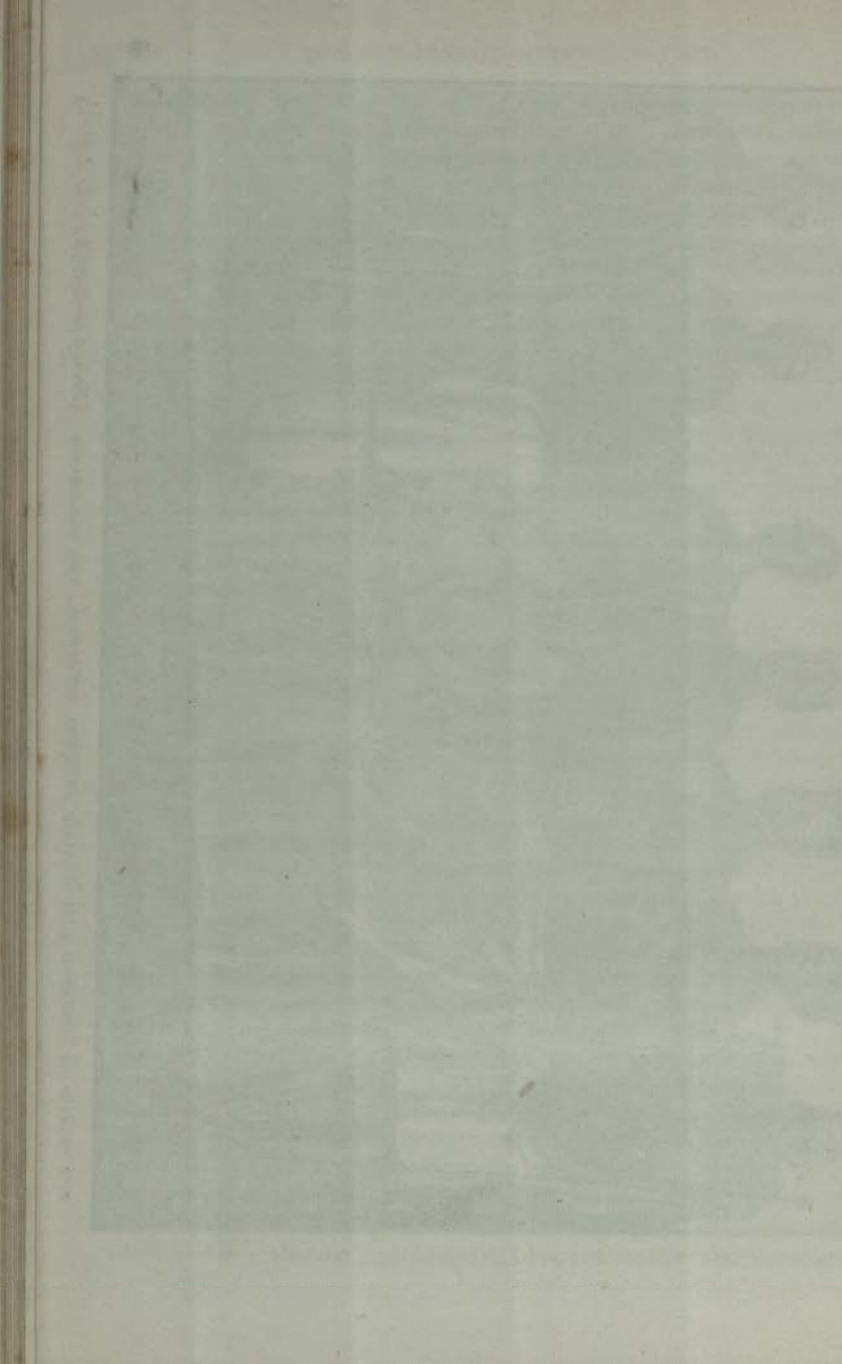
STOOL

we at once remark, however, that the tribes are much darker in colour.

Among these forest tribes we have observed some singularly prepossessing faces, and we have observed others



THE FIGMIES AS COMPARED WITH ENGLISH OFFICERS, SOUDANESE, AND ZANZIBARIS. (*From a photograph by the Author.*)



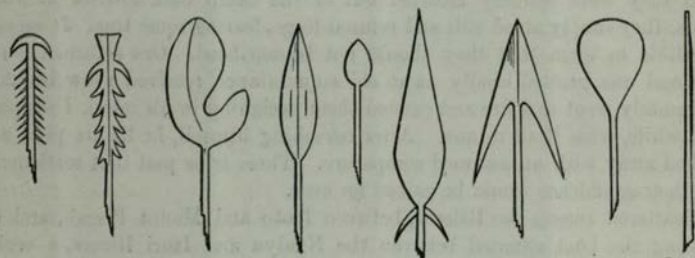


uncommonly low and degraded. However fierce in temper, detestable in their disposition, and bestial in habits these wild tribes may be to-day, there is not one of them which does not contain germs by whose means at some future date civilisation may be spread among them. I was much struck with the personal appearance and replies of some captives of Engweddé, with whom, as they knew the language of Momvu, I was able to converse. I asked them if they were in the habit of fighting strangers always. Said they, "What do strangers want from us? we have nothing. We have only plantains, palms, and fish." "But supposing strangers wished to buy plantains, palm oil, and fish from you, would you sell them?" "We have never seen any strangers before. Each tribe keeps to its own place until it comes to fight with us for some reason." "Do you always fight your neighbours?" "No; some of our young men go into the woods to hunt game, and they are surprised by our neighbours; then we go to them, and they come to fight us until one party is tired, or one is beaten." "Well, will you be friends with me if I send you back to your village?" They looked incredulous, and when they were actually escorted out of the camp with cowries in their hands, they simply stood still and refused to go, fearing some trap. It seemed incredible to them that they should not be sacrificed. One returned to my tent, and was greeted kindly as an old acquaintance, received a few bananas, deliberately went to a fire and roasted them, weighing in his mind, I suppose, meanwhile, what it all meant. After refreshing himself, he lit his pipe, and walked away with an assumed composure. Three trips past that settlement, and their confidence would be gained for ever.

Scattered among the Balessé, between Ipoto and Mount Pisgah, and inhabiting the land situated between the Ngaiyu and Ituri Rivers, a region equal in area to about two-thirds of Scotland, are the Wambutti, variously called Batwa, Akka, and Bazungu. These people are undersized nomads, dwarfs, or pigmies, who live in the uncleared virgin forest, and support themselves on game, which they are very expert in catching. They vary in height from three feet to four feet six inches. A full-grown adult male may weigh ninety pounds. They plant their village camps at a distance of from two to three miles around a tribe of agricultural aborigines, the majority of whom are fine stalwart people. A large clearing may have as many as eight, ten, or twelve separate communities of these little people settled around them, numbering in the aggregate from 2000 to 2500 souls. With their weapons, little bows and arrows, the points of which are covered thickly with poison, and spears, they kill elephants, buffalo, and antelope. They sink pits, and cunningly cover them with light sticks and leaves, over which they sprinkle earth to disguise from the unsuspecting animals the danger below them. They build a shed-like structure, the roof being suspended with a vine, and spread nuts or ripe plantains underneath, to tempt the chimpanzees, baboons, and other simians within, and by a slight movement, the shed falls, and the

animals are captured. Along the tracks of civets, mephitis, ichneumons, and rodents are bow traps fixed, which, in the scurry of the little animals, snap and strangle them. Besides the meat and hides to make shields, and furs, and ivory of the slaughtered game, they catch birds to obtain their feathers; they collect honey from the woods, and make poison, all of which they sell to the larger aborigines for plantains, potatoes, tobacco, spears, knives, and arrows. The forest would soon be denuded of game if the pigmies confined themselves to the few square miles around a clearing; they are therefore compelled to move, as soon as it becomes scarce, to other settlements.

They perform other services to the agricultural and larger class of aborigines. They are perfect scouts, and contrive, by their better knowledge of the intricacies of the forest, to obtain early intelligence of the coming of strangers, and to send information to their settled friends. They are thus like voluntary picquets guarding the clearings and settlements. Every road



ARROWS OF THE DWARFS

from any direction runs through their camps. Their villages command every cross-way. Against any strange natives, disposed to be aggressive, they would combine with their taller neighbours, and they are by no means despicable allies. When arrows are arrayed against arrows, poison against poison, and craft against craft, probably the party assisted by the pigmies would prevail. Their diminutive size, superior wood-craft, and greater malice, make them formidable opponents. This the agricultural natives thoroughly appreciate. They would no doubt wish on many occasions that the little people would betake themselves elsewhere, for the settlements are frequently outnumbered by the nomad communities. For small and often inadequate returns of fur and meat, they must allow the pigmies free access to their plantains, groves, and gardens. In a word, no nation on the earth is free from human parasites, and the tribes of the Central African forest have much to bear from these little fierce people who rob their clearings, flatter



them when well fed, and are most oppressive with their extortions and robberies.

The pigmies arrange their dwellings—low structures of the shape of an oval figure cut lengthways; the doors are from two feet to three feet high, placed at the ends—in a rough circle, the centre of which is left cleared for the residence of the chief and his family, and as a common. About 100 yards in advance of the camp, along every track leading out of it, is placed the sentry-house, just large enough for two little men, with the doorway looking up the track. If we assumed that native caravans ever travelled between Ipoto and Ibwiri, we should imagine, from our knowledge of these forest people, that the caravan would be mulcted of much of its property by these nomads, whom they would meet in



ELEPHANT TRAP



front and rear of each settlement, and as there are ten settlements between the two points, they would have to pay toll twenty times, in tobacco, salt, iron, and rattan, cane ornaments, axes, knives, spears, arrows, adzes, rings, &c. We therefore see how utterly impossible it would be for the Ipotu people to have even heard of Ibwiri, owing to the heavy turnpike tolls and octroi duties that would be demanded of them if they ventured to undertake a long journey of eighty miles. It will also be seen why there is such a diversity of dialects, why captives were utterly ignorant of settlements only twenty miles away from them.

As I have said, there are two species of these pigmies, utterly dissimilar in complexion, conformation of the head, and facial characteristics. Whether Batwa forms one nation and Wambutti another we do not know, but they differ as much from each other as a Turk would from a Scandinavian. The Batwa have longish heads and long narrow faces, reddish, small eyes, set close together, which give them a somewhat ferrety, sour, anxious, and querulous look. The Wambutti have round faces, gazelle-like eyes, set far apart, open foreheads, which give one an impression of undisguised frankness, and are of a rich yellow, ivory complexion. The Wambutti occupy the southern half of the district described, the Batwa the northern, and extend south-easterly to the Awamba forests on both banks of the Semliki River, and east of the Ituri.

The life in their forest villages partakes of the character of the agricultural classes. The women perform all the work of collecting fuel and provisions, and cooking, and the transport of the goods of the community. The men hunt, and fight, and smoke, and conduct the tribal politics. There is always some game in the camp, besides furs and feathers and hides. They have nets for fish and traps for small game to make. The youngsters must always be practising with the bow and arrow, for we have never come across one of their villages without finding several miniature bows and blunt-headed arrows. There must be free use of axes also, for the trees about the camps bear many a mark which could only have been done to try their edge. In every camp we have seen incisions in a tree several inches deep, and perhaps 500 yards from the camp a series of diamond cuttings in a root of a tree across the track, which, when seen, informed us that we were approaching a village of the Wambutti pigmies.

Two Egyptians, a corporal and a Cairo boy of fifteen, both light complexioned, were captured near Fort Bodo during my absence, and no one discovered what became of them. It is supposed they were made prisoners, like the young Nassamonians of old. I have often wondered what was done to them, and what the feelings of both were—they were devout Mussulmans—after they were taken to the Wambutti's camp. I fancy they must have been something similar to those of Robert Baker, a sailor, in 1562—



THE FIGMIES AT HOME. A ZANZIBARI SCOUT TAKING NOTES





"If cannibals they be  
   In kind, we do not know,  
 But if they be, then welcome we,  
   To pot straightway we goe.  
 They naked goe likewise,  
   For shame, we cannot so;  
 We cannot live after their guise,  
   Thus naked for to goe.  
 By roots and leaves they live,  
   As beasts do in the wood:  
 Among these heathen who can thrive,  
   On this so wilde a food?"

One of the poisons employed by the tribes of the forest to smear their weapons, in order to make them more deadly, is a dark substance of the colour and consistency of pitch. It is supposed—if native women may be trusted—to be made out of a species of arum, a very common plant, with large leaves, found in any quantity between Fort Bodo and Indesura. Its smell, when fresh, reminds one of the old blister plaster. That it is deadly there can be no doubt. They kill the elephants and other big game with it, as certainly as these animals could be slain with bone-crushing rifles. That they do kill elephants is proved by the vast stores of ivory collected by Ugarrowa, Kilonga-Longa, and Tippu-Tib. Each adult warrior has a waist-belt, or a shoulder-belt, to suspend his dagger and skinning-knife, and every mother who carries her child and every wife who carries a basket has need of broad forehead-straps, made out of buffalo hide, to bear her load on her back.

The poison is not permitted to be manufactured in a village. It seems to be a necessity, to prevent fatal accidents, that the poison should be prepared in the bush. It is then laid on the iron arrows thickly, and into the splints of the hard wooden arrows.

Another poison is of a pale gluey colour. At Avisibba we discovered several baskets of dried red ants among the rafters, and I conjectured, from their resemblance in colour to the deadly poison which the Avisibbas used, that it must have been made by crushing them into a fine powder, and mixing it with palm oil. If one of these insects can raise a blister on the skin of the size of a groat, what may not the powder of mummied insects of the same species effect? If this pale poison be of this material, one must confess that, in the forest, they possess endless supplies of other insects still worse, such as the long black ants which infest the trumpet tree, a bite from one of which can only be compared to cautery from a red-hot iron. But whatever it be, we have great faith in a strong hypodermic injection of carbonate of ammonia, and it may be that stronger doses of morphia than

any that I ventured upon might succeed in conquering the fatal tetanic spasms which followed every puncture and preceded death.

When one of these poisons is fresh its consequences are rapid. There is excessive faintness, palpitation of the heart, nausea, pallor, and beads of perspiration break out over the body, and death ensues. One man died within one minute from a mere pin-hole, which pierced the right arm and right breast. A headman died within an hour and a quarter after being shot. A woman died during the time that she was carried a distance of one hundred paces; another woman died within twenty minutes; one man died within three hours; two others died after one hundred hours had elapsed. These various periods indicate that some poisons were fresh and others had become dry. Most of these wounds were sucked and washed and syringed, but evidently some of the poison was left, and caused death.

To render the poison ineffective, a strong emetic should be given, sucking and syringing should be resorted to, and a heavy solution of carbonate of ammonia should be injected into the wound, assuming that the native antidote was unknown.

As there is no grass throughout the forest region, the natives would be put to hard shifts to cover their houses were it not for the invaluable phrynium leaves, which are found everywhere, but most abundantly in the primeval woods. These leaves are from a foot to twenty inches in diameter, are attached to slender straight stalks from three to seven feet high. Both stalks and leaves are useful in the construction of native huts and camps. The fruit is like red cherries in appearance, and the kernels are often eaten to "deceive the stomach."

The wild fruits of the forest are various, and having been sustained by them through so many days of awful famine, it would be well to describe such as we found useful. We owe most to a fine stately tree with small leaves, which grows in large numbers along the south banks of the Ituri between East Long. 28° and 29°. Its fruit lies in pods about ten inches long, which contain four heart-shaped beans called "makwemé," an inch and a quarter long by an inch broad and half an inch thick. The bean has a tough clove-coloured skin, which when cut shows a reddish inner skin. When this latter is scraped away the bean may be bruised, mashed, or boiled whole. It is better bruised, because, as the bean is rather leathery, it has a better chance of being cooked to be digestible. The pigmies taught us the art, and it may be well conceived that they have often need of these beans to support life during their forest wanderings.

In the neighbourhood of these wood-bean trees grows a bastard bread-fruit called *fenessi* by the Zanzibaris, the fruit of which is as large as a water-melon. When ripe we found it to be delightful and wholesome.

On a higher level, as we followed the Ituri up from 1° 6' to Lat. 1° 47', we found the *spondia* or hog-plum, a yellow, fragrant fruit with a large

stone. An india-rubber vine produced a pear-shaped fruit which, though of delicious odour, was the cause of much nausea; a fruit also of the size of a crab-apple, with an insipid sweetness about it, assisted to maintain life. Then there were some nuts like horse-chestnuts which we found the pigmies partial to, but we cannot speak very highly of them. Besides the cherry-like berries of the phrynica, the kernels of which were industriously sought after, were the rich red fruit of the amoma, within whose husks is found an acid sweet pulp, and the grains of paradise which were first introduced to England in the year 1815. The berries of the calamus, or rattan, were also eaten, but they were difficult to get. Figs also were tried, but they were not very tempting, though anything that would disguise hunger found favour. Even the cola nuts were eaten, but more for the sake of expectoration than for the sake of pandering to the digestive organs.

Among other articles to which we were reduced were white ants, slugs—not the tiger-slug—snails, crabs, tortoises, roast field-rats, and the siluroids of the streams.

The domestic animals of the natives were principally confined to a fine breed of goats, dogs—of the usual pariah order, but vari-coloured. We saw only one domestic cat, and that was a brindled animal, and very tame, but kept in a cage.

It struck me as curious that while nearly all the Madis were attacked with guinea worms, which rendered them utterly unfit for work, not one Zanzibari suffered from them. The Madis' medicine for these was simply oil or fat rubbed over the inflammation, which served to cause the worm to withdraw from the leg. At one time, however, we had fifteen cases of mumps among the Zanzibaris, but they used no medicine except rubbing the swollen face with flour and water. Numbers of Manyema, natives, and Madis, unvaccinated and uninoculated, fell victims to variola; but only four Zanzibaris were attacked with the disease, and only one was fatal, while two of them were not so much indisposed as to plead being relieved from duties.

Respecting the productions of the forest I have written at such length in 'The Congo and the Founding of its Free State' that it is unnecessary to add any more here. I will only say that when the Congo Railway has been constructed, the products of the great forest will not be the least valuable of the exports of the State. The natives, beginning at Yambuya, will in time be induced to collect the rubber, and when one sensible European has succeeded in teaching them what the countless vines, creepers, and tendrils of their forest can produce, it will not be long before other competitors will invade the silent river, and invoke the aid of other tribes to follow the example of the Baburu,



## SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTER II

THE SOURCES OF THE NILE—THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON, AND THE  
FOUNTAINS OF THE NILE

Père Jerome Lobo and the Nile—The cartographers of Homer's time—Hekataeus's ideas of Africa—Africa after Hipparchus—The great Ptolemy's map—Edrisi's map—Map of the Margarita Philosophica—Map of John Ruysch—Sylvannus' map—Sebastian Cabot's map—The arbitrariness of the modern map-maker—Map of Constable, Edinburgh—What Hugh Murray says in his book published in 1818—A fine dissertation on the Nile by Father Lobo—Extracts from part of a MS. in the possession of H.E. Ali Pasha Moubarek—Plan of Mount Gumr—A good description of Africa by Schebeddin—The Nile according to Abdul Hassen Ali—Abu Abd Allah Mohammed on the Nile River.

EVERY reader of this chapter will agree with Père Jerome Lobo, of the Company of Jesus, who wrote in the 16th century, that "it is not difficult, after having found the sources of the Nile, and of the rivers that run into it, to resolve the question as to its origin—a question that has caused so much anxiety to ancient and modern authors, because they were looking for that which could not be discovered in their heads, by which they were lost in vain thoughts and reasonings."

For the satisfaction of those who have not undergone the harassing anxieties attending the exploration of the countries in the region of the Nile sources, and would prefer to read about them at home, I beg to present a few copies of very ancient maps, and also a series of Christian era maps, down to those from which we, as schoolboys, derived instruction in African geography. It will be observed with pleasure that we moderns have not much to boast of; that the ancient travellers, geographers, and authors had a very fair idea whence the Nile issued. We modern explorers can only claim to have barred for a time the periodic flights of the Lunae Montes and the springs of the Nile, from 10° north latitude to as far as 20° south latitude, and from east to west Africa, and to have located them with reasonable precision in their proper places. And for a time only! For "what profit hath a man of all his labour which he taketh under the sun? One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh. The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done: and there is

no new thing under the sun. Is there anything whereof it may be said, See, this is new? It hath been already of old time, which was before us."

What the cartographers of Homer's time illustrated of geographical knowledge succeeding cartographers effaced, and what they in their turn sketched was expunged by those who came after them. In vain explorers sweated under the burning sun, and endured the fatigues and privations of arduous travel: to give form to their discoveries. In a few years the ruthless map-maker obliterated all away. Cast your eyes over these series of small maps, and witness for yourselves what this tribe has done to destroy every discovery, and to render labour and knowledge vain. Young travellers may chuckle with malicious pleasure at all this, forgetful of what old Solomon said in the olden time: "There is no remembrance of former things; neither shall there be any remembrance of things that are to come with those that shall come after."



AFRICA IN HOMER'S WORLD.

So, though it is some satisfaction to be able to vindicate the more ancient geographers to some extent, I publish at the end of the series of old maps the small chart which illustrates what we have verified during our late travels. I do it with the painful consciousness that some stupid English or German map-maker within the next ten years may, from spleen and ignorance, shift the basin 300 or 400 miles farther east or west, north or south, and entirely expunge our labours. However, I am comforted that on some shelf of the British Museum will be found a copy of 'In Darkest Africa,' which shall contain these maps, and that I have a chance of being brought forth as an honest witness of the truth, in the same manner as I cite the learned geographers of the olden time to the confusion of the map-makers of the nineteenth century.

In the little sketch of 'Homer's World,' which I have taken the liberty

of copying, with a few others, from Judge Daly's\* learned and valuable contribution to the knowledge of ancient geography, it will be seen that the Nile is traced up to an immense range of mountains, beyond which are located the pigmies.

Five centuries later a celebrated traveller called Hekataeus illustrates his ideas of Africa in a map given below. Though he had visited Egypt, it is



AFRICA IN MAP OF HEKATÆUS.

500 B.C.

quite clear that not many new discoveries had been made. According to him the great Egyptian river takes its rise at the southern extremity of Africa, where the pigmies live.



HIPPARCHUS

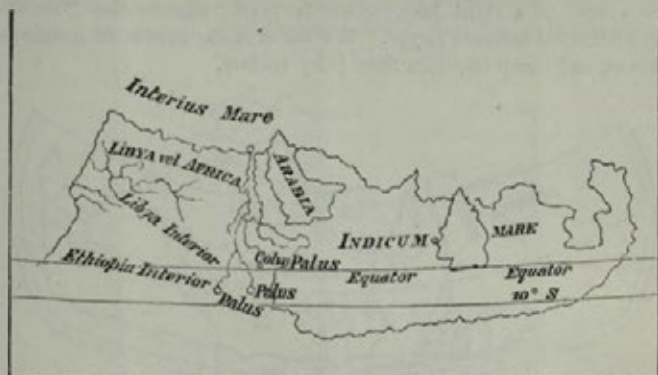
100. B.C.

The next map of Africa that I wish to introduce for inspection is by the "greatest astronomer of antiquity," Hipparchus, who lived 100 years B.C. His sketch contains three distinct lakes, but situate far north of the equator.

\* Judge Charles P. Daly, President of the American Geographical Society, New York.

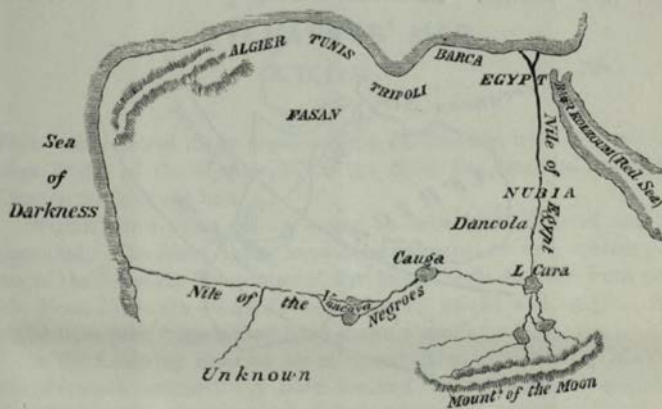


Then follows the great Ptolemy, the Ravenstein or Justus Perthes of his period. Some new light has been thrown by his predecessors, and he has



PTOLEMY'S MAP A. D. 150

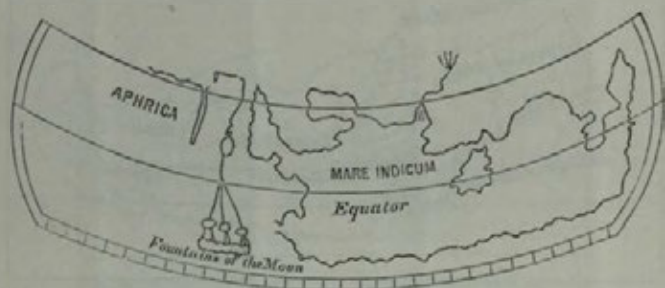
revised and embellished what was known. He has removed the sources of the Nile, with scientific confidence, far south of the equator, and given to the easternmost lake the name of Coloe Palus.



CENTRAL AFRICA  
according to  
EDRISI. 1154 A.D.

A thousand years elapse, and bring us to Edrisi, an Arab geographer, 1154 A.D. Some little information has been gained in the meanwhile of the

Dark Interior of Africa. The Mountains of the Moon are prominent now, but several degrees south of the equator. Two of the lakes discharge their surplus waters to a third lake, which is north, whence the Nile issues, flowing northward towards Egypt. We see in it the results of geographical conferences, and many inquiries from ivory traders.



MAP OF THE MARGARITA PHILOSOPHICA

A.D. 1503

Four centuries later we see, by the following map, that the lakes have changed their position. Ambitious cartographers have been eliciting



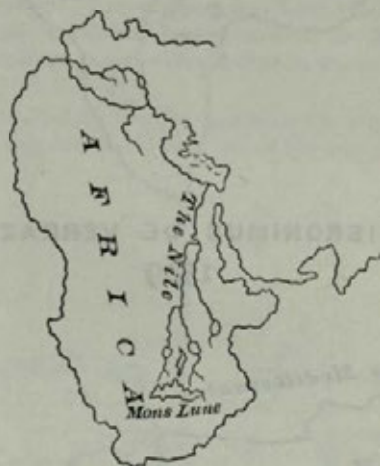
JOHN RUYSCHE

A.D. 1508.

information from the latest traveller. They do not seem to be so well acquainted with the distant region around the Nile sources as those

ancients preceding Edrisi. Nevertheless, the latest travellers must know best.

But in the short space of five years new light has been thrown again, or is it the mere vagary of a cartographer? Lo! the "Mountains of the



### SYLVANNUS' MAP

A.D. 1511

Moon" are restored many degrees below the equator, but there are only two lakes south of the equator, while the third has travelled to an immense distance north of the line.

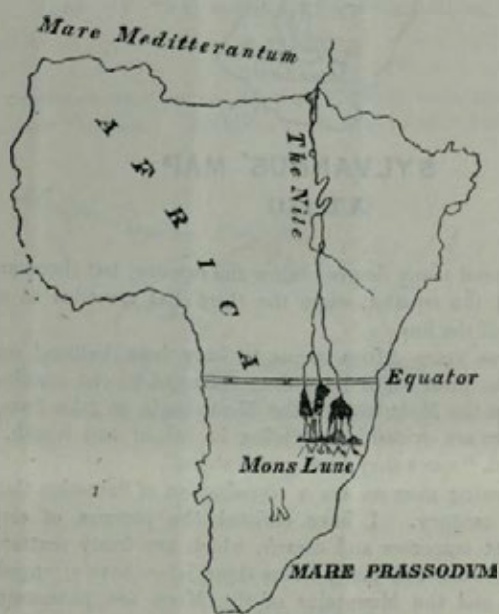
Within three years Africa seems to have been battered out of shape somewhat. The three lakes have been attracted to one another; between two of the lakes the Mountains of the Moon begin to take form and rank. The Mons Lunæ are evidently increasing in height and length. As Topsy might have said, "specs they have grown some."

In the following map we see a reproduction of Sebastian Cabot's map in the sixteenth century. I have omitted the pictures of elephants and crocodiles, great emperors and dwarfs, which are freely scattered over the map with somewhat odd taste. The three lakes have arranged themselves in line again, and the Mountains of the Moon are picturesquely banked at the top head of all the streams, but the continent evidently suggests unsteadiness generally, judging from the form of it.





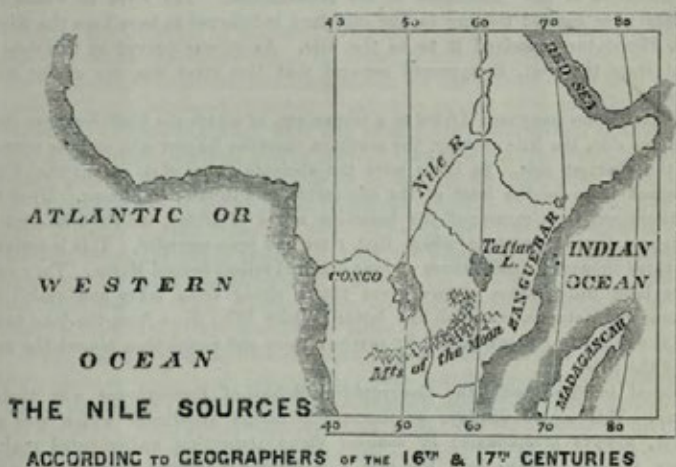
HIERONIMUS DE VERRAZANO  
1529



SEBASTIAN CABOT'S MAP OF THE WORLD  
16<sup>th</sup> Century

That from the sixteenth to the middle of the nineteenth century very little further knowledge respecting the sources of the Nile was known may be proved by the map of 1819 A.D., which follows. There is a distinct retrogression by the determined stupidity of the map-maker. He has ruthlessly swept away all that had been gathered since the days of old Homer down to the nineteenth century. Two of the Lakes have vanished. The Nile has contracted in length and drawn the Mountains of the Moon northward, and the great mountains are made to extend from E. Long. 20° to near the Gulf of Aden.

The modern map-maker is quite as arbitrary as any of his predecessors. In a late German map, considered to be one of the best in Germany, there is



a large bay removed altogether from the Victoria Nyanza, and a straight line, drawn by pure caprice, usurps the place of a very interesting and much indented coastline, explored by me in 1875. Speke's Lake Urigi is jostled to the east and farther to the north; Ukerewé is utterly out of order, and the Tanganika has a great bay named after a person who had followed in the steps of six preceding investigators. Lake Leopold II. narrowly escaped being sponged out because two Germans, Kund (?) and Tappenbeck, had lost their way, and could not find it; but in the meantime an English missionary visited it, and it was left in peace. English map-makers are quite as capricious.

The map of 1819, which has made such cruel and wicked changes of the cartography of Hipparchus, Ptolemy, and others, was published by Constable, in a fit of aggravated biliousness no doubt.

Hugh Murray, a compiler of African travels, published in London, 1818, a book called an 'Historical Account of Discoveries and Travels in Africa,' and, as he has been an industrious collator of testimony which the best authors of twenty centuries could furnish, I avail myself of his assistance. He says :—

"Herodotus shows himself to have known the course of the Nile higher probably than it has been traced by any modern European.

"From Elephantine at the southern extremity of Egypt (Assuan) to Meroe, the capital of Ethiopia, was a journey of fifty-two days, and from thence an equal distance to the country of *Automolos*, or exiles,\* making in all a hundred and four days' journey. The regions deeper in the interior were known to him only by the very short narrative of the 'Excursion of the Nassamonies.' The river to which the travellers were carried flowing to the eastward is believed to have been the Niger, though Herodotus conceived it to be the Nile. As it was proved by this data to proceed from the west, it appeared natural that this river was one of the main branches.

"Eratosthenes compared Africa to a trapezium, of which the Mediterranean coast formed one side, the Nile another, the southern coast the longest side, and the western coast the shortest side. So little were the ancients aware of its extent that Pliny pronounced it to be the least of the continents, and inferior to Europe. Upon the Nile, therefore, they measured the habitable world of Africa, and fixed its limit at the highest known point to which that river had been ascended. This is assigned about three thousand stadia (three or four hundred miles) beyond Meroe. They seem to have been fully aware of two great rivers rising from lakes and called the *Astaboras* and *Astapus*, of which the latter (White Nile) flows from the lake to the south, is swelled to a great height by summer rains and forms then almost the main body of the Nile.

"Equal in fame with the Geographical School of Eratosthenes was that of Ptolemy. This school displays an increase of actual knowledge which was not, however, always accompanied by sounder views respecting undiscovered regions. Ptolemy appears to have been the first who formed a correct idea of the whole course of the Nile, and assigns to its fountains a place in the vast range of the Mountains of the Moon. But he places his Ethiopia interior much further south beyond the equator, nearly in the latitude of Raptum" (Kilwa?).

The Prior of Neuville les Dames et de Preveessin, who published extracts from Father Lobo, the Portuguese Jesuit, launches into a fine dissertation on the Nile, some portions of which are as follows :—

"The greatest men of antiquity have passionately endeavoured to discover the sources of the Nile, imagining, after a career of conquest, that this discovery was only needed to consummate their glory. Cambyses lost many people and much time in this search."

"When Alexander the Great consulted the oracle of Jupiter of Ammon the first

\* It was devoted to the same uses down to the time of Emin Pasha.



thing he desired to know was whence the Nile sprang, and having camped on the Indus he believed that he had at last succeeded."

"Ptolemy Philadelpia waged war on Ethiopia with a view to ascend the Nile. He took the town of Axum, as may be seen by the inscriptions that Cosmos Indoplustes has preserved, which he copied during the reign of Emperor Justin I."

"Lucan makes Cæsar say in his 'Pharsalia' that he would readily abandon the design of warring against his country could he be happy enough to see the primal fountains of the Nile:

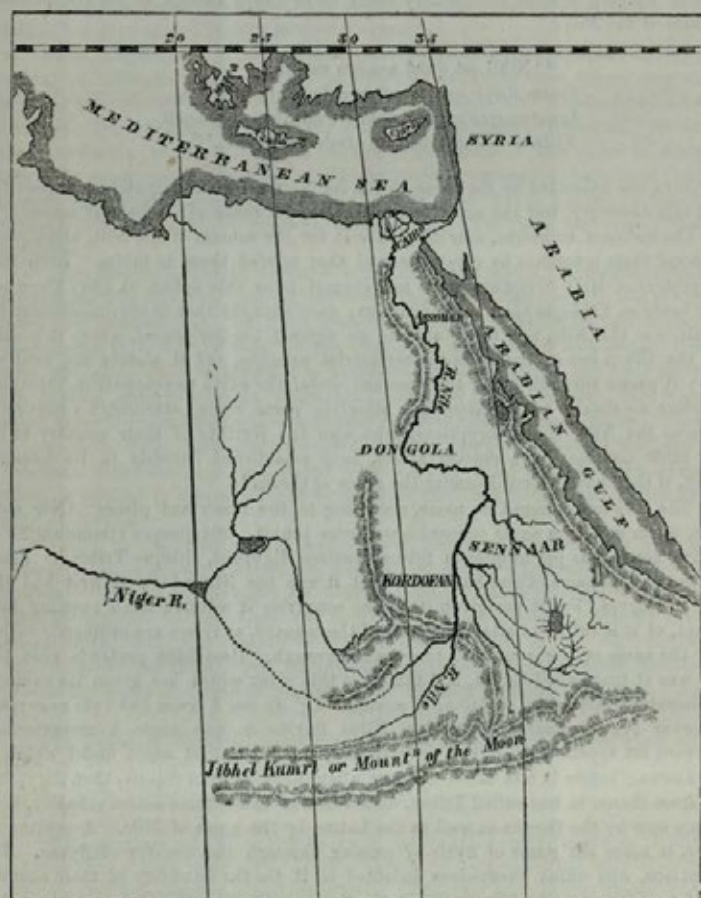
" 'Nihil est quod noscere malim,  
Quam fluvii causas per sæcula tanta latentes,  
Ignotumque caput: spes sit mihi certa videndi  
Niliacos fontes; bellum civile relinquam.' "

"Nero was animated by the same thirst for glory, for he despatched armies to make this discovery, but the report submitted to him removed all hope of success."

"The ancients therefore, searching in vain for the sources of the Nile, attempted to conceal their ignorance by mysteries, and they related them in fables. Even the interpreters of Holy Scripture were not exempt from this defect, as they knew no other lands on Ethiopia than that of Africa; they thought that Gihon, mentioned in Genesis, was the Nile, not being able to go against the Scriptures, where it is said that the Gihon has its spring in the terrestrial paradise, and it waters the land of Chus; it passes through under the seas and under the earth to reappear in Ethiopia. Therefore we should not be astonished, after the poets having attributed a heavenly origin to the Nile, if the Egyptians, who owe the fertility of their country to it, have built temples, have erected altars, have established festivals in its honour, finally, if they have adored it under the name of Osiris."

"The Nile has changed its name, according to the times and places: 'Nec ante Nilus, quam se totum aquis concordibus rursus junxit. Sic quoque etiamnum Siris, ut ante, nominatus per aliquos in totum Homero Ægyptus, aliisque Triton.' Pliny does not say, as some others have said, that it was the Nile which at first had the name of 'Egypt,' but it has given it to the countries it watered while running into the sea, or it is called so after the name of the country, as rivers are ordinarily called after the name of the countries they pass through. Hesychius pretends that the Nile was at first called Egypt, and that it is this river which has given its name to the country: *Ἀἴγυπτος, ὁ Νεῖλος ὁ ποταμὸς ἀχ' οὐ καὶ ἡ χαρὰ ὑπὸ τοῦς νεωτεροῦς Ἀἴγυπτος ἐπωνομασμένους* (Ægyptus, Nilus fluvius à quo regio à recentioribus Ægyptus est appellata). Egypt, nevertheless, is not the first name under which it was known; before it was called Oceanus, afterwards Aetus or Aquila, then Ægyptus, and from thence it was called Triton, on account of these three names; finally, it is known now by the Greeks as well as the Latins by the name of Nile. According to Pliny, it takes the name of Syris by passing through the country of Syene. The Egyptians, who think themselves indebted to it for the fecundity of their country and for all its products, have called it the Saviour, the Sun, the God, sometimes the Father. In the Ethiopian language, as used by the learned, it is called GEJON, and he believes that it may have been called so after the Name of Gihon, of which Moses speaks in his description of the terrestrial paradise, where he says, 'Et nomen fluvii fecundi Gihon: ipse qui circumit omnem terram Æthiopiæ.'"

"It will easily be seen shortly how many false hypotheses, how many false reasonings, have been made on the subject; however, there are still people so obstinate of the antiquity, that they will not put faith in those who have been on the spot, and who, having witnessed with their own eyes, could efface what the ancients had written about them. It was difficult and even impossible in following the course of the Nile to go up to its source; those who undertook it were always



MAP OF THE NILE BASIN. 1819.A.D.

stopped by the cataracts, and despairing that neither they themselves or others could succeed, they invented a thousand stories."

After hearing what the ancients said and thought of the sources of the Nile, let us see what we are able to gather from the Arabs.

The following are extracts from part of a manuscript, in the possession of H.E. Ali Pasha Moubarek, the present Minister of Public Instruction, Egypt. The name of the compiler is not given; only the date, 1098 A.H. = 1686 A.D. They are translated by Mr. Vandyck, teacher of English in the Government Schools, Cairo.

"Abu el Fadel says in his book, 'that all rivers in inhabited countries are 228 in number. Some flow like the Nile, from south to north, some flow from east to west, and some flow from north to south, and some flow in more than one of these directions, like the Euphrates and the Gihon.' He further says, 'As for the Nile, it starts from the Mountains of Gumr (Kamar, or Moon) beyond the equator, from a source from which flow ten rivers, every five of these flowing into a separate lake, then from each one of these two lakes two rivers flow out; then all four of these rivers flow into one great lake in the first zone, and from this great lake flows out the Nile."

"The author of the book called 'The Explorer's Desire' says that 'this lake is called the Lake of Likuri,\* from the name of a tribe in the Soudan who live around the lake, and are very barbarous, and cannibals. From this lake flows out the river Garna, and the Abyssinian river. After leaving this lake, the Nile traverses the country of Likuri, then the country of Mennan—another Soudanese tribe—between Khartoum and Nubia."

"On reaching Dongola, the metropolis of Nubia, it goes to the west, and then reaches the second zone. Here the banks are inhabited by the Nuba, and the river has many large cultivated islands with cities and villages, and the boats of the Nuba reach to this point coming downward, whilst the boats of Upper Egypt reach that far going upwards. There are there rugged rocks which prevent the ships from passing except at high Nile. It then flows northward, and passes east of Assouan, in Upper Egypt. It then passes between two mountain chains which border Egyptian territory, east and west, until it reaches Fostat; thence it flows a day's journey, and then divides into two branches, the one emptying into the Mediterranean at Damietta, and is called the eastern river, and the other, which is the main Nile, passes on, and empties into the Mediterranean at Rosetta, and is called the western branch."

"The length of the Nile from its source is 3,748 parasangs. It is said that it flows through uninhabited country for four months, and through the Soudanese territory two months, and through Moslem territory one month."

"It is said that this river has tributaries. Some say that its rise is caused by snows melted in summer, and according to the quantity of snowfall will be the greater or lesser rise. Others say that the rise is caused by the different direction of the winds; that is to say, that when the north wind blows strongly, it stirs up the Mediterranean, and pushes the waters thereof backwards so that it overflows the land; and when the south wind blows the Mediterranean ceases to storm, and the waters that were dammed up flow away again."

\* Victoria Nyanza, Lake of Likuri, so called after a tribe named the Wakuri, or Wakori, on the north shore of Lake Victoria, who still exist there. See 'Life of Bishop Hannington.'



"Others say that the rise is caused by fountains upon its banks, that have been seen by travellers who have reached to the highest point."

"Others say that the Nile flows from snowy mountains, and they are the mountains called Kaf. That it passes through the Green Sea, and over gold and silver and emerald and ruby mines, flowing on *ad infinitum* until it reaches the lake of the Zingh (Zanzibar), and they say were it not to enter into the salt sea and be mixed up with the waters thereof, it could not be drunk for great sweetness."

"There is a difference of opinion as to the derivation of the word 'Gumr.' Some say it ought to be pronounced 'Kamar,' which means the moon, but the traveller, Ti Tarshi, says it was called by that name because 'the eye is dazzled by the great brightness.' This mountain, the Gumr, extends eastward and westward into uninhabited territory on both sides. Indeed, this whole chain is uninhabited on the southern slope. This chain has peaks rising up into the air, and other peaks lower. Some have said that certain people have reached these mountains, and ascended them and looked over to the other side, where they saw a sea with troubled waters, dark as night, this sea being traversed by a white stream, bright as day, which enters the mountains from the north, and passes by the grave of the Great Hermes, and Hermes is the prophet Idrisi (Enoch)."

"It is said that Idrisi there built a dome. Some say that people have ascended the mountain, and one of them began to laugh and clap his hands, and threw himself down on the further side of the mountain. The others were afraid of being seized with the same fit, and so came back. It is said that those who saw it saw bright snows like white silver glistening with light.\* Whoever looked at them became attracted, and stuck to them until they died, and this science is called 'Human Magnetism.'"

"It is said that a certain king sent an expedition to discover the Nile sources, and they reached copper mountains, and when the sun rose the rays reflected were so strong that they were burnt. Others say that these people arrived at bright mountains like crystal, and when the rays of the sun were reflected they burnt them. Others say that Mount Gumr is a mountain on an island which is called by this same name. Opposite to it is the land of Serendib,† four months' journey in length and twenty days' journey in breadth, and that from this mountain comes the bird called gimre."

"The author of the book called the 'Mirror of Ages' says, 'Hameed, son of Biktari, has stated that the fountain which is the first of all the fountains is in Mount Gumr. From this fountain start ten rivers, one of which is the Nile. Some have thought that these fountains are the cause of the rise, whereas others say—and this is the most probable—that the cause is the abundance of rain and torrents in Abyssinia and Nubia, and that the delay in the rise reaching Egypt is on account of the great distance. All other rivers flow to the south, whereas it flows northward, and like it, Orontes in North Syria near Hamath.'

"Ti Farshi says that 'some astronomers state that the Nile comes from beyond the equator  $11\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  S., and then flows on to Damietta and Alexandria at  $30^{\circ}$  lat. N. They say from its source to its mouth are  $142\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  nearly, hence the length would

\* Extremely like the description of what was to be seen on Ruwenzori, according to the Wahuma herdsmen.

† Madagascar.

be 8614½ miles with all its meanderings. It meanders eastward and westward greatly.'

"Achmed, son of Ti Farshi, in his book of the description of the Nile, says, 'historians relate that Adam bequeathed the Nile unto Seth his son, and it remained in the possession of these children of prophecy and of religion, and they came down to Egypt (or Cairo), and it was then called Lul, so they came and dwelt upon the mountains. After them came a son, Kinaan, then his son Mahaleel, and then his son Yaoud, and then his son Hamu and his son Hermes—that is Idrisi the prophet.\* Idrisi began to reduce the land to law and order. The Nile used to come flowing down upon them, and they would escape from it to the high mountains and to elevated land until the river fell, then they would plant whatever country was left bare. Idrisi gathered the people of Egypt and went with them to the first stream of the Nile,† and there adjusted the levelling of the land and of the water by lowering the high land and raising the low land and other things according to the science of astronomy and surveying. Idrisi was the first person who spoke and wrote books upon these sciences. He then went to the land of Abyssinia and Nubia, and gathered the people, and extended the distance of the flow of the Nile, or reduced it according to the swiftness or sluggishness of the stream. He even calculated the volume of the water and the rate of flow. He is the first man who regulated the flow of the Nile to Egypt. It is said that in the days of Am Kaam, one of the Kings of Egypt, Idrisi was taken up to heaven, and he prophesied the coming of the flood, so he remained the other side of the equator, and there built a palace on the slopes of Mount Gumr.‡ He built it of copper, and made eighty-five statues of copper, the waters of the Nile flowing out through the mouths of these statues and then flowing into a great lake and thence to Egypt.'

"Idyar el Wadi says, 'the length of the Nile is two months' journey in Moslem territory, and four months' journey in uninhabited country. That its source is from Mount Gumr beyond the equator, and that it flows to the light coming out of the river of darkness, and flows by the base of Mount Gumr.'

"King Am Kaam is Hermes I. The devils carried him to this mountain, which is called Gumr, and there he saw how the Nile flows out of the Black Sea and enters into the mountain of Gumr. King Am Kaam built on the slopes of the mountain a palace having eighty-five statues, to which he collected all the water that flows from this mountain, conducting it in vaulted conduits until the water reaches the statues and flows out of their mouths in measured quantities and calculated cubic contents. It thence flows in many rivers until it reaches the Great Central Lake.§ Round this lake is the country of the Soudan and their great city Garma. In this great lake is a mountain which traverses it, going out of the lake and extending north-west.|| From this mountain the Nile flows on a month's journey and then it divides in the land of Nubia, one division going to the far west, and in this branch is the greater part of the country called the Soudan—whilst the other is the branch which flows down to the

\* Enoch.

† I wonder if this renowned Idrisi is the same as the patriarch Kintu in the legend of the Waganda. See 'Through the Dark Continent.'

‡ It is exceedingly like the legend of Kintu, only it possesses more details.

§ Lake Albert.

|| Mount Ajif (?) if the lake was 50 feet higher—Ajif might be so described.

land of Egypt, and beyond Assouan it divides into four branches, and thus flows into the sea at Damietta and Alexandria. It is said that three of these branches flow into the Mediterranean, whereas the fourth branch flows into the Salt Lake and thence to Alexandria.

"It is said that the rivers Sihon, Gihon, the Nile and the Euphrates, all start from a green jasper dome from a mountain, and that this mountain is near the Dark Sea.\* That the waters are sweeter than honey, and more fragrant than musk, but that the waters are changed in the course of the flow.

"Sheikh Izz Edin, son of Ibn Gamar, says in his book on medicine (and I have copied from the autograph manuscript), that the source of the Nile is from Mount Gumr beyond the equator by 11° and 20'. From this mountain start ten rivers from various sources, each five of which flow into a great round lake, which is distant from the extreme uninhabited country of the west by 57°, and from the equator 7° and 31' to the south, and these two lakes are equal, the diameter of each being 5°. Out of each one of these two lakes flow two rivers which empty into one great lake in the first zone. It is distant from the uninhabited country of the west by 53° and 30'. It is distant north of the equator 2°. Each one of these four rivers empties itself separately into this great lake, and from it comes out one single river, and this is the Nile. It passes through the country to Nubia, and joins another river, whose source is from another part near the equator, from a great round lake whose diameter is 3°, and which is distant from the confines of inhabited country on the west of 71°.

"After it has passed the city of Cairo, it reaches a town called Shatanuf, where it divides into two rivers, both of which flow into the salt sea, one of these branches being called the Rosetta River, and the other the Damietta River."

"The historian El Gahez says, 'Part of the Nile flows to the Soudan country, then passes to the east of Kussed, and then flows along one of the mountains of this country and comes out at the equator. Then it passes out from a lake there, and continues going westward to the country of Laknur, and thence northwards until it flows into the great ocean. Then it flows to the country of Abyssinia, and thence to the country of the Soudan, and then to the east of Dongola, until it comes upon the cataracts of Assouan, thence it flows into the Mediterranean.'

"Makrisi says, 'There is no difference of opinion. The Nile comes from Mount Gumr.' Makrisi also says that 'Merka-Eel, the son of Doobar-Eel, the son of Garabat, the son of Asfusan, the son of Adam, on coming to Egypt with a number of the tribe of Arabat, settled in Egypt and there built the city of Assus and other cities, and they dug the Nile until they led the water down to them, because, before that time, it did not flow regularly, but used to spread out over the land unto the country of King Mekronsé of Nuba. They regulated the course of the Nile and drew from it various streams to their different cities which they had built. They also led one stream to the city of Susan, then after the world came out of the flood, and when time rolled on until the days of Berdashir, the son of Bzar, the son of Ham, the son of Noah, the flow of the Nile was again regulated a second time, after it had been completely ruined by the flood.' But the historian Ibn Wasifsha says, 'when Berdashir ruled—and he is the first who became a priest and who practised magic and used to render himself invisible—he sent the Prince Hermes to the great Lake,† whence the waters of the Nile flow. It is also said, that he regulated

\* Lake Albert Edward (?).

† Lake Albert.

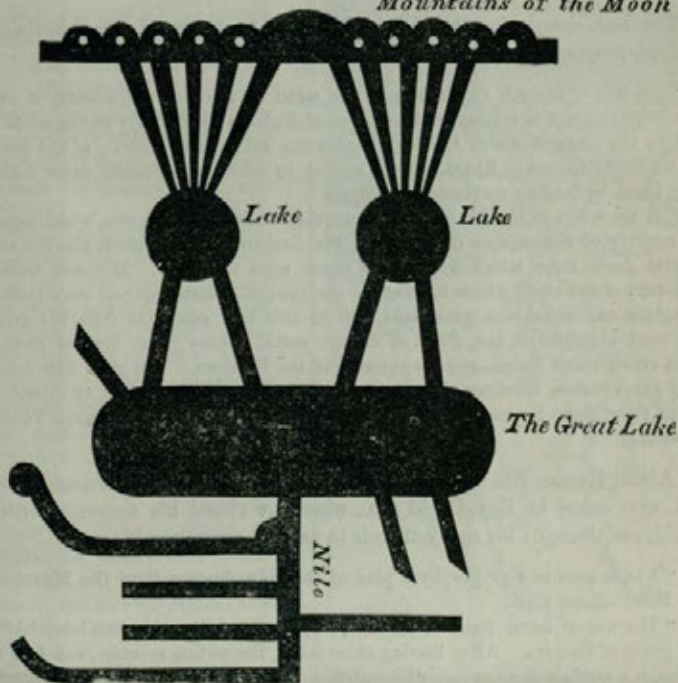


the stream, because formerly it used to overflow in some places and not in others.'

"As for the place where are the copper statues, it contains fifty-eight figures, and Hermes collected to these figures the water that flows out of the Nile, conducting the water to them by vaulted conduits and aqueducts, so that the water would flow to the figures and then come out from Mount Gumar, and thence flow from under the wall, and then pass out through the mouths of these figures. He regulated and

## JEBEL GUMR, OR KAMMAR

*Mountains of the Moon*



MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON.—MASSOUDI, 11TH CENTURY

measured the quantity of water flowing out, so as to allow to flow out that amount which is required for the land of Egypt, viz., that it should rise only to eighteen cubits, each cubit having thirty-two digits. Were it not for this the Nile would swamp all the countries that it passes through.

"El Welid, the son of Romah the Amalekite, was enabled to go to discover the sources of the Nile. He occupied three years in preparing for his expedition, and then started with a large army, destroying every tribe he came upon. He passed

through the tribes of the Soudan, and through the gold country, and there he saw golden sticks sprouting out. He continued journeying until he reached the great Lake,\* unto which the Nile flows coming from the rivers which flow out from under Mount Gumn. He went on until he reached the Temple of the Sun, and passed it until he reached Mount Gumn or Kamar, which is a high mountain. He says that it is called Mount Gumn because the moon does not shine except upon it because it is outside of the Equator.† He saw the Nile flowing out from under Mount Gumn. Some people have said that when they were there they saw neither sun nor moon, but the only light was the light of the most merciful God like the light of the sun."

The best description that I have been able to discover is by Scheabeddin, an Arab geographer who wrote about 1400 A.D. He says:—

"The Isle of Mogreb (Africa) is in the midst of the seas which water it on all sides. To the east it is bounded by the sea of Kulzum (Red Sea); to the south and west by the ocean of which God only knows the extent and limits; to the north it has for limits the sea of Kharz, which is that by which the Franks came into the Holy Land, by landing on the coast of Syria.

"In the midst of the Isle of Mogreb are the deserts of the negroes, which separate the country of the negroes from that of the Berbers. In this isle is also the source of that great river which has not its equal upon the earth. It comes from the mountain of the moon which lies beyond the equator. Many sources 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, and the country of the Djenawa. This river cuts horizontally the equator, traverses Abyssinia, the country of Kuku, comes to Syene, cuts Egypt throughout its whole length and throws itself into the sea between Tunis and Damietta."

Abdul Hassan Ali, ibn el Hassey, ibn Ali el Massoudé, born at Baghdad, and who came to Egypt 955 A.D., where he closed his accounts with the world, and brought his many travels to an end, writes:—

"I have seen in a geography a plan of the Nile flowing from the Mountains of the Moon—Jebel Kumr.

"The waters burst forth from twelve springs and flow into two lakes like unto the ponds of Bussora. After leaving these lakes, the waters re-unite, and flow down through a sandy and mountainous country.

"The course of the Nile is through that part of the Soudan near the country of the Zenj (Zanzibar)."

The following was kindly translated by His Excellency Count de Landburg, the Consul-General at Cairo for Sweden and Norway:—

"Chams ed-din Abu Abd Allah Mohammed ed Dimachgê (born 1256 A.D., Dec. 1336 (31)), in his geography, *Mukhtab ed-dahr fê Ajâib al-barr walbahr*, edited by

\* Albert Nyanza.

† Because of the mist?

Professor Mehren, St. Petersburg, 1866, says (p. 88), in the chapter dealing with the four rivers of Paradise:—

“The scholars say about this, that the Egyptian river called the Nile is the river of Nubia. Its springs are in the Mountains of the Moon, which divide the inhabited land to the south of the equator, and that on the outside from the southern unknown countries, whereof there is no information. The number of its springs are ten rivers, running with haste in ten valleys between high trees and compact sands. The distance between the longest off situated occidental is about fifteen days, and they altogether flow into two large lakes, the distance between these being four days. The extension of the oriental lake with all its islands and mountains is rather four days to him that passes around it, and the extension of the occidental is about five days to him that passes around it, and in both these lakes, and in the land that lies between the streams above mentioned, are the wild Sudan tribes, whose nature resembles to that of the beasts. They do eat whomsoever they assault, and he that catches anybody of another tribe, kills him and eats him, as the game is eaten. The situation of these lakes is from 50–56° longitude from the springs of the river, and from 6–7° latitude on the south of the equator. The oriental lake is called *Kútú* and *Tamin es-Sudanese*, and the occidental *Damádím* and *Galjúr* and *Hajami*. Farther issue from each of these two lakes four rivers, running through populated valleys, where

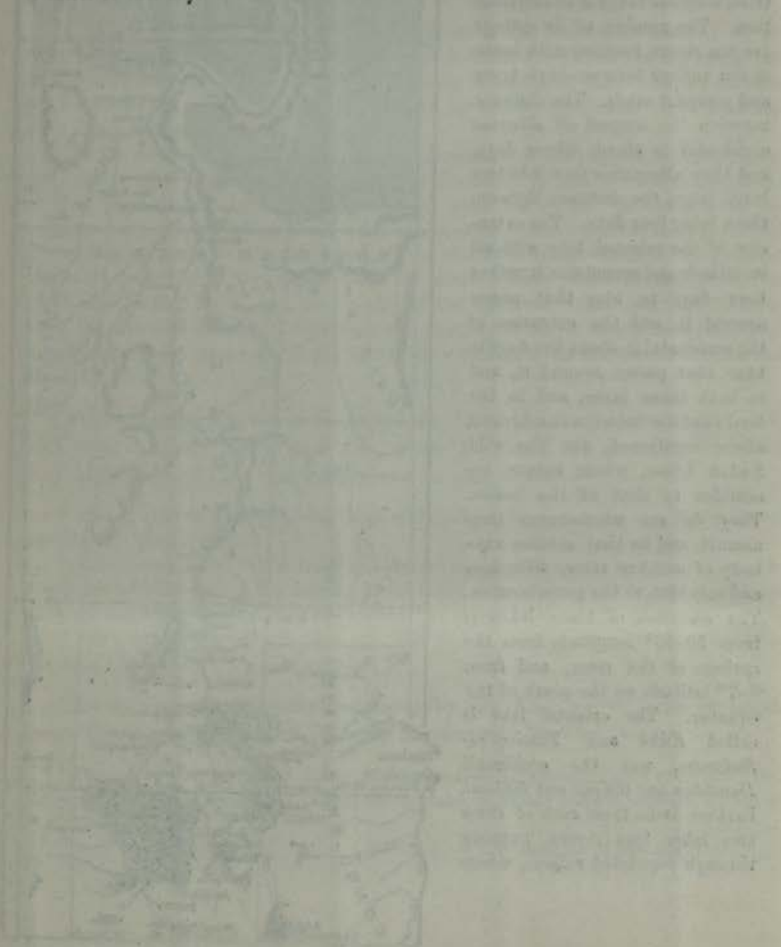


MAP OF NILE BASIN TO-DAY, FROM MEDITERRANEAN TO S. LAT. 4



the Sudanese have their settlements. These rivers are flowing near the equator until  $7^{\circ}$  latitude, and flow altogether into one long and large lake, which is called *Jawas* and *el Jamia* (Arab: the 'Collector'), and which is called also *Kûri*\* of the *Sudanese*. Its circuit is about six days with the islands *Jawas* and *Kûri*, inhabited by the Sudanese. From this lake issue three big rivers. The one flows towards the west, and is called *Rhâna*; another, turning to the south, flows to the east, and is called *ed Damâdim*, or the *Magid Shu of the Negroes*, and the third is the river of Nubia, and is called *the Nile*. Its course is to the north until it flows into the Mediterranean, as the river *Damâdim* flows into the Southern Sea, and the *Rhâna* river into the Western Ocean."

\* From the tribe *Wakuri*, or *Bakuri*, on the north shore of Lake *Victoria*, where it exists to this day.



## SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTER III

## RUWENZORI: THE CLOUD-KING

THE modern African name of what was called *Montes Lunae* or *Mons Lune* by the classical and European geographers, and by the Arab compilers of travels *Jebel Kumr—Gumr, or Kammar—the Mountains of the Moon*—is *Ruwenzori*. It is quite a mysterious fact that, from the localities reached by Sir Samuel Baker, *Ruwenzori* ought to have been as visible as St. Paul's dome from Westminster Bridge. And any person steaming round Lake Albert, as Gessi Pasha and Mason Bey did, would be within easy view of the snow mountains, provided, of course, that they were not obscured by the dense clouds and depths of mist under which, for about 300 days of the year, the great mountain range veils itself.

While proceeding towards Lake Albert, in December, 1887, we obtained a view from Mount Pisgah of a long range of mountains, wooded to the summits, which we estimated to be about 7,000 to 8,000 feet in height. It lay from S.E. to S. On returning from the Lake, the same month, two enormous truncate cones suddenly appeared into view, bearing S.  $\frac{1}{2}$  W. They might, we believed, be between 10,000 and 12,000 feet high. We thought them remarkable features, and called them the *Twin Cones*. The sight of them suggested that in their neighbourhood, or between them and the Gordon Bennett Mountain, would be found an interesting country.

When returning to the Nyanza for the second time in April, 1888, the *Twin Cones* were altogether invisible; but on the 25th of May, 1888, when scarcely two hours' march from the Lake beach, lo! a stupendous mountain appeared, bearing 215° magnetic, about thirty miles in length, and quite covered with snow, situate between two great ridges of about 5,000 feet less elevation, which extended to about thirty miles on either side of it. On that day it was visible for hours. On surmounting the table-land, the next day or so there was not a trace of either *Twin Cones* or *Snowy Mountain* in view.

While we journeyed for the third time to the Albert Nyanza, in January, 1889, and during our long stay at Kavalli for two and a half months, it remained unseen, until suddenly casting our eyes, as usual, towards that point where it ought to be visible, the entire length of the range burst out of the cloudy darkness, and gratified over a thousand pairs of anxious eyes that fixed their gaze upon the singular and magnificent scene,

The upper part of the range, now divided distinctly into many square-browed peaks, seemed poised aloft in a void of surprising clearness, domed by a dark blue heaven as clear and spotless as crystal, and a broad zone of milk-white mist enfolding it in the middle caused it to resemble a spectral mountain isle sailing in mid-air—to realize a dream of an Isle of the Blest. As the sun descended westerly the misty zone drifted away, and though we were nearly eighty miles off, the whole range came out with marvellous clearness. We could even see fringes and clumps of trees, resting on ledges, or on mountain spires, or coping some turret-like crag, seemingly leaning over profound depths below. We even agreed that the colour of the bare rock casques fronting the glare of the sun, and aligned against the lucent blue beyond, were of a purplish brown. We saw that the side presented to our view was singularly steep, and probably unscalable, and that though the snowy fields seemed to be mere patches, yet many feathery stretches descended far below the summit of a bare ridge which intervened between the central range and the Balegga Hills, over whose summit Ruwenzori, sixty-five miles farther, loomed large and grand.

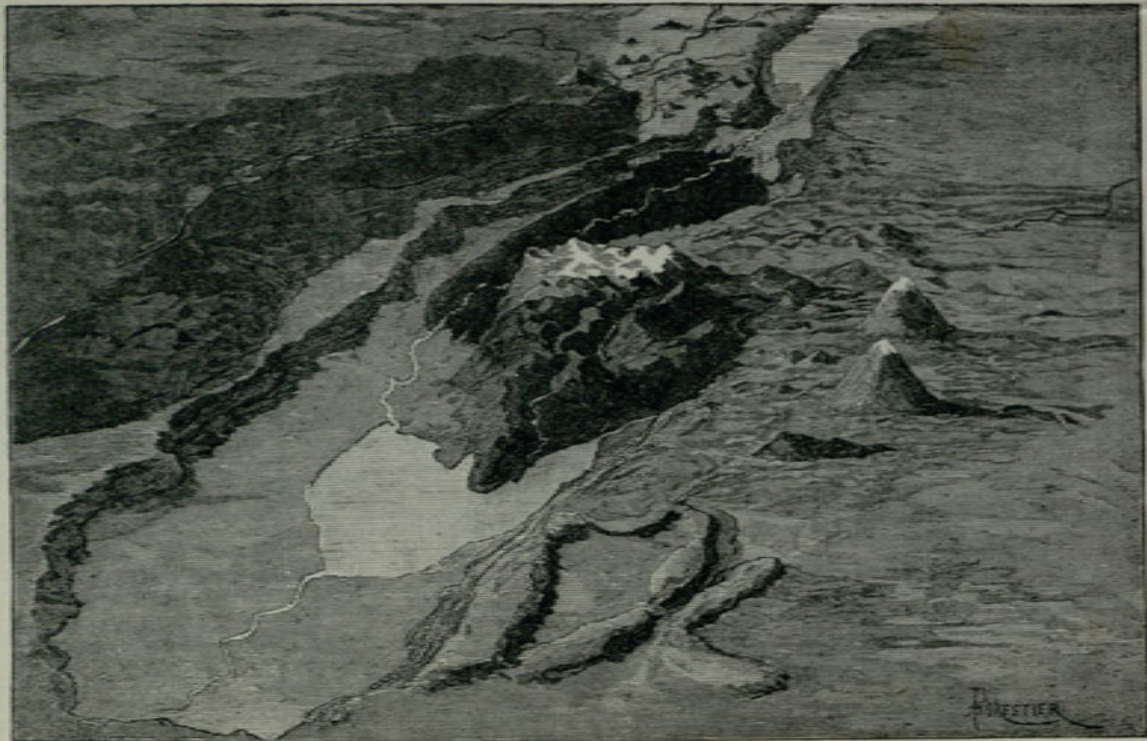
It will then be understood that a transparent atmosphere is very rare in this region, and that had our stay been as short as that of previous travellers, Ruwenzori might have remained longer unknown.

While we were advancing southward along the western flanks of Mazamboni's, and the Balegga Hills, during the month of May, 1889, the great snowy range was almost daily visible—not in its entirety, but by fits and starts, a peak here, a mountain shoulder there, with sometimes only a dim loom of the crowns, and at other times the lower parts only in view. The snow gleamed white out of a dark frame, as of ominous storm-clouds, boding rain and squalls. At rare periods the whole range came out with a brilliant sharp-cut clearness that was very useful to us to map our future route.

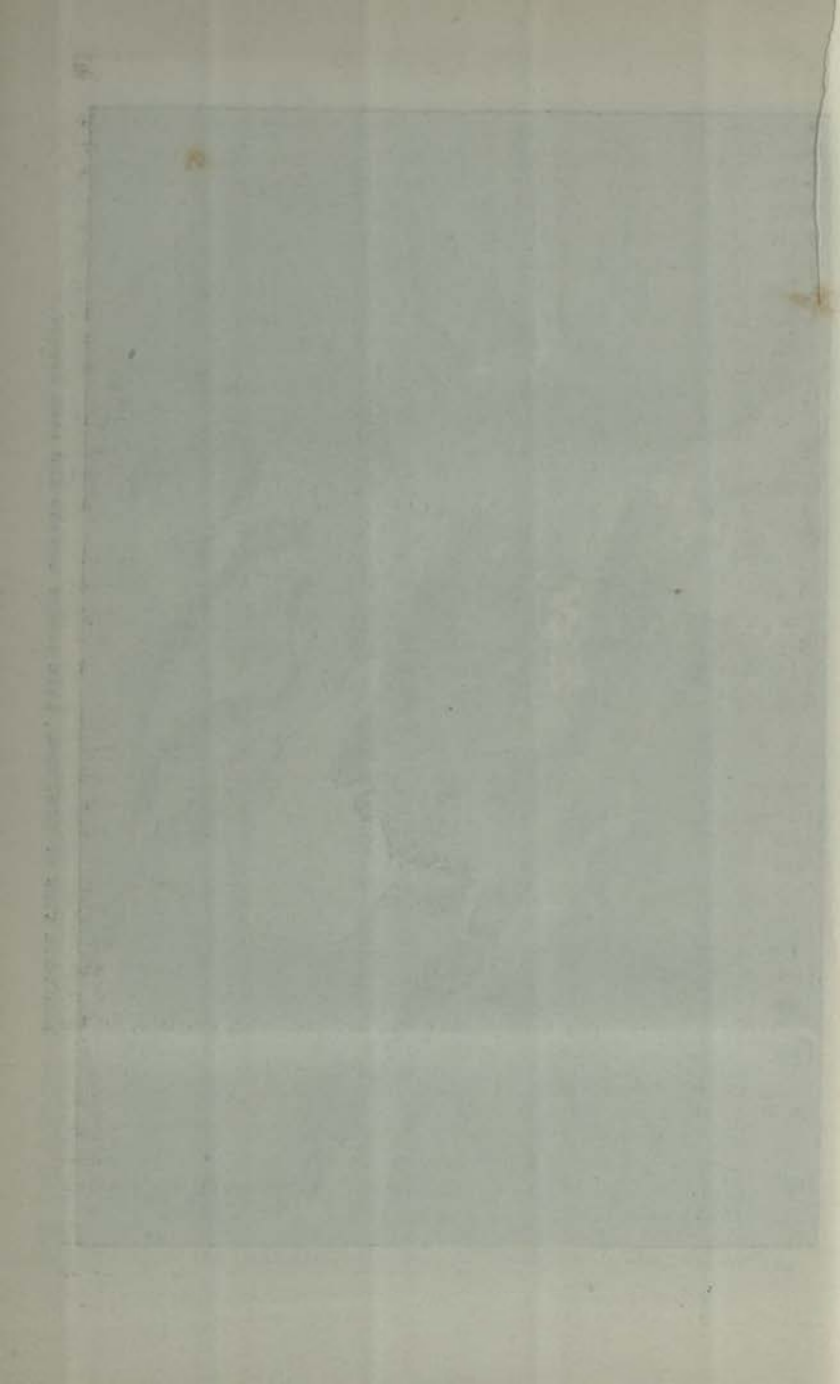
Yet all this time we scarcely understood its character, and not until we had crossed the Semliki river, and had traversed a great portion of the Semliki Valley, had we any intelligent comprehension of it.

The average reader will perfectly understand the character of the Semliki Valley and the flanking ranges, if I were to say that its average breadth is about the distance from Dover to Calais, and that in length it would cover the distance between Dover and Plymouth, or from Dunkirk to St. Malo in France. For the English side, we have the Balegga hills and rolling plateau from 3,000 to 3,500 feet above the valley. On the opposite side we have heights ranging from 3,000 to 15,500 feet above it. Now, Ruwenzori occupies about ninety miles of the eastern line of mountains, and projects like an enormous bastion of an unconquerable fortress, commanding on the north-east the approaches by the Albert Nyanza and Semliki Valley, and on its southern side the whole basin of the Albert Edward Lake. To a passenger on board one of the Lake Albert steamers proceeding south, this great bastion,





BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF RUWENZORI, LAKE ALBERT EDWARD AND LAKE ALBERT



on a clear day, would seem to be a range running east and west; to a traveller from the south it would appear as barring all passage to the north. To one looking at it from the Balegga, or western plateau, it would appear as if the slowly rising table-land of Unyoro was but the glaciis of Ruwenzori. Its western face appears to be so precipitous as to be unscalable, and its southern side to be a series of traverses and ridges descending one below the other to the Albert Edward Lake. While its eastern face presents a rugged and more broken aspect, lesser bastions project out of the range, and it is further defended by isolated outlying peaks like Gordon Bennett Mountain, 14,000 to 15,000 feet high, and the Mackinnon Mountain of similar height. That would be a fair figurative description of Ruwenzori.

The principal drainage of the snowy range is to the west, down into the Semliki River, and south to the Albert Edward Lake. The Katonga flowing into Lake Victoria, and the Kafur into the Victoria Nile, are both fed from the eastern face of Ruwenzori. The Mississi River, emptying into Lake Albert direct, rises from the northern extremity of the mountains.

During our journey southward, through the Semliki Valley and along the shores of the Albert Edward, I counted sixty-two streams which descended from Ruwenzori alone, the most important being the Rami, Rubutu, Singiri, Ramilulu, Butahu, Rusirubi, Rwimi rivers, descending to the Semliki River; and the Ruverahi, Nyamagasani, Unyamwambi, Rukoki, Nsongi and Rusango rivers, pouring into the Albert Edward.

By boiling point the upper lake was ascertained to be at an altitude of 3,307 feet, and Lake Albert at 2,350 feet above the sea; thus making a difference of level of 957 feet for about 150 miles of river. Therefore, besides a strong current which we observed, and rapids, the Semliki River must have a considerable number of great cataracts in its course from lake to lake.

The Semliki Valley is noted for its hot-house character only for some forty miles. That portion of it exposed to the sweep of the gales from Lake Albert seems to have but a sour soil, for the yield of it is an acrid grass and thin forests of acacia; but between this and the portion of exposed lake to the upper end is a soil so rich and so productive that would rival the best soils in the world. The natives have long ago discovered this fact, for they have gathered in multitudes of small tribes to clear the thick forest and plant their banana and plantain stalks. One can scarcely travel a mile in any direction without coming across a luxuriant, heavy-fruited plantain grove. In no part of Africa may be seen such abundance of food, not even in Uganda. Ten such columns as I led might have revelled in abundance. The plantain fruit, when mature, measured from twelve to eighteen inches in length, and was as thick as the fore-arm of an ordinary man.

It occupied us sixteen days to traverse this rich forest region, generally distinguished by the name of Awamba, after the tribe, and during that time



we had ten separate rainfalls, several of them lasting over nine hours, while it thundered daily. Besides this, when we issued out of the forest, and clung to the grassy foot of the range, at a few hundred feet of altitude above it, we observed that, as far as we could see, the forest extended unbroken, except by the numerous banana plantations. There were many lateral depressions, marking the courses of the streams, but few elevations of any importance, but over the whole slowly sailed the snow-white mist in broad, irregular streams; these, in a few moments, became joined into a universal mass, which to us, looking down upon it, resembled an inverted sky. All this was very annoying to us as curious sightseers, anxious to know the strange world we were in; but it furnished suggestions as to the reason why this part was so especially prolific, and why Ruwenzori was so coy. No winds could cool this portion of the valley, or waft the vapours away and clear the atmosphere from an entire corner of the compass, owing to the extent and great height of Ruwenzori. The great mountain intercepted every breeze from east round to south, and prevented the everlasting exhalations of the valley from being blown in that direction, but, on their reaching the intense cold above, distilled them, and rediffused them in copious showers of rain. From north to west the northern range of mountains obstructed the free passage of the winds, and assisted to maintain that equable heat of the valley that was necessary for the fostering of that marvellous vegetation. In every camp of this region the smoke hung over us like a pall, smarting our eyes and half suffocating us. In such a Nature's conservatory as the Semliki Valley, vegetation, as a matter of course, finding every favourable element therein necessary for its growth and nourishment, grows in riotous profusion. Where the humus is deep we find a tall and stately forest, with an impervious underwood of young trees, bound together, and sometimes altogether hidden, by countless climbing vines and robust plants; where the humus is thinner, as near the foot of the range, dense crops of cane-grass, from ten to fifteen feet in height, flourish luxuriant and impenetrable. Every tree-stem has its green robe of soft moss, dripping with dew, and each tree-fern or horizontal branch has its orchids, or broad elephant-eared plant. Every rock is clothed with lichens, and if but the slightest hollow is found in it, there will be seen a multitude of tropic plants crowding every inch. In short, everywhere, except upon the perpendicular face of a late-moved boulder, vegetation thrives of every variety of greenness, form and character.

Before we finally issued out of the forest region we were made further aware what curious novelties in plants a natural conservatory can produce. Between Mtarega and Ulegga we were astonished at the huge girth of the wild banana plant, some of them being eighteen inches in diameter two feet above the ground. The fronds were gathered at the top of the stalk like an artificial bouquet, but presently spread out, two feet wide and ten feet in length, forming graceful curves and a most cooling shade, the leaves circling

the flowers, which were like great rosettes with drooping tassels. There seemed to be no limit to the altitude at which these wild bananas grew, though we observed that their number on the mountain slopes became more limited above 8,000 feet. The tree-ferns, reaching as high as thirty feet from the ground, presented themselves in a series of narrow groves along the moist hollows or near banks of streamlets, while an untold variety of smaller ferns grew in their neighbourhood, as though they were determined to prove their relationship to the giants of the fern family. Then the calamus, climbing from one tall tree to another with resolute grasp, next attracted our attention. In the neighbourhood of such fern-groves the trees were veritable giants, the orchids in their forks were most numerous, and the elephant-eared lichen studded the horizontal branches, while every tree was draped with soft green moss, beaded with dew, and seemed sodden through excess of moisture.

Though the forest region ends as we enter Ulegga, the interval between it and Mtsora is so devoted to cultivation by the natives that it is only at the latter place that we become fully aware that we have entered a new region. Looking towards the W.N.W. we see the commencement of a brown grassy plain, the very duplicate of that extending round the southern end of Lake Albert. In appearance it is as flat as though the level bottom of a lake had just appeared in view, and it continues thus to the Albert Edward Nyanza.

Between Mtsora and Muhamba we travelled along the edge of the low plain or ancient bed of the Southern Nyanza, but soon after leaving the last village we began to breast the mountains in order to avoid the circuitous route along the plain round the promontory of Sangwé-Mirembé.

As we journeyed towards the south-west over these hills we observed that in the same manner as a change had come over the character of the Semliki Valley the slopes of Ruwenzori also differed. Instead of the thick forests, wild bananas and wonderful ferneries, and general sappiness and luxuriance of vegetation, pastoral grass waved on every slope and crest, while a healthful cool breeze caused us to bless our fortune in having parted from the close atmosphere of the Semliki.

But in two days' march we observed that there was another change. We were in a much drier climate, and the superficial aspect of the country was what might be expected from a comparatively rainless district—it was that of a worn-out and scorched country. The grass was void of succulency and nutriment. The slopes of the hills presented grooves of a brickdust colour; here and there grew a stunted tree with wrinkled and distorted branches and ugly olive-green leaves, too surely denoting that the best of the soil had been scoured away or consumed by annual conflagrations, that vegetable life was derived under precarious circumstances despite the copious showers of the rainy season. As these hills, which constitute the southern flank of Ruwenzori, present themselves, the plains below, between their base and

Lake Albert Edward, share their meagre, famished, treeless, and uninteresting character. The gum-trees, such as the acacia, the rigid black euphorbia, the milk weed, prove a lean soil and salt-effusing earth in the bed of the receded Nyanza.

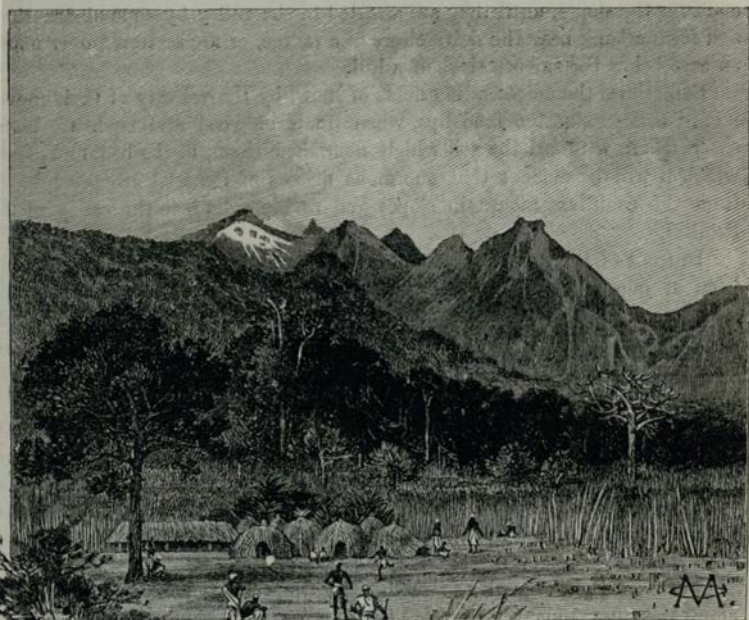
In brief words, the north-west and west sides of Ruwenzori, blessed with almost daily rains and with everfresh dews, enjoy perpetual spring and are robed in eternal verdure; the south and south-west sides have their well-defined seasons of rain and drought, and if seen during the dry season, no greater contrast can be imagined than these opposing views of nature's youth and nature's decay.

In one of the darkest corners of the earth, shrouded by perpetual mist, brooding under the eternal storm-clouds, surrounded by darkness and mystery, there has been hidden until now a giant among mountains, the melting snow of whose tops has been for some fifty centuries most vital to the peoples of Egypt. Imagine to what a God the reverently-inclined primal nations would have exalted this mountain, which from such a far-away region as this contributed so copiously to their beneficent and sacred Nile. And this thought of the beneficent Nile brings on another. In fancy we look down along that crooked river to where it disports and spreads out to infuse new life to Egypt near the Pyramids, some 4000 miles away, where are congregated swarms of men—Arabs, Copts, Fellahs, Negroes, Turks, Greeks, Italians, Frenchmen, English, Germans, and Americans; and we feel a pardonable pride in being able to inform them for the first time that much of the sweet water they drink, and whose virtues they so often exalt, issues from the deep and extensive snow-beds of Ruwenzori or Ruwenzura—"the Cloud-King."

Though from the nearest point to the central range we were distant eight English miles in an air line, during the few brief clear views obtained by us, especially that from Bakokoro, examination through a good binocular informed us of the reason why so much snow was retained on Ruwenzori. As will be seen from the various sketches of the profile, the summit of the range is broken up into many sharp triangular casques or narrow saddle-shaped ridges. Each casque, separately examined, seems to be a miniature copy of the whole range, and dented by the elements, time and weather, wind, rain, frost, and snow, and every side of Ruwenzori appears to represent, though in an acuter degree, the multitudinous irregularities of slopes and crests so characteristic of its mighty neighbours which lie nearest to us, and are fully exposed to the naked eye. Mostly all these triangular casque-like tops of the range are so precipitous that, despite the everlasting snowfalls hardened by the icy winds blowing over their exposed sides and summits, very little snow is seen; but about 300 feet below, as may be estimated, ground more adapted for the retention of the snow is found, which in some parts is so extensive as to represent a vast field. Below this, however,



another deep precipice exposes its brown walls, and at the foot of it spreads out another great field of snow joined here and there by sloping ground, and this explains why the side of the range presented to view is not uniformly covered with snow, and why the fields are broken up by the brown patches. For quite 3000 feet from the summit, as may be seen most clearly from the



VIEW OF RUWENZORI FROM  
BAKOKORO WESTERN CONES

view obtained from Karimi, there is illustrated a great snowy continent enclosing numerous brown islands.

Naturally where the crests are so steep and naked, and where the walls or the precipices are so lofty, the rough weather to which they are exposed contributes to their dismantling and ruinous crumbling. Fragments of rock and tons of rocky dust and particles tumble from above on the compressed snow-bed below, which imperceptibly moves through the

influence of thawing and undermining of the bed by the trickling water, downwards towards the valley a league below. As it descends the thaw increases, and the movement of the snow-bed is more rapid, until, arriving in the neighbourhood of tropic heat, or buried in a great cloud of tepid vapour from the valley beneath, there is a sudden thaw, and the rocky fragments, *débris* and dust, borne by the snow, are hurled downward, crashing through the ravines and over the slopes, until they are arrested in the valley by some obstruction, and form a bank near the debouchure of a ravine, or are scattered over many an acre below the smooth slope of a hill.

Sometimes these descending fields of snow, by the velocity of their movements, cause extensive landslips, when tracts of wood and bush are borne sheer down, with all the soil which nourished them, to the bed rock, from which it will be evident that enormous masses of material are precipitated from the countless mountain slopes and ravine sides into the valley of the Semliki.

In front of the exit of the Rami-lulu River from the mountain there has been at one time some such disastrous pouring of the ruins of a mountain side, so sudden that the river was blocked, and the *débris* covered about six square miles. Since that time the Rami-lulu has ploughed down to the former solid rock-bed, and now flows between very steep banks 200 feet high, whence we can imagine the thickness of the *débris*.

Between Ugarama and Bukoko we discovered a very fertile tract close to the base of the mountain slope, prodigiously prolific in its melons, pumpkins, sugar-cane and millet; the subsoil is principally gravel and sand mixed with a rich dark loam, but the immense number of large boulders imbedded and half buried in the earth is a striking feature, and points to glacial influence.

Between Bukoko and the mountains three miles away, and stretching along their base southward for five or six miles, is another great tract consisting of just such *débris* as the side of a mountain would naturally consist of, but being principally of loose matter, it has assumed through a long period of rainfalls a tolerably smooth surface.

If we consider these circumstances as occurring periodically since the upheaval of the great range, and that mighty subsidence which created the deep gulf now embraced by the Albert Edward Nyanza, the Semliki Valley, and Lake Albert, we need not greatly wonder that Ruwenzori now is but the skeleton of what it was originally. Slowly but surely the mountain is retiring to the place whence it came. A few ages hence the Albert Edward Nyanza will be a great plain, and at a later period Lake Albert will share the same fate.

On most days, the early hours of morning ushered into view a long, solemn, and stupendous mass, dark as night, the summits of which appeared to approach very closely to the cloudless grey sky. But as toward the east

the fast-coming day changed the grey to gold, faint bars of white clouds became visible above, and simultaneously along the base of the range there rose stealthily a long line of fleecy mist. This was presently drawn within gaping valleys and fissures in the slopes, wherein it ascended with the upward draught in rolling masses along the slants, which gathered consistency and density as they ascended, and changed their shapes every instant. Detached portions floated to the right and left, to attract unto them the straying and scattered mists issuing one by one from profound recesses of the chasms. Then, united in a long swaying line, and robing the legions of hill shoulders, they issued into view from every flaw and gap in the slope, and ranged in order, appeared as though they intended to rally round the immense white range above.

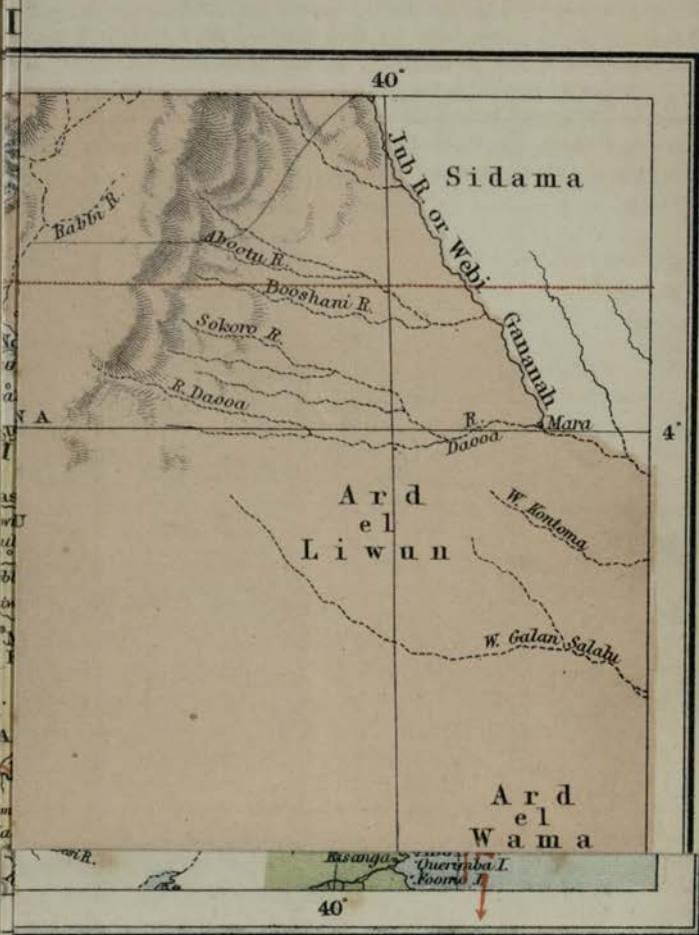
By the time the sun is but a fourth of an hour above the eastern horizon, the mist, now formidably thick and broad, with bold and numerous vanguards, has approached the snow, and rivals it in dazzling whiteness; and presently, receiving full in its front the clear and strong sunshine, excels it in glory of colour and gilding, and soon after rides over the snow and the purple pinnacles of the range in splendid triumph. But as minute after minute adds density to the mist, and the fermenting Semliki Valley, with exhaustless power, pours forth mass after mass to join it, the mist loses its beauty of colouring, and becomes like a leaden-coloured fog, until finally, so great has been the accumulation, it becomes black and terrible as a tempest cloud, and thus rests during the entire day, and frequently until far into the night. Sometimes, however, a half-hour or so before sunset, the cloud is blown away, and peak after peak, snowy fields and mountain shoulders, emerge in full glory into light, and again we have a short but glorious view before night falls and covers Ruwenzori with a darker mantle.

These brief—too brief—views of the superb Cloud-King, as the Wakonju fondly termed their mist-shrouded mountains, fill the gazer with a feeling as though a glimpse of celestial splendour was obtained. While they lasted, I have observed the rapt faces of whites and blacks set fixed and uplifted in speechless wonder towards that upper region of cold brightness and perfect peace, as though thought and desire of expression were altogether too deep for utterance. What stranger contrast could there be than our own nether world of torrid temperature to that lofty mountain range, clad in its pure white raiment of snow, on whose cold white face were inscribed "Infinity and Everlasting!" We had been strangers for many months to the indulgence of any deep emotions. Our senses, between the hours of sleeping and waking, had been occupied by the imperious and imminent necessities of each hour, which required unrelaxing vigilance and forethought. It is true we had been touched with the view from the mount called Pisgah of that universal extent of forest, spreading out on all sides but one, to many hundreds of miles; we had been elated into hysteria when, after five months' immurement in the



depths of forest wilds, we once again trod upon green grass, and enjoyed open and unlimited views of rolling plains over which the long spring grass seemed to race and leap in gladness before the cooling gale; we had admired the broad sweep and the silvered face of Lake Albert, and enjoyed a period of intense rejoicing when we knew we had reached, after infinite trials, the bourne and limit of our journeyings; but the desire and involuntary act of worship were never provoked, nor the emotions stirred so deeply, as when we suddenly looked up and beheld the skyey crests of Ruwenzori uplifted into an inaccessible altitude, like a celestial castle, with dominating battlement, and leagues upon leagues of unscaleable walls.





London, Stanfords Geog<sup>l</sup> Estab<sup>t</sup>.





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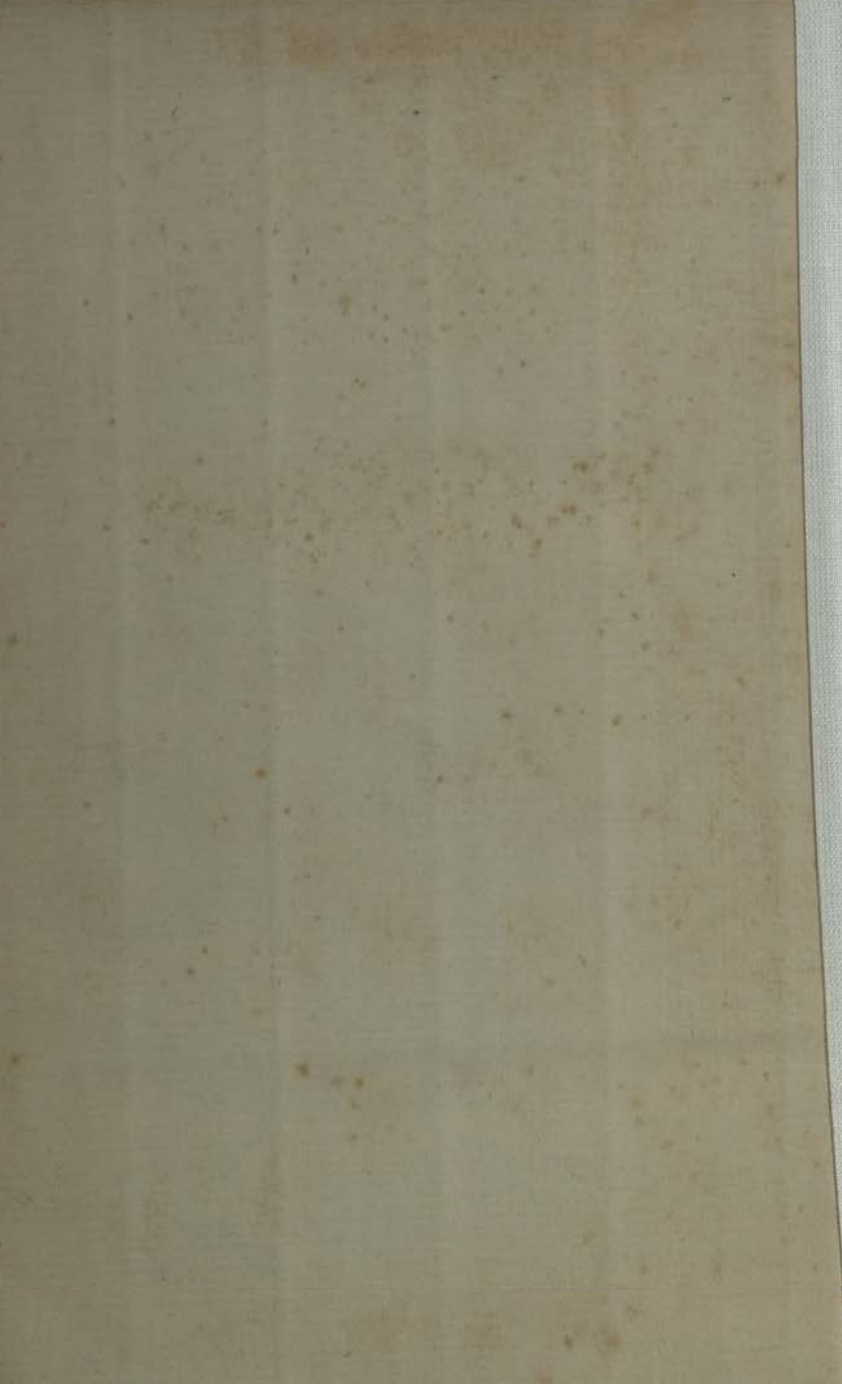
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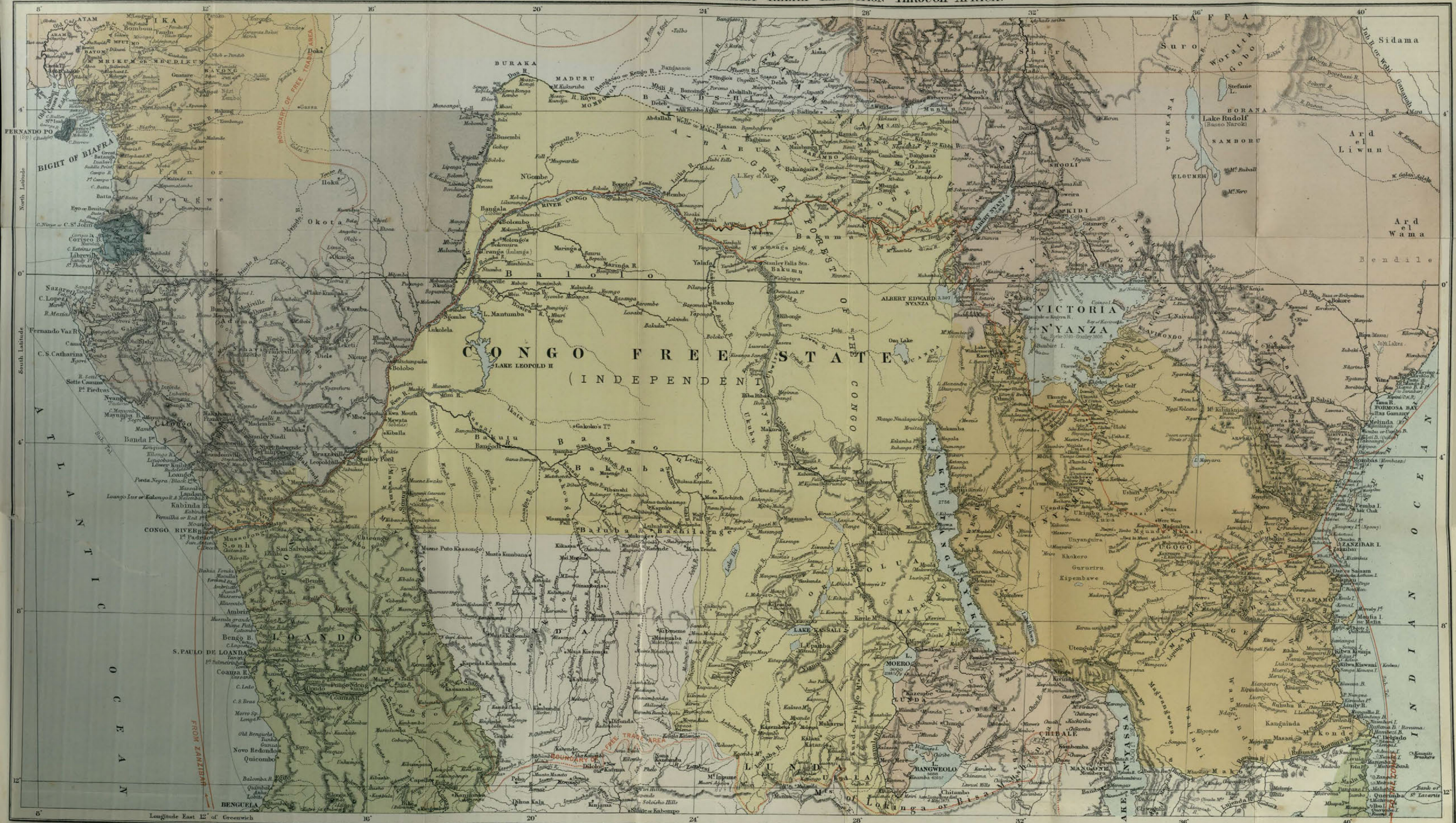








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