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THE STORY OF AFRICA

AND ITS EXPLORERS.

THE COURIER OF THE NILE (p. 1.)

THE STORY OF AFRICA AND ITS EXPLORERS

BY

ROBERT BROWN, M.A., PH.D., F.L.S., F.R.G.S.

AUTHOR OF "THE COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD," "THE PEOPLES OF THE WORLD," "OUR EARTH AND ITS STORY"

VOL II

THE RIVER OF EGYPT—THE GREAT LAKES—ACROSS THE CONTINENT—THE CONGO

With Two Hundred Original Illustrations

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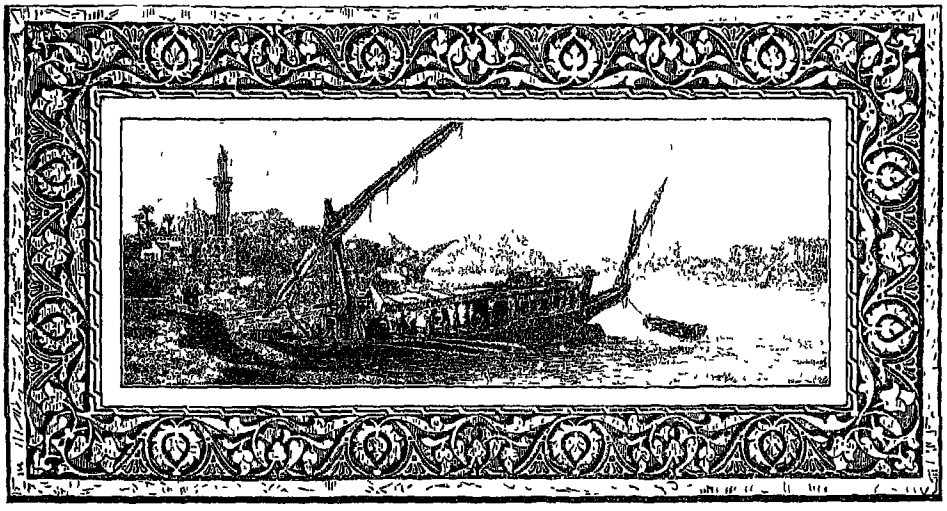


THE MAIN STREAM OF THE NILE, NEAR CAIRO.

THE STORY OF AFRICA.

CHAPTER I.

THE RIVER OF EGYPT: FROM THE LAKES TO THE SEA.*

First View of Egypt Disappointing—The Course of the Nile—The Victoria Nyanza—The Albert Nyanza—The Albert Edward Nyanza—The Bahr-el-Jebel—Yorborah Rapids—Bedden—Gondokoro—Lado—Division of River into Two—The Bahr-el-Zeraf—The Swampy Land between—The "Sudd" Obstructions—The White Nile and its Tributaries—The Sobat—Fashoda—The Sunt Islands—The Blue Nile and its Tributaries—Khartoum—Long Stretch without Tributaries—The Waters of the Nile—Catchment Basins—Enormous Loss by Evaporation and Percolation through the Sandy Soil—A River with Less Water in it than its Feeders Contribute—Estimate of the Volume sent into the Nile—The Rise of the Nile dependent on Rainfall a Thousand Miles Away—Whence comes the Flood?—Scene at and before the Inundations—The Crier of the Nile—Importance of the Annual Overflow—The Nilometer—The Irrigation of Egypt—The Old "Barrage" and the proposed New Ones—The Mud of the Nile—Wearing away of the Banks—The Tendency to keep more to the Eastern than to the Western Shore—The Law explaining this—Whence the Fertilising Sediment Comes—The Atbara—The Amount of Deposit—The "Gift of the Nile"—Annual Increase—How far these Changes bear on the Route of the Israelitish Exodus from Egypt—A Wooded Nile Valley—Egypt in A.D 641.

WITH perhaps the exception of modern Rome—and the Eternal City of Il Re Umberto is a disillusion by itself—there is perhaps no part of the world at the first sight of which the historical student is more disappointed than at that of Egypt. He has heard among his earliest memories tales of its greatness, and has read almost as soon as he was able to read at all descriptions of its monumental splendours, of its obelisks and sphinxes and pyramids, of its storied river flowing whence until lately no man knew, and rising with the regularity of the planets to bring fertility to a land cultivated for unnumbered ages, and still,

* Revised by James Muric, M.D., LL.D., F.L.S., etc., of Petherick's Expedition to the White Nile.

owing to this beneficent flood, productive as it was when Joseph was Mohtesib to the Shepherd King Apophis. Yet the view that meets the gaze of the voyager as darkness whitens into dawn, and the flashing Pharos of Alexandria dies out, is the least picturesque imaginable. East and west, and inland as far as the eye can reach, the land is flat, with only here and there along the shore line a low mound of drifted sand to break the monotony of a landscape, compared with which the littoral of Holland is almost romantic.

The first view of Egypt.

From Alexandria to Cairo, the traveller crosses this plain, without seeing from the carriage window much to relieve the expanse, save the waving crops of durra and cotton and maize, growing in fertile mud stoneless as an Iowa prairie, deep as a Manitoba river-bottom. Yet where the ground is not raised a few feet above the Mediterranean level, there are morasses and shallow lakes, some such recent secessions from the sea that they are still salt or fresh, according as the sea that we have left or the river that we are approaching has the predominating influence in their formation. And ever and anon the railway crosses water-courses creeping so sluggishly through the expanse of black alluvial soil, that it is sometimes hard to say whether they are streams or simply "sloughs," or backwaters, dry one month, full another, stagnant all the year round. A clump of date-palms or a thicket of sycamore and acacia on a low mound indicates the deserted site of a city no longer with houses and people to live in them, or preserves from the periodic flood "the assemblage of hovels which constitute a modern Egyptian village."*

For the fertile flat over which the traveller has been steaming for more than a hundred miles is the gift of these sluggish water-courses, which intersect it in an endless network through which a few narrow channels may be traced. They are the last ramifications of the famous Nile, through which it is crawling into the Mediterranean; just as the fetid Oil Rivers are the ultimate ramifications of the undivided Niger beyond the swampy triangle which they have formed. In short, this is the "Delta" of the Nile, the triangular area of mud which in the course of unnumbered ages it has brought down and deposited in the sea in the shape of the Greek letter Δ; the name of which has, in consequence, been given to all similar deposits at the mouths of rivers. If the visitor sees the Delta in autumn he is forcibly made conscious of this, for the river has then overflowed all the low lands, the clumps of trees on mounds, with the squalid villages under their shade, and the dykes connecting them, rising alone above the water around. If the observer waits long enough he will notice in the thin layer of slime which remains behind the secret of the prosperity of Egypt, and he will cease to be surprised at the slow manner in which this vast triangle has been raised above the surface of the sea. For then the crop that the Fellaheen have "cast upon the waters" springs up in the revivified soil until the whole land is, by spring, one great carpet of the loveliest green.

For two hundred miles the base of this delta extends, from Canopus in the west to Pelusium in the east, between the most extreme of the ancient arms of the Nile, the apex being neared only as Cairo comes in sight. Then the plain begins to rise into lowly hills, and the endless network of the Delta is contracted to the single channel which at the capital, and for hundreds of miles southwards, is characteristic of the most famous river of antiquity. Yet though we are now among the remains of the oldest of civilisations, and the flat triangle over which we have passed is the richest portion of Pharaoh's Land, it is actually the newest part of the country—newer than Upper Egypt—newer even than the Egyptians. For it has been made since the splendid temples and pyramids of the higher reaches of it were built; and as the mud is ever being borne seaward, is still in course of enlargement.

* Huxley, "Unwritten History" (*Macmillan's Magazine*, 1888, p. 30).

No river has ever aroused more interest. The secret of its source has continually provoked an endless series of explorers. For it is the great drainer not only of North-Eastern but of Equatorial Africa (Maps, pp. 4, 21), and to know the Nile is to understand the geography of fully one half of that part of the continent the exploration of which we are tracing. Before, therefore, following the steps by which the data regarding its flow have been ascertained, it will be instructive to outline the principal facts about the geography of this once sacred river.

The Course of the Nile

When we remember that thousands of years before the Christian Era, long before the sons of Jacob came into Egypt to buy corn, centuries before Moses was hid among the papyrus reeds along its margin (which no longer grow there), the Nile flowed past the cities and palaces and tombs and temples of a civilised people, it may seem a paradox that it remained for Englishmen within our own day to establish the true source of this remarkable river.

These sources are now known to be quite scattered, though the largest of all its fountain-heads is the great Lake Victoria Nyanza.* This lies in a huge trough about 3,800 feet above the sea-level,† is studded with islands, and surrounded in parts with lofty cliffs, behind which are terraces rising, especially on the western side, into the high grassy plateau, whereon graze the cattle of the many pastoral tribes inhabiting its shores. The main visible sources of the water-supply of this vast reservoir are the Kagera (Alexandra Nile), the Shemeyu, Isaga, Nzoia, and Ngure Darash rivers; the first being most probably the largest, and therefore the ultimate source of the Nile in this direction. But these and many smaller streams, though discharging a certain volume of water into the lake, are of no great size, except during the rainy season. They appear quite inadequate to maintain the equilibrium of a lake that is subject to enormous evaporation and emptied every minute of a volume of water not far short of the combined discharge of all its tributaries. Hence arose the suggestion of the existence of springs to supply the deficiency. The lake is in places of great depth, and the water fresh and clear, though flat and insipid to drink. Fishes are plentiful, among others a species of *Silurus*, closely allied to the "garmoot" of the Nile, if not identical with the widely scattered *Clarias macrocathus* of that river, four to five feet long, fond of coming to the surface and indulging in porpoise-like gambols and eccentricities, which may perhaps explain Dr. Peters' report of a porpoise actually inhabiting this inland sheet. Hippopotami are also common, chiefly, however, in the river mouths and along the shore, though those frequenting deeper water are much feared for their viciousness. The whole sheet is so infested with crocodiles that it is dangerous for anyone to enter the water. Sudden storms of great violence occur at certain seasons. After one of these gales something like a tide is apparent in the lake; the waves coming in and overflowing the beach, the rise and fall lasting from half an hour to an hour or more. This Mr. Gedge has noticed during a comparative calm on some occasions, whilst on others, though a strong gale was setting in shore, there was no difference in the lake's level; so that it would seem that this phenomenon is not altogether attributable to the wind backing up the water.

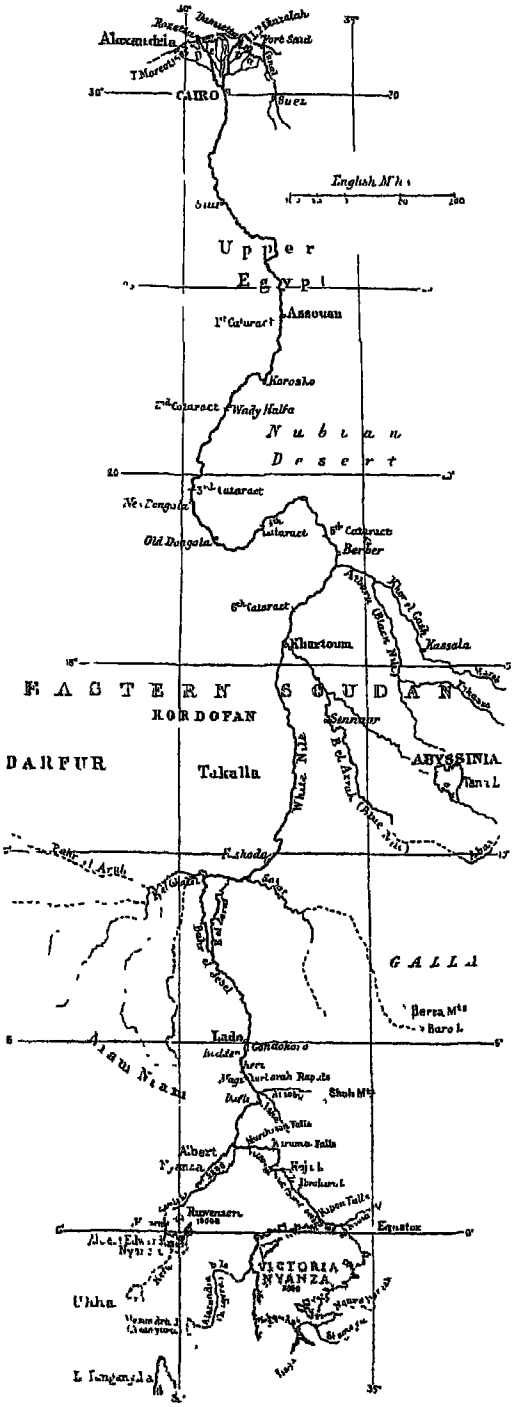
The Victoria Nyanza

Another curious feature of the Victoria Nyanza is the periodic rise and fall which, according to the natives, takes place once every twenty-five years, as is shown by the water-marks on the stones.‡ Similar changes in level have been noticed in some American lakes, and also in Tanganyika and Nyassa.

* "Nyanza Kerewe," "Luero lo Luta Nzige" (white with dead locusts), "Bahri ya Pila" (second lake), "Nersa Bali," "Bahari ya Ukara," the "Sea of Ukerewe" of the Arabs, etc.—the name varying according to the people speaking of it. The word Nyanza means "Lake."

† Speke, 3,710 feet. Stanley, 3,806 feet.

‡ Gedge, *Proceedings Royal Geographical Society*, 1892, p. 328.



MAP OF THE COURSE OF THE NILE.

Tanganyika is on an average 2,700 feet above the level of the sea. The lake had been slowly rising for some time, then suddenly burst the barrier of earth and vegetation that barred the mouth of the Lukuga River, and has ever since discharged through this outlet its surplus into the Lualaba, that is, the headwaters of the Congo. But the periodical rise and fall of the Victoria Nyanza are not of this character. And, lastly, this largest of the African lakes, the Victoria Nyanza, though surrounded by smaller sheets, has no connection with any other of the great lakes, though some of the smaller ones discharge their surplus into it. Indeed, the Kagera River is believed to issue from the Alexandra Lake,[*] 250 miles, or thereabouts, to the south-west

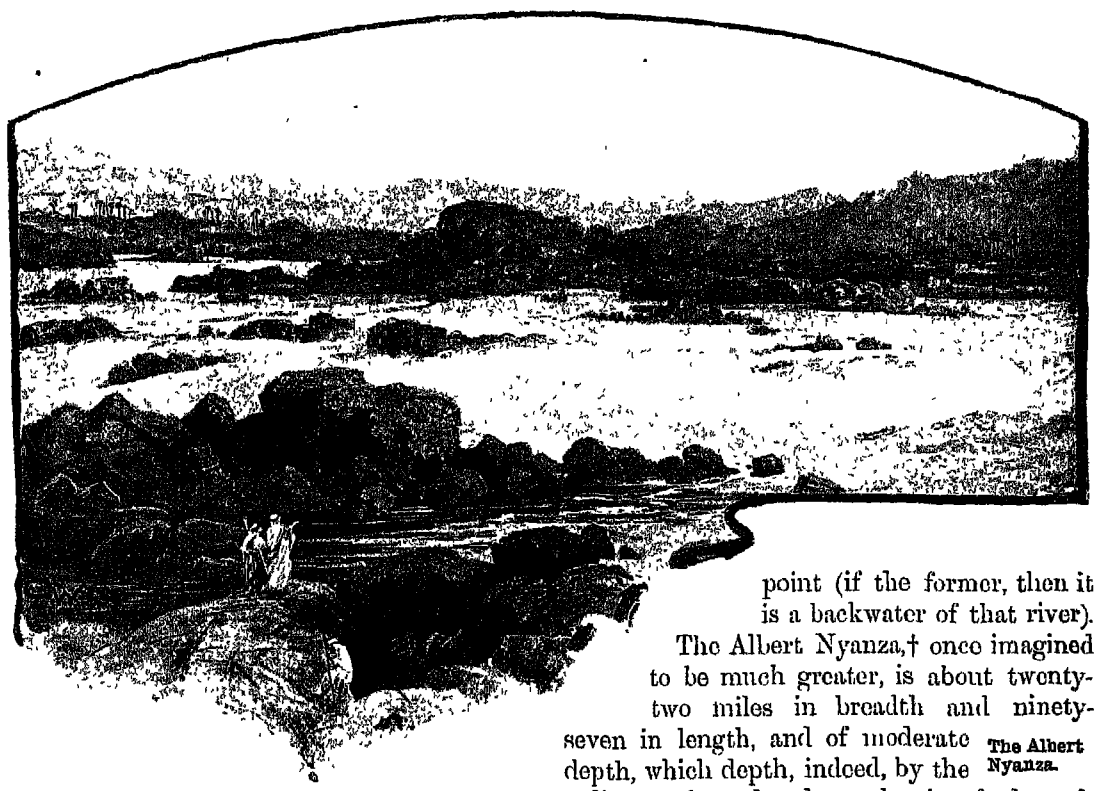
Victoria Nile, or Somerset River.

The overflow of the Victoria Nyanza finds its outlet at the northern end of the lake, where it pours over the Ripon Falls (Frontispiece to Vol. I.), a cataract some 150 or 170 yards broad but only twelve feet high, though broken by wooded islands into a number of sections. For the next three hundred miles the Victoria Nile, or Somerset River, as the stretch between the great lake and the Albert Nyanza is called, trends first north-west and then west, coursing, at first, like a mountain torrent between rocky walls, over rapids and cataracts innumerable, divided here and there by picturesque islets. Some fifty miles below the Ripon Falls the river expands during the rains to a lake-like stretch over twenty miles broad,† though during the dry season the current again contracts to its customary breadth. The Karuma cataract, at the bend where the river turns due west, is formed by a wall-like ledge of rock, five feet high, which, as in similar obstructions on the Senegal (Vol. I., p. 135), extends across the bed of the river. But the most romantic feature of the Victoria Nile are the Murchison Falls (about midway between Karuma and the Albert Nyanza), where the torrent, after foaming

[*] The "Akanyuru" of native report.

† Kaja or Ibrahim Lake (Masanga).

through a rock-bound cañon or pass, leaps in one sheet of snow-white water, 750 feet in breadth and 120 feet in height, into a gloomy abyss. The sand-banks below the Falls so swarm with crocodiles that Baker could find no simile more appropriate to apply to the sight that met his eye, than that of a stranded raft of logs lying ready for shipment.



FIRST CATARACT OF THE NILE, NEAR ASSOUAN.

It need scarcely be added that down to this point the river is only partially navigable except for canoes, which can be carried across the "portages" demanded by the numerous obstructions we have indicated. But below the Murchison Falls the current goes along so placidly that except for the movements of the little green plants* on its surface, it would sometimes be difficult to say whether the river moved at all. Then, after creeping along for about twenty-three miles, as if worn with the tumult of the upper river, it quietly enters the north end of the Albert Nyanza, this lake being actually the expansion of the Somerset Nile or of another stream, the Semliki, which enters the lake at its southern point (if the former, then it is a backwater of that river).

The Albert Nyanza.† once imagined to be much greater, is about twenty-two miles in breadth and ninety-seven in length, and of moderate depth, which depth, indeed, by the sediment brought down by its feeders, is daily growing less. Instead of being surrounded by dense forests, or at least by groves of noble trees, the Albert Nyanza is for the most part circumscribed by what Mr. Stanley calls barren slopes rugged with great rocks and furrowed with steep ravines and water-courses, whose banks show a thin fringe of miserable bush, and between them are steeply descending, sharp, and long spurs either covered with rocky and clayey débris or tall green grass. Between the base of this

The Albert Nyanza.

* *Pistia Stratiotes* (L.). This plant is characteristic of Bahr-el-Jebel (the next section of the river), and drifts far down the White Nile, but does not occur in the Bahr-el-Ghazel. (Steudner.)

† The "Mwutan Nzige" (Locust Lake) and "Luta Nzige" (Dead Locust) of the natives.

slope and the lake is a plain five or six miles in breadth, which resembles a well-wooded park-land. These are the general features at its southern end, into which flows the Semliki River, which drains away the surplus water of the little-known Albert Edward Nyanza, 3,307 feet above the sea,* or over 900 feet above the Albert Nyanza. The Albert Edward, a still little-explored lake, is fed by the mountain torrents pouring down from the snow-capped Ruwenzori volcanic mountains, which crumble down under these streams bearing the débris into the lake: on this account it is fast shoaling up, until it will be merely part of the valley of a river flowing in at its southern end. This is the Kefu, conjectured to rise in Uhha, about four degrees south of the equator, and, accordingly, to have a length of about two hundred and fifty miles. There is a conjectural Lake Kefu lying between Lakes Tanganyika and Albert Edward. this may possibly be part of this river, which is claimed by Emin Pasha, on grounds that still remain to be tested, as the most southern tributary of the Nile.†

Albert Edward Nyanza.

There, no doubt, was a time when the Albert Edward Lake was much larger than at present, when possibly it covered much of the fertile valley between it and the Albert Nyanza. But besides the numerous streams laden with sediment that pour into it from the Ruwenzori and other slopes, the Semliki River, following the law of every stream, is hourly deepening its channel: thus, of course, approaching nearer and nearer to the bed-level of the lake out of which it flows, and, therefore, in time, when it reaches to that grade, it will drain it altogether. Already the broad flats bordering the lake bespeak the progress of this process. "Five feet of rise to the lake would increase its extent four 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 shadow of the forest near Mtsora."‡

But lakes, unless there is some obstruction to their outlets, do not permanently rise—and permanence in Nature is only a relative term. Perhaps in time Albert Edward, and to a less extent (for it is under different conditions) Albert Nyanza also, may in part become marshy valleys, and then meadows, and by-and-by forest land, through which the Kefu and the Semliki flow thus, to become direct, instead of as at present remote, tributaries of the Nile. This, however, is still a long way off. At this hour—and it may be for many thousands of years to come—the Somerset Nile, immediately after entering the northern end of the Albert Nyanza, flows out of it fortified with the accession to its strength derived from this fountain-source and derivatives. Then the true White Nile, Bahr-el-Abiad, or Bahr-el-Jebel—that is, River of the Mountain—from that point keeps a course, in general, almost due north as far as Khartoum; where, joined by the Blue Nile or Bahr-el-Azrak, the two as "The Nile" *par excellence* continue still northwards until the river falls into the Mediterranean. From the Albert Nyanza to Dufli, a distance of one hundred and thirty miles, the river flows through a series of occasional lake-like reaches; but from this point to Rejaf, a hundred miles below, it rushes through narrows, some less than a quarter of a mile broad. Near Magi are the Yorborah Rapids; still swiftly the stream runs past Keri, where high above the river there was an Egyptain fort, farther on another station, Bedden, where, utilising an island in the centre of the river—the remains of a line of hills that runs athwart it here—Gordon established an iron-rope ferry Below Rejaf to beyond Gondokoro a large island splits the Nile in twain, and a few miles lower down is

The Bahr-el-Jebel.

* According to Stanley; Stuhlmann gives the level as 2,750 feet.

† *Proceedings Roy. Geog. Soc.*, 1892, p. 17. Stuhlmann, Petermann's *Geographische Mittheilungen*, June, 1892.

‡ Stanley: "In Darkest Africa" (1890), vol. ii., p. 307.

Lado, like Gondokoro once an important Egyptian station For nine hundred miles to Khartoum the river is navigable for steamers; and indeed is so smooth that for more than six hundred and fifty miles there is a fall of only three hundred feet The country is, indeed, for this long distance one vast grassy plain, with backwaters and lagoons here and there where the stream has overflowed, and only partially in places dotted with trees, which mostly are at some distance from the water's edge. Below the Shillook territory, however, there are some fine sunt forests, now fast disappearing for firewood.

Hitherto, except when some islet divided the current for a time, the Nile has been a single stream with very insignificant tributaries Most of these are temporary rivulets, or "khors" Only two of the streams high up are deserving of special notice—the Umyama, which after winding for eighty miles through a pleasant country joins as a perennial stream ten miles below Duffi: and the Asua, twenty miles lower down. The Asua, as it receives the entire drainage of the Madi and Shua countries and of several districts farther to the east, is during the rainy season a deep, wild torrent, which tears through a rocky gap until, as it reaches the Nile, it is something like three hundred feet broad; its chief tributary, the Atabbi, from the Shuli Mountains, unites a short distance above its mouth. But in about lat. 7° 25′ N. the Nile splits into two channels, the left arm, still keeping the name of Bahr-el-Jebel,* trending slightly to the west, while the right arm, or Bahr-el-Zeraf,† runs almost due north, with a slight divergence to the east. Both streams flow for no great distance apart, the intermediate land, or "mesopotamia," being a flat, swampy region, which during the rainy season is flooded for miles on each side of the two branches. The banks are fringed with tall grass,‡ ambach and papyrus thickets, in which nestle aquatic birds, and swarms of mosquitoes and other venomous insects, that for several months in the year make this region almost uninhabitable. So tall is this vegetable wall that, except for the little breaks here and there, which give glimpses of a distant plain dotted with mounds of white ants and topped by clumps of trees, unless he climb the mast the voyager on this part of the river may steam for miles without seeing anything but the twenty or thirty feet rampart of reeds on each side, while the air is so damp from the prevailing marsh that gunpowder left exposed overnight is by morning reduced to a pasty consistence. Water lilies §—white, blue, and crimson—stud the surface of the occasional quiet reaches, and at night the reedy swamps, which during day are noisy with the cry of the Egyptian duck, the pelican, and the Abu-markub,‖ breeding beyond the fowler's reach, are lighted up with myriads of fire-flies. At one time both channels were navigable: but since 1863 at intervals they have been completely choked up with the vast rafts or "sudd" of vegetable débris that have floated down the river and either stuck fast or taken root. Again and again have channels been cut through these obstructions and the stream cleared of them, but as often they have reformed. In 1878 an unusual rise of the Nile bore off so much débris from the flooded banks that it was not until 1880 that communication between the upper and lower stretches of the river was re-established. The Bahr-el-Ghazel, though navigable for two hundred miles, and the receiver of a multitude of rivers, some three hundred to four hundred miles long, rising for the most part in the Niam-Niam country (one, the Bahr-el-Arab, coming from Darfur on the northern side), is in the dry season nearly empty of water, being at that period only a channel of stagnant pools and marshes.¶

The Nile splits into two channels.

The White Nile and its tributaries.

* The "Ker" of the Dinka tribes.

† That is, the "Giraffe River."

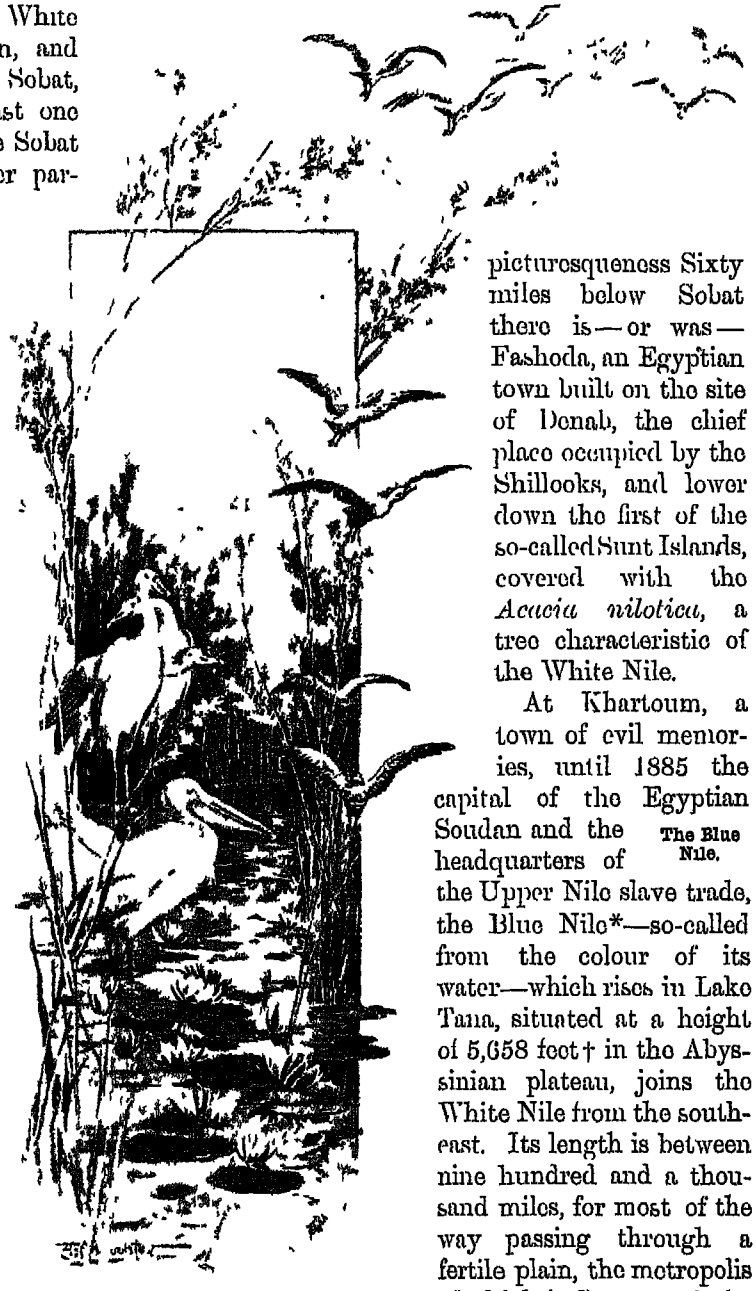
‡ "Ossi suf," or woolly grass (*Vossia procera*).

§ *Nymphæa Lotus* and *N. stellata*.

‖ Shoe-bill (*Balæniceps rex*).

¶ Baker, *Proceedings Roy. Geog. Soc.*, 1873-74, p. 148.

The Bahr-el-Zeraf joins the White Nile sixty miles lower down, and thirty miles farther on is the Sobat, which is navigable for at least one hundred and eighty miles. The Sobat enters the Bahr-el-Abiad after partially draining the western slope of the Galla country, south of Abyssinia, though its headwaters are still so unexplored that it is doubtful whether some of its sources—which are distributed over a wide area—are not in a large lake, the Baro, among the Berta Mountains, and others farther south towards the Bessi and Irenga countries. In the days before Mahdism there was an Egyptian fort at the mouth of the Sobat, and at the height of steamer navigation on the undivided stream another (Nasser) founded by Gordon in 1874; the river being at this point fifteen to twenty feet deep, and flowing between banks so high that inundation was impossible except in the lower grounds. From Sobat to Khartoum, a distance of three hundred miles, the White Nile flows through a great plain, stretching from the spurs of the Abyssinian highlands in one direction to the uplands of Takalla and Kordofan in the other. The country on both sides is broken by scarcely any geographical feature save one or two isolated hills, the river channel being formed by regular banks of no great height, too uniform in character to present picturesqueness Sixty miles below Sobat there is—or was—Fashoda, an Egyptian town built on the site of Denab, the chief place occupied by the Shillooks, and lower down the first of the so-called Sunt Islands, covered with the *Acacia nilotica*, a tree characteristic of the White Nile.



ON THE BANKS OF THE NILE
(See previous page)

At Khartoum, a town of evil memories, until 1885 the capital of the Egyptian Soudan and the headquarters of the Upper Nile slave trade, the Blue Nile*—so-called from the colour of its water—which rises in Lake Tana, situated at a height of 5,658 feet† in the Abyssinian plateau, joins the White Nile from the south-east. Its length is between nine hundred and a thousand miles, for most of the way passing through a fertile plain, the metropolis of which is Sennaar: in its upper course it is so curved round that, while it first runs south-east, it ends in flowing north-west. But so great is the

The Blue Nile.

* The Bahr-el-Azrak, which in Abyssinia is known as the Abai.

† According to Gerhard Rohlfs.

evaporation in this almost rainless region, that the Nile below the junction of its two chief divisions has actually no more water than what is contained in a single one of them. The river now runs nearly north or north-east, and between one and two hundred miles below Khartoum is reinforced by the Atbara, or Black Nile,* which owes this distinctive name to the dark colour of its waters, due to the black sediment brought down from the Abyssinian plateau. This tributary is itself large, and is increased by the Takazzo and Mareb. The Nile now makes its way six hundred and fifty miles round the Nubian Desert, resuming its northerly course after describing two curious bends, giving it from Khartoum to Wady Halfa an S-shaped form Below Khartoum—between Berber and Wady Halfa—navigation is interrupted by a series of cataracts, or rapids, where the river rushes over rocky obstructions

PORT OF ASSOUAN.

* Bahr-el-Aswad

in its bed. These we have seen are characteristic of many other parts of the river. But the Nile from this region being the only part at all well-known, the so-called "Sixth Cataract" is on maps placed not far below Khartoum; the number being counted from the first (p. 5), near Assouan (p. 9), in Upper Egypt. During the whole of this run the river does not receive a single tributary So that before the Nile flows into the Mediterranean through the Delta, it contains little of the flood that poured out of the Victoria Nyanza, or that has been discharging into it all the way down to the spot where the Atbara contributes its waters; the latter laden with that black mud which is its choicest gift to the wondrous valley below This constitutes Egypt proper. But though "The Nile" from an historical and antiquarian point of view is far more important than any of the upper rivers, from the geographical aspect it does not concern us; for the time when it was unknown is so remote that its exploration plays no part in the Story of Africa.

The Waters of the Nile.

It is impossible for anyone—for even the idlest tourist in a Cairo hotel—to live long in Egypt without being compelled to acknowledge that the Land of Pharaoh is intimately connected with the river whose course we have traced for 3,400 miles; that it depends for its capacity to support life upon this river: that, in truth, it is as Herodotus said long ago, "the gift of the Nile." For every year, regularly as the season comes round, the waters begin to swell and the stream, sunk during the dry season far below its flood-level, to rise, overflow its banks, inundate the cultivated lands, and leave behind a deposit of that fertile mud which it has worn from the rocks of Abyssinia The Nile, it must be remembered, flows from south to north * through more than thirty degrees of latitude, and, as will be seen from Mr. Ravenstein's map of the river systems of Africa (p. 21), collects its waters east and west over an area almost half the breadth of the continent. This immense area, nearly as large as the catchment basins of both the Niger and the Congo, has a wide variety of climates, so that while one part of the Nile drainage system is gorged with water, at the same time another part is utterly parched.

This fact exercises a most beneficent influence on the Nile and on the country, to which it is all in all. For while the great reservoirs of the Victoria and Albert Nyanzas keep its upper course supplied with water all the year round, it is doubtful whether much of what pours over the Ripon Falls ever reaches Cairo. Again, some of the tributaries that are great rivers during the wet season are mere chains of pools during the dry months. Thus, certain of those passing through Taka as mountain torrents during the rains, dwindle down after a time into the merest semblance of their former selves, and leave the sandy beds over which they were flowing a few weeks earlier as parched as the desert sands on each side of their banks. The Khor-el-Gash, indeed, reaches the Atbara only during an unwontedly heavy rainy season.† Even the Atbara, into which it flows, is sometimes so dry that Baker has described‡ deep pools in its bed into which crocodiles, hippopotami, tortoises, and fishes had been gradually driven as the water disappeared; nor until the swelling of the stream after the rains had begun to fall did this incongruous company obtain release from their narrow refuge. Again, in the Tumat, a southern tributary of the Blue Nile, somewhat similar scenes may be witnessed in like circumstances.§

Catchment basins of the Nile.

But the Nile is never empty of water,

* The thirtieth meridian of East longitude, which traverses the Albert Edward Nyanza on the equator, passes close to the Rosetta mouth of the Nile.

† James: "Wild Tribes of the Soudan" (1883), p. 114.

‡ "Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia" (1867), p. 34.

§ Schuver: Petermann's *Geographische Mittheilungen*, 1883, Ergänzungsheft No. 72 ("Reisen in oberen Nilgebiet").

although at times the stream runs very deep down in its bed. Periodically it is flooded by the rains with which its eastern tributaries are flushed from March to December, though not all at the same period. Otherwise, as we have seen, the river, in spite of its "areas of repose" in the shape of the tropical lakes that receive rainfall all the year through, would at times be empty owing to the enormous evaporation that goes on during its long run through a hot and, for most of the way, parched country, of incredible fertility when water is applied to its soil—of appalling desolation without it. From the summit of one of the Libyan Hills a typical picture of the desert presents itself. For, writes Professor Huxley in words that cannot be improved upon, "except where the Nile lies like a brown ribbon with a broader or narrower green fringe on either side, north, south, east and west the eye rests on nothing but rugged heights of bare rock, separated by a perfect labyrinth of steep-walled valleys baked during the day by a cloudless sun, cooled, not infrequently down to the freezing-point at night, by radiation through the vapourless air; the surface rocks are shattered by the rapid expansion and contraction which they undergo as if they had been broken by a road-maker's hammer, and the fragments collect in great heaps at the bottom of every steep incline. Not a blade of grass, not a drop of water, is to be seen anywhere; and yet the form and arrangement of the ravines are such that it is impossible to doubt that they have been formed like other valleys by the scouring and denuding action of rapid streams."

Enormous evaporation in the Nile Valley.

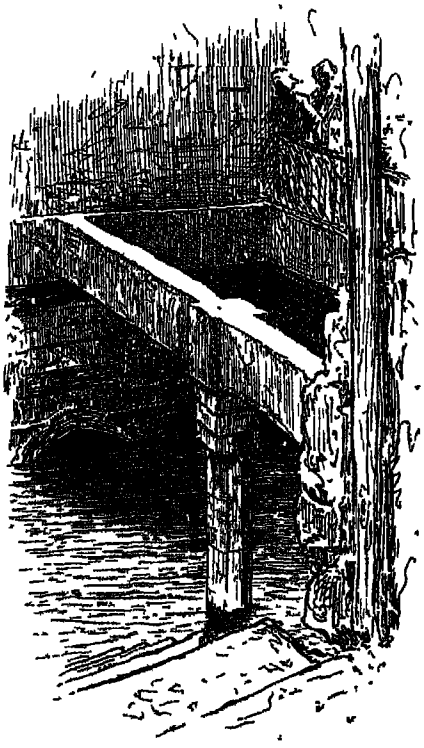
One of the effects of this enormous evaporation and percolation on its course, through one of the hottest and driest climates in the world, is that below the Atbara the Nile presents the curious spectacle of a river containing a less volume of water than that poured into it by its feeders (p. 9). The loss in this case is mainly within the fifteen degrees of latitude from Khartoum to the sea; during its course through which the stream in question is its only tributary. The absorption of water in a sandy desert—the character of most of the country through which it flows for more than 1,300 miles—is naturally great; while the extent of the evaporation may be gathered from the fact that when crossing the Korosko part of the Nubian Desert in the month of May, when the hot winds are blowing, the contents of the traveller's water-skin disappear without any visible leakage. In reality, so far from it being surprising that the Nile diminishes in its course to the Mediterranean, the wonder is that the volume of the river can support the continual loss it suffers during its long passage, and yet be able to sustain the artifical drainage from the stream taken by canals, steam-pumps, and the more primitive contrivances of the sakkia and the shadoof for agricultural purposes In short, the Nile differs from all other rivers in the absence of affluents over a long extent of its course, and in the fact that instead of dwindling as it approaches the source, it increases in size and importance. The maximum of water is attained about Berber, twenty-five miles below the Atbara junction. A short distance south of Khartoum, the White Nile is three miles in width during flood, after the wet season of the equatorial regions. The Blue Nile opposite Khartoum is only about nine hundred yards in width when full, and during the dry season can be waded across a little way above the town.*

It is, indeed, difficult for anyone not familiar with such a climate to grasp the loss through percolation, when the sudden rise on the commencement of the rains invades the sandy bed, which has been dry during the parching months of summer. Thus we have seen that the Khor-el-Gash (p. 10), which, during the rainy season, flows past Kassala at least five hundred yards broad, with a torrent seven or eight miles an hour in swiftness, though only three or four feet in depth, never reaches the Atbara except in very

Loss through percolation.

* Sir Samuel Baker, in *The Daily Graphic*, March 12th, 1892.

exceptional seasons The entire volume is absorbed in the desert sands, and the river ceases to exist. It does not disappear, Baker tells us, suddenly, "but upon arriving at a dead-level plain, it divides into countless channels, and sinks gradually into the sand About twenty-five feet below the surface the annual supply rests upon an impervious substratum and forms an oasis at Soojalup, where the



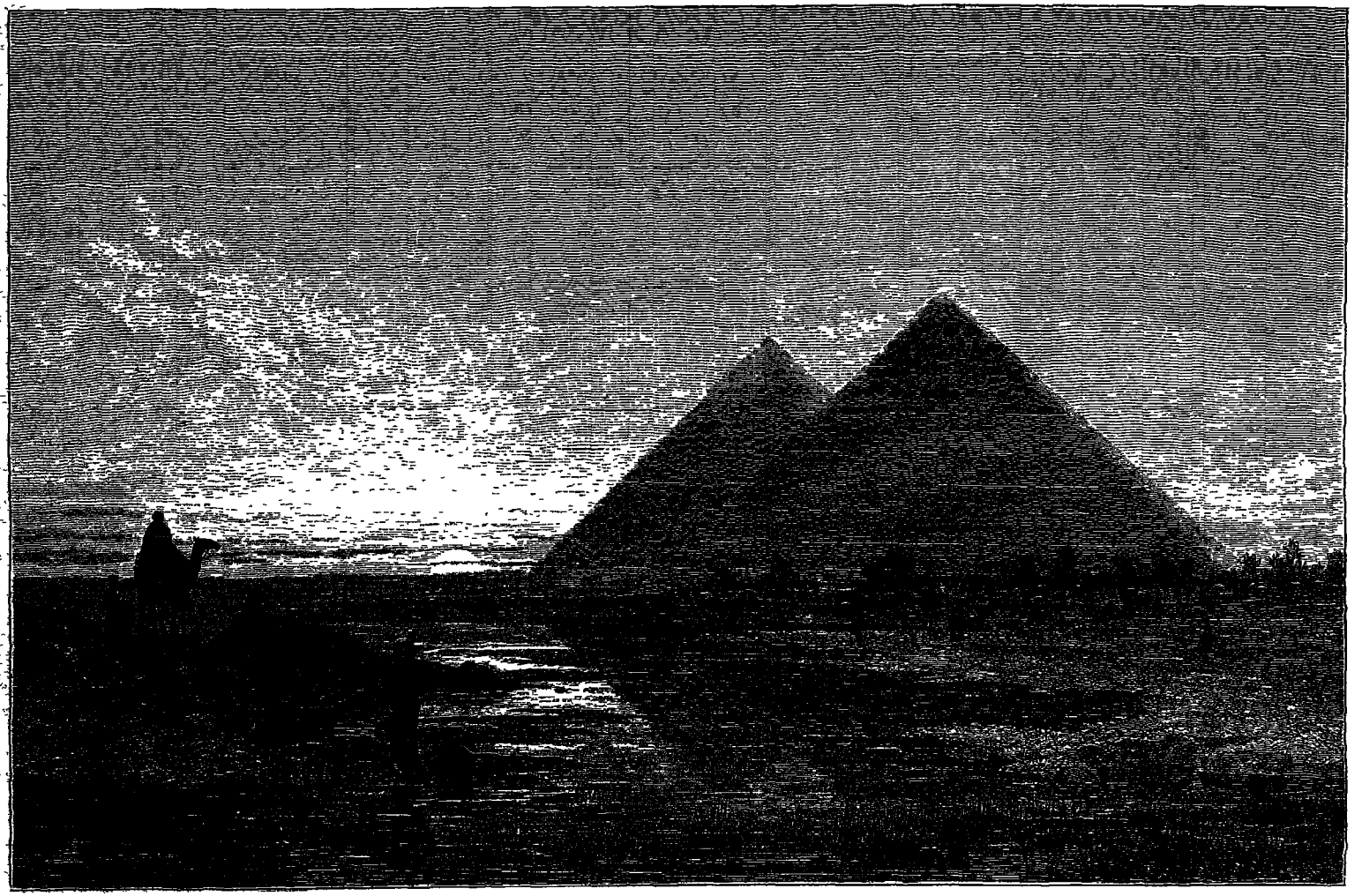
THE NILOMETER.

nomadic Arabs congregate with their flocks and herds. This fact is worthy of notice, as it is a warning to all engineers who may enter upon the grand scheme of irrigation works, in affording a practical example of the loss by absorption when the soil is of a sandy and porous character."

The Nile drains in all an area of about 1,300,000 English square miles, which Mr Willcocks, of the Egyptian Irrigation Department, divides into seven catchment basins; the rainless district extending from Berber to Cairo can come under that appellation. The mean annual rainfall of this empire is estimated by the same eminent authority at 2,844 milliards, or thousands of millions, of metric tons per annum, of which nearly half descends on the district composing Abyssinia and Gondokoro, the rainless area of Nubia and Egypt covering 328,000 square miles. Yet of this prodigious mass of water—a quantity which the imagination fails to realise—it is probable that less than one-thirtieth part reaches the Mediterranean, the remainder being dissipated in the manner indicated or absorbed in the process of irrigation For the mean annual discharge of the Nile at Cairo is estimated by Mr. Baker, a Civil Engineer who was employed on Egyptian public works, at 94,400,000,000 cubic metres, rather less than an earlier estimate by Signor Lombardini, an Italian engineer. But this varies at different periods of the year. Thus, the maximum daily flow of the river in flood is given by Mr. Willcocks at 1,032,000,000 cubic metres, while the corresponding volume in a year of drought is only 465,000,000 cubic metres. Again, the summer daily flow varies from 62,000,000 to 25,000,000 cubic metres, and the winter volume from 200,000,000 to 130,000,000 cubic metres in the twenty-four hours.

Estimate of the volume of the Nile and its tributaries.

How large a portion of the water actually brought down by the affluents of the Nile to points about half-way between the source and the sea vanishes, may be gathered from the following figures The principal feeder of the Victoria Nyanza, leaving out of account the numerous other streams pouring into it, and any springs at the bottom, sends, according to the observations of Speke, 400,000,000 cubic metres of water into the lake every twenty-four hours. But at Khartoum, the mean flood-discharge of the White Nile is calculated by Mr. Vincent at only 432,500,000 cubic metres *per diem*. The Blue Nile here adds 527,400,000 cubic metres to the main stream, and 115 miles farther down the Atbara contributes at least



THE GREAT PYRAMIDS AT THE TIME OF INUNDATION.

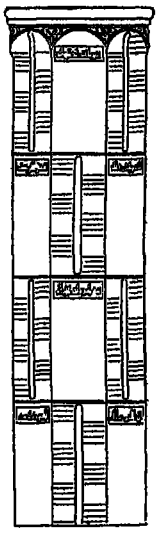
400,000,000 cubic metres. Yet the maximum discharge at Cairo is, we have seen, little over 1,000,000,000. Accordingly, taking 1,727 miles as the length of the Nile from Khartoum to Cairo, and the mean summer width at 985 feet, Mr. Willcocks estimates the amount of evaporation of this sheet of water at 10,050,000 cubic metres *per diem*. Hence, unless there is some serious error in these necessarily rough calculations, there must in addition be a prodigious amount of water absorbed into the soil or by vegetation, or drawn from it for irrigation purposes, before it reaches Cairo, since the amount of loss mentioned goes a very little way to account for the leakage of 450,000,000 cubic metres of water in the course of this distance.*

The Rise of the Nile.

But of all the phenomena presented by this most remarkable of rivers, the one most familiar and the most beneficent by far is its annual rise and overflow in Lower Egypt. But though it is the Delta that mainly benefits by this inundation, it is clear from what has been said that the rise of the river and the height to which it attains are dependent on meteorological conditions of a region more than a thousand miles from Cairo. In short, the question whether Egypt is to be scourged by famine, or to wallow in as great a plenty as four thousand years of grinding tyranny have until lately permitted it, is all a matter of the rainfall in Abyssinia and Equatorial Africa. It is, to use Prof. Huxley's simile, as if the prosperity of the agricultural interest in Berkshire depended on the state of the weather in Morocco. In the month of May and the beginning of June the Egyptian Nile is little better than "a great sluggish ditch," which, a little north of Cairo, divides into two branches, one of them debouching into the Mediterranean at Rosetta, and the other at Damietta, an innumerable series of artificial canals, constructed for irrigating purposes, connecting these two arms Beyond these mouths the complex system of water-courses consists of a string of marshes and lakes extending from Marcotis on the west to Menzalah on the east.

About April the torpid stream begins to swell, but the flood is not felt in Lower Egypt until near the end of June. Then the waters take on a green colour from the mass of stagnant vegetation By-and-by, as the water begins to rise, it becomes reddish-brown, turbid, opaque, and laden with sediment from coarse sand, that falls to the bottom of a vessel at once, to impalpable mud that takes long to settle. The first rise is mainly due to the waters of the Blue Nile from Abyssinia, where the rain begins about the middle of May. This is a sign that the sun has melted the snows of Abyssinia, and the heavy inter-tropical rains have poured a prodigious volume of water into the Blue and later into the White Nile. This drives before it the accumulations of dead and living organic matter that have sweltered in the stagnant pools of the Soudan during the preceding months. From the Abyssinian highlands comes much gravel, but this most likely does not get far below the Middle Cataract. For three months the Nile continues to rise and deposit its rich sediment on the parched land, until, the snows having melted and the tropical rains abated, the hot sun licks up the mountain torrents and the desert tributaries and attacks the full river, until the swelling, which is at its maximum near the end of September, falls; though there is sometimes a recrudescence in October. As the old Egyptian myth has it, Osiris is dismembered by Typhon,† until by the close

Whence comes the flood?



SCALE OF THE NILOMETER.

* See an admirable paper on "The Nile and its Work," by the late Mr. Francis Conder, C.E., in the *Scottish Geographical Magazine*, 1890, pp. 262-285, from which some of these figures are taken.

† Huxley, *loc. cit.*, pp. 34, 35.

of January the country it has covered is drying up. Then the crops of beans, wheat, barley, durra, and maize, that have been sown in the semi-liquid mud and covered by a toothless rake or the branch of a palm-tree, are appearing green above the surface. From that date until the next rise the current gradually retreats into its ordinary channel, sinking lower and lower, until by Midsummer Egypt is a parched and dusty land—the soil hard as stone, impervious to plough or hoe. The Fellaheen meanwhile wait and watch for the rise, speculating over the all-engrossing question of whether the next "Nile" is to be a good, a sufficient, a scanty, or a superabundant one which will break down dykes, burst sluices, and play havoc generally with the Delta. But so long as the river is rising, its probable height is the main subject of conversation. The old superstition was that the rise began when a miraculous drop fell into the Nile. Astrologers affect to calculate the precise moment when the "drop" is to fall; but it is always in the course of the 17th of June, when many of the inhabitants of Cairo and its neighbourhood were—are yet—in the habit of spending the night on the banks, and observing various other peculiar rites. In July Cairo is at its hottest. Europeans go about as if they were being suffocated, and even the brown Fellaheen experience something of the lassitude that overtakes every human being. The air is still and the sun seems to shimmer in the breathless atmosphere. The soft Nile water is wholly unfit to drink without filtering; but for this the peasant cares little. All the time he is hoping and praying, and speculating over the ever-rising river by which in a few weeks or months the Delta will have renewed its life. Day by day the officials are busy noting every inch of the rise, which is recorded on the square, graduated pillar that for more than a thousand years has been used as a Nilometer.

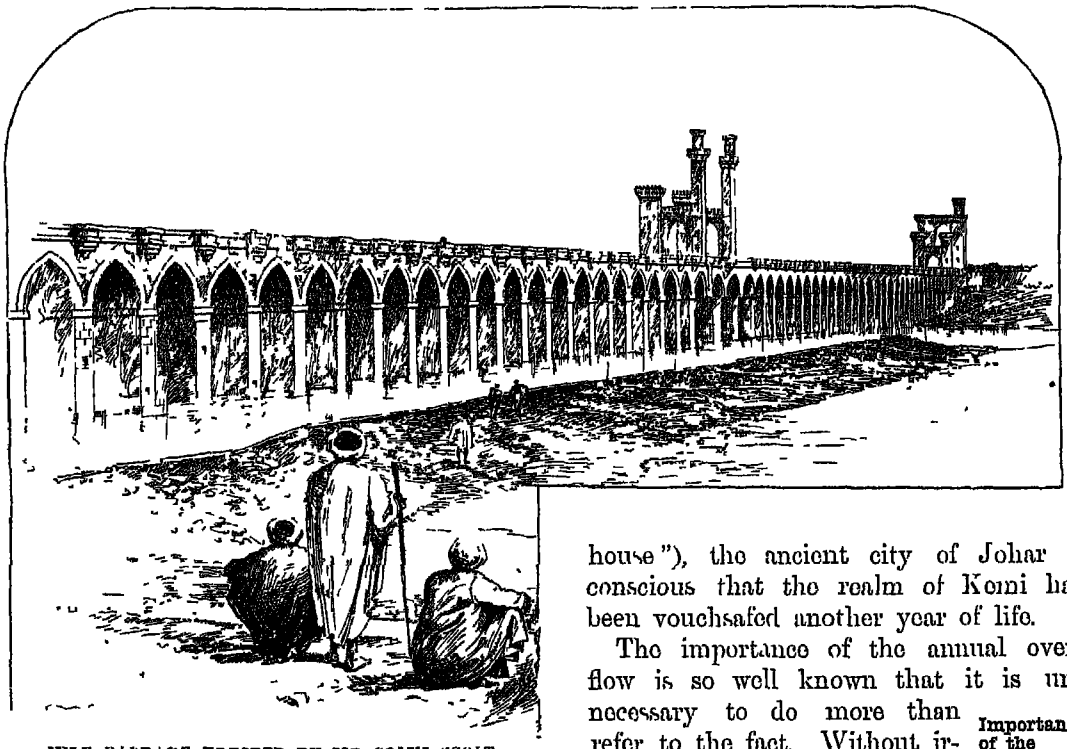
The Crier of the Nile.

They hurry through the city proclaiming, in pompous tones, and with an ample crop of Oriental imagery, the state of the river. There are several criers appointed to perform this office, one for each district of the town. Generally, the Munadi-en-Nil, the "Crier of the Nile," is accompanied by a boy, who adds the responses to his principal's pious ejaculations. On the 3rd of July the Munadi begins his work, announcing the day before that "Allah has been propitious to the land. To-morrow is the day of good news." Then he gives the prosaic facts of the case, not, however, without a wordy preface after the easy-going fashion of the East. "Mohammed is the Prophet of God," shouts the Munadi. "The Makhmal's* journey to him," is the shrill response of the boy, and so on for an indefinite period, until, the stock of Koranic phrases being exhausted, or the audience impatient, comes the essential point, "Five and a half digits to-day, and the Lord is bountiful." "Bless ye, Mohammed," the urchin rejoins, this addition being made lest the river's rise should be affected by a malicious wish or the Evil Eye, which—as all the world knows—is at once rendered ineffectual if the wicked person blesses the Prophet.† Everyone is interested in the news. Rich men will arrange with the criers to halt in front of their doors for the dole of a hunk of bread, or for a small piece of money; though, as a rule, the Munadi gets nothing until the day before the great feast attending the opening of the Cairo Canal. Then, with many ceremonies, the crier and his boy announce the Wefa-en-Nil, the "Abundance of the River," and the "Khalig" or dam that closes the canal mouth being cut, their task is over.

As a matter of fact, this humble functionary is almost invariably wrong in his announcements. He is usually "uninformed or misinformed" by those whose duty it is to acquaint

* The "Makhmal" is a square, skeleton frame of wood with a pyramidal top, richly decorated, carried every year to Mecca as an emblem of royalty.

† The complete dialogue, with the rites connected with the Nile rise—now somewhat shorn of their old picturesqueness—may be found in Lane's "Modern Egyptians" (vol. ii., pp. 224-236), a classical work that never grows old.



NILE BARRAGE ERECTED BY SIR COLIN SCOTT MONCRIEFF.

him with the state of affairs, or, acting on a well-understood tradition of his calling, the Crier generally anticipates the culmination of the rise, and in any case seldom gives it as accurately as the Cairo newspapers. As there is an old law that Egypt shall not pay tribute to the Sultan of Turkey unless the waters rise to sixteen cubits, there is an inclination on one side to disguise the truth as long as possible, and on the other to anticipate it. But August is not a period of the year when anybody is inclined to argue about details; the Orient is moreover not particular as to geometrical exactitude. And what energy the Cairenes can spare is devoted to "the river." It is a subject that concerns everybody. So that, even though they know he is notoriously inaccurate, when the stentorian voice of the Munadi announces that by the blessing of Allah and the Prophet the river is seventeen cubits and a quarter ("and peace be unto this house"), the ancient city of Johar is conscious that the realm of Kemi has been vouchsafed another year of life.

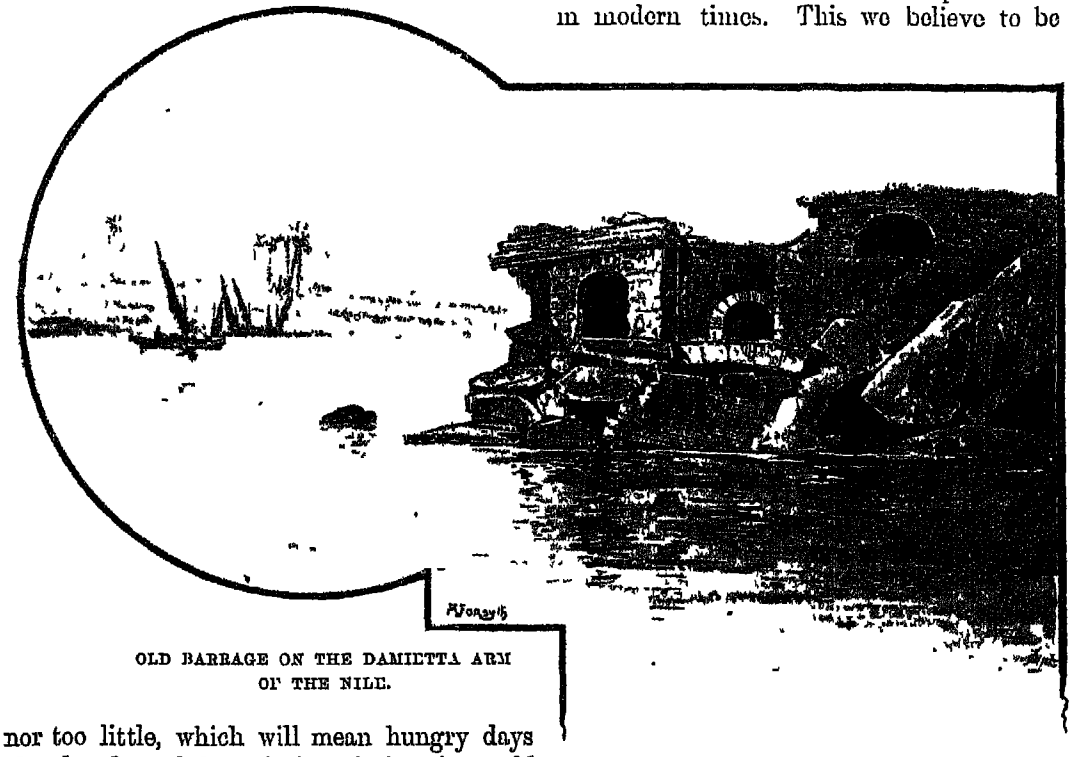
Importance of the overflow.

The importance of the annual overflow is so well known that it is unnecessary to do more than refer to the fact. Without irrigation from the river the fertile Delta would become a desert. Instead of being, as it has been in the past, and as it may be again in the future, the centre of a wealthy, powerful, and highly civilised race, it would be left, except in the immediate vicinity of the water-courses, to a few rude tribesmen, whose ideas of agriculture would not extend much higher than those of the less favoured inhabitants of the Upper River and its tributaries. What overflow is sufficient or otherwise depends, however, upon the requirements of the country on the different sections of the river's course, and to provide for these, profiting by the experience of ages, works have been constructed in the shape of sluices, dykes, and canals. An "average river"—ample for all requirements—is about forty feet at the First Cataract, thirty-six at Thebes (Luxor), twenty-six at Cairo, and four feet at Rosetta and Damietta, near the mouth. If the river does not attain to a greater height than eighteen or twenty feet, the rise is regarded by the Cairenes as

scanty; if only two or four feet more are reached, the flood is insufficient; if twenty-five feet are reached, everybody is satisfied, or at least there is not much grumbling. But if the swelling exceeds twenty-seven feet, the inundation becomes destructive. Thus the variation of a few inches may involve all the difference between prosperity or misfortune to the land that owes everything to the famous river, which Tibullus addressed as "*Nile Pater.*"

"An average Nile" is, therefore, what is desired: the Egyptian wishes neither too much, which will burst the canals and drown him out of house and home and farm stock, nor too little, which will mean hungry days ahead. Out of sixty-six inundations it would appear, from the official records of the Nilometer on the Island of Er-Rodah opposite Old Cairo, eleven were very high, thirty good, sixteen feeble, and nine insufficient, or "bad Niles." It is, however, seldom that the river fails altogether, though, during the Caliphate of El Mustansir-bit-Llâh (A.D. 1106), such a calamity actually occurred for seven years in succession, with the inevitable consequence of terrible famine, and something similar must have happened in the time of Joseph The present system of canals was the work of Mehemet Ali and of the ex-Khedive Ismail, who dug the Ibrahimieh Canal, with the result that cultivation was so extended that the exports of the country rose from a few hundred thousand pounds' worth to over eleven millions*

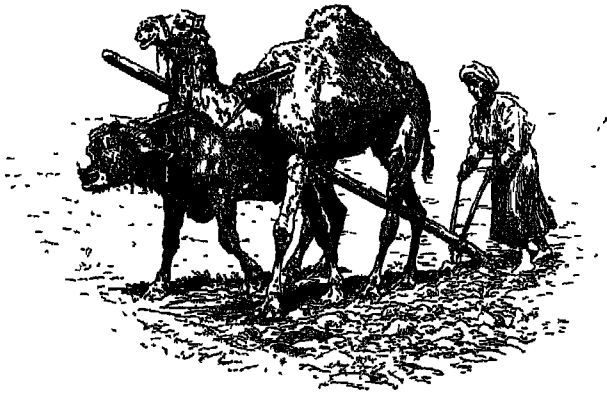
A general belief prevails that, during the palmy days of Egypt, the arrangements for utilising the overflow of the river—guiding it on the land and husbanding the surplus until the next rise—were more perfect than in modern times. This we believe to be a mistake, even admitting the contention of Mr. Cope Whitehouse, that the Raian or Muélah Basin marks the site of the ancient



OLD BARRAGE ON THE DAMIETTA ARM OF THE NILE.

* According to the latest accessible statistics, the exports are equal to £11,876,086, but these are in Egyptian pounds, each worth 100 piastres, while a pound sterling is valued at 97½ piastres.

is not an exception to this rule. In accordance with the law holding good of rivers running north and south, its deep side, or fairway, keeps all the way from the lake to the sea more towards the eastern than to the opposite banks; this tendency being most markedly noticed in the straight parts of the river running northward. This is explained by a reference to the motion of the earth. At the equator this rotatory movement is at the rate of 1,500 feet per second towards the east; at the mouth of the Nile it is only 1,295 feet per second. In other words, in the



FELLAH PLOUGHING.

1,000 geographical miles that are passed by the river in the interval, there is an eastward tendency imparted to its waters ranging from 0 to 205 feet per second. The flowing river, as Mr. Condor explains Ericsson's modification of von Baer's theory,* meeting with an eastward velocity of the higher rate named, has a mechanical impulse to run away from the earth; as, owing to the laws that regulate the revolution of the spheroid, the surface on which it runs has a lower rate of motion.

But the Nile in general is not a swift river. It runs over a bed so gently sloping that the mean inclination of the stream, if run straight, would not greatly exceed a foot a mile; and long stretches are not over half that steepness, while the gradient in the Delta is still lower.

However, several of its tributaries are mountain torrents. Of this character is the Blue Nile, which contributes its waters surcharged with mud, while the White Nile, being purely lacustrine, is devoid of earthy matter, but under the microscope reveals the presence —Sir Samuel Baker tells us—of "minute globules of vegetable matter." Below Khartoum the united streams deposit much of the ingredients held in suspension, and form by this precipitation banks that have grown into islands. The water of the Blue Nile is more wholesome than that of the White Nile, which latter, it may be remarked, is not considered good for drinking (it could scarcely be); but a few miles below the junction the water is looked upon, as is that opposite Cairo, as a peculiarly wholesome beverage. Meanwhile the black, foaming torrent that the half-dry Atbara, or Black Nile, pours in from Abyssinia is, as its name expresses, laden with dark-coloured sediment. It is this mud that forms the famous "slime of the Nile" left behind after the annual inundations in Lower Egypt. For the Nile itself does not contribute markedly to the deposit, and from the nature of the beds through which it runs the sediment it might wear away could not be rich in plant-food. Indeed, did the river roll through a land of soft rocks, considering the dryness of the country, it would, like the Colorado, have long before this period worn for itself a "cañon," or deep gorge, which would have put it beyond the power of overflowing or of being used for irrigation purposes. Happily, however, for modern Egypt—for, as we shall see, the Egypt of prehistoric times was not so parched as now—the bottom is largely granitic, and so does not erode so soon as if it had been limestone, sandstone, or clay.

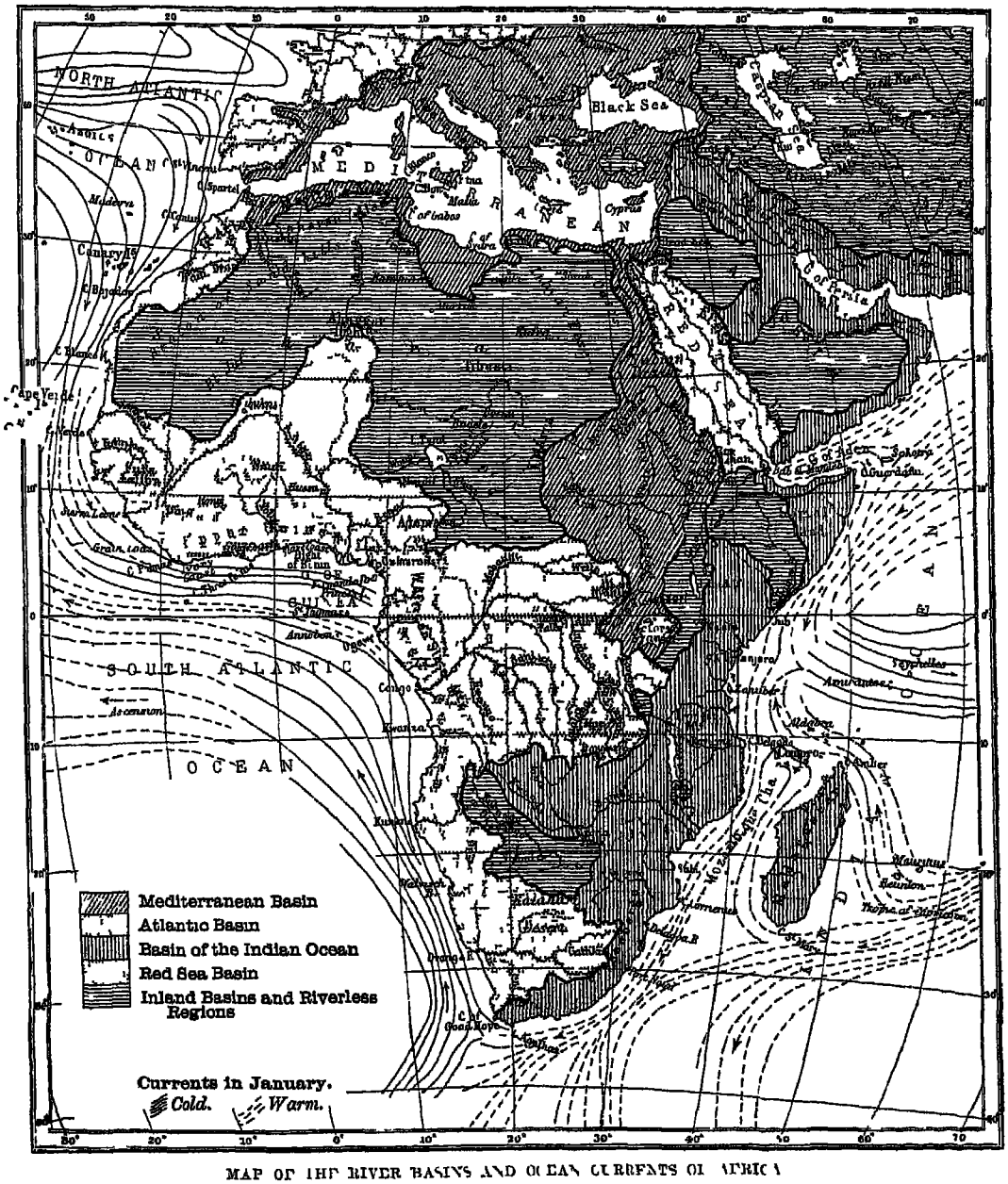
Where the sediment comes from.

Accordingly, though various wearings away

* Ericsson: "Contributions to the Centennial Exhibition" (1876).

of the banks are brought down, it is the black mud that is so all-important to Egypt It

But though, like most volcanic soils, very rich in plant-food, the great swamp regions of the



MAP OF THE RIVER BASINS AND OCEAN CURRENTS OF AFRICA

is a natural manure, worn from the volcanic plateau of Abyssinia, where, as Mr Willcocks remarks, Lake Tana itself, the reservoir of the Blue Nile, looks like an ancient crater

Upper Nile (p. 7) supply the organic matter it contains, while for the lime in its composition we may perhaps look to the country drained by the Sobat These constituents form a

soil difficult to surpass by any artificial mixtures of fertilisers. This deposit varies considerably in different parts of the Nile Valley, and even in different years. Taking, however, the exceptionally high Nile of 1874 as an average, we find that it contained 55 per cent. of silica, 2 per cent. of lime, 21 per cent. of alumina and oxide of iron, and considerable amounts of suspended organic matter, potassa and phosphoric acid; the flooded Nile thus differing from the low-water river not only in the proportion of the different constituents, but even in the presence of some not noticeably ingredients of the latter.*

Yet it is one of the many curious paradoxes of the Nile, that the country through which the stream bringing down the greater part of this material runs, is itself arid beyond redemption by any means short of damming up the stream, and thus depriving Lower Egypt of its life-blood. In the hands of a powerful people this would be quite possible. Actually, in the year 1874, at the time of the war with Abyssinia, some of the peasants who knew that the Nile came from "the land of dark men" were not slow in declaring, when the river rose slowly, that "the King of Habesch" was revenging himself on his enemies by preventing the river from flowing down to them, or that the ancient threat of the Ethiopian kings to lead off the Nile before its entrance into Egypt, through a canal into the Red Sea, was being carried out.† But though the possibility of a "low Nile" or of an absolute failure of the inundation being produced by these means has been speculated upon, it does not, for the present, come within the range of "practical politics." Nevertheless, we have seen that the Atbara, which contributes the essential part of the mud, is for months at a time so dry that, if a race inhabited its upper waters as masterful as the people who built the pyramids, it might fare badly with the Delta did they resolve either to dam up its waters or to divert them into reservoirs or irrigating canals.

"In 1861," writes Sir Samuel Baker—and there is no greater name connected with the Nile—"I was travelling along the banks of the Atbara river in about N. lat. 16deg. 30min. The month was June. The hopeless deserts of Nubia stretched upon all sides limitless, but a long green thread winding through the vast expanse of yellow sand like a serpent stretching from the horizon marked the course of moisture, as a fringe of palm-trees and mimosas denoted the presence of the stream. At that season, although the bed of the river was four hundred yards in width, and the banks were thirty feet in depth, there was no water, the perennial supply from the Abyssinian highlands, about four hundred miles distant, was insufficient to combat with the difficulties of absorption and evaporation during the intense heat and the dry atmosphere of summer. I was camped upon the margin among the shady palms, and we, together with the nomadic Arabs, daily obtained our water by digging pits within the sandy bed.

"It was about 9 p.m., and all were asleep, when a peculiar sound was heard in the calm of a clear starlight and cloudless night that resembled an approaching gale. Great excitement pervaded the Arab camp as the cause was quickly apparent; the roar increased, but it was water instead of wind! A mighty torrent came tearing along the dry, sandy bed, carrying in its turbid waters the wreck of bamboos, branches, trunks of trees, and all the triumphs of the river's warfare in devastating the mountain-sides of Abyssinia. On the following morning the sight was extraordinary; the river was about ten feet deep, and the bed filled to that depth from bank to bank. The fluid could hardly be termed water, as it was thick like pease-soup and utterly undrinkable; this was the wealth for Egypt hurrying onwards to meet the Nile twenty-five miles south of Berber, and to enrich the Delta. This extraordinary scene of the sudden rise of the Nile tributaries of Abyssinia was the key to the whole

* Willcocks, "Egyptian Irrigation," *passim*; Brugsch Bey, "Egypt under the Pharaohs," vol. i., pp. 114, 165, etc.

† Trautvetter, *Harper's Magazine*, vol. lxix., p. 172.

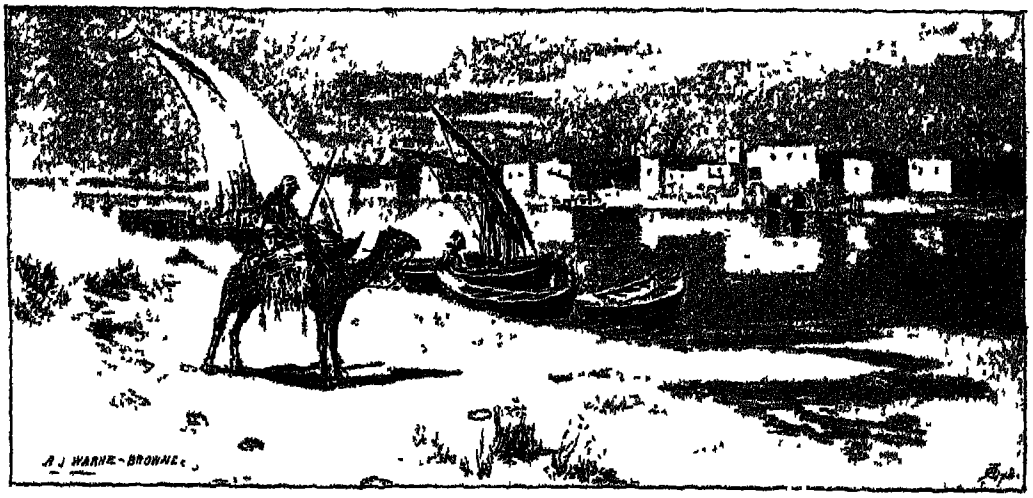
question of the annual inundation. I followed the course of the Atbara river, and subsequently of the various important Abyssinian tributaries, all of which are of a similar character. I passed the rainy season at Sofi upon the banks of the Atbara; this was at that time (1861) the frontier of Egypt. The peculiar character of the country between the Nile and the Atbara river, from west to east, crossing the ancient Meroë (which was described by the ancients as an island, from the fact of its being situated between the Atbara, the main Nile, and the Blue Nile), is a dead flat of the most fertile soil; this has an extreme depth. Through this plateau, which continues for upwards of three hundred miles, the Atbara river has cleft its course, and through countless ages it has shaped a deep valley in the level plain which in many places is two hundred feet below the general surface. This is so marked that when a traveller mounted upon his camel is approaching the river, he is not aware of its vicinity until he suddenly arrives within a few paces of the deep rift, and he perceives the stream flowing through the bottom of a valley about two miles in width from the extreme edges of the opposite margins, the level plateau continuing upon either side. In some places the width of the gully would be three miles, and throughout the course of the river in these alluvial plains the slopes upon either side are a succession of rough land-slips, detached by the powerful land-springs; these gush from the dissolving sides during the violence of the rainy season, which floods the plateau in continual storms, and the drainage finds a vent by rushing into the lower level of the valley. In this manner a continuous system of denudation fills the Atbara with the soil of the broken country. Great masses of earth plunge from the falling banks into the swollen waters, and are immediately dissolved in its turbid stream, thus unfailingly enriched from June until September with the earth which has created Egypt."*

* *The Daily Graphic*, Jan. 29th, 1892; "The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia," pp. 51-52.

So great is the quantity of this mud held in suspension during the flood-time that it amounts in the neighbourhood of Cairo to an inch for ten feet of water, or the one hundred and twentieth part of its bulk. Taking this as the basis to work upon, it is estimated that the total amount of solid matter held in solution and in suspension carried down to the Delta in one year is 16,000,000 of tons. But this is independent of the quantity of fertilising material strewn over 4,000 miles of its course; the calculation refers solely to what passes Cairo. Altogether, it is accepted as the result of a long average of careful observations that there is every century spread over the inundated country of Lower Egypt about five inches of the mud left by the retreating waters. A great quantity, much more than reaches the land by the overflow, is carried into the Mediterranean, extending the Delta seawards. The present area of this Delta is about 2,000 square miles, and all of this vast territory, and a great deal more no longer included in it, has been formed by the mud carried down by the Nile. Taking the annual deposit at 240,000,000 cubic yards, this will add on an average 1·27 mile, with a mean depth of deposit of 61 yards, to the seaward part of the Khediviate of Abbas Pasha. At the time of the founding of Memphis, all Egypt, "except the Theban nomos," according to Herodotus, was marsh and "none of those parts which now exist below Lake Moeris were above water." Egypt therefore, he declares, in an oft-quoted aphorism, is "a gift of the Nile to the Egyptians." Nay more: with an insight for which geologists are only now giving the Father of History credit, he points out that the Delta is of comparatively recent origin, and that, if the Nile were diverted into the Arabian Gulf, there would be nothing to prevent it from being filled up by the stream "within 20,000 years at most."

The amount of deposit

It may, we think, be taken for granted that at one time the Nile carried down a greater amount of water, and consequently a greater amount of mud, than it does at present; and



THE NILE AT KHARTOUM.

that, therefore, a cause of error might thereby be introduced into any computation regarding the time taken to form the Delta derived from the modern rate of deposit. Traces of the old coast-line of the Mediterranean have even been found near Cairo. Actually, between the years 1868 and 1873, according to the report of Sir John Stokes,* the shore-line at Port Said advanced 780 feet, being an encroachment on the sea at the rate of fifty-two feet per annum; that, of course, being due to the sand and mud being swept along the coast from the Nile mouths

But whatever estimate may be formed of the rate of increase, it is certain that Lower Egypt is the gift of the great river of which all the country in the vicinity of it is merely a humble dependent. The river formerly flowed close to the western suburb of Cairo, from which it is now from half a mile to a mile distant. It is even affirmed that the Plain of Boulak, seven miles long and at least a mile and a half broad, has been formed within the period of two centuries. It may also be taken for granted that—without entering upon a disputed question in which theological bias has played quite as important a part as geography—the Delta was widely different at the period when the Israelites escaped out of Egypt from the tyranny of Siptah, 3,500 years ago. It could not have been as large, and many parts now land must, like the spaces covered by Lakes Menzalah, Bellah, and Timnah, with the intervening and adjoining marshes and sandy districts, have been covered by the Mediterranean, or by lagoon and swamp accessible to the water of the sea when driven by a westerly wind: while the Bitter Lakes were connected with the Gulf of Arabia, which might be Yum Suph, or Sea of Weeds, a term erroneously translated the Red Sea.†

In short, the changes accomplished by the slow action of the forces of Nature in Egypt are infinitely more remarkable than the severing of Africa from Asia by the Suez Canal, which, in our day, has been the most wonderful of man's works

There is, indeed, evidence that—not within the historical period certainly, including under this head the time of the hieroglyphic writers, but since man came into Egypt—the Nile was a far broader river, and the valley through which it flows a wet, wooded, instead of a dry, treeless land. **A wooded Egypt.**

* Egypt, No 2. Correspondence respecting the Suez Canal (Parliamentary Paper), 1876. Chart at p 30.

† "Mediterranean Deltas," *Quarterly Review*, 1877, January, p 130; Dawson, "Modern Science in Bible Lands" (1892), p. 286

In those days timber covered much of the country, the remains of it being seen in the silicified forest near Cairo and elsewhere.* This presages in itself a heavy rainfall that swelled the Nile to far beyond its greatest modern extent. For in the desert may be seen the cliffs between which it ran hundreds of feet higher than at present; and on those cliffs may be traced the marks left by the waterfalls tumbling over them, and the débris brought down from the side valleys can be seen piled up in hills at the mouth of these glens, in a way that could only occur when they discharged into deep water.

For through the Libyan Desert runs an old watercourse, the Bahr-bela-Ma, or Waterless River.† That water was there when Egypt was different from what it is at present, is proved by the rude flint implements, water-worn and rolled, which Dr. Flinders Petrie found high on the desert hills beyond Esneh, several miles from the Nile, and two hundred feet above it; a place where probably no man had set foot for centuries.‡

Such in a brief space are the chief facts that have been collected by centuries of toil and research and exploration regarding the River of Egypt. They may be taken as an introduction to a narrative of the travels that have led to this state of knowledge. Yet, endless as are the changes that have been witnessed by Egypt, many as its masters have been, the Nile Valley is to-day as it has ever been, at once the serf and the master of the river that flows through it. The Nile has made it to such an extent that there was an Egyptian people before there was a Lower Egypt, the earliest inhabitants having no doubt migrated into the Delta from the South. More than twelve hundred and fifty years ago, 'Amr ibn el-Asi, the Arab conqueror, who wrested the Nile Valley from the Greeks, wrote to the Caliph Omar:—"Oh! Commander of the Faithful. Egypt is a compound of black earth and green plants, between a pulverised mountain and a red sand. Along the valley descends a river on which the blessing of the Most High reposes both in the evening and in the morning, and which rises and falls with the revolutions of the sun and moon. When the annual dispensation of Providence unlocks the springs and fountains that nourish the earth, the Nile rolls his swelling and sounding waters through the realm of Egypt; the fields are overspread by the salutary flood, and the villagers communicate with each other in their painted barks. The retreat of the inundation deposits a fertilising mud for the reception of various seeds; the crowds of husbandmen who blacken the land might be compared to a swarm of industrious ants, and the native indolence is quickened by the lash of the taskmaster and the promise of the flowers and fruits of a plentiful increase. This hope is seldom deceived, but the riches which they extract from the wheat, the barley, and the rice, the legumes, the fruit-trees, and the cattle, are unequally shared between those who labour and those who possess. According to the vicissitudes of the season, the face of the country is adorned with a *silver* wave, a verdant *emerald*, and the deep yellow of a *golden* harvest."

Egypt in 641.

It would be scarcely possible, allowing for modern changes, to describe Egypt more concisely; though so far as the lash of the taskmaster and the robbery of the Fellaheen are concerned, these for a time are at an end. For the disestablishment of "Kourbash Pasha" and the security of the toiler in the reward of his toil were among the most beneficent of the results which followed the occupation of Egypt by Great Britain.

* Professor Huxley is inclined to regard this as the remains of tree drifts carried down the old river, though this opinion, even were it correct, does not alter the argument. Tree drifts do *not* come down the modern Nile.

† In the bed of this dried-up stream, also called Bahr-el-Fargh, a new mineral, Misrit, containing a new chemical element (Misrium), was recently discovered.

‡ Flinders Petrie: "Ten Years' Digging in Egypt" (1892), pp. 148-9; *Nature*, April 21st, 1892.

CHAPTER II.

THE RIVER OF EGYPT: SEEKERS AFTER ITS SOURCE.*

The Early Nile Seekers—Superstitious Feeling with which the River and its Annual Swelling were regarded—Egypt and the Old Pharaohs—Herodotus—Eratosthenes—Ptolemy—Nero—Mediæval Explorers—Paez—Lobo—James Bruce—His History, Travels, and Discoveries—The Rise of Mehemet Ali—His Ambitious Projects—His First Expedition up the Nile, and what it led to—Mehemet Ali's Second Expedition—River Scenes—Its *Personnel*—The Tribes of the Nile—The Arab Invasion—The Negroid Invasion—The Beled-Sudan—Kordofan—Sennaar—Some of the Nilotic Arab Tribes—The Shagyey—The Bishari—The Baggaras—The Negroid Tribes—The Shilluks—Their History and Raids—The Country Changes wrought by the Slave Trade—The Dinkas—The Nuehrs—The Kytch and other Tribes—Weapons—Habits—Pursuits—Decadence—The Bari—The Madi—The Mombuttos, etc.—The Rise of Khartoum.

IN the hazy horizon of history Egypt and the Egyptians hold a foremost place. Their great river, the Nile, then as now, had its periodical summer rise and autumn fall, leaving that fertilising muddy deposit which still yet renders the otherwise hot, barren sands fruitful to excess. It is no wonder, then, that a religious awe and reverence arose for Father Nile, by whose bountiful overflow alone was the country habitable.

But whatever may have been the sacred feelings engendered and fostered by the priests, these alone did not stir the breasts of the populace to search for the river's head-streams. Other influences were at work. When, as occasionally happened, an unusually high inundation spread devastation amongst crops, herds, and human habitations, or, on the contrary, an exceptionally low Nile produced a famine in the land, then doubtless the Nilotic puzzle arose. To find out the cause and obviate such disasters were all-important questions to the nation. Moreover, kings burned for conquest and dominion, whilst a meet helpmate, Commerce, that great incentive to geographical exploration, exerted a strong influence in the progress up-river. The Nile-seeker's problem had commenced.

Early Nile-seekers.

Of such conquest and early traffic with the south the painted tombs of ancient Thebes to this day bear witness. Flinders Petrie states :†—"In one tomb, that of a Governor of the Sudan [Hui XVIII. dynasty], are portrayed all the southern races over which he ruled; the several chiefs, with their followers bearing bags of gold-dust and precious offerings as tribute; boats with negroes seated on them; herds of cattle decorated with bands—probably of metal—on the ends of their horns; and a great Queen, in a chariot drawn by two piebald bulls (like the modern Abyssinian breed), with the state umbrella over her head."

Slavery and ivory, even at that remote date, doubtless contributed not a little towards barter. In exchange for the products and manufactures of Egypt, slaves from far-distant regions passed successively from tribe to tribe ere reaching their Egyptian masters. Through them some knowledge of Inner Africa may have leaked out by degrees. But the information must have been obscure and confusing, the strange and incredible being mixed up with fact.

As Egypt passed successively under the temporal power of the Persian (525 B.C.), the Greek, and the Roman Empires, various unsuccessful attempts were made to fathom the course of the mystic Nile. Much that may have occurred has passed into oblivion. Shorn of fictitious drapery, historians record how that Cambyses the Persian monarch, with much pomp and military force, came to grief as a Nile-searcher in the burning sands of Ethiopia (Upper Nubia). Meroë, with its quaint, diminutive pyramids and ruins,

* By James Murie, M.D., LL.D., F.L.S., etc., of Petherick's Expedition to the White Nile.

† "The Grand Tour—Three Thousand Years Ago," *Harper's Magazine*, July, 1888, p. 208.

re-christened after his sister, and situated not far from the modern Shendy, still attests Cambyses' fruitless march. But the true father of Nile explorers was the historian Herodotus. Incredulous as to the priests of Lower Egypt's explanation of Nile phenomena, he journeyed to the First Cataract (p. 5), and there learned of the river's rising far away to the south. To him we are indebted for the earliest intimation, though brief, of the nation of the Automoli or Sembritæ, who inhabited the wedge or area between the Blue and White Niles beyond their junction. Moreover, as to the great reed-marshes, which some now maintain are those in the neighbourhood of the Bahr-el-Ghazel, these were within his ken. Besides, he records the existence of the race of dwarfs (Vol. I., p. 108), once deemed chimerical, but now known in the flesh through the travels of Schweinfurth, Stanley, and others. Herodotus likewise gives a Nile source (Blue Nile ?) some twenty days' journey beyond Meroe.

Even the tyrant Nero figures in the list of African explorers by despatching two centurions in search of this "Will-o'-the-Wisp," the head of the Nile. On their arriving at a region of supposed impassable swamps crowded with vegetation, they returned.

Besides there were "Nile inquirers" who never wet sandal in travel, but yet gleaned such knowledge from others as has astonished our nineteenth-century explorers and chartographers. The Librarian of Alexandria, Eratosthenes (Vol. I., p. 10), and the astronomer, Claudius Ptolemy (Vol. I., p. 3, and map), had tolerably clear notions of the rivers and lake reservoirs derived from the eastern affluents; for instance, those of our modern Atbara, the Blue Nile, and possibly the Sobat. Ptolemy's Mountains of the Moon and his two great lakes (Vol. I., pp. 3, 10) whence issue the Nile, though placed too far south of the equator, even in the present day crave special admiration for his keen appreciation of the imperfect data furnished to him.

But the whole phase of things changed with the fall of the Roman Empire. Egypt itself then presented a crumbling condition, and from civilisation well-nigh relapsed into barbarism. Then followed Arabic domination. No more might the Romans point their warning *Nili quærere caput*—equivalent to the phrase, "to look for a needle in a haystack."

Between twelve and thirteen hundred years after the Christian Era the Arab traders travelling across the north-east of Africa told of the existence of a great central inland lake. One Lief Ben Said even mentions, "it is well known by all

The Mediæval Nile-seekers.

JAMES BRUCE. (*From a Print.*)

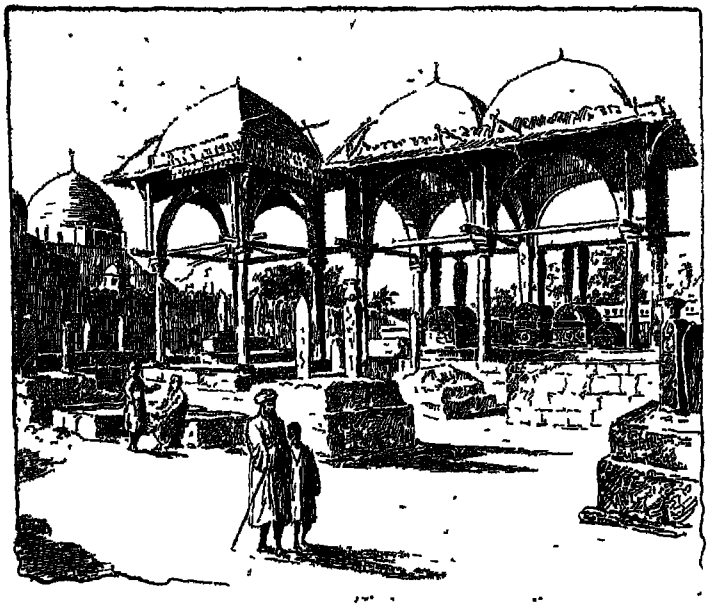
the people there that the river which goes through Egypt takes its source and origin from the lake."* This lake-sea notion cropped up again and was reiterated in a general way by the Portuguese discoverers and priests that spread themselves over East Africa and Abyssinia for a century or two afterwards.

All was still hazy when the Jesuit missionaries, Pedro Paez and Jerome Lobo, who resided in Abyssinia, and their brethren in Portugal who compiled the accounts of their travels, in the beginning of the seventeenth century turned the tide of Nile exploration

* Macqueen, *Journal Royal Geographical Society*, 1845, vol. xv., p. 371.

towards the eastern headwaters * In brief, Paez visited the spring-head of the Abai or Blue Nile—to be re-discovered 150 years afterwards by James Bruce, the Scottish traveller. For, as ever in the history of Nilotic search, extending about three thousand years, there appear to have been short, sudden spurts of activity succeeded by extended periods of repose.

Of all the travellers who have joined in the Nile-hunt, none have received more unmerited, downright abuse than James Bruce, of Kinnaird. His was truly a quixotic enterprise; but he carried it through in a manly, dignified manner. Though later explorations far to the south of his "Fountains of the Nile" have dwarfed the importance of his research, yet his efforts were not altogether in vain. As a Nile pioneer he holds a conspicuous position. Bruce (p. 27) was a tall, gaunt Scottish "laird," fond of sport, and a skilled horseman. He received a good classical education at Harrow, this, no doubt, fostering his fondness for antiquities and the East; while a visit to Spain led to an interest in Moorish subjects Some two and a half years as Consul at Algiers made him an adept in Arabic, it also was good training for his intended dangerous journey, to hold his own against the machinations of the savage old Algerian Dey, Ali Bashaw, who then carried on a "roaring trade" in piracy and dealings in Christian slaves (Vol. I., p. 102).



TOMBS OF THE MAMELUKES MASSACRED BY MEHEMET ALI.

James Bruce.

Bruce afterwards travelled in Tunis, Tripoli, and Syria, entering Egypt, and then, *vid* the Red Sea and Jeddah, amidst perilous incidents, reached Massowah, and finally Gondar, the Abyssinian capital. His knowledge of medicine proved a talisman to the good graces of the ruling powers. He was appointed a "Baalomaal," or commander of the Koccob Horse, accompanied the King and Ras Michael in the field, and in other ways conformed to the wild Abyssinian life.

At length his ardent wish was gratified: he visited Lake Dembea, or Tana, and arrived at his dreamland, the village of Geesh, and close thereto the bubbling "Fountains of the Blue Nile," in the country of the Agows, south-west of Abyssinia. Here, then, at the goal of his ambition, his trials and sufferings for a passing moment were lightened by the idea that he had secured the "Blue Ribbon" of geographical research—the source of the Nile. Carried away by his emotion the knight-errant drank from the Nile spring, to his king, his country, and his Scottish Dulcinea. Vanity of human wishes! Had Bruce revisited these glimpses of the moon one hundred and twenty years later, he would still have found his successors a-hunting out head-streams of "Father Nile" (Emin's "Kifu," p 6),

* "The Travels of the Jesuits in Ethiopia," by F. Balthazar Teller. Eng. ed. (1710)

in spite of *Punch*'s clever cartoon of Speke's arrival there, or Baker's Lake, or Stanley's Ruwenzori. The two or three "fountains" were enclosed with mounds of earth by the natives, who held them sacred, and sacrificed

finally northwards to become the Blue Nile (p. 4).

Satisfied that he had achieved an immortal

RECRUITING UNDER MEHEMET ALI

bullocks in honour of the river on certain holy-days and festivals. Bruce's temporary fervour quickly cooled to a strict scientific examination of them and the tracing of the infant Abai in its remarkable curve round Godjam and Amot, first south, then west, and

triumph, Bruce soon afterwards departed from Abyssinia, and wending homewards traversed Sennaar and the Nubian Desert to the Nile, enduring many hardships on the way. Thanks to the letter that he carried from the Patriarch of Cairo to the priests of Abyssinia—for

the land of Prester John had been converted to Christianity in the third century—Bruce had been received with much distinction at Gondar. But he found it much more difficult to leave than to enter that country. Covilham, a Portuguese, had discovered this before him. For this adventurer, the first European that had ever reached the Abyssinian capital, was detained there for life, according to the ancient law that no stranger should be allowed to go out of the country, though, as the Jesuits were afterwards expelled, the rule was not without exceptions. Bruce, however, almost the earliest traveller that had visited Abyssinia after the eviction of the Jesuits, found the law ready to be applied in his case. It was, indeed, only when his health gave way, and it was feared he would die and bring bad luck to the land, that the King permitted his agreeable guest to depart, after taking "a very solemn oath" that he would return as soon as he was well.

At Marseilles he met the famous Buffon, in whose company he journeyed to Paris, where for a time this "Scottish Alcibiades"—to use the title he had earned by his exploits in love and war during his Abyssinian experiences—was the lion of the famous *salons of the Ancien Régime*. But poor Bruce was soon to begin that career of disappointment which was his lot in after-life, and the disparagement which, until comparatively recently, had dimmed his undoubted merits as an explorer. The first of these blows to his self-complacence was when he learnt that the lady in whose honour he had quaffed a gourd of Nile water had married during his absence. Then he was told by D'Anville, the geographer, that Pedro Paez (p. 27), of whose name he had until then been ignorant, had anticipated his discovery of the source of the Blue Nile, and that, after all, the Blue Nile was not the main stream, but a tributary.

In London "African Lions" were then not the rage. Though honourably treated at Court and in high circles, his expected Nilotic wreath of victory, like those of his successors (Burton, Speke, Grant, Baker and Stanley: representing Ireland, England, Scotland and Wales), bore thorns as prickly as his native thistles, or the acacias of the land he had left. By some, his stories of Abyssinian adventure and strange customs were scouted; his very travels were doubted. He was laughed to scorn for his "traveller's tales." The coffee-houses would have none of his fables of Arabs who hamstrung elephants with swords, and of Abyssinians who cut steaks from living oxen, though the Hamrans are now among the most familiar of tribes; and if the story of the live steaks must be credited to the Abyssinians only in times of scarcity, we now know that they eat raw flesh. Even in Bruce's own country of Scotland, the Western Islesmen bled their cattle and mixed the blood with oatmeal when in similar straits. But Dr. Johnson, who would not credit the Lisbon earthquake for three months after it happened, though he fully believed in the Cock Lane ghost, headed the philosophers in pronouncing the Scotsman a romancer, while George Selwyn and the wits expressed their incredulity in *bons mots* quite as scoffing. "The Travels of Baron Munchausen" were dedicated to him, and among the endless satires of a similar character "Peter Pindar" referred to him as the traveller who had

> "——been where men (what loss, alas!)
> Kill half a cow, and turn the rest to grass."*

Doubtless much of the rancour was attributable to Bruce having jarred the public nerves by his realism of savage scenes. To dine sumptuously on lion's flesh and kill four hyenas at one shot was too uncommon for belief. Again, his medical interview with the three negro Funghi queens, six feet high, corpulent beyond all proportion, with ears like an elephant's, weighed down by gold rings and sequins, as was the gristle of the nose, who

* Mansfield Parkyns, as conscientious an authority on Abyssinia as the Scottish explorer, is confident that Bruce saw what he described, though the custom is only practised in cases of emergency or on extraordinary occasions. It is not the Abyssinian's habitual way of dining.

had to be bled with royal effusion, was too much of a joke for the then mostly untravelled Britons. Captain Cook's voyages might be true, but Mr. Bruce's travels were unreasonable.

Mortified at his treatment in the metropolis, Bruce crossed the Border only to find his own countrymen quite as incredulous as the English. But by this time the traveller's good-nature had reached its limits, as a certain gentleman in East Lothian learnt when he bluffly remarked in Bruce's presence that it was impossible that anyone could eat raw flesh Bruce said nothing, but left the room and, returning with a piece of raw beef-steak seasoned after the Abyssinian fashion, offered the unbeliever at the same time the alternative of eating it or fighting. Thinking discretion the better part of valour, he chose the peaceful part. "Now, sir," was the remark of Bruce when the operation was completed, "you will never again say it is impossible!"

It was seventeen long years ere his friends could prevail on him to publish his travels (1790). These, issued in five magnificent quarto* volumes, obtained no more acceptance than did the verbal narrative of which they were the embodiment. Horace Walpole pronounced them "dull and dear," and the few remaining years of Bruce's life were embittered by the controversies which they occasioned. He witnessed, however, the rise of the African Association (Vol. I., p 170), which was to rehabilitate his credit, though, unfortunately, falling on the stairs of his country mansion, as he was hastening to escort a lady to her carriage, James Bruce, after passing through so many dangers, perished of this prosaic accident in the year 1794†

* The second edition, 1805, in seven octavo volumes, is considered the best.

† Bruce himself and his able draughtsman Luigi Balugani during their travels in the Barbary States made many beautiful drawings of monuments long since destroyed. Some of them were afterwards published by Sir Lambert Playfair, one of his successors in the Algiers Consulate, in 'Travels in the Footsteps of Bruce." (1877.)

The acrimony of the scientific and literary cliques towards the explorer is best buried. Magnifying his little weakness of sensational narrative, oblivious to his open, jovial, truthful nature, balanced by self-respect though occasionally irascible, they lost sight of Bruce's great merits as a *bonâ fide* traveller whose enormous collection of astronomical, archæological, and natural history observations will place him for ever among the heroes of the Nile. His last act in Cairo was to benefit his countrymen by obtaining a concession for them on the Red Sea without shadow of honour or reward.

A period of well-nigh three-quarters of a century rolled on. During this interval many important events had happened. These not only affected Egypt and Africa generally, but also other continents. The American War of Independence had resulted in the foundation of the United States. Europe saw the French Revolution, the Republic, the devastating Napoleonic Wars, the French in Egypt, their expulsion by the British, and the withdrawal of the latter. Such times were not well suited for expeditions after the Nile sources. Yet in 1814 Burckhardt had gone as far as Shendy, crossed to the Atbara, and skirted the east side to Gos Rajeb. Five years later, Cailliaud had for the first time visited Meroë, and by 1820 steamers had ascended to Korosko. In 1827 Linant Bey had penetrated to Eleis, 132 miles up the White Nile, a year also notable as that in which Prokesch von Osten surveyed the main river between Assouan and Wady Halfa. But the Egyptians, left to themselves for a while, were soon torn asunder by contending factions.

At this juncture there rose a figure destined to play an important part in the later history of the Upper Nile regions. Mehemet Ali (p. 32), of humble Roumelian birth, was originally a tobacconist, and afterwards entered the Turkish Army. From the ranks to be Viceroy of Egypt his career was rapid. Unable to control by fair means the turbulent, powerful Mameluke Beys, who struggled

Mehemet Ali.

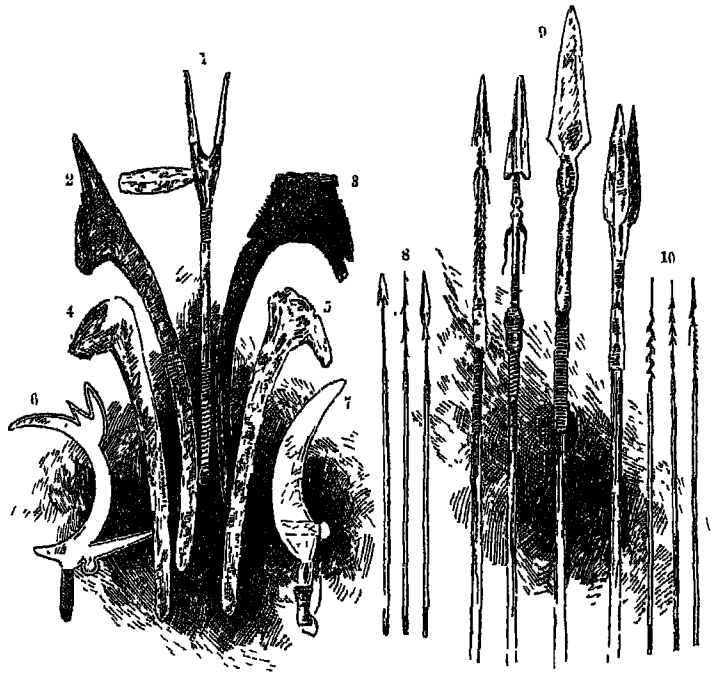
for supremacy, Mehemet Ali had recourse to foul measures. The atrocious massacre in cold blood of the Mamelukes in the Citadel of Cairo is historical, and rests as one of the sad stains on the character of the otherwise vigorous-minded Viceroy (p. 28). Ali's ambition for dominancy lay even further afield, and picking up the gage of war in Syria, he routed the Sultan's forces, and it took a combination of European nations to help Turkey to drive Mehemet Ali back to Egyptian ground. Meanwhile the Viceroy had gathered into his service from many nationalities, craftsmen, mingled with a few men of science, and an abundance of wily military and other adventurers of all sorts and shades of character. What between the reorganisation of his army, the construction of a navy, social, mercantile and many other projects of colossal magnitude, Mehemet Ali after a time found himself driven to extremities. Still, his lust of power and dominion knew no bounds, and so the ruling passion must have vent.

MEHEMET ALI.

Indeed, it was no pure desire to serve the interests of geographical science, nor even emulation to outvie his great Egyptian predecessors in the discovery of the source of the Nile, that led him so very near success. Even less had antiquarian research a serious place in his programme. Sly as a fox, sagacious and yet unscrupulous, several

motives seem to have actuated him · for instance, the acquisition of the supposed rich gold mines of Sennaar and Kordofan; an unstinted supply of negro slaves as recruits for his army; and, doubtless also, extension of territory. With these to lure him on, there may have lain hidden other visionary projects of plenitude and power to come. "Where a Turk sets his foot no grass will grow." Some truth underlies this proverb in so far as the Beled-Soudan is concerned; for neither Mehemet Ali nor his successors were in the long run fortunate in their ventures towards its reduction and good government. Nor did happiness follow their advances among the negroid Nile regions generally, although rivers of blood were shed and untold wealth spent thereon. Ali's first move was to despatch his sons Ibrahim and Ismaïl Pasha with a great force to overawe and subdue Upper Nubia. The Arab tribes, unfortunately for themselves, were disunited and suffered defeat accordingly. Ibrahim pressed east into Taka (Kassala), while Ismaïl advanced by Sennaar and Fasogl to the confines of Abyssinia. Another section of the Egyptian army, under the notoriously cruel Mohammed Bey, Defterdar, the son-in-law of the Viceroy, had, meanwhile, with his bloodthirsty Turkish Arnauts swept Kordofan with slaughter and rapine. Sad indeed was the fate of the inhabitants. Thus, within a short interval, the whole Nile Valley to 12° N. was under the iron heel of Egypt.

In the autumn of 1838 Ali himself made a sudden dash to his newly acquired southern provinces, ostensibly to correct men and measures; though—so it was said—political embarrassments and his creditors had a strong influence in his desire to be at a distance. Moreover, according to those behind the scenes, there might be something in the fact that His Excellency Ahmed Pasha, Governor-General of Beled-Soudan, was a trifle too powerful and far away from Cairo to be coerced; and there were even storm-clouds portending a future Sultan of Nigritia, in his son-in-law Ahmed.



WEAPONS IN USE BY THE UPPER NILE TRIBES.

1, Battle axe and eye-gouge: Shiler Tribe; 2, 3, 4, 5, Boomerang-shaped weapons; 6, 7, Niam-Niam knives; 8, Bari arrows; 9, Niam-Niam spears; 10, Dyor arrows

Be that as it may, an expedition was determined on to start from Khartoum, to explore that *terra incognita* of ages, the White Nile. In the spring of 1839 the Viceroy himself made a month's preliminary trip as far as the Shillook Islands, near El-Ais (Elcis), the imaginary Egyptian territorial limit. This cruise ended in the sacrifice of the first of a long list of martyrs to White Nile exploration—Herr Baumgarten, a Swiss by birth, but a graduate of the Austrian School of Mines, dying on return to Khartoum.

An early explorer of the White Nile.

In November of the same year the

expedition started in force on its real mission. The flotilla consisted of ten large and fifteen small boats, provisioned for eight months, and provided with cannon and other warlike armament, crammed in anyhow, besides a motley crew of Dongolai boatmen and riff-raff of Khartoum, stiffened with four hundred of the tag-rag and bob-tail of negro infantry regiments. Nor was much to be expected from three chief officers of nearly equal rank, all jealous—and none very zealous—to wit, a pseudo-general,* an admiral,† and vice-admiral,‡ all "Turks," with a Parisian adventurer of the old school,§ and a German lawyer-soldier.¶ Fortune, however, favoured them in their keeping to the main stream, and reaching, in a kind of scrambling way, the Elliab tribe, bordering the still fine, flowing river, in about 6° N. latitude. The north winds had slackened, and towing been resorted to. So, instead of determining a march onwards, and facing difficulties, on January 26th, 1840, midst a deafening roar of cannon and fusillade, Arab fashion, the vessels' prows were turned towards Khartoum, which was reached on the 30th of March.

Though by no means a thorough success, this expedition, nevertheless, was remarkable. Among other facts, it had proved that the river was easily navigable so far, its course stretching onwards and source yet remote; that no mountainous lands were there visible; that the reed-covered marsh country of Herodotus had been safely traversed, the mouths of several tributary streams had been passed, and the existence of new populous negro tribes been ascertained.

The restless Viceroy, dissatisfied with these results, despatched another expedition in November, 1840. This followed the river's course as in the preceding voyage, passing *en route* the mouths of the rivers Sobat, Bahr-Zeraf, and Bahr-el-Ghazel, and making further acquaintance with the great riverain tribes, the Shillook, Dinka, Nuehr, Kytch, and Elliab. Pressing on beyond the highest point previously attained, and coming in contact with the Bohr and Shier tribes, at last the crews' cries of "Jebel!" ("Mountain") raised their drooping spirits. Here the river widens; ther are many sandy islands, and no longer marshes, but the shore begins to rise; the vegetation improves; a tree-land region comes in proximity to the stream; durra fields and herds of cattle are seen; the villages are numerous, and tall, black natives swarm, whilst the boys merrily blow their fifes, shout, sing and dance.

Mehemet Ali's second expedition.

With hopes revived, the fleet pushed on a few days more, and came to the country of the Bari. On the east, hills were near, and other ranges loomed in the distance, while towards the south and west isolated mountains here and there broke the horizon line. The fleet had arrived at the island of Tshanker, close to the site (east bank) where Gondokoro was afterwards established. Friendly relations were set up with the Bari king Lakono and followers, who came from Mount Belinian, some miles easterly. The gold mania had still possession of the Egyptians, and their cupidity was excited by seeing yellow copper and iron bracelets worn, which they learned came from the Berri district, farther inland. Intelligence was gathered concerning the mountain ranges, and that the Tubiri (White Nile) came fully a month's journey south of the country of Anjan (? Uganda).

A move was made a few miles up stream towards the conical hill on the left bank, in about Lat. 4° 50′ N., when cataracts, coupled with the dread of natives, arrested progress, and this second Egyptian Expedition retreated homewards. To grapple with difficulties was not the key-note; for the leader, Suliman Kaschef, a burly Circassian, had an eye on a gang of slaves, having sold some fifteen to the Government for soldiers on the previous expedition. The worthy admiral, Selim Bimbashi, of Crete, though

*Suliman Kaschef. †Selim Bimbashi. ‡Felzulla Capitan. § Thibaut, or Ibrahim Effendi, to use his Moslem name. ¶ Friedrich Werne, who has given the best account of the expedition.

a practical navigator, showed the "white feather" at the sight of a Bari war-dance given in their honour. Even among the accompanying French savants—the bald-pated M. d'Arnaud, nicknamed "Prince de la Lune," his brother-engineer, M. Sabatier, and the pseudo-naturalist, M. Thibaut—there was no cohesion, far less decision for advance; Friedrich Werne, a German volunteer, alone being against this pusillanimous return. On the way back, the River Sobat was ascended for a short distance. Though provisioned for ten months, food was simply wasted, ammunition was carelessly used, and the crews were insubordinate. As on the previous voyage, the natives were often robbed and shamefully treated.

Still, notwithstanding their shortcomings, Mehemet Ali's expeditions form an era in the Nile-seeking problem, the river being proved navigable up to nearly four degrees from the equator. Thus within two years a jump of almost a thousand miles of the White Nile regions had been partially investigated, entitling, therefore, the founder of the present reigning dynasty of Egypt to rank even higher than his great predecessors, the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies, as a Nilotic discoverer. The Rejaf rapids and the warlike Baris, together with the reprehensible conduct of the Egyptians themselves towards that and other negro tribes, checked advance for twenty years afterwards. Even then, scant progress was made, until the famous journey of Speke and Grant eventually burst the bonds from the south. Yet the interval was not altogether eventless. Among others may be mentioned Brun Rollett (1845-50), who formed a trading-post near where Mehemet Ali's expedition turned back; Knoblecher of the Austrian Mission, who reached Mount Logwek (1848), and with Vinci founded Gondokoro in 1851, the latter penetrating the same year eastward among the Berri; and Miani (1860) got to Galuffi, not far from the Albert Lake. In the Bahr-el-Ghazel region Petherick (1858) journeyed south to Mundo. But it was not until from 1849-57 that Krapf, Rebmann, and other missionaries residing on the East Coast of Africa sent home information that led to the grandest of all the Nile discoveries. We refer to the great Central African Lakes, the tale of which induced other explorers in quick succession to fill in many gaps. Hence, through their labours we have been able in the preceding chapter to give a sketch of the physical geography of the regions of the long-sought-for *Caput Nili*.

Many exciting events have therefore taken place in Nile history since Mehemet Ali's expedition. As a chain leading towards these, we must here take into consideration the indigenous inhabitants themselves, and what led to the dramatic, the very tragic changes thereafter.

The Nile tribesmen: The Arab invasion.

The region known as Beled-Soudan includes Upper Nubia, Sennaar, and Kordofan. On the east it is bounded by the Red Sea and Abyssinia, on the west indefinitely by the Lybian Desert and Darfur. To the south are the equatorial provinces, comprising Fashoda, Bahr-el-Ghazel, and Equatoria. Save Suakim and a small strip of adjoining land, with perhaps a wedge of Equatoria, namely, Wadelai, all the remainder of the area mentioned is now in the hands of the Mahdi and his followers. The kingdoms of Unyoro and Uganda and the Victoria and Albert Nyanza lakes lie southwards of Equatoria (p. 55).

We shall confine our remarks for the present to the indigenous peoples of the Beled-Soudan and the river-side negroes as far as Equatoria. Disregarding the earliest notices of the inhabitants and their migrations to the Kingdom of Ethiopia, as Upper Nubia was named by the ancients, and of the Christian communities in that so-called island of Meroë, we arrive towards the fifth century at a great irruption of people from Arabia. These crossed the Red Sea from El Hedjaz and Yemen, and by successive waves of encroachment spread themselves over the Beled-Soudan. The bulk of the native folk seem rather to have been

driven away before the invaders than to have been absorbed by them. Thus the Nubas of Dongola retreated to the mountains of Kordofan, and others—adherents of the Christian creed—wended their way by the Blue Nile to the confines of Abyssinia.

BAGGARA HORSEMEN (p. 78).

The Arabs, as in the patriarchal times, kept divided into tribes, each ruled by its independent sheik; whilst they were ever hostile to and often plundering each other, of which advantage was taken by their subsequent conquerors. Notwithstanding, they remained masters of the Soudan until well-nigh the close of the fifteenth century.

Then there appeared a negro race from the south, neighbouring the White and Blue Niles east of Kordofan, who in turn subdued the Arabs as far north as Dongola. These Funghi founded the kingdom of Sennaar, and with barbaric pomp held the discordant Arab tribes in vassalage and tribute for about three hundred and fifty years. Their three chief towns were Sennaar and Arbagi on the Blue Nile and El-Ais on the White Nile. It was in the former town that Bruce had his droll interview with the Mek or King of Sennaar and his fat negro queens. This lazy negro Mek, nevertheless, had as minister or general a tall, portly Arab sheik named Adelan, who was to some extent his master. According to Bruce, Adelan would not trust himself within the town of Sennaar, though he was the ruling power outside. His residence was a spacious encampment a few miles off, which contained a magnificent stud of horses, and a host of negro soldiers armed with broadsword, lance, shield, and shirt of mail. This proud sheik well testified to the declining relations of the Funghi to the Arabs in his remark to Bruce, "that he had seen a king at Sennaar that neither knows how to govern nor will suffer others to teach him; who knows not how to make war, and yet will not sit in peace." At last despite this mere semblance of kingly power of the Funghi—for the language, habits, and religion of the Arabs prevailed, while there reigned divisions among the Arab tribes themselves—the Soudan was overrun by Mehemet Ali's armies as already related.

The negro invasion.

Except in the towns, the Soudan Arabs have

ever retained much of the nomadic ways and dress of their brethren elsewhere Nevertheless, some of the tribes connected with the history of the Upper Nile either in its earlier opening up, or in its closure by the Mahdists, may here claim incidental mention Though now but a remnant, considerably scattered and broken up, the Shagyey and neighbouring Djalin of the Bayuda Desert and Nile

Some of the Nilotic Arab tribes
The Shagyey.

the tents at night and burnt alive Pasha and officers. Mehemet Ali avenged his son's death at the hands of the barbarous Defterdar by decimating the tribe, men, women, and children

On the other hand, the more crafty Bishari of the Nubian Desert have remained noted camel-breeders and camel-drivers, their services in transport being afterwards utilised by Petherick, Baker, and

The Bishari and Begas

AMBATCH RAFT . THE SHILLOOK FISHING-SKIFF (*p* 19)

banks were once compact, powerful tribes, famous for their breed of horses and for their multitude of brave, chain-armoured horsemen. Jointly, they alone of the tribes dared withstand Ismail Pasha and his force of murderous Roumelian Arnauts. To the war-cry of "Allah! Allah!" the Shagyey vainly dashed upon the Turkish artillery, which cowed them in spite of their bravery. On his victorious return to Shendy the Pasha contemptuously exacted an immediate tribute, monstrous in amount, to be paid in kind by the Sheik Nimr (the Leopard), who fired

other Nile explorers. Of the race of Begas (including Bishari) or tribes more towards the Red Sea, where Britain was fated to meet them as enemies, the handsome Haddendoah warriors, and coarser-built Hallengas of Taka, besides warlike propensities, have always been keen traders; the wild Bon Amir of the mountains are chiefly cattle-raisers, and the Hamran, of Bahr Setit, the renowned sword-hunters, have been made familiar to English readers by Baker's earlier travels. Such are some of the types of the men (Baggaras included) that latterly,

in religious frenzy, turned against their blundering oppressors, resisted the power of Egypt and arrested that of England, as witness the combats at Kashgil, El Teb, Berber, El Obeid, Khartoum, and Suakim.

The Baggaras: tribal forays.

But for fiery, quarrelsome, dare-devils of rovers, the Baggaras of Kordofan—now the backbone of Mahdism—overtop all their Arab brethren. Originally partly-mounted cattle-herdsmen, they have since become the scourge of the Bahr-il-Abiad—pure slave-brigands. Nevertheless, they are a splendid set of vagabonds. The men of medium height, fleshy build, lustrous eyes, black skin, with longish, straightish hair thrown back in plaits, sparse clothing, armed with lance or sword and shield, and astride their handsome, bare-backed steeds, in *tout ensemble* they present a truly savage, warlike appearance. Withal, wild as is their aspect, and relentless as they are towards their negro enemies, they are kind to their women and children. They are great dancers. Night-long, with blazing fires, to the sound of song and drum, the dancers range, men in one row, and women opposite. The ground trembles with thud of spears, and they pass from slow to quick movement till all are in perspiration and excitement. Then spears swing and women cling as if for mercy from a foe. The dusky, handsome women even delight in knick-knacks of finery, a gold ring in nostril, a necklace, amber or coral, and ivory bracelets, hair dripping with melted butter; add to this a scant loin-cloth with a fold thrown in elegant negligence over the shoulder, and you have a Baggara matron *à la mode*, free and chatty, moreover, but a good wife. Their tents are roofed with ox-hides; their diet is chiefly flesh and milk, the latter occasionally in such plenty that even the horses receive a share (p. 36).

What a tangled skein are some of the African tribal pedigrees (Vol. I., p. 11). Who and whence are the Baggaras? They are Arabs rather in language and faith than in features, physique, or skin hue—one section being rich black, another brownish-red. Negroes they are not, either in flat nose, thick lips, or woolly hair. Very different, indeed, are they from the Kubbabish and Hassanieh Arabs, beyond Khartoum, the advance-guard, so to say, of the Hedjaz migrants. Circumstances, indeed, point to the Baggaras as wanderers wedged in from the west, offshoots from Wadai stock, albeit they range over a wide area south of Darfur and Kordofan. The black group (El Selem) betimes sought pasturage bordering the lands of the Shillook negroes of the White Nile, on the north edging eastwards to the river itself. Equally with the Shillook and Dinkas have they been cattle-raiders, moreover giving a fillip to their incursions by capturing the herdsmen, or lying in ambush to kidnap a few Shillook children, then mount horse and off, to the hue and cry of parents and tribe. The Shillooks, quite as daring, would drop down river, hide their canoes in the reeds, and make a dash among the Arabs or over country towards Sennaar on a similar errand. Sometimes—I am speaking of the days before the Mahdi—after petty raids a ransom followed, though more often the captives were sold into slavery. Thus stood the early phases of the Nile slave trade; how the great razzias and race hatreds further developed we shall discuss later.

The Negro tribes: the Shillook nation.

Before the advent of the Arab invasion both banks of the White Nile almost down to the Blue Nile junction were inhabited by negro tribes. At the period of the Funghi dynasty, as already mentioned, El-Ais formed their limit and trade emporium of cross-country traffic (p. 33).

After the Egyptian advance to Kordofan, and bolder Baggara raids, the Shillook negro kingdom was hemmed in on the west and sought compensation in territory at the expense of the Dinkas, on the east bank. Thus intertribal negro warfare was the order of the day on the Nile when Mehemet Ali's expeditions ventured up-river, in 1839-41. The Shillooks were then a great nation, inhabiting a country, Werne suggests, as

populous as France,* though the Turks would sneer, saying *Kulo abit* (all slaves), although admitting them to be both numerous and brave (*shatter*). The river islands swarmed with people, and a string of villages existed some hundred miles to the Sobat river. But in a few short years all was changed.

In those halcyon days of the Shillook kingdom, government was under a despotic Mek (like the Funghi), who rather stood on his naked dignity, allowing only approach to him on knees and address through his officers. All tusks of elephants were his perquisites, and a share of plunder generally. He could muster an enormous fighting force. Moreover, canoes and facility of water-way enabled daring descents to be made down the river.

The Shillooks are striking rather than prepossessing figures: being tall, gaunt, and raw-boned, entirely naked, excepting the married women, who wear a kind of apron or petticoat wrap of giraffe- or calf-skin. Is that a stork perched on yon white ant-hillock? Nay, it moves! It is a negro on one leg, the other resting bent on it, whilst a lance gives steadiness of support to the posed grey statue. A signal is given by this sentry at the approach of a stranger's boat; then pop! rises one head, then another, and another, among the high reeds, till a swarm of long-legged grey negroes wading about reveals a disturbed fisher-party of Shillooks. Fishing is their hobby, though they are destitute of hooks and nets. Observe how the natives drive their fishing-spears hither and thither in the shallow water, when no sooner is a fish struck, than off flits the loose spiked spear-head, and the victim is played with by the dangling cord attached to the handle, after the Eskimo and Vancouver Indian fashion. At the next creek-mouth, a fishing-weir, we find stakes planted and, set hard by, conical fishing-baskets of plaited reeds. In the expanse of water beyond float wedge-shaped ambatch rafts, or skiffs with narrow-pointed upturned prows; on each kneels a native fishing, who plies a barbed spear with dexterity (p. 37). On an adjoining island other natives are crossing, gaily carrying their gondola-like rafts to join their brethren. Some of these rafts will bear several persons, so buoyant are they. The ambatch logs,† of which they are made, are pithy, like elder, "light as a feather," a stem a foot in circumference being readily cut through with a clasp-knife.

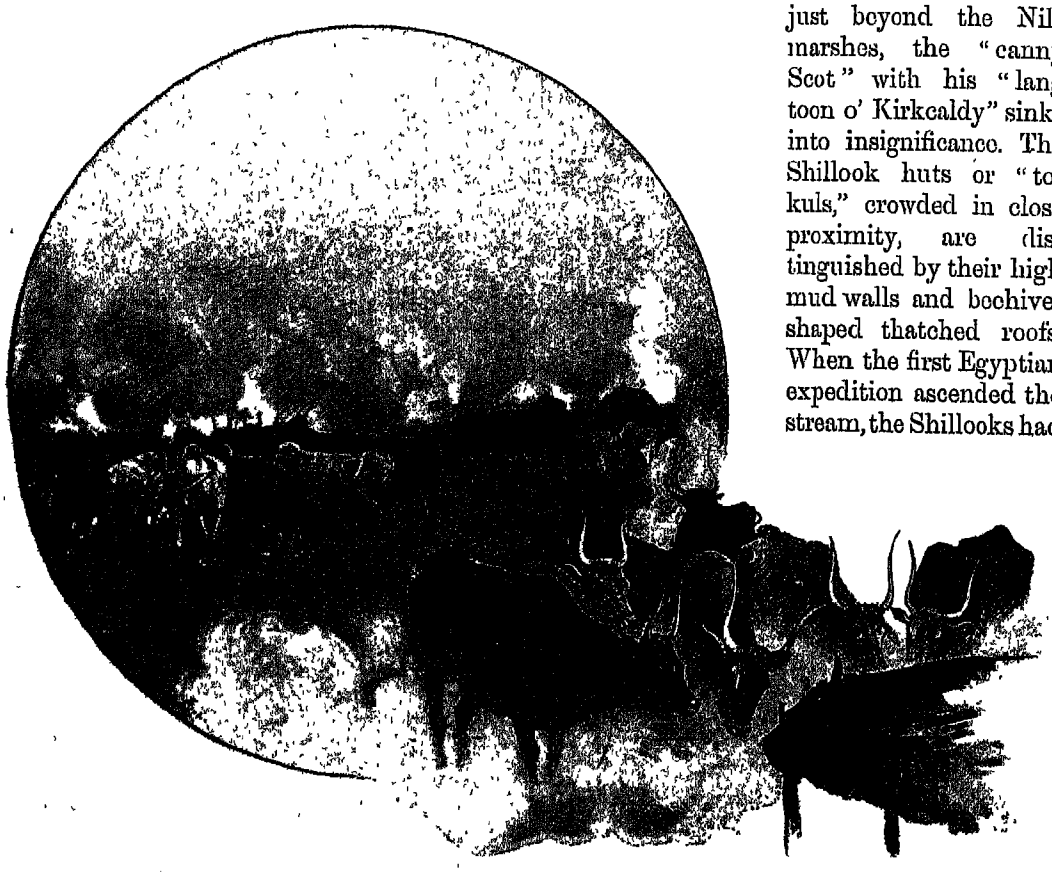
Some smoke rising among the grassy tangle not far from the river's bank, and a canoe discerned pushing into a narrow channel, we follow, and are led, to our surprise, into a fishers' camp, in the midst of a veritable "kitchen-midden." The natives scamper off. A survey shows a solitary, small, conical reed hut on a slight rising ground, and close to it a number of mounds of fish-bones, broken shells of river-snails and mussels, besides other refuse. A smouldering clump of reeds, an earthen jar, a gourd, and sundry fragments are the only signs of occupancy; but the bone-mounds remain solid evidence of many a fishy revel. This is ancient history up to date, and is interesting as showing in process of formation "Kjökken-möddings," or refuse-heaps, similar to those reared by the prehistoric Dane or the woad-stained Briton, excepting that ashes on the Nile savage replace the latter's skin pigment, and land-snails the Dane's more toothsome oyster. But Shillooks are not afraid of the bigger, dangerous game; for crocodile, "hippo,' and elephant writhe under their lance-wounds; and to ostrich, gazelle, and giraffe they give chase, aided by their agile fox-coloured dogs. Returning laden with flesh, a glorious feast ensues; many are the songs of prowess, as the merissa, or native beer, flows freely.

Towards sunset the lowing of cattle is heard, and as herds and flocks are driven in they are apportioned among the yards between the huts. There they pass the night enveloped in smoke fumes from cow-dung to

* An over-estimate; possibly then about 2 millions, for later Schweinfurth with better data reckons 1½ million: "Heart of Africa" (1873), vol. i., p. 85.

† *Æschynomene* (*Herminiera*) *mirabilis*.

protect them from the mosquitoes. At nightfall the villagers gather under a sunt, a tamarind, or a magnificent baobab-tree to smoke their big-bowled clay pipes and chat and gossip, retiring in due course to sleep near their beloved cattle, amidst the smoke and ashes, for venomous insects are legion in this swampy region.



DINKA CATTLE KRAAL (p. 42).

In spite of nudity and ash-plastering, the Shillooks retain the vanity of human nature. In their case it leaks out chiefly in the coiffure. The men, as a rule, wear skull-caps, or rather, cement their hair with clay, gum, and dung into a variety of fashions. Thus, crest and cross-combs, helmet (fan-shape with side lappets), an ostrich feather or giraffe mane for brow bandage, have each their votaries. Singularly enough, the women have cropped hair; but they make amends by bead necklaces, iron armlets and anklets. The men are partial to a single solid or bevelled ivory armlet worn above the elbow.

In the continuous string of villages, visible on the elevated downs just beyond the Nile marshes, the "canny Scot" with his "lang toon o' Kirkcaldy" sinks into insignificance. The Shillook huts or "tokuls," crowded in close proximity, are distinguished by their high mud walls and beehive-shaped thatched roofs. When the first Egyptian expedition ascended the stream, the Shillooks had two chief towns, or capitals, Kaka and Missianak (Denap of the Arabs). Traders were restricted to the former; the latter was the Mek's royal residence. Hellet Kaka continued as a trading centre, and boats were provisioned there, until it was sacked in 1861, and later on Fashoda rose where Denap had stood.

To speak figuratively, the Shillook nation had been the watch and ward of Nile negroland for centuries, commanding as they did

the entrance to and a long stretch of the noble river. Consequently they were the first

large Dinka tribe and its off-shoots, and the Nuehr, altogether form a widespread

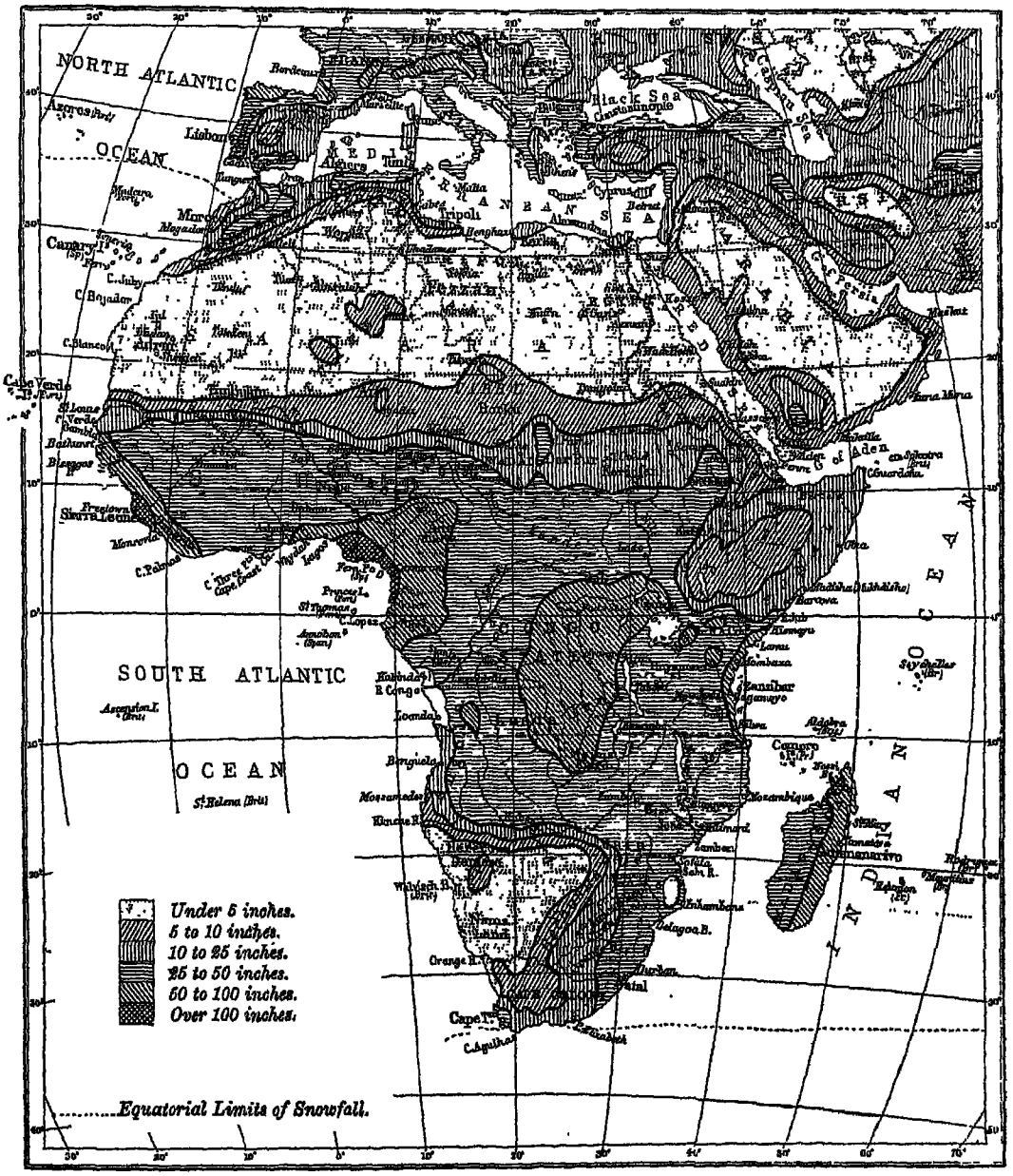


CHART OF THE ANNUAL RAIN-FALL OF AFRICA. (*By E. G. Ravenstein.*)

tribe to crumple up on the Egyptian advance with firearms.

The Shillooks, with their neighbours, the

race, notably connected with the Nile story. By some ethnographers they are termed in the aggregate the Dinka-stem. They speak

dialects of the same language, and in many ways their habits agree. The northern Dinkas rival the Shillooks in stature and lankiness—six feet and over being not uncommon—and they hold the east Nile-land from the confines of Sennaar to the Sobat. At the latter they meet the Nuehr, who occupy the region of the Nile bend west to the Bahr-el-Ghazel. Beyond this are the southern Dinkas, split up into many sub-tribes, among which Kytch, Elliab, and Bohr border the main stream. The Dinkas are essentially pastoral, their herds being immense. Not that they are practical farmers or given to sell, barter, or consume their cows. On the contrary, as Schweinfurth neatly puts it, "indescribable is the grief when either death or rapine has robbed a Dinka of his cattle. He is prepared to redeem their loss by the heaviest sacrifices, for they are dearer to him than wife or child." The cattle-kraals (nuurah) are enclosed by thorn fences, away from the villages, and one will contain several thousand oxen, besides sheep and goats, belonging to a few families of the community. In some districts there are temporary huts for the herdsmen, uncovered dung-fires, the long-horned, humped kine being secured in adjoining groups by peg and cord (p. 40). In others there are numerous low, flattish-roofed, circular sheds supported by Y-shaped tree-posts, under which dung-fires are kept burning all night. The smoke, prevented from ascending, streams out among the cattle which are tied around, all boring their heads in and switching their tails out to free themselves from the dreaded mosquitoes. With Dinkas mere possession of oxen in numbers amounts to a craze, for they only yield a scant supply of milk and butter; as to flesh, if an ox dies, a feast ensues, but to slaughter one for food is another question.

The Dinkas and allied tribes.

This bucolic paradise has had its drawbacks. Since cattle were the standard of wealth, and the men could only purchase wives with them, cattle-stealing and tribal warfare were incessant. This lever the Khartoumers employed only too effectually in their "white and black ivory" trade, and the short-sighted negro enslaved his brother—his own turn speedily to follow. Some of the southern people are more agricultural in habits, and barter vegetable products with their pastoral neighbours. The Dinkas in general are an ugly-featured race. They break off their lower incisors, hence their upper jaws and teeth project conspicuously giving quite a prognathous aspect; whilst linear incisions on the forehead (like wrinkles) are a further race-mark. Lance and club are the distinctive weapons, some using oblong shields in war-time. But what is exceptional are instruments for parrying blows; one termed "dang" is often mistaken for a bow;* the other is a short quarter-staff with protective mid-hold.

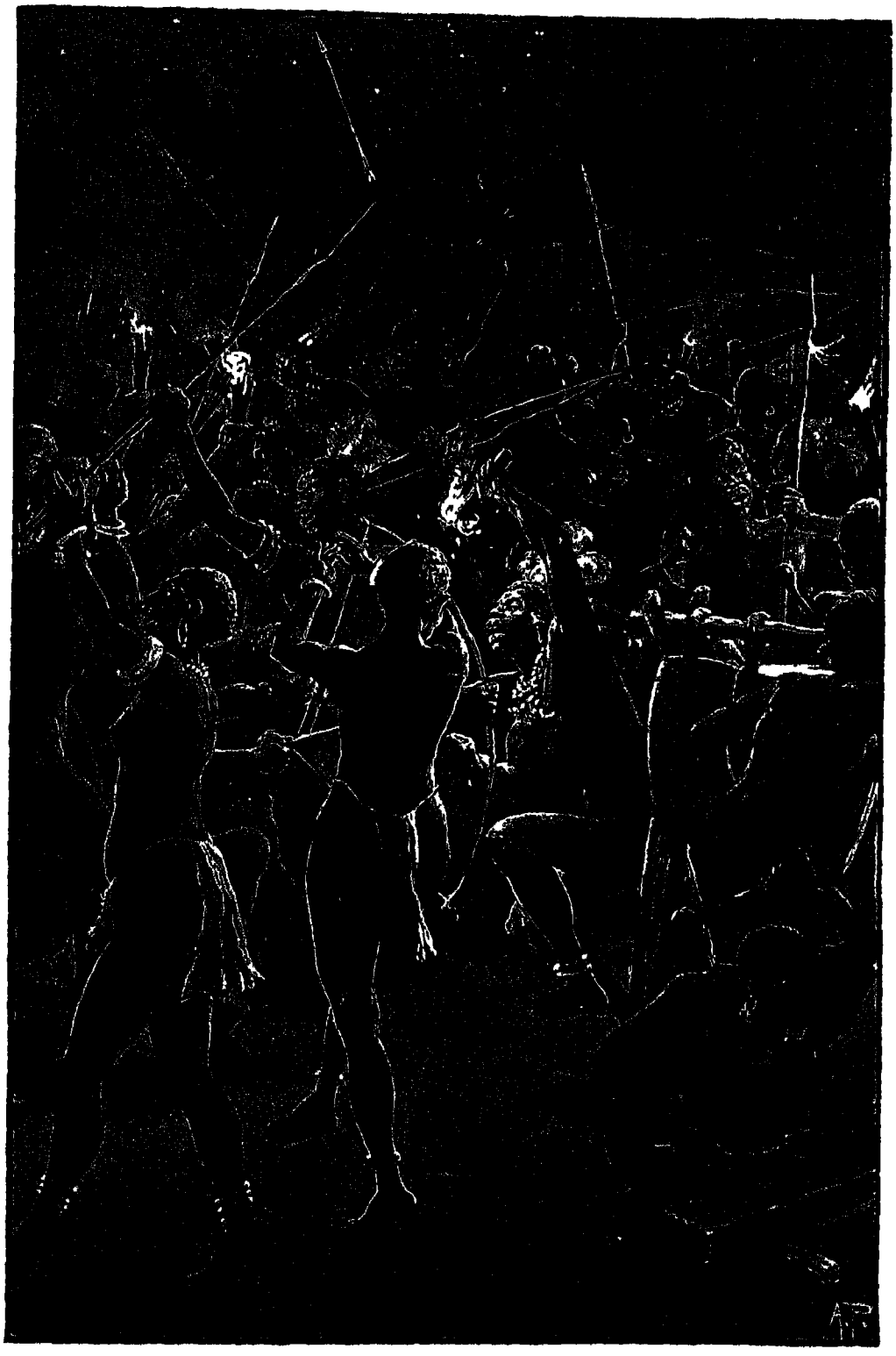
Their huts are spacious, often with a porch or subsidiary entrance-chamber, and they are grouped in clusters like farmsteadings with grain-fields around, and not, Shillook fashion, in long villages. Prior to the slave-trading days, in the planting season rows of negroes would be seen merrily digging the surface soil with long-handled hoes or "molotes"; but with insecurity field labours diminished. The Dinka women are cleanly housewives and very particular in the preparation of food, in spite of a weakness for washing their milk-gourds in cows' urine.

The Nuehr, though a most hostile people, have a bold, active demeanour. Their penchant is buffalo-, rhinoceros-, elephant-, and antelope-hunting. Leopard-skins are worn as trophies. Their hair is chiefly worn combed back in a mass and stained fiery red, though occasionally a shell-studded cowl with tuft is worn. Their women have large earrings of strung beads, and a beaded straw stuck out from their upper lip.

The Nuehr.

The Kytch of the river marshes, though cattle-owners, are a lanky, poor-fed folk, being

* The writer himself fell into this error, but Schweinfurth ("Heart of Africa," vol. i., p. 54) has clearly shown their true use.



BARI DANCE (p. 43).

occasionally, during the floods and droughts, reduced to destitution. They take assiduously to fishing, both by weirs and spearing, in the latter case pursuing their craft in fleets of canoes, and not ambatch rafts. The Elliab and Bohr, who inhabit opposite shores, are better-nourished, though they are frequently skirmishing with each other as to pasture land, or they combine in combat against the southern Shier tribe—of different race, and armed with bows and arrows. The Elliab and Bohr usually decorate their top-knot of hair with feathers, and the women's legs are loaded with iron rings that clank tremendously as they dance in circling groups at their evening revels.

The Kytch, Elliab, and Bohr.

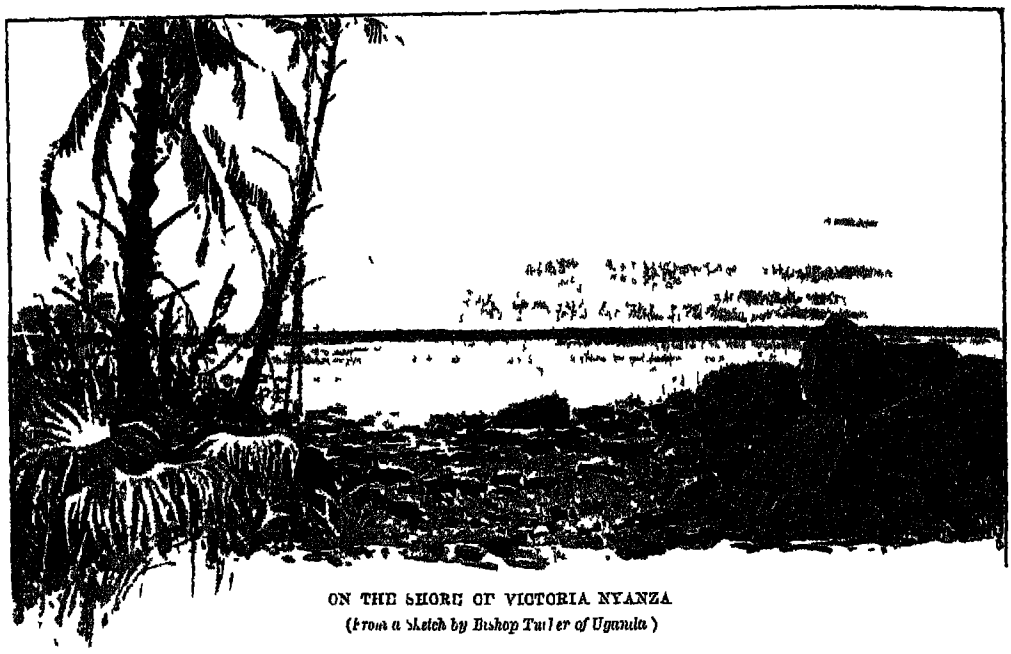
The Dinka group has thus practically held the valley of the White Nile up to near Gondokoro.

Southwards dwell a large nation, the Bari, totally differing in language, though with many similar customs to the preceding. The Bari race comprise several tribes and sub-tribes, their stronghold being around Gondokoro generally. East of the river to the north are the Shier, then the Bari proper, across the river, west, the Maudari and Nymbara with numerous subdivisions. The main stock appear to be hill-men, though now partly spread over lower levels, and the outlying groups, especially on the west, are mixed up or intrude among tribes of other race. The Baris follow agricultural and pastoral pursuits, are clever blacksmiths, all trained warriors from their youth, and are only partially huntsmen or fishers. They are a numerous people, living in small villages or scattered hamlets, often built on slopes of hills. The family huts are grouped together, and have low, projecting roofs; "gugus," or grain-stores (basket-shaped receptacles raised on platforms), stand by, the whole enclosed within a dense euphorbia hedge, the yard of cemented mud well swept being a pattern of cleanliness. Their cattle zeribas are strongly stockaded structures, those for sheep and goats being separate. As a people, they are dark, tall, and well-proportioned, but unfriendly, shy, and reserved. The men are best seen to advantage at their dancing bouts—savagedom being then in its glory. The sun has set and black night supervened. Several hundred stark natives congregate, bedizened with head-plumes, their bodies greased with red ochre or ash-rubbed, armed with lance, bows and arrows, and many bearing aloft lighted torches. The band strikes up, gaunt fellows playing drums ("nogaras"), others blowing horns or whistles, or keeping time with clapping hands or clattering sticks. The dancers mass and slowly march around; nogaras resound, then the pace increases. Fig-leafed, tailed women, with clanking anklets, encircle and trip on toe with upstretched arms; their shrieking "Lu-lus" mingle with the clamorous manly yells. Excitement waxes; spears are brandished, with uplifted bows frantic rushes are made, supposed enemies encountered, passion works to frenzy, until at length exhaustion tells, and calmer notes soothe down the infuriated performers. A scene like this once witnessed is never to be forgotten. (Plate 12.)

The Bari race.

Ordinarily a Bari goes about with feathered top-knot and slouching gait, carrying a stool, neat funnel-bowled pipe and weapons, strings of animals' teeth, etc., being special ornaments. His wife has a shaven head, tattooed stomach, red-smeared body, and cotton-twist girdle with a tail-piece—which, Baker jocosely remarks, could they wag, would be useful to whisk off the tormenting flies. As strenuous against consumption of their cattle as the Dinkas, they nevertheless (with some of the Elliab) do not hesitate to bleed or take a steak out of the hump of the live animal—a custom as collateral evidence supporting the maligned Bruce's Abyssinian experiences.

The Bari—proud, treacherous, untamed children of Nature—have been a thorn in the flesh of Nile-seekers and traders, being most impatient of service as porters, and defiant alike to friend and foe. Though by feuds divided among themselves, they yet unite against strangers. What between



ON THE SHORE OF VICTORIA NYANZA
(*from a Sketch by Bishop Tucker of Uganda*)

their daring, poisoned arrows, and numbers, they have been as effectual an obstacle as the grass-barriers, or sudd (p. 7), and cataracts in the advance towards Nile's sources.

Madi, Monbutto, Niam-Niam, Akka, etc.

Of the Madi, who resemble the Bari save in language, and other tribes and races skirting the Great Lakes; of the Monbutto, within the Congo watershed: of the Niam-Niam (Zandeh), the Akka (or Dwarfs), the Bongo and the Dyor (both ironworkers), all neighbouring the tributaries of the Bahr-el-Ghazel; and of some tribes of the Upper Sobat—we must, for the present, reserve notice, leaving them till later, when treating of explorations in these regions.

Khartoum: its rise, etc.

We turn the thread of our story far down stream, to that tongue of land pointing northwards, where the White and Blue Niles meet, known as the Ras-el-Khartoum. The tradition is, that a considerable village had arisen in the precincts, when the Shillooks swooped down and massacred the inhabitants; and that when the Egyptians arrived (about the year 1823) there were "three huts and a large cemetery"—a statement, ominous though it is, evidently made in facetious allusion to Hubba on Blue Nile shore opposite, and the neighbouring island of Tuti (an old Berber colony), both noted burial sites of sainted sheiks and their followers. As the situation of Khartoum lay central to the conquered provinces, and with easy access to both rivers, a military station was there formed. A turbulent, licentious horde were the firstlings of the future Soudan capital—several thousands of unkempt troops, officered by renegades of many nations, attended by slaves, camp-followers, *et hoc genus omne*. Rakubahs (straw-covered shelters) and tokuls (native huts) sprang up, and tethered horses, donkeys and moaning camels enlivened the otherwise arid plain. Thither Khurshid Pasha transferred the seat of government, and Sennaar declined. He, therefore, may be deemed the founder of the city; for under him houses, public offices, and even dockyards, were constructed. Wattle-and-dab and mud bricks were the material; a notable exception being a mosque of burnt bricks taken from the ruins of Soba, an ancient Christian city, higher up the Blue Nile. The place had no

attractions in itself, no industries nor inherent source of wealth, the very tribes around breathed malevolent spirit towards the hated "Turks" their masters. Moreover, with deserts between, to this "Soudan graveyard" the Viceroy sent his unruly Arnauts, disaffected officials and civilians, high or low, down to the very convicts. In spite of all, the settlement fortuitously led to commerce, which by degrees expanded amazingly into a second Timbuctoo. Meanwhile, merchants, adventurers, and others were attracted. With little capital, long credit, 200 per cent. profit, honest toil, but latterly, with Nubian rustics, as lawless buccaneers, bound for their El Dorado —merissa and White Nile razzias When to these we add the Blue Nile and Berber traders, these river-men and freebooters formed a numerous class. A fleet of sailing-boats and steamers brought in their train boat-builders, sail-makers, mechanics, etc. Military service needed forage, and added its adjunct of artificers, gunsmiths, saddlers, tailors, etc. The mercantile community had their scribes, tinsmiths, filigree-goldsmiths (a special craft), bakers, pipe-makers, water-carriers, etc. Even

NIAM-NIAM VILLAGE.

and slaves a drug, fortune seemed to beckon. Besides Egyptians, Copts, Greeks, Italians, Maltese, French, etc., sped up stream, so that by 1840 there was a population of 30,000, afterwards doubled, though fluctuating according to military and trade exigencies. Moreover, Dongola boatmen flocked thither, first for oil-, soap-, and other factories had latterly begun to be established. But all this semblance of civilisation was only a thin film hiding a solid mass of Moslem corruption, barbarism and savagedom. Originally, the town was built on no plan in particular, except that the gardens (as a rule) required

proximity to the water, and Government offices an easy surveillance of troops and a point of embarkation.

This is the key to Khartoum, which was an extraordinary, hap-hazard assemblage of dwellings. Hence there was only a fringe of vegetation, namely, gardens and date-palms bordering the Blue Nile, with palace, divan, etc., also hard by the stream; creaking water-wheels (sakkias) on the banks, and alongside the river a narrow rim shelving to the water where merchandise for shipment or donkey-load was being tumbled about by half-naked natives. Athwart two crooked lanes pierced the town; and another long, narrow lane tortuously wended from east to west, commencing near the palace and passing here and there through open spaces away west towards the White Nile. These open areas with holes where soil had been taken for mud bricks were during the rainy season (Kharif) tenanted by croaking frogs and siluroid fish (p. 3,, and on drying stunk with miasma. From the squatting huckster with basket in open air, to mat-covered sheds in rows, and then to the handsome, roofed bazaar containing all manner of wares, was an easy gradation—reaching in later years even to the European shop. All private houses were built in Eastern fashion: outer court-yard, divan, stores and stables; inner court, with harem, divided off from servants, slaves and kitchen; the poor content with single room, with yard in front for goats, sheep or donkey. Yet the thatched native hut was never entirely banished from the suburbs. Eastern manners prevailed, even among most Europeans. Merchants and customers chaffered in their divans, with pipe and coffee. It might be goods, it might be slaves. A midday siesta; evening gossip; occasionally a feast (fantasia), music, and dancing-girls varied the monotony. The poor had their "merissa" or beer-drinking bouts at weddings or deaths. There was much wickedness withal, and the cruelties to slaves, the trickeries, extortions, and animosities between Khartoumers, weighed down the small minority of well-doers in this strange Nile-side city. Khartoum, quite open till the Mahdi's attack, was never imposing or elegant. On the land side, chiefly sandy waste, from the river it lay hidden by the bank, appearing to be little save fringe of palms, and boats moored to the slope. Just prior to Gordon's *régime* it improved, inasmuch as some solid brick buildings were erected, and the crumbling river's bank was in part provided with a substantial quay.

The rise and influence of Khartoum upon the destinies of the Upper Nile inhabitants depended upon her merchants. At first the exports were chiefly gums, ostrich-feathers, and a limited quantity of ivory. The opening of the White Nile increased the ivory trade, and elephant-hunting was pursued legitimately. Traders, hunters, and others became to a certain extent Nile explorers, and considerable advance was made towards the southern and western sources, when circumstances introduced, with terrible impetus, the accursed slave trade. As the doings of these traders and other travellers up the Nile have a connection with the ultimately devastating *razzias*, we postpone notice of several remarkable explorers and Nile-seekers till dealing with the Nilotic slave trade. Such was Khartoum and the country of which it was, the capital, when an epoch-making event in the history of Nile discovery took place, and four great African explorers came to the front. These were Burton, Speke, Grant, and Baker, whose contributions to our knowledge of the Nile sources will be the theme of the next few chapters.

CHAPTER III.

THE GREAT LAKES: A MYSTERY UNVEILED.

The Great African Lakes really known to the Ancients—What Aristotle, Marinus Tyrius, and Ptolemy knew—The Portuguese did not really Discover, perhaps never Saw them—Only obtained their Information from Traders and old Works—News reaches the East Coast Missionaries of what was believed to be one great Nyanza, or Lake—The Rise of Burton and Speke—Their previous Work—Their Somali Expedition—Its Failure and Success—Burton and Speke sent by the Royal Geographical Society to find the Lake—The Arab Traders from Zanzibar had reached and formed a Trading Settlement on the Shores of it—Burton and Speke Journey Westward—Obtain News which proves that the great Lake is really Three—Reach Tanganyika, or the "Sea of Ujiji"—Illness of Burton—Blindness of Speke—The Latter crosses the Lake—An Arab Trader—The Nature of Tanganyika—The Travellers Return to the East Coast—Burton ill at Kazé—Speke sets off in Search of the "Sea of Ukerewe," or what was afterwards called Victoria Nyanza—Right of Way—Royalty on the Road—Speke finds the Lake—Return to Europe—The Quarrel between Burton and Speke.

THE great African lakes—Tanganyika, Victoria, Albert, Nyassa, not to speak of the host of smaller, but still very large, sheets of water which are being discovered almost every year—have during the lifetime of this generation occupied so prominent a place on the map of Africa that it is difficult to realise a time when they did not exist there. Yet it must be remembered that less than forty years ago geographers had scarcely begun to wrangle over the possibility of such inland seas of fresh water. Burton, Speke, Grant, Baker, Livingstone, Stanley, are all very modern names. Most of them are those of travellers only recently dead, while others are happily still amongst us. These were in familiar parlance the "discoverers" or explorers of the great African lakes. Nevertheless, if we turn to the old maps of Africa, dating back four hundred years ago, a surprise will await us. For there, rudely drawn no doubt, and not very correctly placed, though more accurately than was much of Africa until recently, are large inland waters which it is not difficult to recognise as the Victoria Nyanza, Tanganyika, or Albert Nyanza, perhaps—and possibly also the Nyassa lake.

The African lakes known to the old geographers.

The truth seems to be that, though the old geographers had no very precise acquaintance with the interior, they knew a great deal which we have been only rediscovering in the course of the last half-century, and that this knowledge embraced a more or less vague acquaintance with the lake sources of the Nile. To these, therefore, for the present we shall confine ourselves. The Portuguese are generally credited with a familiarity with the African lakes, which for political purposes they jealously concealed. In all likelihood this is more than they are entitled to claim; they heard of them only through the talk of native traders, and in any case there is no proof that any civilised man reached and laid them down on maps before the present century.

It is nevertheless certain that long before the Portuguese settled in Africa, long even before the Arabs reached that continent, or at least penetrated it on ivory and slaving expeditions, some information regarding the existence of the Victoria Nyanza and other inner lakes had reached the learned folk of Europe. For does not Aristotle speak of the cranes that in winter fly to the lakes out of which arises the River of Egypt? (Vol. I., pp. 3, 9, 10.) Indeed, it could scarcely be possible that a people like the Egyptians, who had dealings with the black races of the Upper Nile (p 27), could have remained altogether ignorant of an inland sea that was emphatically the "fountains" of their famous river. Ptolemy, the Egyptian geographer, also heard of lakes that we can only imagine to have been the Victoria and the Albert Nyanzas, if indeed his western Nile Reservoir was not

Tanganyika, which until lately was thought to be a Nile source, or Albert Edward Nyanza, which is in reality a remote one. For it is a needless twisting of his words to suppose that these sheets of water were the minor lakes of Abyssinia,* out of which runs one branch of the river (p. 8). Even before Ptolemy, Marinus of Tyre had heard of the lakes, but thought that they were close to the coast.

During the Middle Ages a considerable trade was done with the interior. "The River Quillmanse" (the mouth of which is at Melinda)

SIR RICHARD BURTON.
(*From a Photograph by Fred. Kingsbury, St. George's Place, S.W.*)

was known to the Arabs for thirty days' journey inland, and negro caravans as early as the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries travelled from the interior to the banks of the river. A Portuguese named Fonseco explored the same river for a five days' journey from its mouth, and the territory of Melinda is said to have extended at one time to a lake called Calice, situated one hundred miles in the interior. Slave-dealers brought their victims from a distance of 1,000 to 1,200 miles inland to the coast, and communication was even held with the Wanyamwezi, whose country has been explored only in our own day. It is, therefore, not remarkable that the Portuguese should have heard, quite independently of the old Greek geographers, though through much the same channels as they, of these remarkable features of inner Africa. Yet up to very modern times the great lakes gained little credence among map-makers. Indeed, so mythical were they in the opinion of many students, that for some time they had been removed from the fanciful representations of Central Africa which the chartographers of forty or fewer years ago were in the habit of evolving out of their inner consciousness for the instruction of a credulous world.

The re-discovery of the African lakes.

It was not until the Arab traders from Zanzibar penetrated from the East Coast into the interior, however, that these lakes were again replaced on the map of what was then in truth the "Dark Continent," so far as our knowledge of it was concerned, though, from a physical point of view, it was not blackened by many river courses, or lake outlines, or much mountain shading far beyond the coast. In the course of these journeys, the caravans in search of slaves and ivory reached as far as the long sheet of water which we now know as Tanganyika, and brought back tales of the Sea of Ukerewe, out of which one of them (p. 27) declared it was a matter of common knowledge that "the river which goes through Egypt takes its source." These tales reached, among others, Messrs. Krapf and Rebmann, who were stationed at the Church Missionary post of Mombassa, on the East Coast, and had already made several journeys into the interior, during one of which they discovered the now familiar snow-topped mountains of Kenia and Kilimanjaro. These latter, certain wiseacres affirmed, could not possibly exist; but the great lake, fitting in as it did with theories that had been debated many times and oft, aroused sufficient attention to induce

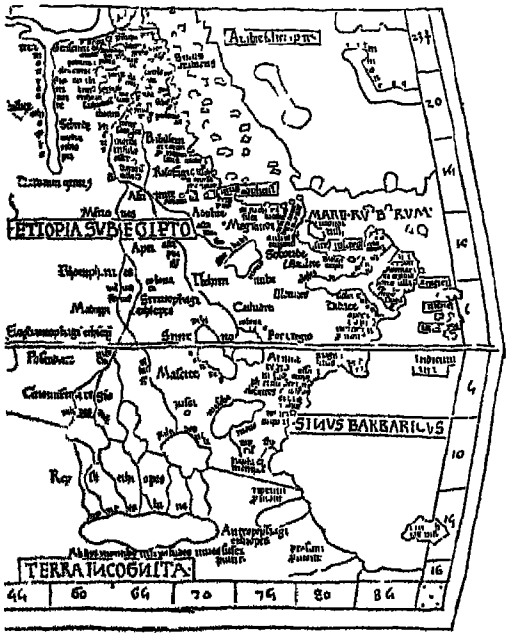
* Mayer: "Across East African Glaciers" (1891), pp. 1–4; Schlichter, "Ptolemy's Topography of Eastern Equatorial Africa" (*Proc. Royal Geog. Soc.*, 1891, p. 513); Ravenstein, *Scottish Geog. Mag.*, 1891, p. 209.

ISLANDS AROUND LIVINGSTONIA, LAKE NYASSA.

the Royal Geographical Society to despatch—in 1854—an expedition to learn the truth of what, if true, would be a cardinal discovery in the history of African exploration.

Richard Francis Burton.

This mission was entrusted to a very remarkable man, who, but for his too early death, would have told with his own pen in these pages the story of what, if one of the most epoch-making, was not by any means the first or the



PORTION OF PTOLEMY'S MAP.
From Ptolemy's "Geographia" (1486 Edition).

last of the remarkable achievements with which he enriched science. We refer to Richard Burton (p. 48). Born in 1821—the son of a colonel in the English Army—he entered, after a wandering life on the Continent, Trinity College, Oxford, with the intention of becoming a clergyman. But the Church was not destined to be Burton's calling. For in 1842, after a brief but brilliant career—in private society, however, rather than in the University—he received a commission in the Indian Army, and immediately devoted himself to linguistic studies, with such success that he admitted (and he was far from a boastful man) that towards the end of his life he knew or had known something like forty languages or dialects. His other accomplishments were equally varied. Suffi lore and swordsmanship came equally in his way, and his ambition found kindred scope in obtaining the rank of Dervish in Arabia and the brevet of *Maître d'armes* in Paris. In 1853, disguised as a Persian, he made, as Burckhardt had made before him, the pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina, complying with all the rites demanded of Moslems. He entered the town bare-headed, and, as it is forbidden to kill any animal on the holy soil of the Hedjaz, was soon, owing to the company he was forced to keep, swarming with vermin. Like the rest of the pilgrims, he drank of the waters of Simsim, kissed the Kaaba, or black stone, and duly pelted the devil in the valley of Mina. At Medina he visited the Prophet's tomb, and returned to publish the narrative of his travels in a work the value of which has been increased rather than impaired by time.*

Lieut. John Hanning Speke and the Somali expedition.

Burton's next project was to explore, in 1854, what is still the little-known Eastern Horn of Africa, namely, the Somali country, a region inhabited by a most fanatical race, who still view, and in those days viewed with even more jealousy, any attempt to penetrate their haunts. In this perilous undertaking, which Burton always viewed as the most dangerous in which he had taken part, he was joined by John Hanning Speke† (p. 56), also a lieutenant in the East India Company's service, who, though he had not taken part in any geographical exploration, was well known as an adventurous sportsman in the Himalayas and other parts of Hindostan. He was also a fair field zoologist, but in those days little acquainted with the duties of a scientific traveller, and, if half the tales told of his proceedings are true, not always gifted with that discretion which in the Somali country is often the better part of valour.

* "Pilgrimage to Meccah and El Medinah." (1855.)
† Born at Orleigh Court, near Bideford, May 4th, 1827.

But valour of the cool, contagious, unostentatious type, Speke soon showed that he possessed in an eminent degree. "Lieutenant Speke," it was the mature opinion of Burton in after days when death ought to have brought that sobriety of judgment which in the early days of their quarrel was scarcely to be expected, "was uncommonly hard to manage; he owned himself to be a 'Masti Bengali'—a bumptious Bengal man—and having been for years his own master, he had a way as well as a will of his own. To a peculiarly quiet and modest aspect—aided by blue eyes and blond hair—to a gentleness of demeanour, and an almost childlike simplicity of manner which at once attracted attention, he united an immense and abnormal fund of self-esteem, so carefully concealed, however, that none but his intimates suspected its existence. He ever held, not only that he had done his best on all occasions, but also that no man living could do better."*

The other members of the party were Lieutenant Stroyan of the Indian Navy (as it then was) and Lieutenant Herne of the Native Infantry. The expedition was divided into parties. To Speke was allotted the examination of the Wady Nogal, and the visiting of the highlands of the Warsangali and Dulbahanta tribes, the most warlike and least treacherous of the Somalis. In this task he was not successful. He even affirmed the Wady Nogal not to exist, though it is now known to be a valley between Dra Salih and Ra'as el Khayl, through which a stream reaches the sea, while the rest of his experiences were mainly those of a hunter-naturalist collecting information in a country convulsed by war. Burton meanwhile had been more successful. For, disguised as an Arab, he had succeeded in reaching Harar, "the Timbuctoo of Eastern Africa," and the most southern mason-built settlement in North-Eastern Africa. Some thirty travellers had previous to this date in vain essayed the same task, for in order to reach the town the adventurer must pass through the Habr Awal and other dangerous tribes, not to mention weary tramps over dry deserts and rugged mountains. Harar he found to be an irregularly-built collection of rough stone houses enclosed within a wall, including, of course, a few mosques and schools, as the people—a mixed Somali, Galla and Bedouin race—are all strict Mohammedans. But in those days, as must partially at least be the case still, the town was a den of slave-traders, though some business was also done in ivory, coffee, tobacco, and native manufactures. During the whole time of his visit the Amir treated him with civility, and though he was visited by many people it does not seem that his true character was suspected. After some minor trips, the four officers now began what they looked upon as the principal part of their mission, namely, the exploration of the south. This programme, however, ended disastrously; for they had scarcely left Berbera, the place where a great fair is held, before the natives fell upon their camp, catching the unsuspecting party, as it were, in a trap, by trying to throw down their tent and thus render them helpless. As it was the officers fought courageously Herne was the only one of the four who escaped unwounded; Stroyan was killed, and Speke escaped as by a miracle, having received eleven spear-wounds, one of which was clean through his thigh. As for Burton, his jaws and palate were transfixed with a lance, and he wandered up and down the coast suffering from hunger, thirst and wounds until an armed party from a vessel in Berbera harbour found and rescued them.†

The first Tanganyika expedition.

This ended the Somali expedition, and as the Crimea was calling for the exercise of courage in another direction, it was not until 1856 that Burton and Speke were able to join in the new expedition despatched, as we have seen, by the Royal Geographical Society for the exploration of that lake country tales of which were constantly reaching the coast. Some time

* "Zanzibar" (1872), Vol. II., p. 382.

† Burton: "First Steps in East Africa." (1856.)

previously Lieutenant Maizan, a French naval officer, had attempted a similar task, but had been cruelly murdered almost before he had left the coast. Nowadays a journey to Lake Tanganyika or the Victoria Nyanza is not considered any feat at all. There are mission stations and steamers on these sheets of water, and women even (Vol. I, p. 6) have made the expedition which thirty-six years ago the two Englishmen set out to perform without more guidance than the vague stories of the Arab tribesmen or still vaguer intimation of what the ancient geographers had picked up could supply. And loose enough we have seen were the latter indications. For does not Ptolemy tell how a certain Diogenes, one of

RAWLINSON MOUNTAINS, LAKE TANGANYIKA

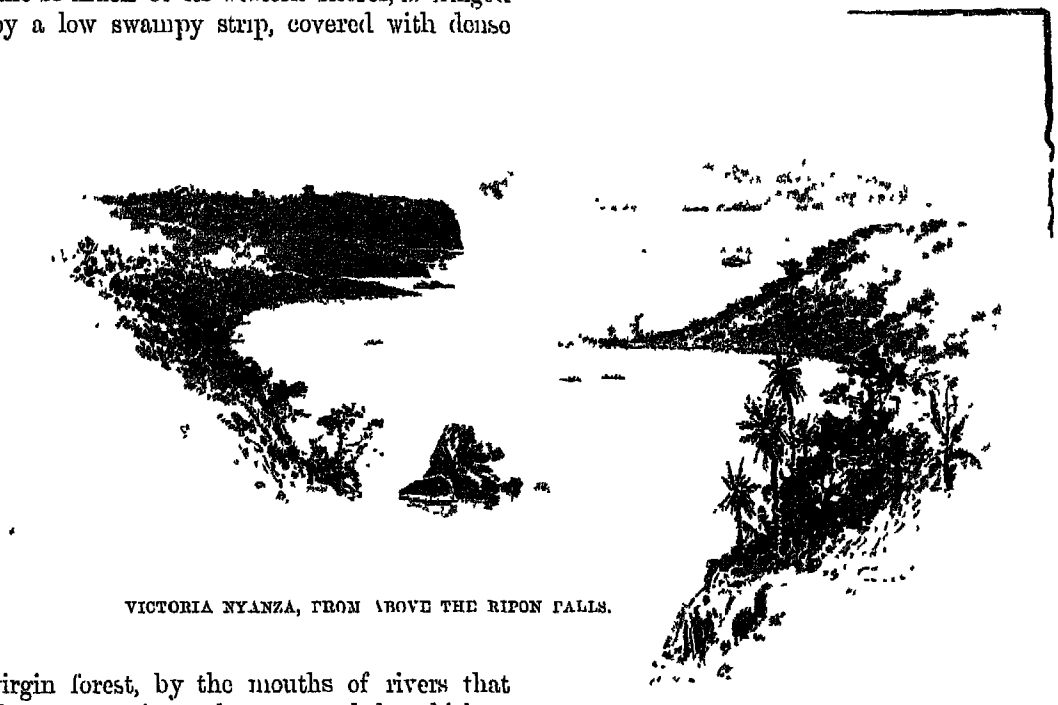
the mariners sailing to India, having the Troglodytic region on the right, reached after twenty-five days the lakes whence the Nile flows—a little north of the promontory of Rhaptum?* Nor is Camoens, echoing in verse the floating knowledge of his countrymen, much more explicit:—'And there behold the lakes whence the Nile is born, a truth the ancients never knew'—a surmise of the moderns which we may take the liberty of doubting.

Burton was never the most prudent of men; he had a fatal habit of speaking his mind, so that before he and Speke got well into Africa they had to pass an endless series of official difficulties thrown in their way, and a host of private obstacles which to a man less troubled with anxiety for the future might have been the postponement for years of the venture they were now engaged upon. But finally all the preliminary harassments were overcome, and early in January, 1857, the two explorers made a preliminary trip to the country around

* Ras Mamba Mku, according to Dr. Schlichter.

Mombassa, whence, struck down by the "coast fever," they were forced to retreat to Zanzibar, there to reorganise their shattered party.

For this part of the East Coast of Africa, like so much of its western shores, is fringed by a low swampy strip, covered with dense



VICTORIA NYANZA, FROM ABOVE THE RIPON FALLS.

virgin forest, by the mouths of rivers that there pour into the sea, and by thickets of those unsightly mangroves of which we have already made the acquaintance. When this unhealthy belt and the broken ridges or mountains that bound it to the west are crossed, the vast inner plateau of Africa, with its dry plains and valleys and, in places where the drainage has been impeded, its marshes and lakes, renders the progress of the traveller comparatively easy. From the earliest times this side of the continent had been more civilised than the opposite shore. The Arabs had early visited and traded here. Even when the Portuguese came they found large Moslem towns of "stone houses embowered in groves of the orange and the lime," while the Mashonaland remains (Vol. I., p. 8)—now shown by Mr. Belt to be the remains of an extensive settlement of Arab gold miners and smelters—

East Africa and the Arabs.

attested the antiquity of the semi-civilised commerce that had been conducted with this part of the world. There is indeed proof that from a remote period a brisk traffic was carried on with India at the period of the monsoon winds; and when Europeans first felt their way along the shores that are now the gateways to inner Africa, the waters of the ocean that laves them were white with the cotton sails of native craft. In those days even, clumsy Chinese junks, with great wooden anchors dangling from their bows, were seen in these seas. At the time of which we speak the Arabs were masters of the entire coast north of Cape Delgado, the Portuguese and English occupying more or less effectually the littoral to the south. But if the Sultan of Zanzibar was nominal master of the shore, his authority extended only a little way into the interior, though, to the credit of his subjects, they had for many years before the date of Burton's expedition opened trade routes far into the interior and

on to the great lakes, though the merchandise they brought back was chiefly slaves, obtained by murderous raids and the burning of native villages, who, after carrying the ivory to the coast, were sold either in the Moslem countries to the north, in Portuguese territory, or were disposed of in Zanzibar town (Vol. I., p. 1), then the great slave market of East Africa. These Arab merchants were therefore perfectly familiar with much of the country which Burton and Speke had set themselves to "explore," and as they travelled by the ordinary caravan route, it is only just to credit the slave-hunters with the "discovery" of the lakes which they never attempted to examine. Fairness to the white man also compels the admission that the Arabs were among the first to take advantage of their discoveries and to penetrate to regions the riches of which the former had brought to light—a species of enterprise for which civilisation has little to be thankful.

On the march to Tanganyika.

The instructions that Burton received were to start from Kilwa for the great lake reported to the missionaries, but, on account of the hostility of the natives, this plan had to be abandoned in favour of the caravan route of the Arab traders to a place called Ujiji, then an unfamiliar name, now one of the best-known spots in Central Africa (pp. 55, 60). Furnished with an escort from the Sultan of Zanzibar's Beluch guard and some slaves as porters when the donkeys gave out, the party set forth on the tedious march to Kazé, a distance of five hundred miles, leading through three distinct countries—Uzaramo, Usagara, and Ugogo—Kazé itself being situated in Unyamwezi, or the "Land of the Moon." Each of these countries was divided into provinces twenty or thirty miles across, and ruled by a "Sultan," as the Arabs call him, though in those days all of them were pagans, and little touched by Moslem manners. These little Bantu despots are still "kings in their own countries," and most of them live, as they lived in 1857, by levying blackmail, or "hongo," on passing caravans. Accordingly the travellers' progress was slow, for whenever they arrived at the headquarters of one of these black kinglets an official would speedily wait upon the white men, demanding gifts for his master and himself; and as the amount asked or expected was in a direct ratio to the supposed pliability of the giver, self-protection, not to say self-respect, necessitated much bargaining and a commensurate waste of time. Then the report that there was no water ahead was an admirable excuse for the guards and the porters to idle in camp waiting for rain or for some information regarding this first requisite of African travel.

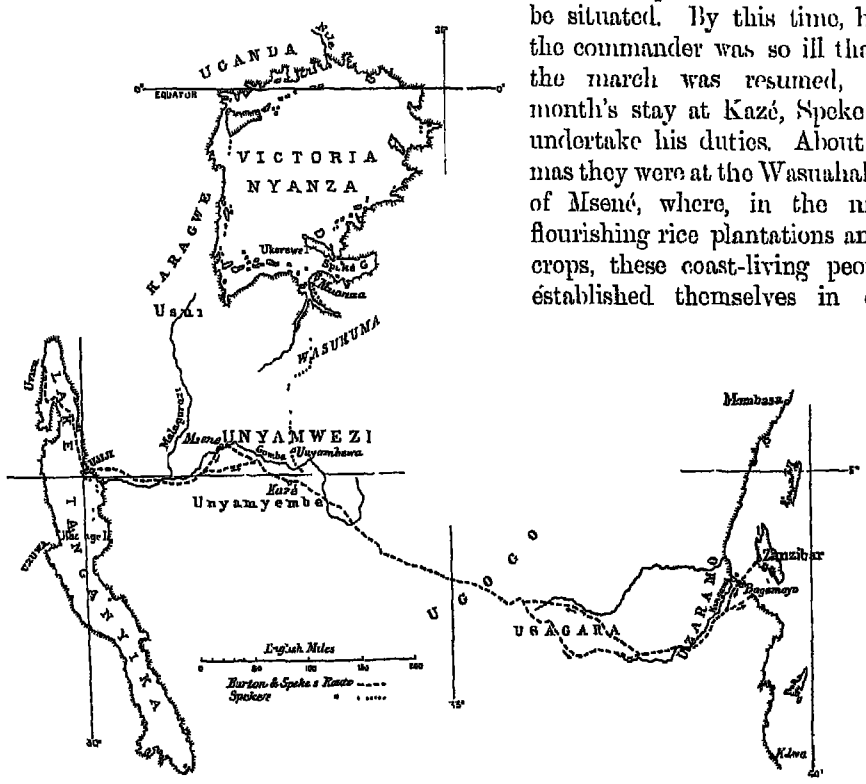
So long as the route from the coast led up the valley of the Kingani River—as for twenty marches it did—there was little scarcity of this. All the broad, flat valley was covered with grass and trees, and along the edge of the white, muddy, sluggish stream, forty or fifty yards in breadth, and endlessly winding, tall reeds shut out the view. But away from the river, springs are rare, and unless in the rainy season—which was not the one during which Burton and his companions made their pioneer journey—travellers, until they arrive in Unyamwezi, are often hard pressed for water. However, this land was reached on the 7th of November, 1857, more than three months from the date of their leaving the coast. At Kazé the Arabs had a depôt, so that among the semi-civilised subjects of the Sultan of Zanzibar they would have been comparatively comfortable but for the fever they had contracted in Uzaramo. Speke's recurred at intervals, but Burton's stuck to him throughout the journey, and even returned for some time after his arrival in England. At one period indeed there was temporary paralysis and partial blindness, which incapacitated him from taking part in an exploration that had an important influence on the discovery of the Nile sources. For while the guest at Kazé of Sheik Snay they learnt from their host that the lake which the East Coast missionaries had supposed to

be a single sheet of water was in reality three distinct lakes—those now called Nyassa, Tanganyika, and Victoria—the two latter, however, bearing among the Arabs the names of Ujiji and Ukerewe. The latter the Sheik declared with strict accuracy to be the largest of the three, but he was

News of the Great Lakes.

Speke to go, as early as possible, in search of the Ukerewe Lake.

But Burton, hearing that they were likely to be robbed of all their property in Usui—an apprehension that subsequent experience went far to verify—resolved, for the present, at least, to continue westward to Ujiji and the lake upon which it was said to be situated. By this time, however, the commander was so ill that when the march was resumed, after a month's stay at Kazé, Speke had to undertake his duties. About Christmas they were at the Wasuahali colony of Msené, where, in the midst of flourishing rice plantations and other crops, these coast-living people had established themselves in comfort.



MAP OF THE ROUTES OF THE BURTON AND SPEKE AND THE SPEKE EXPEDITIONS

wrong in believing it to be the fountain-head of the Jub River, which is in reality separated from the interior plateau by the East Coast Ghauts or mountain range. Aware of this, the travellers immediately came to the conclusion that this great lake was the source of the Nile. The rest of the information supplied by the Arabs was too confused or too evidently erroneous to be trusted; but what they did tell, added to what they had heard on their former expedition and on the coast, determined

As they tramped onward, the streams all began to drain to the west and the land to grow more and more fertile and vegetation more and more luxuriant, until, after crossing the Malagarazi River in a bark canoe, they found that, about one hundred and fifty miles from Kazé, they had begun to ascend the eastern slope of the crescent-shaped mass of mountains overhanging the northern half of a great lake. This was the Sea of Ujiji—the Tanganyika of more familiar parlance. Unhappily, after

Lake Tanganyika is discovered.

journeying so far Speke was destined to see little of this beautiful sheet of water (p. 52). For fever and the glare of a vertical sun had by this time begun to tell upon him in the shape of imperfect eyesight, that in time assumed the form of almost total blindness, from which he did not recover for some months.

Arriving at Ujiji—then, as now, the chief Arab settlement on the lake—they were hospitably received, but not before a chief named Kannina, into whose hands they

CAPTAIN SPEKE.
(*From a Photograph by S. A. Walker, Regent Street, W.*)

fell at a small village on the lake border, had fleeced them most unmercifully. The next few weeks were spent in surveying the lake, though it was not till some years later that Livingstone, Stanley, Cameron, and the missionaries that followed in their train enabled geographers to ascertain the exact contour of this fine sheet of water. However, before this voyage could be undertaken there were many preparations to be made, and these preparations were difficult to finish, as the country was then—as it is frequently still—engaged in intertribal wars. Moreover, the little canoes were ill-fitted for facing a storm, and had too little stowage-room for the stores required on a trip such as that which they contemplated. Just then they heard of a dhow, or Arab sailing vessel, belonging to a Sheik living at Kasengé Island on the other side of the lake. To obtain this vessel it was necessary to go for it, and as the chief whose canoe was chartered for the purpose was well aware that the explorers had no choice but to pay, the price of the service was fixed at four "dhotis merikani," and four "kitindis," besides the wages of the men.

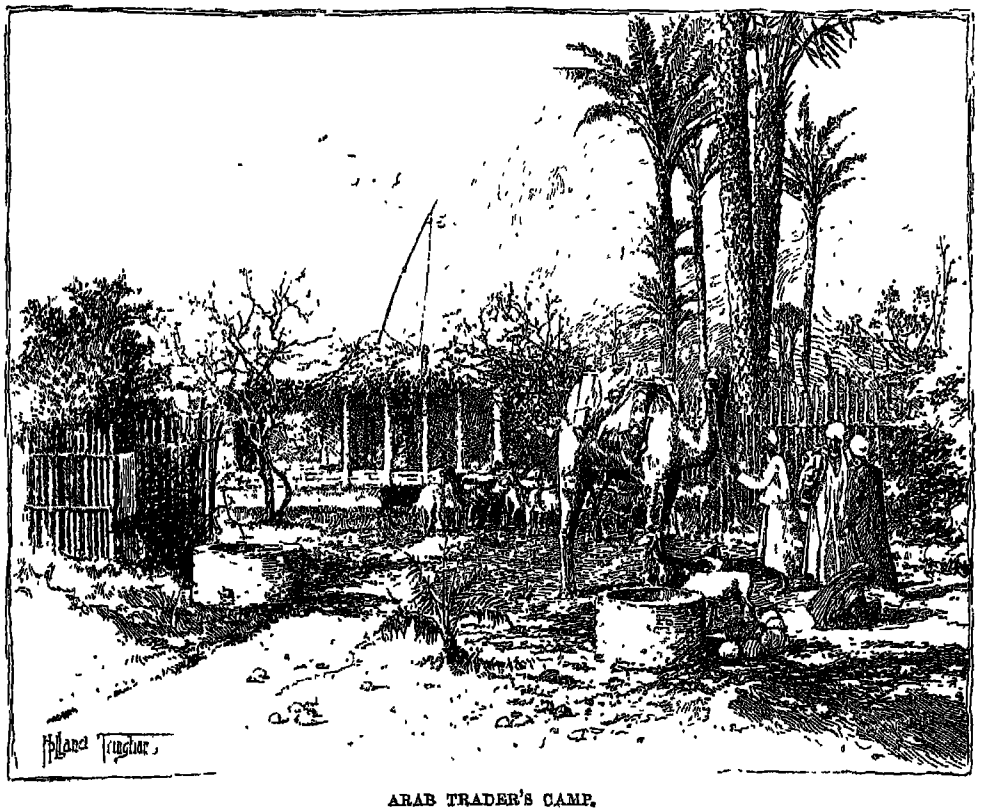
This is the first time that we have met with a currency that prevails commonly throughout Central Africa. The "dhotis merikani" are strips of American sheeting, measuring from a man's elbow to the top of his middle finger, and the "kitindis" brass wire bracelets, so many of which are sometimes worn on the lower arms of the women that they appear as if covered with thin curious coil. Occasionally the wire is flattened out and worn around the neck, and though extremely uncomfortable at any time, and in a hot climate doubly so, these brazen necklaces are never taken off at night or when the wearer rests, a block of wood or stone being placed beneath the head to prevent the metal from galling the skin.

A lake voyage.

At last, after eighteen days' delay, the voyage across the lake in a long canoe hollowed out of the trunk of a single tree, and manned by twenty native savages under the command of a captain, who, as a kind of official uniform, wore (at times) a goat-skin, was begun. The other members of the party besides Speke were two Beluch soldiers, a Gonese boy as cook, and Sidi Bombay, a man who, after being sold as a slave in early life, had obtained his freedom and served in the Sultan of Zanzibar's army until he was engaged by the expedition in the capacity of interpreter. Shortly after starting they were almost wrecked in a violent storm, and as they were cooking breakfast by the stream before striking across, an alarm of enemies set all the camp in an uproar.

But what astonished the first white man who had ever seen this sheet was the absence of human life. Yet there were signs that at one time the coast of Tanganyika had been thickly inhabited. Slave-raiders had, however, depopulated this as they have depopulated ivory-hunters has gone far to exterminate them.

A hundred questions naturally suggested themselves. But it was to no effect that the skin-clad captain was appealed to—it was against his religious principles to answer



ARAB TRADER'S CAMP.

regions as fair. Crocodiles swarm everywhere, and among the endless superstitions of the natives are charms to prevent these reptiles from snatching an unwary bather; while hippopotami are numerous, especially at the mouths of the rivers that feed the lake. Two snakes, the great *Silurus*, and many other fishes and molluscs inhabit the waters. Long-horned buffaloes peeped in wonder at the intruders in their leafy haunts; antelopes were often sighted; and the fresh tracks of elephants were more numerous than they are now, for the eagerness of the questions on the water, and it was especially unlucky to speak of the places of arrival or departure. Crossing the lake at a narrow place, they encamped on one of the islands off the opposite shore. At night, lighting a candle to arrange the luggage, the entire interior of the hut was covered as if in a moment by a swarm of black beetles. Tired of trying to brush them away, Speke extinguished the light, and, regardless of the annoyance they caused by crawling over him, fell asleep. He was soon awoke by one of the insects trying to penetrate his ear. In vain

he endeavoured to dislodge it: the beetle crept in farther and farther until it reached the drum and caused insufferable pain by its burrowings. Neither tobacco, oil, nor salt being at hand, he was forced to prod it with the point of a penknife. This rude surgery was so far effectual that it gave the insect its quietus. But the blade also wounded the ear so badly that inflammation set in, and for several days severe suppuration caused intense torture. His features were distorted on one side, and, as mastication was impossible, the unfortunate traveller had to live on soup alone. For many months he found it difficult to hear, and for a long time afterwards little bits of the beetle came away. But as the suppuration from his ear acted as a rough kind of seton, it allayed the inflammation of his eyes and thus enabled him to gradually recover his impaired eyesight.

The people of Kivira Island, on which this mishap occurred, live in mushroom-shaped huts, cultivating manioc, sweet potatoes, maize, millet, pulse, and other vegetables. Poultry is abundant in every village, and the small black monkeys that prey on the maize patches are so numerous that they are caught in nets for the sake of their skins. These, with the fur of wild cats and any other vermin, form the only dress of the people, the skins being tucked under a belt, the heads in front, the tails hanging behind, the rest of the body being entirely naked. In other respects the Kivira folk were by no means a pleasant race. Inquisitiveness was carried by them to an inconvenient extent, for they pulled up the flaps of the tent to watch the traveller's proceedings, and if he turned his head away in order to avoid their impertinences, endeavoured to arouse him by making all kinds of uncouth noises.

At Kasengé Island Speke was welcomed by the Arab trader who owned the dhow they had come in search of; but after all it was not available, the owner requiring his men, who alone could navigate it, for a journey to Uruwa, a hundred miles to the south-west. It is to this place that the copper comes from Katata. At that time no white man had visited this region, though the Arabs, impelled by the eagerness to obtain ivory and slaves, were even then familiar with this and localities even more remote, some of which have since been explored. Indeed, at the date of which we speak the country had got so glutted with beads, dhotis, bracelets, and other articles of barter, that the Arabs were complaining that, were it not for the capture of slaves to carry the tusks to the coast, where they could be sold, the spoils of the elephant could not be purchased at a price calculated to return any reasonable profit. Speke was almost persuaded to accompany his Arab host: but, luckily for geography, determined to return to Burton, whom he had left at Ujiji. Otherwise he would in all likelihood have shared the fate of the Sheik, who, after many adventures with the treacherous tribesmen on the lake shore and the cannibals that live on the river—afterwards sailed down by Stanley—was murdered during his expedition to Uruwa.* During Speke's stay with the dhow-owner he saw as much of the people of Kasengé as he cared for, and a less interesting race it would be hard to conceive. "They are filthy, inquisitive, and easily amused." The men dress in a single goat-skin slung over the shoulder, and wear a short kilt if they possess one; while the women "cover" themselves with a cloth round the body, fastened under the arms and reaching below the knees.

But the slave trade is, or was, here the blight that it is everywhere else. Nobody cared to work if they could steal or help to steal people for the Arabs. Even the women would sell their children for a cloth or two, and the men lay all day about their haycock-shaped huts or basked in the sun like the pigs which they so aptly resemble intellectually and otherwise.

The travellers were thus disappointed after various other endeavours to compass their purpose of ascertaining the extent and nature of Tanganyika, and above all of settling

* Apparently the Uguha of Hore's map.

whether, in spite of it being separated from another lake further to the east, it was not one of the Nile sources. Leaving, therefore, the settlement of this question to some future explorer—and more than twenty-two years were to elapse before this was done—Burton and Speke resolved to return to the coast, compelled to be reluctantly content with what they had accomplished.

Return to Kazé.

Indeed, as their supplies were nearly exhausted and Burton's health was broken down, it was almost necessary that this course should be adopted. The *vis inertiæ* of African travel is, however, invariably great, and having once halted they found it difficult to proceed. Ujiji was a comparatively pleasant place at which to tarry; the market was well supplied with every delicacy of the Tanganyika shores, and the Arabs having a summary way of keeping prices at a moderate figure, the tariff was extremely moderate. Only Kannina, the sordid chief with whom they had already had some passages of arms, now and then gave them trouble. This dignitary, among other privileges, kept in his own hands the milk monopoly, and occasionally when displeased with the white men revenged himself by stopping their supplies. And it was often difficult to keep this greedy magnate in good humour. One day he was in high dudgeon because some of his wives had been turned out of the travellers' hut under the belief, which their conduct fully justified, that they were ordinary beggars. On another occasion he took umbrage at their making a cheese. For, according to the superstitions of his race, it is unlucky to meddle with milk, even to the extent of boiling it, since the great horned red cows will in that case run dry. At last, the arrival of an Arab friend put them in possession of sufficient goods to pay their way back to Kazé over the Malagarazi, though by a more northerly route than they had first taken. But by this time the river was in a state of flood, overflowing the valley for a mile or more. The rains about five degrees south latitude had lasted for the six months that the sun was in the south, and now that it moved to the north had accompanied them—a fact the explorers considered of some importance in reference to the rise of the Nile on the other side of the mountain axis which they had crossed. For it proved that while the rain falls most when the sun is vertical, it is greatly increased by these mountains, lying as they do in the line of the rainy zone of the earth. Arriving at Kazé in the end of June, just twelve months after they had left Zanzibar, they found themselves again the honoured guests of the Sheik Snay, and, by contrast with the rude savages with whom they had been compelled to associate most of the time, seemed to have come into an almost refined society.

But better than the pleasant manners and hospitable ways of the colony of Arab merchants was the talk with which the Sheik beguiled the leisure hours of his visitors. He had told them on the journey to Tanganyika of the three lakes, one of which they had just seen embosomed in the lap of the mountains. He now enlarged on the size and the features of the Sea of Ukerewe and of the Empire of Uganda which extended along its shores. Of this famous realm the world was destined to hear a great deal in the years that were to come, and is likely to hear, not always with pleasure, a great deal more before the century closes. But in those days, late enough for middle-aged men to recall, the very name was strange to the outer world. Few even of the Arabs were familiar with the vast lake, and still fewer with the kingdom which Sheik Snay had once visited in fifty-five marches from Kazé, through countries most of which are now under German protection. However, even this intelligent trader confounded the Nile with the lake, since we now know that at the time mentioned there were no great sailing craft such as he described on the latter sheet of water, these craft being probably those employed in some of the Egyptain expeditions sent up the Nile (p. 34), which, though they did not reach the source-head, heard from the Bari chiefs that the river continued southward for thirty days,

which would bring it just to the place where it passes out of the Victoria Nyanza (Frontispiece, Vol. I.). In those days the Zanzibar Arabs had stations in the kingdom of Karagwe, but their establishments in Uganda had been broken up on the king finding that the newcomers interfered too much with his subjects —a prudence which it might have been well for his successors had they imitated.

UJIJI HEAD-DRESSES

In search of the Sea of Ukerewe.

Burton, being too ill to accompany the party, remained behind at Kazé while Speke organised a party in search of the lake of many rumours. The country, however, being considered dangerous, it was with great difficulty that the native members of the party could be persuaded to volunteer for such work. It is likely enough that, like most barbarians, they felt uneasy at leaving a region with which they were familiar. But a desire to make the most of the white man's necessities no doubt operated with them. However, when extortion could go no farther, the caravan set out on what was an epoch-making expedition in the Story of Africa. Though a comparatively short venture, it consisted of a large number of people. There were twenty pagazis or porters, ten Beluchis armed with their own guns, Bombay and other natives, with stores to last for six weeks. The African is seldom anything but cheerful: if his spirits are downcast they are safe soon to rise under the influence of a carouse of pombé or native beer, with which Speke's porters usually began every day when convenience offered. But the Beluchis of the sulkier Asiatic stock relished neither the delays which these carouses caused nor the fields of jowari (*Holcus*) grain through which their path led across the plain of Unyanyembe. As became good Mohammedans they loathed the drunkenness of the pagan blacks, while they blasphemed in orthodox fashion the recumbent stalks of grain that tripped them up at every step and the ears of corn which, when they fell, got into their eyes. By and-by, however, the road led through a broad valley, dotted with trees and shut in by low hills on each side. A few pools of water and a dry water-bed were crossed, though, judging from some very wild zebras being the only game seen, the land is for most of the year parched and correspondingly barren. They were, however, now on the highway of native trade. For soon they met a caravan laden with ivory for the coast, and another bringing cattle to the Unyanyembe market. As is universally the case in this region, the country was divided up into districts, each ruled by a chief owning more or less allegiance to the overking of all, though, so far as extortion and blackmail were concerned, acting independently. In Central Unyamwezi the villages are in large hollow squares, the walls of which are the huts, the flat roof serving as a store for firewood and for drying grain or vegetables. Some of the huts contain the families and poultry, the brewing and baking apparatus and stores of grain. Others are devoted to goats and cows. Sheep are also kept by these people, but they are few in number, and though apparently derived from the Persian

breed, are now very degenerate specimens of that stock. The cows are also rather small and scraggy, but, unlike those of Ujiji, short-horned, with humps like Brahmin bulls, and instead of being of a uniform red colour, are to powder with a smaller stone, meanwhile swaying their bodies and keeping time to a monotonous tune.

By the time the expedition had reached the Unyanbéwa districts the Beluchis had

SPEKE'S RECEPTION BY THE SULTANA OF UNYANBÉWA (*p.* 62).

many-hued. Anything like division of labour is naturally unknown among these primitive people. Every household is "self-contained." It brews and bakes, and milks, and shears its sheep, and in front of every hut is a granite slab on which every morning the women, kneeling before it, rub the jowari grain quite recovered their tempers, and seemed almost to enjoy the march among the low hills and across the plains dotted with richly-cultivated fields or with slender forest trees, among which some antelopes were seen ambling. Tramping along in this pleasant fashion, it seemed one day, quite unexpectedly,

that the peace of the company was to be disturbed. For suddenly an ivory-caravan came in sight, and as soon as the leaders of the two parties met they advanced with heads awry and eyes steadfastly fixed on each other, and then "with bodies motionless and strictly poised like rams preparing for a fight, rushed in with their heads and butted furiously till one gave way." In a moment the example was followed by the rest of the caravan, until what, in Speke's ignorance of African good-breeding, appeared to be a general fight, was in progress. To interpose with a thick stick was his first instinct: but as it was difficult to distinguish the black friend from the black foe, to wait until the combatants tired seemed the only alternative. Then the battle ended just as precipitately as it had begun, both sides waiting to laugh at the excitement of the white man over what was only a good-natured custom of the country to determine when two caravans meet which side of the road is to be taken by each.

A point of etiquette; an African queen.

After passing through many villages, where provisions were plentiful but not easy to obtain—coloured beads being in demand, while the only currency of that description with which they were provided was white,—the expedition arrived in the territory of a black queen named Ungagu, who "commanded" a visit from the white man. As the lady bore the reputation of brooking no excuse, he was compelled to turn out of his way and wait, as is the custom in Africa, several days before the Sultana could see him without lowering her dignity. The collection of huts constituting the palace was surrounded by a palisade of stakes between two of which the visitor squeezed himself, and in due time, after following a passage constructed in the same way, was ushered into a yard full of cattle. This was in reality the antechamber to the royal residence, for, on a couple of drums being beaten as a salute, Speke found himself in a little courtyard with a mushroom-shaped hut, where he was received by a good-natured, though by no means prepossessing, maid-of-honour, who regaled the guest with milk and eggs until the pleasure of her mistress could be ascertained. The report having apparently been satisfactory, the Sultana appeared, in the form of a stumpy lady of about sixty, full of energy, and with her more than usually homely countenance wreathed in one vast perpetual smile. The dirty old robe which she wore bore evidence of long usage since some wandering Arab merchant had presented her with it. But all the joints of her fingers were bound with copper wire, and her legs staggered under immense anklets made of brass wire wound round elephants' tail or zebras' hair. Bracelets of a similar description were worn on her arms, and from those on her wrists hung endless charms of wood, brass, horn, and ivory (p. 61).

After a preliminary hand-shaking, the Queen took her seat on the ox-hide beside Speke, and then began examining his shoes, trousers, and the buttons of his waistcoat and coat—intimating plainly that she would like the latter garment for her own use. Then the good lady poured in the soft unction of African flattery. She praised the softness of his hands, and compared his flowing locks to a lion's mane. Hearing that he was going to the lake to barter cloth for hippopotami teeth—a curious errand which Speke's attendants invented for him—the Queen retired, insisting, however, on his accepting a bullock in return for the presents that had been made to her, though, after the boorish manner of the country chiefs, she pronounced the white man's gifts quite unequal to the merits of a person of her rank. But as the ox was at pasture, the traveller had to leave three porters to drive it after him, the Queen, like all Africans, failing to understand why anyone should be in such a hurry to get to a journey's end.

Proceeding through a rich and picturesque country, lying, as Speke describes it, "in long waves," he arrived within a few days' journey of the lake, only to be compelled to make a long detour to avoid the war-parties who were

ravaging the country around. At last, on the 30th of July, 1858—an ever-memorable day in the history of African exploration—he caught a welcome glimpse of the Ukerewe Nyanza, or lake—the vast sheet of water which henceforward was to be familiar to the world under its new, but not very appropriate, name of Victoria Nyanza Yet jungle after jungle had to be traversed, and watercourse after watercourse forded, before, from the slope of a hill overlooking it, he could obtain a full view of the second great lake which the expedition had sighted within six months. "It was early morning," he tells us, in a passage that will be often quoted in the centuries that are to come, "the distant sea-line of the north horizon was defined in the north and north-west points of the compass; but even this did not afford me any idea of the breadth of the lake, as an archipelago of islands, each consisting of a single hill, rising to a height of two hundred or three hundred feet above the water, intersected the line of vision to the left, while on the right the western horn of the Ukerewe island cut off any further view of its distant waters to the eastward or north. A sheet of water—an elbow of the sea—however, at the base of the low range on which I stood, extended far to the eastward, to where, in the dim distance, a hummock-like elevation of the mainland marked what I understood to be the south and east angle of the lake" (p. 53).

Speke's resources being now all but exhausted, he could do no more than ascertain roughly the character and extent of this vast lake, fringed by luxuriant tropical vegetation, and dotted with canoes, indicating the teeming population inhabiting the countries forming its shores. From the information supplied him by the native chiefs with whom he foregathered, Speke came to the conclusion that the Victoria Nyanza was the principal source of the Nile, and that the reason why the expeditions sent up the Nile to discover its beginning had failed to reach the lake was owing to the falls or rapids between it and the most northerly portion. This was sufficiently shown by the differences in level between the two points. Resolving, if possible, to return better provided, the first white man who had seen the Victoria Nyanza was compelled to retrace his steps through a country abounding in cattle, elephants, leopards, hyænas, foxes, pigs, Cape buffaloes, gnus, koodoo, hartebeest, steinbok, pallah, and little Saltiana antelopes, whenever the caravan route was diverged from (pp 44, 64). Bustard, Hornkan, guinea-fowl, partridge, quail, snipe, geese, ducks, and rock-pigeons were numerous, and as the people were friendlier than among the purely pastoral nomadic tribes, there was never any scarcity of food, though it was noticed that the lighter-coloured tribes were always more troublesome than those of a darker hue. The Wasukuma or Northerners spoke with a peculiarly disagreeable articulation, as if they were "spitting at some offensive object." In the Nera country the women are described as "imperfectly clad," the younger ones contenting themselves with a string of aloe fibres round the waist, with white beads at the end, the waving motion of which, when they ran, suggesting the fly-puzzles attached to the head-stalls of horses. A few of them, indeed, wore no costume more cumbrous than a bunch of leafy twigs, while some of the neighbouring tribes held all clothes-wearers in contempt.

Journeying on with varied experience—this day squeezed for "hongo" by a chief powerful enough to exact, the next treated with profusion by another who saw his interest in playing the courtier to the white man—they reached Kazé in the last week of August. Here they were received with such welcome that the whole population came out to meet the expedition, and conduct them in triumph to Burton, who, in consequence of the war rumours afloat, had been rather anxious for their safety.

From that day, however, the unfriendliness, which is now known had long been brewing between the two travellers, became more and more marked, though it did not break out into open enmity until some months

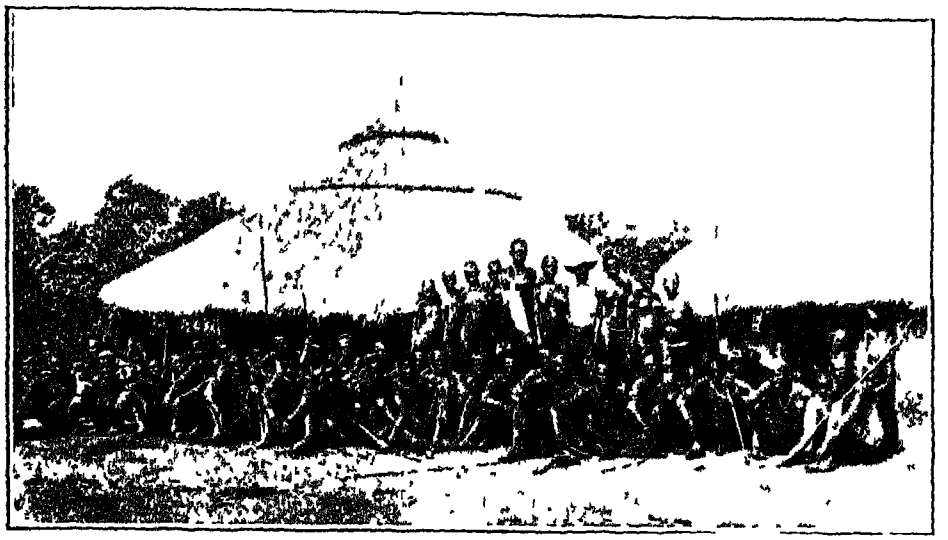
later. Meanwhile, they set out on their journey to the coast, where they arrived in safety, and travelled as far as Aden on about

be published regarding the discoveries of the expedition until both could share in partnership whatever glory was to be won by what

THE COUNTRY IN THE VICTORIA NYANZA REGION (BUFFALOES, HYÆNAS, ETC.) (*p* 68)

as amicable terms as the companions in such a venture usually are. But Speke, eager—for reasons that were afterwards too apparent—to return home, took passage in a warship that called there, while Burton, still weak, remained for a little longer in a warm climate, the two agreeing that nothing should was undeniably one of the most notable explorations in the annals of African discovery.*

* Burton, "The Lake Regions of Central Africa a Picture of Exploration" (1860), Speke, "What Led to the Discovery of the Sources of the Nile" (1864), Swayne, 'Lake Victoria a Narrative of Explorations in Search of the Sources of the Nile" (1868), etc



GROUP OF THE KAVIRONDO PEOPLE NEAR VICTORIA NYANZA

(From a Photograph taken for the Imperial British East Africa Company by Mr. Ernest Cadle.)

CHAPTER IV.

VICTORIA NYANZA: THE HEART OF A MYSTERY.

Speke's Return—His Appearance Before the Royal Geographical Society—Sir Roderick Murchison's Part in the Injustice done to Burton—A New Expedition Planned for the Exploration of Victoria Nyanza and its Probable Nile Source—The Command Given to Speke—Grant Accompanies Him—Outfit of the Party—Arrives at Zanzibar—Sets Out—The Coast—The Tsetse Fly—Its Range and the Effects of its Poison—The Great Obstacle to Settlement in large areas of East Africa—The Physical Geography of East Africa—Its Marshy Coast Strip—Mountain Ranges and Plateaux—The Inland March—Ravages of the Slavers—A Desolated Country—Fever Attacks the Travellers—Unamiable Chiefs—Blackmail and Drunkenness—Zungomero—Rumours of War and Famine Ahead—Changing Routes—Hot Springs—Suwarora, King of Usui—His Pleasant Ways—Rumanika, King of Karagwe—A Contrast—His Hospitality and Domestic Establishment—His Proposals to Speke—M'tesa, King of Uganda—His Court

UNFORTUNATELY for the reputation of all concerned, Speke on his voyage to England fell under the influence of evil counsellors, who, working on a badly ballasted ambition, led him to ignore the arrangements that he had entered into with his invalid companion. For, instead of awaiting in the country his chief's return, he called on Sir Roderick Murchison, then President of the Royal Geographical Society, the very day after his return, and exhibited to him his map of Tanganyika and Victoria Nyanza. This act, considering the fact of the expedition having been despatched under the auspices of that body, was only proper, but there was no necessity for the subordinate appearing before the Society as the hero of the exploration, so that when his leader returned to England he found himself "a day behind the fair." The audience in Burlington House, neither knowing, nor perhaps caring, by whom the expedition had been planned and conducted, had applauded Speke, and Sir Roderick Murchison—who in those days was as all-powerful in such matters as Sir Joseph Banks had been half a century earlier—determined that "such a discovery should not be lost to the glory of England," issued the ukase, "Speke, we must send you there again."

The broad facts of this quarrel—all the

actors in which are now dead, though it did not die as long as any of them lived—are as we have stated them. It had, however, been fermenting for years, but had more wisdom been exerted it might have been prevented from taking so personal a cast. But, as Burton used to declare, those were the days when the Society, whose President was primarily responsible for this palpable injustice to the organiser and leader of its own expedition, "could not afford to lack its annual lion, whose roar was chiefly to please the ladies and push the institution." And thus a rancorous vendetta began, in which much was said on both sides that might have far better been left unsaid: though, after admitting the fact that geographically Speke was right and Burton was wrong in their respective theories regarding the character of the lakes discovered, and that the latter must be blamed for the virulence with which he pursued the memory of the former, there is no denying to Richard Burton the credit of being one of the greatest, and in this instance one of the most shabbily treated, of African travellers.

This, however, is not the place either for crying over spilt milk or for settling the rights and wrongs of a quarrel which, however ill-judged and badly-managed, is now historical. It is enough for us to know that when Burton reached London towards the close of May, 1859, he found that he had little credit to reap for his long labours, his blindness, his paralysis and his twenty-one fevers. He was fated during the next twenty years to travel in many other lands, and even to add to our knowledge of Western and Northern Africa. But this was the last expedition he was permitted to command. When he proposed a fresh venture for the discovery of the lake source of the Nile, he found—we are not prepared to say unfairly—that the plans of his companion were considered likely to be more successful. And above all Burton had to read the lesson which was hard to learn—that a mild-mannered man, when given a month's start, is hopelessly ahead of a person rude of speech, and ignorant of the maxim, which is older than Talleyrand, that the proper use of words is to conceal contemptuous opinions of pompous people.

Speke and Grant's expedition to Victoria Nyanza.

Accordingly, while Burton was off visiting Brigham Young and the Californian gold diggers, Speke—a *persona grata* in the quarter where his late leader was anathema—was organising another expedition to the Victoria Nyanza, with the express object of settling whether it was—as was almost certain—a source of the Nile. The first expedition had cost £2,500, most of which the travellers had paid out of their own pockets. The second was reckoned to require the same sum; but of this the Government contributed the entire amount, so that the necessities of African travellers seemed to have been expanding since Mungo Park and Henry Barth had finished their frugal explorations. In addition to this liberal grant the India Office put at the disposal of the party arms and ammunition, scientific instruments and gifts for the native chiefs and the Arab traders. Mr. John Petherick, an ivory-merchant living at Khartoum, where he also acted as British Consul, furthermore agreed to put boats at Gondokoro on the Upper Nile, and send men to collect tusks up the river, while waiting to assist the travellers when they returned in that direction. And lastly, but perhaps, from the point of view of its eventual success, not least of all, Captain Speke was permitted to take with him Captain James Augustus Grant, an officer of the Indian Army* with whom he had been intimately acquainted in many Himalayan hunting trips (p. 76).

This expedition, which is usually known by their joint names, though Speke was the head of it, left England on the 27th of April, 1860, and sailing by way of Brazil and the Cape of Good Hope, arrived at Zanzibar in the middle of August. There the news was in no way comforting. Dr. Roscher had visited the

* Son of the parish minister of Nairn in Scotland, where he was born in 1827.

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Nyassa Lake* and been murdered in Wayao, and Baron von der Decken, who in after days won fame by climbing the Kilimanjaro mountain, and ascending the Jub River with steamers, only to lose his life with his friend Dr. Link, of Bremen, at Bardera, in the Somali country, was preparing to search for the relics of his countryman But the interior was in a state of turmoil, in consequence of the feuds between the slave- and ivory-hunting Arabs and the native tribes on whom they preyed, and to some extent prey still, though the party had so far got under way that already the British Consul had sent to Kazé fifty-six loads of cloth and beads for its future use. The new Sultan, Sayid Majid, was extremely affable. Thirty-four "labourers"—which we may interpret slaves—who worked in the palace gardens were ordered to accompany the explorers in the capacity of helpers. To these were added thirty-six Wanguana or freemen, and a hundred Wanyamuezi, as pagazi or porters, while Bombay and several of the members of the former expedition offered their services. More men were expected to join as they were required, or when the regular pagazi accustomed to go and return with the Arab caravans were available. Finally, as the nucleus of a military force, ten Hottentots of the Cape Mounted Rifles had accompanied the expedition from Cape Town.

The reason why so many porters are required in these East African expeditions is, in the first place, the difficulty of transporting goods on animals' backs over a region without roads and intersected by endless swamps and rivers. But another reason, even more peremptory in its effect, is the presence in the Coast region of the venomous tsetse fly. This insect (*Glossina morsitans*) resembles the common house-fly in size, and the bee in colour, but its painful bite—or rather, the poison which is infused into the wound—while harmless to man, is fatal to the horse, sheep, dog, ox, and most generally to the mule. Large game, goats, and apparently all animals whilst suckling, are unaffected by it. Donkeys† are also sometimes able to pass through the tsetse belt; but this immunity is too uncertain to tempt the traveller to risk being stranded by the death of his beasts of burden, so that men are, throughout a large area of country, still the sole means of transport, trained Indian elephants that were tried having failed, mainly, we think, owing to mismanagement, since the region is haunted by the African species, which in Hannibal's time furnished all the "earth-towering beasts" employed in the Carthaginian and other armies.

TSETSE FLY.

The venomous tsetse fly.

When an animal has been bitten by the tsetse it does not appear in pain at first, and if in good health it may not show any symptoms for a week or ten days of having suffered any greater inconvenience than what would be caused by the bite of a mosquito. But at the end of that time, the ox or horse begins to refuse its food, and gradually falls away. Its muscles become flaccid, and a staggering walk is consequently among its earliest symptoms. Next blindness ensues (Dr. Pruen‡ tells us), commencing with opacity in the internal media of the eye, the whole organ presenting a semi-transparent, greenish appearance. If the animal lives long enough, the ordinary symptoms of blood-poisoning appear, in abscesses of the joints, and after

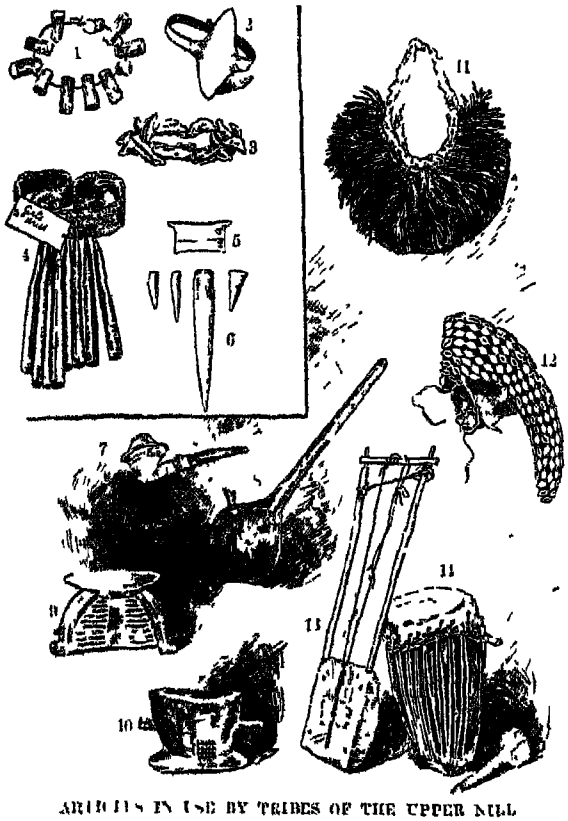
* Discovered—or rediscovered—by Dr. Livingstone just two months previously. It may be well to note here a curious error in Wilson and Felkin's otherwise excellent work on "Uganda and the Egyptian Soudan," Vol. I., p. 307, where Dr. Livingstone is credited with the discovery of Lake Tanganyika. It was, of course, Burton and Speke who discovered it (p. 35) Livingstone did not see the lake till ten years later.

† Though goats and donkeys are less sensitive to the poison than other animals, their immunity has been questioned (Kerr, "The Far Interior," Vol. II., pp. 33, 118; Willoughby, "East Africa and its Big Game," p. 195). See also Baines's "South-West Africa," pp. 255, etc., and "Gold Regions of South-East Africa," pp. 150-151; Oates' "Matabele Land and the Victoria Falls" (1881), and *Proc. Zoological Society* (1850).

‡ "The Arab and the African" (1891), p. 9.

death it is found that the lungs and liver are affected, the gall-bladder being usually distended with bile, the heart encased in a yellow glutinous substance, while the fat is a greenish yellow colour, and of oily consistency, and the blood small in quantity, very watery, and with so little iron that it possesses scarcely any power of staining. Various palliatives and preventives against the tsetse bite have been tried. Lion's fat is said to prevent the insect from attacking any animal rubbed with it, but even were this prophylactic always obtainable—and to kill the cure would be almost as bad as the disease—like the paste made of milk and manure with which cattle are sometimes smeared, and ammonia drenching, it would manifestly prove efficacious to only a limited extent. The "fly belts" are worst—like the mosquito country—in the vicinity of water, but frequently they are very sharply defined. In this case, as the insect is benumbed in the cool of night or early morning, travellers may sometimes, by accepting native guidance, pass at that period with comparative impunity through a narrow, fly-infested strip or patch. However, in Eastern Africa this is rarely possible; the belts are too broad and too irregular, though the coast region under German protection is much more plagued with the insect than that which comes under the immediate sphere of British influence. Within the limits of the South African Colonies and Republics, the fly is found throughout the valley of the Limpopo River, but it does not come much south of this point, except on the eastern borders of the Transvaal, where it extends to the south of Delagoa Bay, and is particularly noxious on the Lebombo Mountains, and the Amatonga country to the confines of Santa Lucia Bay. As the fly is said to be retreating to the north with the great game, or vanishing altogether with its extermination, there is a chance that before long it may practically disappear. But in 1860, when Speke and Grant were hurrying through the swampy belt, which may be described as the general characteristic of the African East Coast, though amid the settlements there were rich golden mango clumps and cocoa-nuts, and well-cultivated grain fields, no such immunity could be hoped for. They did not see it, but as their donkeys died, and the country people kept only a few goats, its presence could scarcely be doubted.

On the way to the Great Lake.

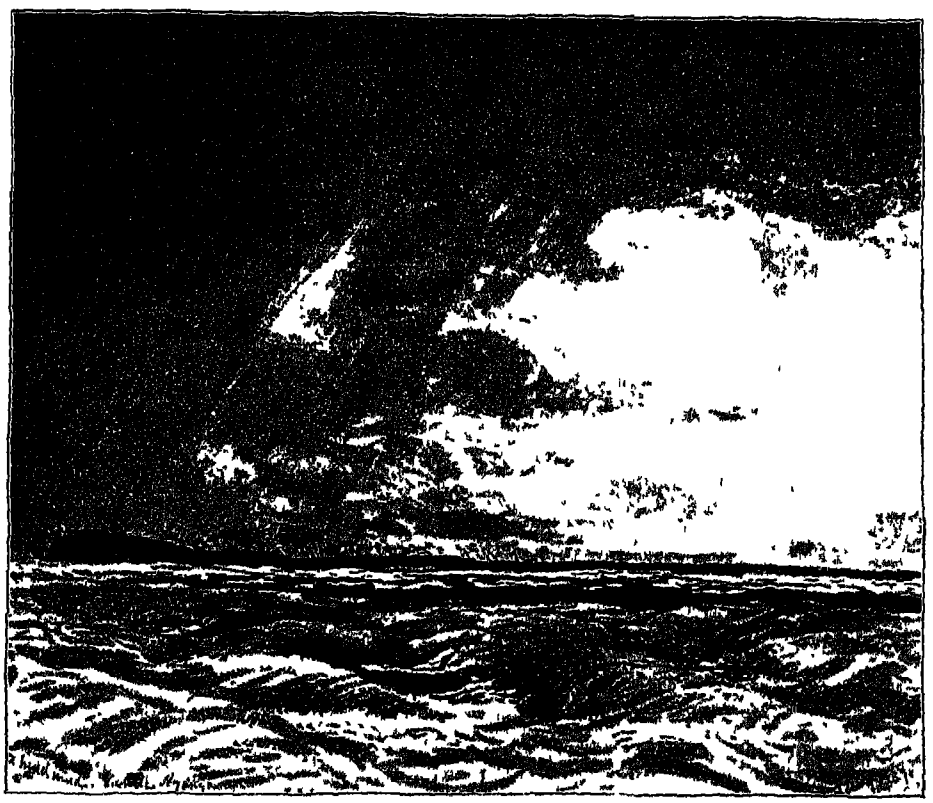


ARTICLES IN USE BY TRIBES OF THE UPPER NILE.

1 Anklet (Dyoor), 2 Bracelet; 3, Armlet of Iron in imitation of shells (Nam Nam); 4 Girl's dress (Nuehi); 5 Wooden Lip Ornament (Dinka); 6 Lip Ornaments (Dinka); 7, Clay Tobacco Pipe; 8 Wooden Tobacco Pipe; 9, Wooden Stool; 10, Wooden Bowl; 11, Head dress (Dinka); 12, Head dress (shullook); 13, Lyre; 14, Tom-tom and Beater (Dyoor).

Hence the plague of so many followers, and the endless trouble with their laziness, cowardice, and desertion, before the five hundred miles between the sea and their old quarters

at Kazé were passed (p. 54). Some of the people with whom they came in contact were by no means agreeable. Those of Uzaramo, for example, though agriculturists were slave-hunters as well, and so very expert with their poisoned arrows, slung in curiously carved quivers over their ochre-smeared shoulders, moments were usually spent in trying to extract from the impoverished traveller all that it was possible to obtain by fair words or fear. One of these petty kinglets was, even among the natives, so notorious for his rapacity, that he bore the name of Lion's Claw. Accordingly, what with black-



A WINDY DAY ON VICTORIA NYANZA.
(*From a Sketch by Bishop Tucker.*)

that the caravans preferred to go a long way about rather than risk an encounter with these doughty farmers. Nor did the chiefs improve on closer *acquaintance*, the primary question when one was heard of—and they do not seem to have mended their disposition yet, though experience of the white man's heavy hand has counselled prudence—being how best to avoid a meeting with him. If an audience was unavoidable, the dignitary was generally drunk, and his first sober mail from without, desertion, drunkenness, and all kinds of excuses for delay and shirking from within, this expedition—like the former one—covered slowly the five hundred miles between the coast and Kazé. Everywhere the ravages of the slave trade met the eye. In Uzaramo they made the acquaintance of the miscreant who had murdered M. Maizan (p. 52), at the instigation of the jealous ivory-traders, just as in later years (1892), the same Arabs, for an identical

reason, compassed the death of their white rivals in the Upper Congo country. He had still to learn that his crime demanded any punishment, and, as the new-comers were not powerful enough to inflict this, he talked over the matter with them in a friendly way, and finished by exacting the usual hongo—blackmail, or perhaps, to give it a kindlier name, customs—from his new visitors.

From Uzaramo the hilly Usagara was entered, and now watercourses, wood, grass, and game became plentiful, and on these pleasant uplands cultivation was frequent, while on others vegetation grew rank, from bamboos higher up, to splendid fig-trees, huge calabashes, and other species, varied with endless flowers, especially the lilac convolvulus *in the loamy bottoms*. But the frequent inroads of the slave-stealers had reduced the inhabitants to a timid, miserable condition. Afraid of being surprised by their ruthless enemies, they had built their villages in places so hard to reach that to the passers-by they looked like eyries perched on the cliffs overhead. These stockaded villages are at intervals of a few miles from each other, and are all much the same in construction. A double fence surrounds the place, and between the two fences, in a space about ten yards broad, are planted tall shrubs and small trees. The entrances through the shrubbery are guarded at each end by narrow doorways, which can be easily blocked. Inside are the houses, low, circular huts of wicker-work and mud, with thatched roofs, seldom over twenty in one enclosure and sometimes not a dozen. Near the villages the ground is mostly cultivated, millet seed, Indian corn, sweet potatoes, beans, pumpkins, and tobacco forming the staple products. Cassava, sugar-cane, rice, bananas, papaya, guavas limes, and ground-nuts, Dr. Pruen, writing thirty years later, mentions among the exceptional ones.

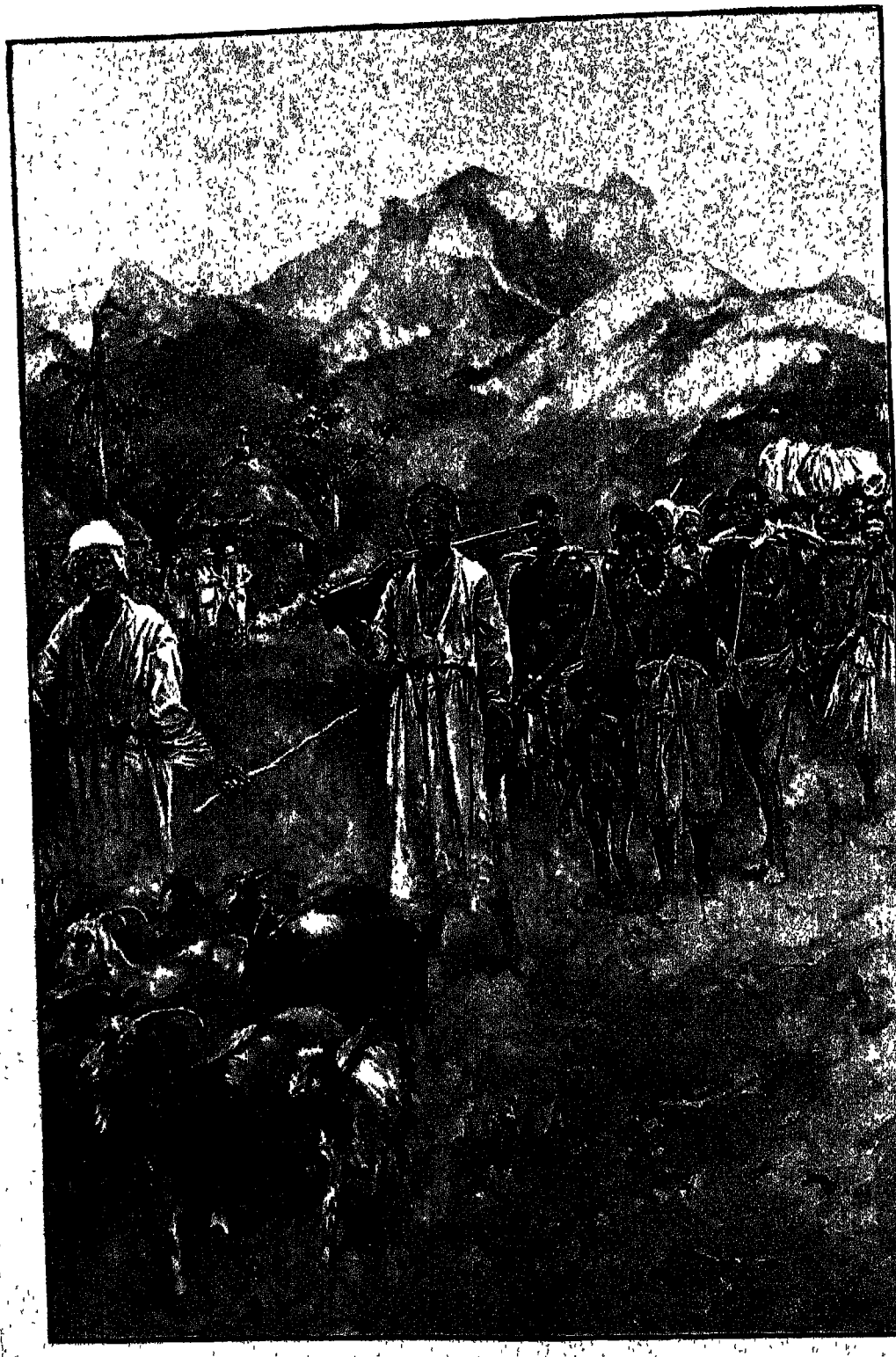
The physical features of East Africa.

On the coast plateau, which is reached as soon as the marshy belt along the shore is passed, cattle are rarely seen, as the tsetse fly holds undisputed sway here. For though this plain for eighty miles—more or less—inland, except where broken by spurs from the adjoining range, is for many a day's march "an almost unbroken level, with scenery not unlike that of the fen country at home," it is a continuous swamp all through the rainy season, a monotonous plain in the dry one, traversed by a few large streams and, consequently, covered with vegetation. But once across it the traveller is confronted by precipitous rocks and mountains. These are the narrowed portions of the great range which stretches in an almost unbroken chain from Abyssinia to the Cape of Good Hope. This Alpine track must be traversed by passes four or five thousand feet above the sea-level,* when the wayfarer enters the *second or great inland plateau which stretches* across Africa at an elevation of from three to four thousand feet (Vol. I., p. 27).

However, as yet Speke and Grant had not reached this plateau, in which lies the lake they were making for. They were in the valleys of the mountain range already spoken of, which sharply cuts off the lower coast plateau and rising ground from the great central plain of the continent, "leaving each flank with features peculiar to itself." It may be added that Speke's present journey lay through the region now under the German protectorate, in which the low-lying coast region, and the first or narrow plateau, are much wider than in the British territory. However, in the hilly region of Usagara, the tsetse fly disappears, and hence the inhabitants graze cattle, goats, and a few sheep, occasionally a donkey, left behind by, or stolen from, the Arabs, and breed innumerable fowls.

But when Speke and Grant passed that way, it would appear that they were much more scantily provided: and though they escaped the tolls that the timid people were not bold enough to levy, they escaped also the opportunities which the more thickly inhabited lowlands had afforded them of recruiting their larder. Accordingly the party had largely to depend on Speke's rifle for

* Pruen, "The Arab and the African," p. 5.



GANG OF SLAVES ON THE WAY TO THE COAST (p. 71).

provender, but as brindled gnu, water-bok, pallah-bok, and pig were often abundant in the grassy parks near the watercourses, the camp revelled in a paradise of flesh. Here also, unfortunately, Speke was seized with the intermittent fever of his former journey, which clung to him for a year, but Grant, who caught it about the same time, had disagreeable reminders of it at least once a fortnight until Africa was left behind. Treading large tree jungles, in which the palm was conspicuous, they followed the Mgazi branch of the Mgeta river, and after encamping under the Mhanbaku hill, crossed the Mgazi, and reached Speke's old halting-place of Zungomero—built on a flat amid a lovely amphitheatre of mountains, naturally fertile but depopulated and demoralised by slavers, a gang of whom—coast men who had been on a hunt for human beings—marched past with stolen cattle, goats, and captives in chains. (Plate 13.) At Zungomero two roads—shifting as African routes ever are, owing to the exigencies of war, food, and water—unite, but as the rumours ahead were not favourable for the one which passes into Ugogo, the southern track, which led through forests between lines of hills, was selected. A hot spring that bubbles up through many openings, depositing, as do many of them in other parts of the world,* dome-shaped masses of lime, was noticed at the base of one of these ranges. Beyond, close to a curious blue mountain standing like a giant over all the rest, they came to a place called Mbuiga, where the scenery was more striking than any they had yet seen.

They were now reaching the interior plateau, having for days breasted hills and crossed passes almost as steep, until in the elevated valley of Makata game became abundant, and a giraffe, the only one killed on the journey, was shot. To tarry in the midst of this abundance was tempting. But anxious to reach their goal the party pushed on until they met a trader from Unyamwezi, well known by the name of Mamba, or the "Crocodile," who, enticed by the cheapness of ivory to delay his journey until the rest of the merchants had left, had suffered so severely that, when the jungle products failed the party, they were forced to stew into soup the skin aprons of the porters. The "Crocodile's" experiences determined the travellers to strike a more northern route, by which, crossing Ugogo, the wilderness of M'gunda Mkhuli, and Unyamwezi, where they were received with great kindness by Speke's old friends, the Arabs, they entered on the 10th of June, 1861, the then unknown province of Uzinja on the south-west of Victoria Nyanza.

Up to this point the journey had not been rendered monotonous by success. In the "Land of the Moon" the porters all struck, *being frightened at the accounts they heard* of the plundering Watuta and the difficulties that they might expect to meet with before reaching Usui, and only consented after great trouble to go on. Moreover, the continual native wars, fomented by the slave-traders, made every step of the journey full of anxiety. At one time, in despair of accomplishing anything within a reasonable time, Grant and Speke separated, each taking a different route in order to cover a great extent of ground. This plan did not, however, work well. For though it ended in an addition to their geographical data, and a large addition to their experience of the ways of African potentates, the chief result was that they had to pay "hongo" twice over, each of the white men being ranked as the leader of a separate caravan. The guides seem actually to have taken a pleasure—and no doubt found it to their interest—in leading the travellers past the very place where they would require to disburse tribute. Most probably, considering the chiefs with whom the travellers had to deal, they might have fared badly had they attempted to smuggle the white men through the country. Even the fact of being invited to visit any dignitary did not exempt the visitors from this exaction.

Thus, though Suwarora, the so-called "Sultan" of Usui, sent envoys begging Speke

* "Our Earth and its Story," Vol. I., p. 219.

—who had again been joined by Grant—to come on, they had, as usual, to pay their beads, or anything else—they were not particular what, so long as it was portable.

THE KING'S HOUSE UGANDA
(From a Sketch by Bishop Tucker)

footing on the frontier, the messengers' previously civil bearing undergoing a decided change when they found themselves in their own country. As the "hongo" was demanded by officers at all the different stations they passed, it soon became evident that they had been invited into the country only to be fleeced.

Suwarora, King of Uzui.

Men and women alike seemed to live here in a continual condition of drunkenness. Native beer, a muddy beverage at best, was drunk all day long; and it was only in the intervals between potations that a chief could be seen or any business undertaken. But they were always sober enough to beg, and on no occasion did anybody pay a visit without being asked for something before he left One would demand the iron camp-stool on which he had been squatting, and another would open his conversation by a request for some

At Suwarora's capital a messenger arrived from M'tesa, King of Uganda, a personage destined to be heard of very often in future years, but until then a strange name to the outer world But this ambassador, though willing to take to his master Speke's card, in the shape of a red pocket-handkerchief, declined to accept a revolving rifle, on the plea that the king might think it magic and act accordingly. For the same reason, one of the officers of Suwarora refused to carry to that sovereign a five-barrelled pistol. Meanwhile, Suwarora put off day by day seeing Speke, and finally, after getting out of him all he could, sent him on his road to Karagwe without according an audience, being, it turned out, afraid that the white man might bewitch him.

It was a pleasure to escape from this surly chief and enter a country so beautiful that even the stolid "pagazi" looked on it with

admiration. One of the valleys, through which flowed to Victoria Nyanza a stream which, in a cooler climate would have been dear to the trout-fisher, was clothed with noble trees and all kinds of luxuriant vegetation. Among these the pandana palm reared its head, in addition to fine gardens of plantains, the common weeds were large thistles and wild indigo; and far beyond they could see lines of what looked like extinct cones, resembling those of Auvergne, in France, while still farther were the rich grassy mountains of Karagwe and Kishakka. As the summit of the ridge was passed, and the frontier of Usui was reached, the escort which Suwarora had sent with the travellers to ensure their departure from the country, left, and a "Khongota" bird flying across their path, the incident was hailed as one of good omen. 'Now," the men cried, "now our journey will be sure to be prosperous." And they were right, for in Karagwe the travellers came into the land of a chief the very antipodes of the one they had left —Rumanika was his name—and no sooner had they entered his territory than he sent a welcome to them. As they travelled on, they found that all the subordinate chiefs had been instructed to do them honour and to supply them with food free of all expense. No longer were the travellers bled; no "hongo" was exacted of strangers in Karagwe. The people of this idyllic African realm were worthy of such a sovereign, for, though kept

Rumanika, King of Karagwe.

BREWING BEER, UGANDA.

in excellent order by him, they were altogether superior to the races around them. Cultivated fields were frequent, and, where bush prevailed, hartebeests, black and white rhinoceri, and other wild animals, afforded ample occupation for the sportsmen. This was the general characteristic of the valleys, and on the uplands sparkled lakelets, one of which, from its resemblance to the English sheet of that name, was entered on the map as Windermere. Into these basins flowed the plentiful rainfall of the hills among which they lay, and they in their turn emptied into Victoria Nyanza. On the 25th of November, 1861, the "palace of King Rumanika" was reached, and a huge pot of native beer, with some choice tobacco, was sent to the long-expected guests, though—as the messengers were instructed to say—there was plenty more for all the people who were with them. A salute of musketry was the smallest compliment that could be paid to this right royal chief, who, on meeting the travellers, shook their hands heartily after the European fashion, and talked for hours regarding the affairs of a world about which he had heard vague reports from the Arab traders who visited his country, not forgetting to ask, with sly humour, what the travellers thought of Suwarora and Usui hospitality, which it appeared bore an invidious reputation in that part of Central Africa.

The "palace" was of the usual type—a collection of huts inside an enclosure—but it differed from any yet seen by the large baraza or government office (if the term may be employed), which the Arabs had built for the king to transact public business in, and by the neatness of Rumanika's private hut. This apartment was supported on a number of poles, to which were fastened a large collection of spears, brass-headed with iron handles, and iron-headed with wooden ones, of good workmanship, and a number of ornaments, consisting of brass grapnels and small models of cows, executed in iron by his Arab visitors. The king and his brother and sons were all fine-looking men—not of the Negro type, but, like so many of the sovereigns in the vicinity of Victoria Nyanza, of a foreign stock, probably Galla or Abyssinian, who had in earlier times invaded the country. Their intelligence was also far above that of the ordinary African. They were anxious to know, among other particulars, how white sovereigns sat on their thrones, and how information could be sent for long distances by means of marks on pieces of paper, as they had heard that during Speke's former visit to this region he had employed this method of communicating with his friends.

Ample provision was made for the travellers' accommodation, and the members of the caravan revelled in endless feasts of goats' flesh and fowls, the only articles for which the head currency was necessary being grain and plantains. Milk they, however, found a difficulty in buying, as the people had a prejudice against permitting white people to consume the yield of their cows. The king, however, speedily settled this by presenting the visitors with a cow, and, unlike most of the potentates with whom they had dealings, was lost in astonishment at the magnitude of the gifts presented to him. A revolver especially almost turned his head, for it would appear that the Arabs—wiser in their generation than some of the traders who have settled in this country since the story of Speke and Grant came before the world—had prudently refrained from making even the king acquainted with such dangerous toys as firearms, preferring to keep them in their own hands and for their own purposes. Among these, it would appear, had been some assistance rendered—for value received, it may be certain—to Rumanika in the little civil war that followed the death of his father. Primogeniture is the law in this part of Africa. But when the throne fell vacant, a younger son seized it on the plea that his father had promised it to him, though Rumanika, being the eldest son born while the late king was in possession of his dignities, his other brother, even though older, recognised this peculiar law, and promptly aided in ousting the usurper. However,

since that time he had been a thorn in Rumanika's side, seeking allies far and near, and threatening, at any moment that seemed propitious, to descend on the little realm. It was therefore quite in keeping with African (and some other) ways, for this pleasant-mannered sovereign to ask those white men for a charm that would ensure his rival's death. In vain did Speke assure his host that he had no such power. But, seeing that Rumanika felt disappointment at not obtaining what doubtless was one of his main objects in obtaining a visit from the wonder-working travellers, he was told that by-and-by the tale which the latest of his guests had to tell would bring so many merchants into his country that his land would be wealthier and more powerful than those of his neighbours. Speke even offered to take his sons to England, there to be instructed in all the wisdom of the white men. Rumanika seemed inclined to listen to the proposal until some mischief-maker—probably some honestly ignorant well-wisher—whispered that possibly the boys might be sold as slaves, while assuredly there was no milk in the white man's kingdom. This settled the question, for without milk no man could exist. Milk, indeed, seems the principal food of this region. The female aristocracy—the chiefs' and kings' wives, for example—spent most of their waking hours in drinking bowl after bowl, until they attained that obesity which, in Karagwe, as among the Moors and Morocco Jews, is regarded as the height of beauty. Some of the queens were so fat that their flesh hung in great flaps "like puddings," and one or two could not move about, being compelled to crawl from one part of the hut to another, or to be supported on each side by attendants.

A milk-fed race.

All the royal caste are marked by slight scarifications made just below the eyes, and conduct themselves with a dignity—not to say a *hauteur*—that is in marked contrast to the behaviour of their subjects, most of whom appear to be of a different and more negro-looking race—black, lanky, and greased over to prevent their skins from being dried by the sun. All of these "Wanyambo" are excellent archers, and many of them use long poisoned arrows and spears, though the bow at the time of which we speak was the foremost weapon. Drinking and carousing, chanting wild airs till morning, and yet seldom drunk, they struck the explorers as a pleasant people, excitable but not savage, a circumstance possibly to be accounted for by the fact that their chief food is grain, milk, sweet potatoes, and pulse, with a little meat when they can get it, fowls and fish, however, being forbidden articles of diet.

Their marriage ceremonies are of the simplest character—a wife, after the preliminaries are arranged, being simply carried to her husband's hut, wrapped up like a bundle of clothes in a large sheet. Among the more revolting customs is the mode of burying members of the royal family. When, for example, Rumanika's predecessor died, his body, sewn in a cow's skin, was permitted to float about the lake in a canoe until decomposition set in. It was then shut up in a hut with five living maidens and fifty cows, so enclosed that the whole of them in time died of starvation.

Many days were agreeably spent in this pleasant country, hunting, seeing and being seen, telling of wondrous things in the land of white men, and hearing of pigmies who lived in the trees of Ruhanda and shot their little poisoned arrows into the hut doors of their enemies,* of monsters who lay in wait to squeeze young women to death, and of the Wilyanwatu, who preferred the flesh of men to all other food, an echo no doubt of the Niam-Niam and the cannibals of the Upper Congo country. Here also Speke heard for the first time of another great lake off the Nile, the Luta Nzige, which he was never destined to explore, though in after days it became very familiar to the world under the name of Albert Nyanza

Glad tidings.

* These pigmies it is now known live in Ruhanda and the next country to the west, though not quite as Rumanika described.

(p. 5). He was also shown a hideous old woman who had been sent to Rumanika as a curiosity by Kamrasi, King of Unyoro. But better than the old woman, better even than news of the lake on the shores of which she had been born, were the tidings that, on New Year's Day, 1862, reached Rumanika's court from Kamrasi, sovereign of a kingdom which, like so many other now familiar names, was heard of for the first time, to the effect that he too would soon have white men as his guests, for they were coming up the Nile in vessels and having been attacked in the Gani country, Kamrasi had taken means to protect them during their further progress. These white men Speke was so certain could be no other than Petherick (p. 66) and his relief party, that he immediately despatched messengers to communicate with them, if possible, and as good news, even in Central

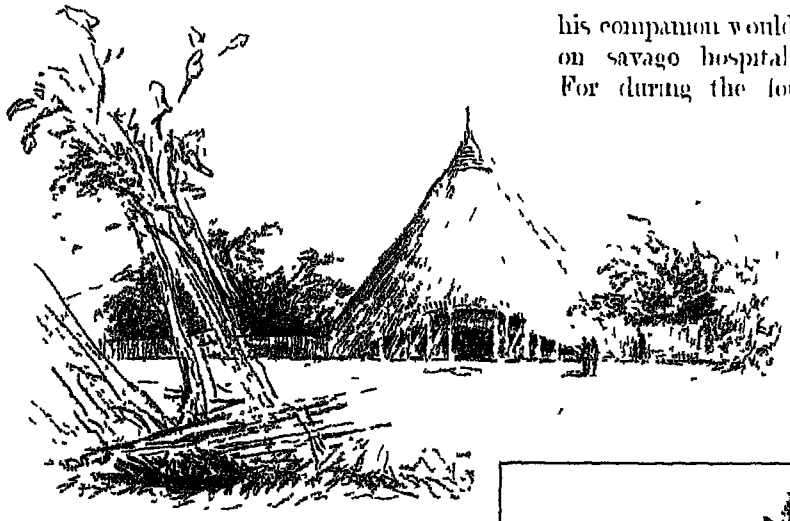
COLONEL GRANT.
(From a Photograph by Mr. [illegible])

Africa, does not come singly, he had scarcely finished this pleasant piece of business when the drum was heard ushering in envoys from M'tesa, King of Uganda, begging that he would not longer delay his long-expected visit to him.

As Grant's bad health and the pressing hospitality of Rumanika had kept the travellers much longer in Karagwe than they had intended, they were glad to see a prospect of continuing their journey, even though the future might not have in store for them any fortune so agreeable as that which they had been for so long experiencing. But one fact of primary importance they had ascertained during their lengthy visit—if there was anything in Rumanika's geography—and that was that a great river, which could be no other than the Nile, flowed out of the lake near the margin of which they were encamped.

Rumanika's kindness never failed him, even when he had to bid good-bye to the white men. Arabs, he declared, had been in Karagwe often before, but a real white man never. He was overwhelmed with the honour paid him, and the gifts that had been brought him, and with difficulty was prevented from loading Speke's porters with ivory in return for the pleasure their master had given him.

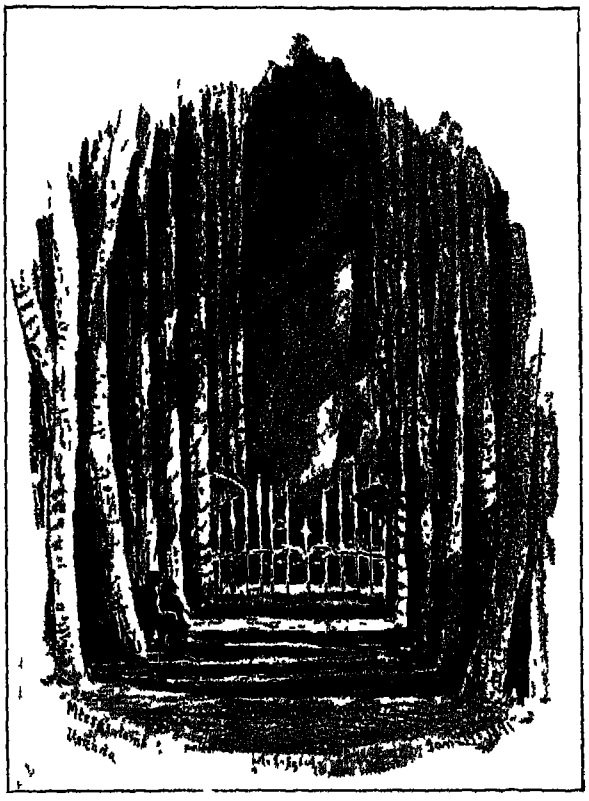
Instead, however, of these bulky keepsakes, he sold the tusks to the Arabs for beads and other articles of exchange, making better bargains than Speke himself could have done, and with reluctance was induced to accept orders for their value on Zanzibar, where his people had dealings through the wandering merchants. When Christmas came Rumanika's attentions took the shape of an ox, the king having heard, from the Arabs no doubt, that at this season Christians are in the habit of holding a religious celebration, in the course of which much beef is sacrificed. Everything, with thoughtful courtesy, not always found in civilised life, and not usually associated with savage chiefs, was done to prevent the English officers from getting homesick, though both were beginning to think with anxiety of reaching Egypt by way of the Nile, since it seemed certain that though they had not seen the place where it poured out of the lake, the sheet of water not far from the shores of which they were being so hospitably entertained was the chief source of that historic



An invalid explorer at Rumanika's Court

river. Yet it was difficult to persuade Rumanika to accept any adequate recognition of his hospitality A revolving rifle amused him, but as yet he seemed not to have arrived at the stage where the power imparted by arms of precision impress the mind If other Europeans came to Karagwe, he gave his guests to understand, what would please him most were the gold and silver embroideries he had seen among the Arabs, and any curious toys such as "American clocks with a face in a man's stomach, whose eyes rolled about with the pendulum"

It was now necessary for Speke to set out for the Uganda Court with the messengers whom M'tesa had sent to escort him. Grant, however, was compelled to remain behind. As the result of his attack of intermittent fever he was a prisoner with a troublesome leg complaint, which, apart from the fact that this prevented him travelling on foot, was a barrier to his reception by M'tesa, one of the laws of Uganda being that no sick person should enter that kingdom. Accordingly, as the king's invitation might not be repeated, Speke set out alone, confident that in Rumanika's hands his companion would be safe This reliance on savage hospitality was not misplaced For during the four months of Grant's residence in Karagwe his only trouble was in receiving too much kindness Every amateur doctor in Rumanika's Court insisted on trying to cure him with magic charms or with medicaments that were unfortunately less harmless. Rumanika's family were not the least attentive of his many nurses The sons, seeing the natural history tastes of their invalid friend, brought him daily supplies



M'TESA'S TOMB, UGANDA: EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR.
(From Sketches by Bishop Tucker.)

of plants, birds' nests, eggs, and other objects which they believed would interest him, while he on his part drew pictures for their amusement, not forgetting to send every morning to his royal host for what news Karagwe had to supply, and as a matter of courtesy to inquire after the king's health. Nevertheless, for some reason, supplies did not reach the explorer with the same profusion as before, and when one of his men was sent in search of forage, the country people, resenting perhaps the free-handed manner in which the messenger helped himself, killed him. There were other troubles of a less anxious character to bear at times. Unlike the usual Karagwe hut, Grant's grass-thatched cabin was not fenced, the result of which was that visitors of all ranks walked in at all hours of the day and night, while dogs paid him foraging visits, and, until means were taken to exclude such unwelcome arrivals, hyænas would smell at his low couch of plantain stems and carry off some of the many fowls that had in the course of the white man's long stay become part of its surroundings.

The country, however, though capable of growing rich crops, is not a producing but a distributing centre. Here caravans meet, and during the Unyanyembe war in 1861 the staple article of trade was so plentiful that a slave worth in the Zanzibar or Egyptian market £12 could be bought in Karagwe for less than the value of a shilling in goods. As frosts are unknown, both tea and coffee might be grown to advantage. Wild grapes are found here and there, and date trees occasionally, though the natives at the time of which we speak, not being acquainted with the fact that the palms are of different sexes, and therefore require artificial aid in fertilisation, were unable to obtain any fruit. The sugar-cane was unknown, but the sorghum, of which heavy crops were cultivated, supplied an excellent substitute for it; and acre after acre of plantains, the patches being sometimes separated by a running stream, covered the hillsides. Immense quantities of the sweet plantain wine or "malva" is made at intervals. When new it has a raisin flavour, something in character like hock, but so little intoxicating that a quart may be drunk with impunity. On the third day, however, it gets less pleasant and less innocuous. For it is then sour, flat, and intoxicating, though, as a matter of fact, its possibilities are seldom tested, the entire brew being usually consumed without any loss of time, men, women, and children carrying about gourds of it, "like pilgrims' bottles," in order to apply themselves to it "when so disposed," —an occasion, it may be remarked, which occurs very early and very often.

The resources of Karagwe.

From the Uhia or Mohia country between Karagwe and Victoria Nyanza, coffee beans, evidently immature, as they were not larger than grains of rice, were brought into Karagwe, more to be chewed as a stimulant than infused, a handful not making more than a pint of very weak liquid. Grass country being plentiful, most of the wealthier people kept numbers of long-horned cattle. Small-sized sheep, with hair instead of wool, as the rule is in the tropics, were less common, and not so highly valued as the goat, among the flocks of which the white rhinoceros might sometimes be seen grazing, looking at a distance "like a stack in a field of haycocks." Yet owing to so little of the country being cultivated the price of everything was high for Central Africa. For instance, six pipefuls of tobacco—which, however, was of a very fine quality—cost as much as the daily allowance of one porter.

Wherever the traveller goes he finds some species of dog, and the region now for the first time penetrated by Europeans was no exception to the rule, the Karagwe "friend of man" being a long-legged brute with smooth red hair, not unlike the pariah dog of India, though much more amusing and familiar, and so little despised by the natives that one gaunt beast that frequented Grant's camp was the theme of various merry songs. Among the game seen or shot were

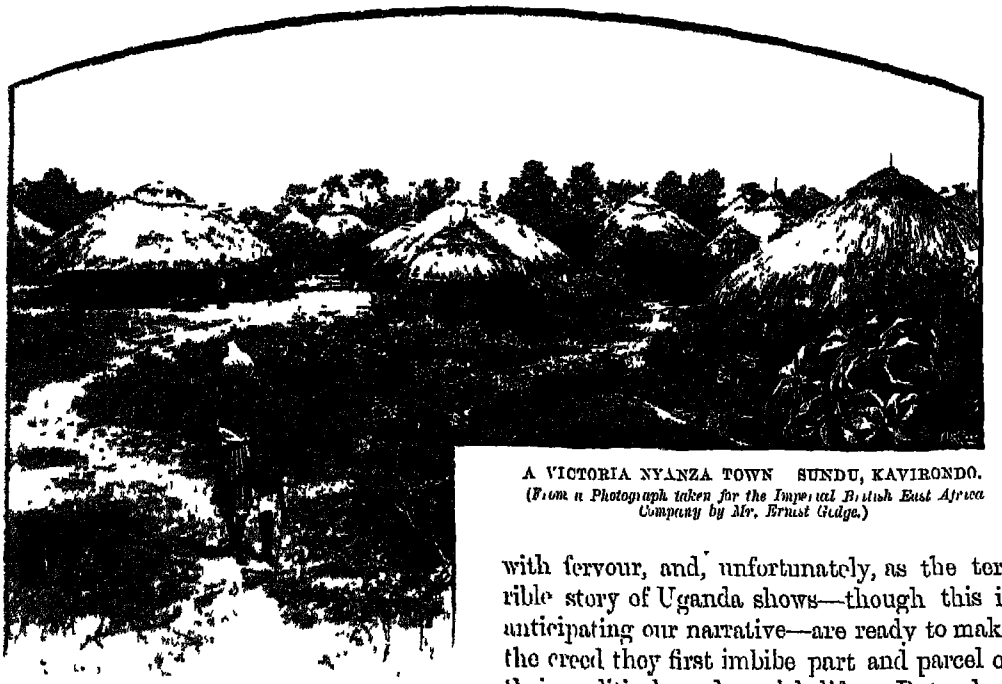
the "nzowe" antelope (*Tragelaphus Spekii*), the skins of which Rumanika wore on great occasions, the hartebeest, the mountain gazelle, and the white rhinoceros, on the back of which the rhinoceros bird was observed perching as calmly as if that uneasy animal was the trunk of a tree, feeding on the ticks infesting his skin, just as in like case the buff-backed heron of Spain and North Africa pecks the parasites from the backs of cattle. Pigs are found in the low grounds, but in spite of the many stories about lions none were seen. Hippopotami were, however, plentiful in the lake; and otters, ruled by a snow-white king, who is the theme of an extensive folk-lore, are said to inhabit the same sheet of water. Great numbers of moles, larger than the English species, root about, from which it may be inferred that earthworms, on which depends so much of the fertility of Africa and other countries, are plentiful. Along the marshy shores of the lake numerous ducks congregated, and the Egyptian goose was among the species of its family shot. "Little red sparrows" were seen, and a new species of swallow was observed hawking among the grasses of the hillsides. The gold-headed and crimson-backed parrot noticed in Unyanyembe was again seen here perching on maize stalks near dwellings; and crows, black with a white ring around their necks, were sore plagues to the sorghum crops, though curiously enough, as in almost every country, these birds were employed in divination. Barn-door fowls were, as we have seen, plentiful here as in nearly every part of inner Africa, but all cripples owing to their toe-nails being cut to prevent them from scratching up the newly-sown grain. Rats were found a sad nuisance on account of a peculiar trait they had of stealing and secreting the beads and cowries of the traders. A few venomous snakes were seen, but bites were rare, though to make amends for this lack of drawbacks to residence in Karagwe "large grey-legged mosquitoes" of uncommon vigour swarmed on the low flats near the water—disappearing in the cooler uplands—and bit through socks and trousers, the tender skin of the white man being, as usually happens, their favourite point of attack. There also was seen among other insects a bee, but it was not domesticated, the finely granulated honey brought for sale being obtained from the stores in rock crevices and hollow trees. Finally, among the food supplies of Karagwe were fish from the lake, though the natives did not seem to affect them and certainly did not seek after them.

The civilisation of Karagwe.

Karagwe, at the time that Speke and Grant visited it, had to a certain though very limited extent been influenced by the Arabs who had for many years visited it. Still, as the state of religion and civilisation generally showed, the country was yet practically in its old condition—not savage exactly, but in the transition stage from this to the something higher which we know as barbarism. Its penal code was, for example, milder than that of the Arab states of Zanzibar and Muscat. Theft was punished by two months in the stocks, while at Zanzibar in those days—though, in deference to European opinion, the law has been modified of late years—the criminal was tied to a stake in the sea and permitted to drown with the advancing tide, or be devoured by sharks, as chance might determine. In Karagwe, on the other hand, a murderer had only all his property confiscated to the relations of his victim, and either his eyes were put out or he was hurled over the precipice near the palace, as the particular demerits of his case might determine. Adultery was, however, treated with greater severity, for the offender might be put to death, and in any case had an ear cut off, though in cases of peculiar aggravation, due to the rank of the offender, who might be supposed to know better, he was tortured in a peculiarly hideous manner, before his sufferings were ended by his throat being cut. An ordinary "assault and battery" was expiated by a fine of ten goats, but if the injuries had been committed with a lethal weapon, half of the criminal's property was

confiscated to the king and half to the victim of his violence. Inability or unwillingness to pay involved a limited detention in the stocks, imprisonment being apparently a stupidity of civilisation which had not then entered into the economy of Karagwe.

Their religious faith, so far as it was possible for passing strangers, capable of talking to them only through ignorant interpreters, to form an opinion, would appear not to have been elaborate or to have sat heavily upon them. It consisted for the most part—as was the case all through the lake region—of a belief in or reverence for magic horns, which were filled with powder and employed in trying to divine the future. Charms and magic of all kinds were firmly believed in, and the widespread credence in the possession of man and beast by evil spirits was tempered by an equally solid confidence in the power of the priests to exorcise them by means of incantations. "Lubari," or witchcraft, was widely believed in and greatly dreaded. In a short time the Ugandans, whose acquaintance we shall make in the next chapter, were, owing to the accidents of travel, the hapless victims of this trait of character. The Karagwe people were also, and, no doubt, still are, in that stage which offers the readiest receptivity of the missionary's teaching. They will accept any new faith



A VICTORIA NYANZA TOWN SUNDU, KAVIRONDO.
(From a Photograph taken for the Imperial British East Africa Company by Mr. Ernest Gedge.)

with fervour, and, unfortunately, as the terrible story of Uganda shows—though this is anticipating our narrative—are ready to make the creed they first imbibe part and parcel of their political and social life. But when Grant bade farewell to Rumanika, Christianity was never heard of; and it is, perhaps, unnecessary to say, intelligent as the people, and especially the chiefs, were, they knew neither reading, nor writing, nor arithmetic, and were entirely ignorant of the world outside the limited range of their personal observation, except from the vague reports which the ofttimes almost equally ill-informed Arabs brought to them. Even Mohammedanism, with the professors of which they had been in contact for twenty years, had made no progress with them. The Koran they had heard of, but regarded it with about as much reverence as a child does a picture.

By the end of March, 1862, Grant was

sufficiently well to be able to rejoin his companion, who, he learned, from an invitation sent him by the King of Uganda, had safely arrived, and was in high favour at the court of that famous monarch. Accordingly, borne in a wickerwork stretcher on the heads of four sturdy men, he set off for M'tesa's town, the 14th of April, 1862, when Grant was carried out of sight of the spot where for months he had been treated so kindly. Rumanika, "the gentle pagan" of Mr. Stanley, who visited and was kindly received by him in 1876, has long ago slept with his fathers more peacefully than he

Karagwe in after days

KING M'TESA

though, as the Waganda,* a proud race, would not carry baggage, three-fourths of the explorer's effects had for the time being to be left behind. It was the last that either he or Speke was to see of Rumanika and his people. It may, however, be useful to note the events that have happened in his kingdom since lived with his brethren Kyonsi, his eldest son, reigned for nine months, to be followed by Kakoko, another son, who usurped the throne, and held it for three years—a tenure of power, however, long enough for the savage despot to put out the eyes of Luajumba, his youngest brother, and murder seventeen others who might endanger his power. But, by-and-by,

* Or people of Uganda.

retribution came, for one day, while the king lay on his bedstead sodden with plantain wine, a virtuous regicide drove his sharp spear through the villain's breast, and then Ndagara, the son of Kyensi, in his eighteenth or nineteenth year, attained the rank of which his uncle had deprived him. But Karagwe, since the days of Speke and Grant, has fallen into evil case. Always more or less subsidiary to Uganda, it is no longer independent except in name. Uganda and Uganda's king, whoever he may be at the moment of writing, exercise a control in the country which is almost equivalent to mastery. Before Mwanga, M'tesa's successor, was first deposed (which is again a little in anticipation of our narrative), no stranger could pass through Karagwe without obtaining his sanction.

After Rumanika's death, the Waganda had carried matters with so high a hand that they taxed Ndagara's Arab traders with the same freedom as they would have exacted "hongo" from them in Uganda. In 1887 the Waganda were in such force at Kafuro, Ndagara's capital, and at Kitangule that they held the ferries across the Alexandra Nile (p. 3), and when Bakari, a coast trader at Kafuro, refused to surrender to them twenty guns and twenty kegs of gunpowder, on the plea that they were his, and that he was the King of Karagwe's guest, a discharge of musketry was the only reply. From this it will seem that in the course of thirty years firearms had become common all through Karagwe, with a result that the power for mischief, both by them and their enemies, was greatly increased. Yet that of Uganda was greatest. Indeed, so terrified was Ndagara of the king, who had assumed the function of an overlord in his land, that when Mr. Stanley proposed to leave some of his invalided men in Karagwe, hospitable and kindly as he had hitherto been, the young king timorously protested that if Mwanga heard that strangers were allowed to stay without his permission, that masterful monarch would most likely not only kill them, but ruin Karagwe by the force sent for that purpose.

Indeed, for all practical purposes, the country is now a part of Uganda, Ndagara's power being merely nominal. Most of the numerous cattle which constituted the main wealth of the inhabitants have been swept off by the Uganda king, and the Arabs, who used to have stations there after the opening of the road to Uganda through Usukuma and the lake, are only able to make occasional raids into the state in search of ivory, owing to the hostility of the natives, who treacherously murdered the last of the traders who had taken up his quarters at Kafuro.*

All this, however, happened thirty years after Speke had left for M'tesa's Court, so that, in order not to peer ahead of events any longer, we must accompany Grant on his visit to a remarkable man who, though at that time an unknown name in Europe, was in a few years to be one of the most familiar personages in Central Africa.

*Stanley, "In Darkest Africa," Vol. II., pp. 376–379; Casati, "Ten Years in Equatoria," Vol. II., p. 282. Major Casati passed through Karagwe with Mr. Stanley's expedition, but he differs from him in declaring that Karagwe was actually "conquered by and annexed to Uganda," and that Ndagara is the youngest son, and not the grandson, of Rumanika.

CHAPTER V.

"THE NILE SETTLED": A PROBLEM SOLVED.

The Empire of Uganda—The old Realm of Kittara—Its Disintegration—The Hunter King of Uganda—His Code of Etiquette and Court Ceremonial—M'tesa, the Kabaka or Emperor at the time of Speke and Grant's Visit—His Character—Whimsical Cruelty alternated with Kindness and even Generosity—The "Divine Right of Kings" in Uganda—How Rival Heirs to the Throne are Treated—The Extreme Ceremonial of his Court—His Amusements—The Religion of the Country—Life in Uganda—The Struggle between Speke and M'tesa for the Observance of Old Etiquette by the former—The Explorers Leave Uganda—Discovery of the Lake Source of the Nile—A Land of Witches and Wizards—Unyoro and Kamrasi—Journey down the Upper Nile Valley—Arrival at Gondokoro—Meet with Baker and Petherick—Reception in England—"Honor est ex Nilo"—The Death of Speke—After-life and Death of Grant, etc.

THE country towards which Grant was jogging, on the shoulders of four stout Waganda, to rejoin his companion, who had been there for some months, was, and is still, one of the most interesting of all the Central African kingdoms. Like Unyoro, Karagwe, and Uzinja, it formed part of the great empire of Kittara, which many centuries ago stretched between Victoria Nyanza and Kitangule Kagara on the south, the Nile on the east, Albert Nyanza on the north, and the states of Utumbi and Nkole on the west, though the general name is now mainly used to describe its western portion. More than twenty generations ago these lands were inhabited by a negro race, tillers of the ground, hunters, and fishermen, living under their native chiefs, in the customary condition of intermittent war and peace, when a stronger race, high-featured and fairer of skin, appeared from the north—shepherds for the most part—with great droves of cattle; and by-and-by, either by force, or treachery, or cajolery, subdued, and in time incorporated, the inferior tribes among whom they had settled. These invaders were known as Wahuma or Mhuma, and still form the stock from which the chiefs and other "ruling classes" of the country are descended. Unyoro seems to have been the centre of the new empire, and the sovereign of that region the suzerain of the various minor monarchs who had stepped into the heritages of the ousted or murdered native princes. But in time these monarchies obtained their independence under Wahuma kings, until now the old empire is only a name, the parent state of it being one of the feeblest of all the confederacy, while Uganda is, or was until recently, though the latest established of the Kittara kingdoms, the most masterful. It was founded by a hunter from Unyoro, who came to the shores of Victoria Nyanza, accompanied by a pack of dogs and a woman, and armed with a spear and a shield, which have become the cognizance of his descendants. This wandering sportsman was not a person of any consequence so far as wealth or rank went; but he killed game so deftly that all the country-side flocked to him for meat, and by-and-by invited him to rule over them. For, said they, it was idle to have a king so far away that when his subjects sent a cow as tribute to Unyoro it had a calf on the road, and the calf had grown into a cow, which calved again, until it generally happened the original animal died of old age. This call was accepted, and the land named Uganda* after him, while the new monarch took the title of Kimera.† He proved a valiant warrior and

The rise of the Uganda Empire.

* Or Buganda, according to the more correct, but less generally adopted orthography (p. 90).

† The account which Stanley gives differs very considerably from that preserved by Speke. Among other discrepancies, Kimera is affirmed to have been the first king, and Kintu the fourth of the line; while M'tesa, instead of being the seventh, as Speke, no doubt erroneously, has it, is by Stanley reckoned to be the thirty-fifth monarch of the Kintu dynasty. But as the narrative both travellers have given is clearly more mythical than historical, it is not worth trying to eliminate fables from truth in the rival versions.

a great law-maker, in whose reign all the peculiar institutions of the country were devised, the main object of these being that neither he nor his descendants should be dethroned by a caprice of the people akin to that which had tempted them to make a king of the founder of the dynasty. According to the legends collected by Speke—and these

VICTORIA NYANZA CHIEF (ELGON TRIBE).
(From a Photograph taken for the Imperial British East Africa Company by Mr. Ernest Gedye.)

stories bear a strong family likeness to a great many affecting to narrate the rise of other royal families—M'tesa, a young man who was their king, counted seventh in succession from the hunter who was called from the woods to be the lord of the land (p. 81).

The "system" established—and the elaborate artificiality of it bears the impression of a single mind interested in securing its provisions—had resulted in the formation of a privileged class of slaves called

Uganda ceremonial.

Wakungu, who, owing their importance to the will of the sovereign, were ready to obey this to the letter. These officials were enjoined to continue after his death the honours paid to Kimera during life, burying him with great state, putting the body in charge of his principal wife, whose duty it was to reduce it to a mummified condition by a process of baking, the lower jaw being cut off, worked with beads, and laid with the umbilical cord, which had been preserved from birth, inside. Once in its tomb, the body was guarded over by a selection of the deceased king's wives, each of whom had a garden assigned for her support; but being, in the eye of the Uganda ceremonial law, dead to the world, none of them were permitted to see the new king. The successor of the sovereign was to be chosen by the Wakungu and other chiefs from among the numerous children of the king, a son by an obscure mother being preferred, lest one of loftier origin should in his pride put the nobles to death. The rest of the brothers, according to this draconic code, were to be put in charge of keepers, and allowed to enjoy life only until the heir-apparent had assumed power, when all were to be burnt to death, except two preserved alive to act as the king's companions until he got tired of them. Then it was graciously ordained they were to be banished—one to Unyoro, and the other to a distant part of Uganda. The only exception to the rule that the late ruler's wives were to furnish guardians of his tomb, or to relapse into humble life, was the heir's mother. She was ordered to enjoy peculiar privileges, to be attended on by such of the other wives not condemned to a living death by the side of the grave, and was provided with the means to keep up a state only inferior to that of the king, whom she was enjoined to counsel and guide until he should attain his majority—a provision which, it may be inferred, led to a great deal of intrigue, of which the queen-mother was the central point. She, like her son, had a complete staff of officials, who, under pain of a

"The high officers of state and the nobles offered their gifts, which generally consisted of the prettiest of their daughters" (*p.* 87).

suspicion of disaffection, had to be constantly in attendance at "court," otherwise a heavy fine was exigible, or the absentee might be punished with death, a similar law applying to neglect in dress, the chief part in which was to exhibit as little of the person as possible.

M'tesa and his court

Every act in Uganda, so far as the king (or "Kabaka") and his court were concerned, was in those days surrounded by the most tedious ceremonies. A petty German "residenzstadt" of last century was not more strangled with etiquette than the slatternly collection of huts on a hillside which constituted the capital of King M'tesa. No matter what he did—and he did many atrocious acts—his conduct was received with equal thankfulness. He was—as his successors still are, in spite of Uganda ceremonial having received many rude blows—a sacred being before whom the loftiest in the land were expected to prostrate themselves with many whinings. After this, apparently as a senseless memory of their old independence, they took up sticks to imitate spears and pretended to charge the king, only to swear lifelong devotion to him. A newer form of ablution consisted in kneeling in an attitude of prayer, throwing open the hands and repeating again and again the word "nyanzig."* The doctrine of the "divine right of kings," though abandoned by nearly all the rest of the world, finds still, and in 1862 had an entirely unquestioned, sway in Uganda. The king was above all law. He might punish whom he chose and in any manner his debased mind might devise, and yet the victims of his despotic cruelty were expected to thank him by prostration for the privilege of being punished by his royal hand. Even death was not considered the extremity at which obeisance from the culprit could not be looked for, so that when a boy upbraided M'tesa for his butchery and was not consigned to the shambles, the people—or perhaps we should say the courtiers—were as much overwhelmed with admiration of their sovereign's clemency as amazed at the audacity of his reprover.

In after days the king and some of his head men had learned to conceal their true character from the white men who visited them, apart from the fact that under the teaching of the Moslem and Christian advisers manners had improved. But in 1862—and it is as Speke and Grant saw them they must be described at this stage of our history—they were not very different from what they had been in the days of Suna, M'tesa's father, and his unhistorical predecessors. A complicated, but most effective system of espionage prevailed throughout the empire. Every whisper reached the court, and every word displeasing to the young king was punished with a truculence which made gossip a costly luxury. Yet though the guards at the "palace" gates fought for their food like famished curs (p. 88), the food was properly—even artistically—cooked, and a system of etiquette, tedious in its minuteness, regulated every act of the people who had to come into relations with the sovereign. No article, for instance, was permitted to be presented to the king in a naked state; it had to be covered with a wrapper, and the courtier who in crawling before this most punctilious of princes exposed an inch more of his skin than was absolutely necessary ran a perilous chance of never baring his body again. So particularly was this piece of etiquette observed that the master of the ceremonies—or the official who corresponded to that dignitary in the Uganda Court—objected to the bare interval between Grant's hose and knickerbockers. However, to show that the king was above law as well as decency, he was waited on by damsels clad in nakedness, though to glance at them or at the more draped beauties of his prodigious harem was an offence that could be expiated only by the death of the criminal. When the king was standing

* This is the way Speke writes it. In reality a Waganda returns thanks by saying "Twiyanzi-yanzi-yanzi," which when repeated rapidly sounds like "N'yanzig."

still or sitting, no subject dared approach him, except with eyes bent on the ground and knees in the same position. To touch the throne—or stool of state—or the royal clothes was as certain death as to look at the women. Day and night his majesty was surrounded by fantastically dressed wabandwa, or sorcerers, whose chief duties were to avert the evil eye from him, and keep his cup constantly replenished with plaintain wine. Pages—active little imps—were always at hand to run on any of his messages, or execute any of his commands—the slightest lack of zeal rendering them liable to have a spear sent through them or to be led to death by the executioner without the intervention of judge or jury. The passions, the vanity, or the caprice of the king seemed to be the only rule by which the monarch was guided. His wives were not exempt from the liability to fall victims to his anger, and the wayward lad who had never known what it was to have a desire ungratified, or a check put upon his untutored temper, though far from unintelligent and at times even kindly and generous, if weak and ever vacillating, nothing very determined and nothing very long, would, when the whim seized him, try a new rifle on the first of his subjects who happened to be passing.

He had an army well-disciplined for Africa, and a navy of canoes, and on certain days levees, or perhaps it would be better to say general gaol deliveries, were held, with no little pomp and pageantry. It was then that culprits were brought up to receive sentence. This was not a long process, any expostulation or explanation, should such be attempted, being drowned by the drummers as the prisoner was dragged off to the shambles. After this the high officers of state and the nobles offered their gifts, which generally consisted of the prettiest of their daughters (p. 85) or the choicest of their slaves. Fines were also paid after being smoothed down by the offender's hand, which was also applied to his face, to show that no evil spirit lurked within the parcel, while messengers were despatched far and near to confiscate the goods or to seize the persons of individuals who had in some way broken through court etiquette, or talked too freely of their betters, not remembering that, in Uganda, walls have ears. The spoils of a distant raid would perhaps be inspected. Among these thousands of cattle and "coffles" of women and children, destined to be sold as slaves, figured most frequently. If the king were in the humour, the sportsmen would exhibit their latest trophies, and the royal artificers the articles they had made for his use or amusement. Possibly, when in very good spirits, he might distribute the overflow of the harem to some of his favourites, or permit them to select a slave or two out of the gangs brought in. After which, taking up his spear, M'tesa would walk out without a word, leaving the mob of officials and sycophants and petitioners to disperse in the way which pleased them best.

Every new moon the king secluded himself for two or three days to "arrange and contemplate his magic horns," and, when he wished a little rural pastime, would walk into the country attended by hundreds of his wives, ministers, nobles, and pages, bathe in the ponds or shallows of the lake, or take a boating trip on its surface. But woe betide the inquisitive native who dared to look at the royal procession! To lose his eyes or his chattels would be a slight chastisement if the impish pages caught and bound him with the aloe-fibre cords which, like the fasces of the Roman lictors, they always carried as the emblem of their office.

When Speke arrived in Uganda the country was in a fever of excitement. Etiquette was then very much to the fore; for the young king was to be installed in office, or, as the British traveller put it, "crowned," and all the neighbouring princes were expected to send a daughter as wife to the king, or, if not, the value of the young lady in gifts. Then the ilmas or nurses who had been present at the king's birth had to make

a pilgrimage to his father's tomb, and there, from the study of trees and plants and other signs, prognosticate the future of the coming reign.

In the same way, also, the voice of Mgussa, the Nyanza Neptune, was to be heard, and as the queen dowager's tutelage was to end, the king's officials M'tesa, he was informed, was not a sovereign of that kind—he must be approached with more elaborate ceremony than merely walking in and saying, "How d'ye do?" It would, in short, be indecent to enter the royal enclosure without firing a salute to let the august sovereign know of

"THE GUARDS AT THE 'PALACE' GATES FOUGHT FOR THEIR FOOD LIKE FAMISHED CURS" (*p* 86)

and the king's brothers to be burnt, and the army, if the omens were good, to go to war against Kittara, or the remainder of Usogo was to share the fate that had befallen the other half and all that remained independent in Uddu during former forages, there were naturally a great many people painfully concerned about what was in progress.

It was on the 19th of February, 1862, that Speke, after traversing the fertile lands of northern Karagwe, sighted the kabunga or palace of King M'tesa, buildings that actually were nothing more than large huts, but at a distance, occupying as they did an entire hill (p. 72), presented a somewhat striking aspect. Accustomed to the free run of Rumanika's court, the explorer was preparing to enter at once into relations with the owner of this stately village residence, when he was stopped by the arrival of distinguished strangers, after which a house would be assigned to them, and a private interview accorded on the morrow. Though disgusted with the huts pointed out for his temporary residence, it was thought better to conform to the customs of the country and accept the message of welcome which reached him from the king as the utmost which the etiquette of Uganda permitted, anxious though M'tesa was to see the white man whom he had so eagerly invited to his court. In time, the young emperor—for this was properly the title of a sovereign who was suzerain of what had been independent kingdoms—was fated to know more white men than was good either for him or his successors, his people, or his realm. But in 1862 the only faces he had seen fairer than his own—and he, like the Wahumas generally, was of Galla

Life in Uganda.

origin, though now they are largely mixed with a blacker race—were the Arabs, in one of whose caravans Speke had come from Karagwe. Accordingly, next morning an audience was granted without any loss of time. Speke dressed himself and his followers in all the splendour which their sorely depleted wardrobe admitted. Their appearance, however, pleased the courtiers who lined the way; or perhaps long habits of duplicity, one of the vices of Uganda, had made the "*Irungi! Irungi!*" ("beautiful! beautiful!"), with which they greeted them, the most ordinary of compliments. Yet twelve men in scarlet cloaks, preceded by the Union Jack, and attended by the rest of the porters and camp-following generally, each bearing some article intended as a gift, were, in the Uganda of those days—before the king and his courtiers had grown familiar with the glories of east and west—quite a rarce show. Passing up the hill on which the royal village was built—it has been removed since then—Speke entered first the enclosure in which the lesser female dignitaries had their residences, and was afterwards admitted into the court beyond, where he was courteously received by the high officials of the king. "Men, women, bulls, dogs, and goats," we read, "were being led about by strings; cocks and hens were carried in men's arms; and the little pages with rope turbans rushed

UGANDA: BRIDGE IN SUMBROA.

(From a Photograph taken for the Imperial British East Africa Company by Mr. Ernest Gedge.)

about conveying messages as if their lives depended on their swiftness, everyone holding his skin cloak tightly around him lest his naked legs might, by any accident, be shown."

In this enclosure the traveller was requested to seat himself on the ground, exposed to the full glare of the sun, until M'tesa was ready to receive him. But, as Speke had determined not to subject himself to any treatment which he would not, in similar circumstances, have been asked to endure in his own country, he declined this request, and declared that unless he was permitted to sit on a stool or in a hut he would leave. The terror of the courtiers was pitiful. No man had ever been allowed to sit, except on the ground, in this sacred chamber of the palace, and yet they were afraid that if the white man carried his threat into execution their heads might pay for his breach of Uganda etiquette. M'tesa was therefore communicated with while busy at his toilet; but, the negotiations over this serious matter of sitting not proving satisfactory, Speke, tired of their dilatoriness, walked out of the palace to his hut, followed by his men, each of whom, sharing the dread the stories of the king's ruthlessness had inspired, expected every moment to find himself seized by the cord-bearing pages. Happily, no such tragedy followed. On the contrary, M'tesa seemed to be quite as much distressed as his courtiers, for in a few moments an urgent message came from him, begging the white man to return and bring his iron chair along with him. This invitation—after Speke had leisurely refreshed himself with a pipe and a cup of coffee—was accepted, and the king's convenience consulted in the ease of a seat. Meanwhile, all the courtiers of Uganda were anxious to please. The traveller's independent conduct, something of which it had not entered their minds to imagine human being capable, had impressed them with the belief that the new visitor was not only a man of high consequence, but a person who possessed some secret power, otherwise he would never have dared so to outrage the traditional etiquette of Uganda. They begged him to sit on the iron chair—albeit for a period beyond which the memory of man extended not an artificial seat had been one of the attributes of the sovereign alone—and, to amuse him, ordered in a band of musical performers—their nakedness scarcely concealed by the goat-skins they wore down their backs—who danced like bears at a fair, meanwhile playing on reed instruments worked over with beads in many curious patterns, or frantically beating conical drums placed on the ground.

By this time, M'tesa's toilet being completed, the visitor was ushered into the great man's presence. He turned out to be a youth of about four- or five-and-twenty, with his hair combed up into a long ridge, his dress consisting of a loose flowing robe fastened on the shoulder with ornaments prettily made of copper, brass, and beads (p. 81). Altogether, his appearance somewhat belied the name of "Mukaabya"—or "Causer of Tears"—which he was soon to receive, for he was rather good-looking, quiet, and large-eyed—a marked contrast to his ferocious father, Suna, who had died miserably of small-pox while conducting one of those bloody raids for which the Uganda people are notorious. Suna was, indeed, so hated by his subjects that, in spite of the awe with which the Ugandans regard their kings, the bearers deputed to bear the corpse of the deceased "Kabaka" back to his capital for burial dashed it to the ground with scornful fury, as if to wreak an impotent vengeance upon the dead.*

Reception by M'tesa.

When Speke was ushered into his presence, the young king was attended by officers of state on one side, and a group of female sorcerers on the other, his gourd of plantain wine (p. 78) being constantly replenished by the knot of wives and other female attendants who stood behind him. Owing to the lack of an interpreter, it was some time before Speke

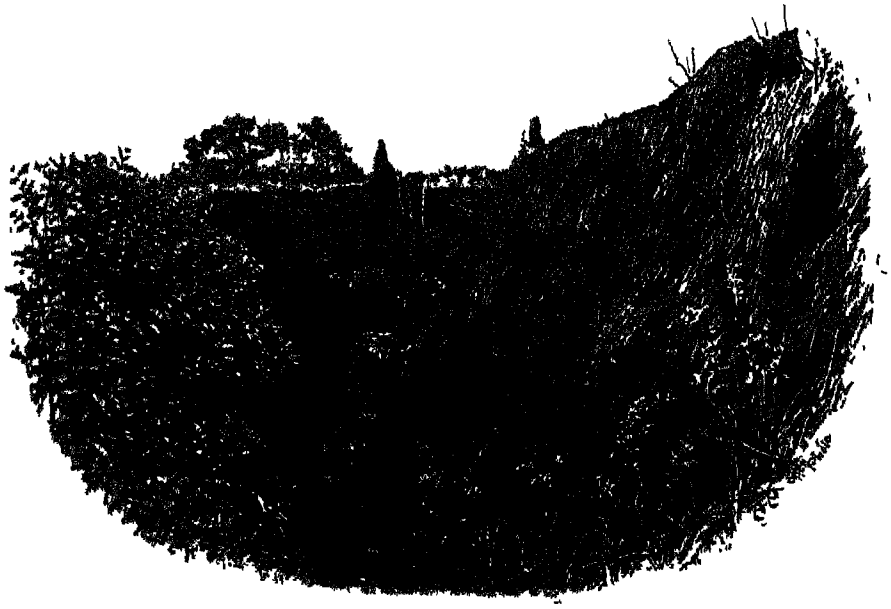
* Ashe: "Two Kings of Uganda," p. 48. Mr. Ashe affirms that Mutesa, not M'tesa, and Buganda, not Uganda, as it is commonly written, are the correct words. According to this orthography Unyoro is Bunyoro.

could address any remarks to the king, both sitting staring at each other, the guest silent, though the host sent repeated messages to him to lift his hat, open and shut his umbrella, and to tell the people who had accompanied Speke to show their scarlet cloaks. Finally, tired of this rather uninstructive interview, M'tesa requested an interpreter, who had now made his appearance, to ask whether Speke "had seen him," and being informed that this honour had been enjoyed for half an hour, took up his spear and walked out of the hut with that ludicrous imitation of a lion's walk which had become the conventional gait by which a Uganda sovereign expresses the royal dignity. It turned out that, since Speke's arrival, M'tesa had made a vow that "until he saw him" he should not break his fast, and this having now been accomplished, he had hastened to satisfy his famished appetite. A less formal interview was soon accorded, when the young king eagerly asked a score of questions about his visitor, his country, and the lands through which he had passed, while his attendants, and even Speke's, crawled along the ground, afraid to look upon the royal countenance, and, above all, terrified lest an unwitting glance might fall upon the knot of wives who formed M'tesa's companions. Speke, however, rebuked his men for their timidity, and, to keep their courage up, stood and stared at the swarthy beauties until requested to take a seat on the iron chair, which had now become a sort of throne in the eyes of the Ugandans. Then began the endless string of queries. What messages had Rumanika sent? He had heard of white men up the Nile in Gani and Kidi. Then again he begged to know if Speke "had seen him?" Little attention was paid to any remark made to him, the ruling idea in the vain young sovereign's mind being that he, and he alone, was the most important feature in the entertainment, and that the white man would be unable to care for anything in comparison with the interest of having "seen him." It was sometimes difficult to get in a word; and in any case the conversation was confused and complicated, owing to the mode in which it was carried on. Speke had first to tell Bombay, then Bombay told it to Nasib, who in due time interpreted the remark to Maula, or Nyamgundu—it being contrary to Uganda etiquette to give a message except through an officer—and as Speke only spoke Swahili (the coast tongue), his words had to pass through many mouths, none of M'tesa's people being at that time able to understand the words spoken in this language. In any circumstances, this mode of straining ideas would have been a tardy one, but with a person so impatient as M'tesa it was doubly so; for, often before Speke had time to answer the question put to him, the young king had forgotten it, and stopped the reply on its way to him with another query, which in like manner he tripped up with a second and third which he was impatient to make or obtain a reply to.

Wearied with this jumble of words, Speke brought in the gifts he had intended for the king. With these he was as delighted as a child. A gold ring did not, however, enchant him so much as the firearms, gunpowder, tools, and beads, and, above all, the scarlet blanket on which they were laid. Each was first smoothed down by the dirty hands of an attendant officer, and rubbed upon his not over-clean face, before being presented to the king, who at times seemed overwhelmed by wonder as the uses of the articles were explained to him, his delight in playing with the things being so babyish that he quite forgot that the strict exigencies of court ceremonial demanded the covering of any object laid before him or fetched into his presence. However, even this delight soon palled, for the presents were speedily huddled topsy-turvy into cloths, and carried off by pages, and the audience came to a close. But before leaving, M'tesa promised to supply Speke with any provisions he required, sending next morning, as an earnest of being as good as his word, twenty cows and ten goats, which were driven into the enclosure with "the king's compliments, and he had sent a few of his chickens."

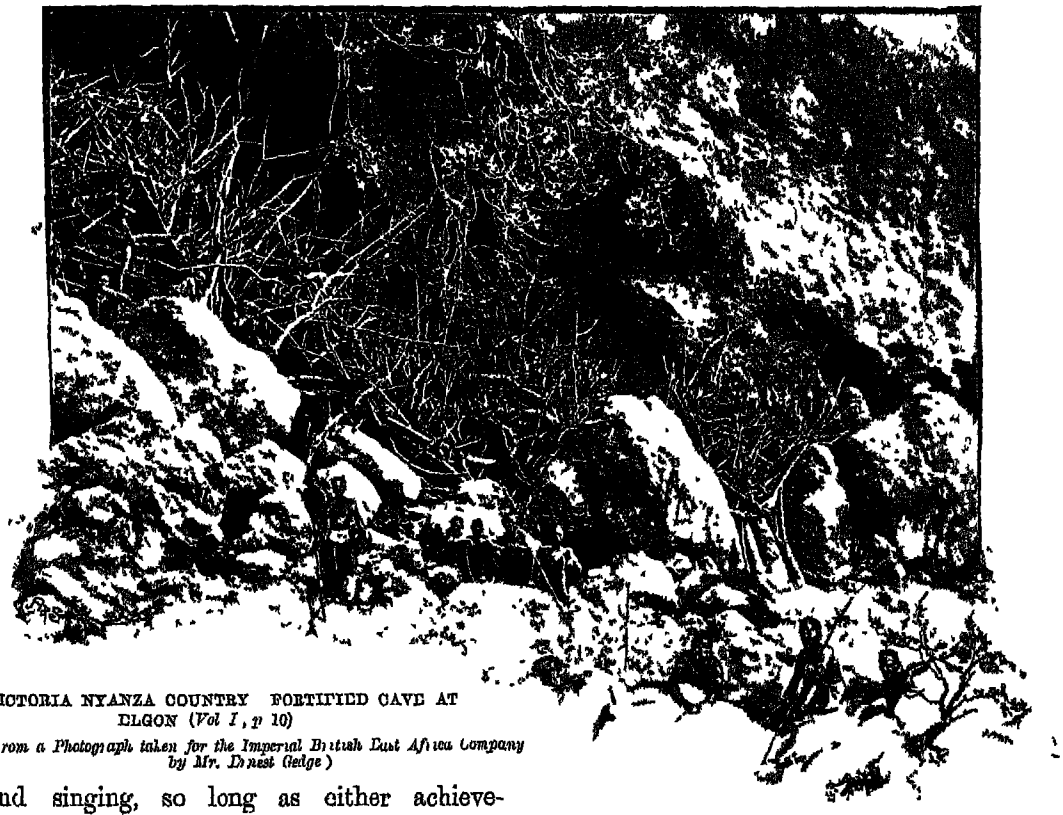
During Speke's stay, both before and after Grant's arrival, the promised stores arrived, nevertheless, rather intermittently. The king, it was explained, had forgotten all about them; but if they wanted anything, the white men had nothing to do but to help themselves to the first cows and forage in the first garden which they saw. All was his, for all the people belonged to him. Unfortunately, however, though this might be true in theory, it led, in practice, to so many unpleasantnesses that, rather than create trouble, the explorers had many a time to live on short commons, until M'tesa developed a passion for shooting. Then, as he required Speke to teach him, there was a better chance of obtaining the ear of the wayward lad, who could never be trusted to listen long or pay much attention to anything. By-and-by, as M'tesa's confidence in his visitors increased, Speke was admitted to an audience of N'yamasoré, the queen-mother—always an important personage in Uganda, and just then, as M'tesa had only begun to reign, of more than usual influence. This lady was about five-and-forty, fat—as most of the royal matrons are—and as fair as her age and her face (which unkindly people might call black) could permit of her being. Vanity in her, as in her son, was the ruling passion. Her great desire was to amaze her visitor with her wealth and importance; and, to impress him still more with an idea of her riches, she ran out several times only to return arrayed in a new costume, none of them, it may well be imagined, very voluminous or very valuable. Her ostensible object in seeing Speke was to consult him regarding her health. His prescription took the form of less plantain wine—a beverage to which her

A festive queen.



MOAT ROUND KAVIRONDO TOWN, EASTERN SIDE OF VICTORIA NYANZA.
(From a Photograph taken for the Imperial British East Africa Company by Mr. Ernest Gedge.)

Majesty was particularly addicted. At times, indeed, as the stout lady grew fonder of visits from her guest, and more familiar with him, she insisted on the liquor being drunk, not in cups, but out of huge troughs, until her levees became orgies of dancing and singing, so long as either achievement was possible. Her friendship was so far good that it enabled Speke to approach the king with greater readiness than before, and obtain from him the despatch of messengers to ascertain the truth about the white men on the Nile, and an escort to bring Grant from Rumanika's court, where we left him in our last chapter. But, as M'tesa was anxious to monopolise his visitor—and, indeed, to keep him in Uganda for an indefinite period—the favour extended to him by the queen-dowager caused many amusing little quarrels between the mother and son, and occasionally even some coolness between Speke and his royal host.



VICTORIA NYANZA COUNTRY FORTIFIED CAVE AT ELGON (*Vol I., p 10*)

(*From a Photograph taken for the Imperial British East Africa Company by Mr. Ernest Gedge*)

Soon after Grant's arrival, a preliminary voyage was taken on Victoria Nyanza, in the company of M'tesa himself, and preparations were made for leaving Uganda in July. M'tesa, it is true, would fain have detained them longer, but Speke, who had by this time taken a very accurate measure of the king's character, managed so to work on his vanity that he granted their request in the hope that their arrival in their own country would bring many more white men to his. The impression they had derived of him during their stay was, on the whole, favourable, in spite of the wanton acts of cruelty which he daily committed, and the almost insane recklessness of human life displayed by him. Human sacrifice was, indeed, not unknown in Uganda, though, as in Karagwe, *lubari* and magic horns constituted the essential part of their

Mistaken impressions as to M'tesa.

religion But neither the king nor his people were so bigoted as the coast or the more southern peoples of Africa. There is, however, good reason for believing that Speke, though he saw much that was hideous in M'tesa's court, was in reality deceived in the opinion he formed. Many years afterwards, when the king had become semi-civilised and had abated some of his more abominable practices, this was the verdict of the French priests and of Mr. Mackay, the English missionary, who was in so many respects their antipodes.

The impression of my lamented friend was, that Speke and other passing visitors saw only the outside of the country and of its ruler during the brief period of their stay in Uganda. Entering the lake kingdoms from the Zanzibar side, one remarks the comparative advance the Uganda people have made in civilisation over all the tribes between the coast and them. In Usagara, Uzaramo, Ugogo, and Unyamwezi the traveller sees little except people low in the scale of humanity, tyrannised over by petty sultans, each at war with the other—merely struggling for existence. In Uganda there is—or was—quite a change. There, one power rules, absolute, no doubt, yet with certain ideas of propriety and desire for improvement. The king must have the best of everything, and receives a homage amounting to little short of worship. "At his court Arabs have lived or visited for more generations than one. The respect shown to visitors has enticed many of them to come and see the vain, conceited king. Strangers have been treated well, on a short visit, not from any love to them, but that they may go away with glowing ideas of the greatness of the court, and the wealth of the monarch," who, to the day of his death, had the belief that he was the greatest in the world. "But, let one live in the land beyond the term of novelty and display and professions of hospitality"—it was Mr. Mackay's opinion, speaking of M'tesa in his latter days, though the verdict applied generally to Speke's and the earlier travellers' impressions—"let him express a horror of the barbarity of the practices he sees even at court; let him lift up his voice in condemnation of treachery, of lies, of lust, and of cruelty and murder—then the spell is broken, and the character of the people comes out in its true light. Instead of hospitality he finds hatred, instead of food he finds himself face to face with famine; instead of being received, as he expected, as a welcome benefactor of the people, as a teacher of truth and a leader in the way of light, as a lover of law and love—he is denounced as a spy, as a bringer-in of foreign customs, and especially as a breaker-down of the national institutions and religion"*

Indeed, before Speke and Grant left, they had begun to see M'tesa in his true colours. Grant especially, who had not been so long accustomed to the ways of Uganda as his companion, became sick of the daily atrocities enacted around them. M'tesa, in his turn, ever suspicious, questioned the young Scotsman very closely as to the circumstances in which two of his fingers had been amputated, accepting with some scepticism the statement that they had been lost in a battle,† and not—as is more common with such mutilations in Uganda—as a punishment for petty larceny and the like. The king's craze for shooting also became costly to the explorers, who had to supply him with ammunition from stores that were hourly growing more and more attenuated, while the royal greed grew keener and keener as the period beyond which he could not well retain his guests approached its limits. He was always in need of something. Now, it was to have his portrait painted; now, the portraits of all the birds he shot; and when he became ashamed of begging things himself, he employed his little pages to ask for, or even to steal, anything he fancied. They had even the impudence to try to obtain the

* "A. M. Mackay, Pioneer Missionary of the Church Missionary Society to Uganda" (1890), p. 217; Chaillé Long, "Central Africa" (1876), pp. 101–155; Wilson and Felkin, "Uganda and the Egyptian Soudan," Vol. I., pp. 98–227; Lugard, "Uganda Blue Book," Africa No. 4 (1892), etc. † That of Guzerat, in the Sikh War.

Union Jack, which had been the gift of Admiral Keppel to the expedition. Nor were the king's brothers by any means welcome guests. Latterly, when he paid his visits, this mob of little ragamuffins came tumbling in his train. But, as these lads—all of whom, with the exception of a boy too feeble to be capable of much mischief, M'tesa managed in time to get clear of—were, in accordance with the royal laws of Uganda, handcuffed or in fetters, their gait was scarcely such as became Princes of the Blood. But they did not seem to be at all affected by their position and approaching execution, chatting pleasantly with those around them in the intervals of tearing at fresh stalks of sugar-cane, and, when their brother made his usual abrupt end of an interview, hobbled at his heels with all the speed that their bonds permitted. Nobody seemed to think the scene in any way remarkable; it was the everyday life of the children of a sovereign, for M'tesa himself, until he ascended the throne, had gone about in chains, just as his sons would have to do as soon as they attained an age capable of rendering them objects of suspicion.

Finally, the long period of idleness had made the men of the expedition demoralised and mutinous. Daily they saw cattle and women offered to and refused by their officers, while they wished nothing better than slaves to do their work and sell as opportunity offered, and grumbled sadly at the short rations on which they had occasionally to subsist. Powder also was getting short, and the men, frightened by the tales they had heard, refused to march unless ball-cartridges were served out to them. Goods likewise fit for barter were not plentiful, as beads in Uganda were in those days not permitted to be taken by the natives—cowries, one hundred of which were the equivalent of a hundred plantains or of a goat's skin, being the currency,—though privately it was quite possible to buy provisions with them. Moreover, the almost daily sights of people dragged to execution, to be sliced to pieces with a reed knife, or shot merely to amuse a wilful boy, while the great yellow-beaked vultures sat solemnly contemplating the loathsome scene which they were soon to finish, not only shocked the white men, but acted evilly on the disposition of the blacks, who in the semi-civilised region of Zanzibar had divested themselves of the worst features of African savagery. All things considered, it was a welcome day when M'tesa, after repeatedly breaking his promises to open the north road to them, suddenly—as was his way—gave them permission to leave, though not without a broad hint that he would like to keep Grant as a sort of hostage for the return of his "big brother."

Determined not to wait until he changed his mind, the travellers lost no time in bidding the vacillating king good-bye, and, loading their porters with ivory to pay the expenses of their journey, set out for the long-talked-of outlet of the lake. Unfortunately, however, as they neared the northern shores of that great sheet of water, Grant became again so ill that, in order not to tire him too much, Speke set out for the point named alone, leaving his companion to continue his journey into Unyoro, the next kingdom, through which the direct route to the Nile valley lay. Accordingly, on the 19th of July, 1862, Grant turned to the west, while Speke advanced, as rapidly as the "pagazi" could be induced to travel, in the direction of the place where, according to all the information received, the Nile poured out of Victoria Nyanza. On the morning of the 21st of that month he reached the banks of the river some distance below its starting-point, yet near enough to satisfy himself that he had all but completed the task he had undertaken. The scene, he tells us, was most beautiful. "Nothing could surpass it! It was the very perfection of the kind of effect aimed at in a highly-kept park; with a magnificent stream from six to seven hundred yards wide, dotted with islets and rocks—the former occupied by fishermen's huts, the latter by terns and crocodiles basking in the

sun—flowing between fine, high, grassy banks, with rich trees and plantains in the background, where herds of the nsunnu* and hartebeest† could be seen grazing, while the hippopotami were snorting in the water, and florikan‡ and guinea-fowl§ rising at our feet."

Canoes not being obtainable, the party marched up the left bank of the river to the Isamba Rapids, through a region densely covered with jungle and plantain grass. Here the stream raced in a deep, swift current between banks covered with grass, soft cloudy acacias, and great festoons of lilac convolvuli, the red soil resembling that of Devonshire not only in colour but in its depth and apparent fertility. They had now entered a region which the superstitious people had invested with almost sacred attributes. The nominal king of the country exercised little authority in this "Church Estate," as Speke called it, the real rulers being gruesome folk with the reputation of witches and wizards, from whom it was difficult to obtain provisions of any sort, and who were continually on the alert lest the strangers should commit some act, or eat something, or pilfer anything by which the *lubari* and other evil spirits haunting it should be offended and bring ruin on all concerned. A little of so very sacred an area sufficed for the travellers, who were glad to escape into a more secular region of hills and great grassy plains and plantations, most of them devastated by elephants, which had devoured everything edible, and then, apparently out of mere mischief, had, with their huge hoofs and powerful trunks, torn up and destroyed what they could not eat. At last, on the 28th of July, a place was reached where a river, which could be no

VIEW FROM CAVE AT ELGON, VICTORIA NYANZA COUNTRY.
(From a Photograph taken for the Imperial British East Africa Company by Mr. Ernest Gedye.)

* *Kobus leucotis*, a species of antelope.

† Probably *Hoselaphus Lichtensteinii*.

‡ A bustard—probably *Otis melanogaster*, though there are several other species in this region.

§ *Numida coronata*.

other than the world-famous Nile, rushed over rocks and rapids out of the Victoria Nyanza (Vol. I, Frontispiece).* This discovery—if discovery is the name to apply to what so many men knew familiarly, and of which the travellers had been told so often—ranks among the great ones in the history of geography. This, however, is mainly owing to its being the culmination of a long-continued search rather than a complete solution of the Nile problem, as was thought at the time; for, though the Victoria Nyanza is unquestionably one of the sources, if not the principal source, of the river of Egypt, the Nile has several other tributaries, including other lake sources, but these are not of the importance of the one named. Nevertheless, as the end of a long journey, or the starting-point for many more, and the stimulus that gave rise to another new chapter in the story of Africa, there cannot be any doubt that the 28th of July, 1862, is one of the memorable days of the world, and the first glance Speke obtained of this notable spot one of its "historic moments;" for, though scores of people have seen and several have described the great lake-source of the Nile, no one can ever again see it as the first of white men. The view we have engraved gives an idea of the scene that presented itself. Speke was enthusiastic in his admiration of what he had come so far to see. The outlet is obstructed by rocks, over which the flood, four or five hundred feet broad, tumbles in a series of broken falls twelve feet in height. Yet Speke confesses that he was disappointed in finding, from the place where his party stood, the surface of the lake concealed from view by a spur of hill, and what might otherwise have been an unbroken fall divided by the rocks that projected in the middle of the river into a series of less impressive cascades. "Still," he admits, "it was a sight that attracted one to it for hours—the roar of the waters, the thousands of passenger-fish† leaping at the falls with all their might, the Wasoga and Waganda fishermen coming out in boats and taking post on all the rocks with rod and hook, hippopotami and crocodiles lying sleepily on the water, the ferry at work above the falls, and cattle driven down to drink at the margin of the lake—made in all, with the pretty nature of the country—small hills, grassy-topped, with trees in the folds and gardens on the lower slopes—as interesting a picture as one could wish to see. The expedition had now performed its functions. I saw that Old Father Nile, without any doubt, rises in the Victoria Nyanza, and, as I had foretold, that lake is the great source of the holy river which cradled the first expounder of our religious belief."

The "stones," as the Waganda call the falls, was by far the most interesting sight that Speke had seen in Africa, and, in honour of the President of the Royal Geographical Society, by whom the expedition had been despatched, they were named the Ripon Falls, and the arm of the lake from which the Nile issued, Napoleon Channel, in token of respect for the French Geographical Society. Speke would fain have spent more time in going to the north-east corner of the lake, and testing the accuracy of the native reports—incorrectly given as is now known—of a sheet of salt water from which another river flowed to the north. But so much time had been lost by the embarrassing hospitality of Rumanika and M'tesa that it was felt that, for the present, the discoveries already made would have to be the crown of their efforts, and that now the homeward journey must be begun. In no part of his African travels had Speke ever seen a region so swarming with game. Antelope and guinea-fowl could be had for the shooting, and fish were so abundant that they might be speared almost at random. "This day," he writes, "I spent watching the fish flying at the falls, and felt as if I only wanted a wife and family, garden and yacht, rifle and rod, to make me happy here for life, so charming was the place. What a place, I thought

* Following familiar usage, the artist has represented both travellers at the spot; actually, however, Speke was the only one present when it was reached.

† Probably *Mormyrus Petersii* or an allied species.

to myself, this would be for missionaries! They never could fear starvation, the land is so rich; and, if farming were introduced by them, they might have hundreds of pupils. In addition to the rod-and-line fishing, a number of men, armed with long, heavy poles, with two iron spikes tied prong-fashion to one end, rushed to a place over the break in the falls which tired fish seemed to use as a basking-room, dashed in their forks, holding on by the shaft, and sent men down to disengage the pinned fish and relieve their spears. The shot they made in this manner was a blind one—only on the chance of fish being there—and therefore always doubtful in its results."

Speke's exultation at the discovery—or the confirmation of a discovery—he had made is sometimes described as premature, in so far that we now know the Victoria Nyanza to be only one of the Nile sources, and that other lakes contribute their surplus waters to its flood. In reality, time has added to instead of diminishing the importance of the Victoria Nyanza source, for the other lakes, which were at the time of the discovery believed to be as large, if not larger than it, are now known to be much smaller. It was, therefore, with every right to be jubilant that Speke's party began their journey down the Nile towards the sea in "five boats of five planks each, tied together and caulked with rags," from a point a little below the Ripon Falls, in the hope of meeting Grant in the capital of Kamrasi, King of Unyoro, a land to which he had proceeded some weeks previously. The voyage thither was, however, not attended with so much kindness as had hitherto been their lot. As the site of the "capital" was neared, armed men assailed them fiercely: and it was not until this hostile demonstration had been responded to by a volley of shot that the party was permitted to land. As Kamrasi had been duly apprised of the approach of the travellers, so unfriendly a reception was inexplicable, until they learned that Grant was close at hand, and that the king had become alarmed at hearing that two separate parties were entering his country from different directions, each headed by a white man. Conciliatory messages were, of course, sent to the angry king, who was apparently too anxious to see the travellers to nurse his wrath very long. But, though no molestation was offered to them, it was necessary, for the preservation of his dignity, and as an excuse for the exaction of a larger present than he might otherwise obtain, to keep the party hanging about in the woods or on the river banks for some time longer before he extended to them a formal invitation to see him. This, however, in due time, arrived, and Speke, who had in the meanwhile been joined by Grant, entered the metropolis of Kamrasi. It was at once apparent that, though inclined to imitate M'tesa by being at first haughty and then cringing, he was at best a poor creature, "harsh, suspicious, pitiless," and neither in power nor in tact the equal of the two sovereigns whose acquaintance we have already made. His palace consisted of only one large hut, with a number of smaller ones for his wives and family clustering around it. Yet into the august presence of the lord of this humble establishment the pompous etiquette of Unyoro did not permit the travellers to be immediately ushered. They had to wait for days and then to submit to what were really veiled threats in order to extort from them blackmail. Kamrasi received a few gifts suitable to his rank, but insisted on obtaining Grant's double-bladed knife and a chronometer worth £50: and would have robbed them of everything they possessed had not he begun to dread the unknown consequences of going too far in his molestation of a white man; otherwise there might have been some difficulty in being allowed to continue their journey, which, owing to the broken character of the river, had now to be made by land. All manner of evil stories had been persistently spread about them. They were cannibals, one legend affirmed; they kept

The king and kingdom of Unyoro.

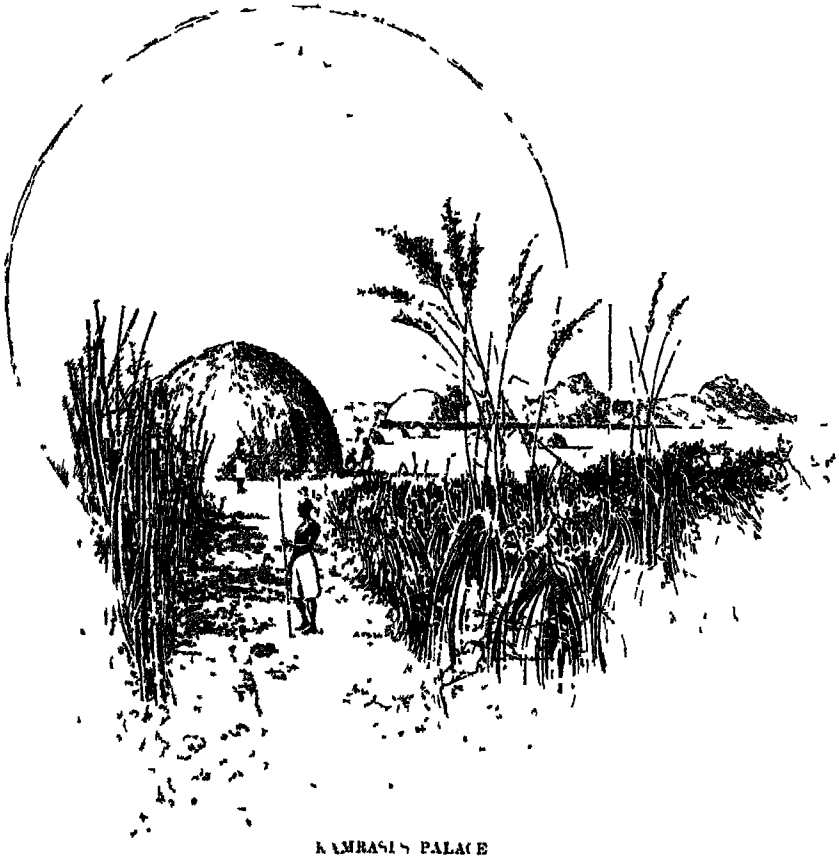
ferocious white dwarfs in their boxes, was the burden of another scandal; and everywhere, both during Grant's journey alone and during the one they made conjointly, they received anything but kindness. The people deserted the villages on the news of their approach; and even their own people—that is, those they had brought from Uganda—were so impressed with the difficulties ahead of them that several of them deserted with their arms. This state of matters seemed to have been reported to M'tesa, for messengers arrived from him begging them to return. Possibly, owing to this invitation—Kamrasi hating the King of Uganda—as well as the reassuring reports received from Rumanika, they were at last permitted first to send a messenger to Petherick apprising him of the northward advance of the expedition, and then, four months after entering Unyoro, to resume their journey.

The Wanyoro—the people of Unyoro—were as squalid and greedy as their king, and their huts not more cleanly than the royal palace. As Kamrasi was never anxious to see them, and seldom visited them except to beg, they were saved the necessity of wading through the filthy lanes leading to his huts, or of breathing the fetid air of an enclosure in which the cows were kept among a litter of manure through which the king walked ankle-deep selecting the cattle—which were never the fattest—intended for the support of his unwelcome guests. In the course of their stay, the travellers discovered that their dubiously hospitable reception was due, not altogether to Kamrasi himself, but to the fear of his brothers lest they should be smitten by "the sorcery of the white men." Kamrasi's brothers seemed indeed to be more troublesome than those relatives are to the Central African king generally. Three of them were in open rebellion, and one of the subjects he was continually pestering Speke about was to obtain the help of his men and muskets in fighting them. The king's sisters were scarcely less objects of anxiety to him. These ladies were doomed to a life of single blessedness, and their only occupation from morning till night was the drinking of milk. The produce of from ten to twenty cows was appropriated for the nourishment of each of them, with the result that they had grown so fat that they had long ceased to walk, eight men being not more than enough to lift one of these overgrown damsels. Altogether, the glimpses which Speke and Grant had of Kamrasi and his court did not render their parting with him very affecting.

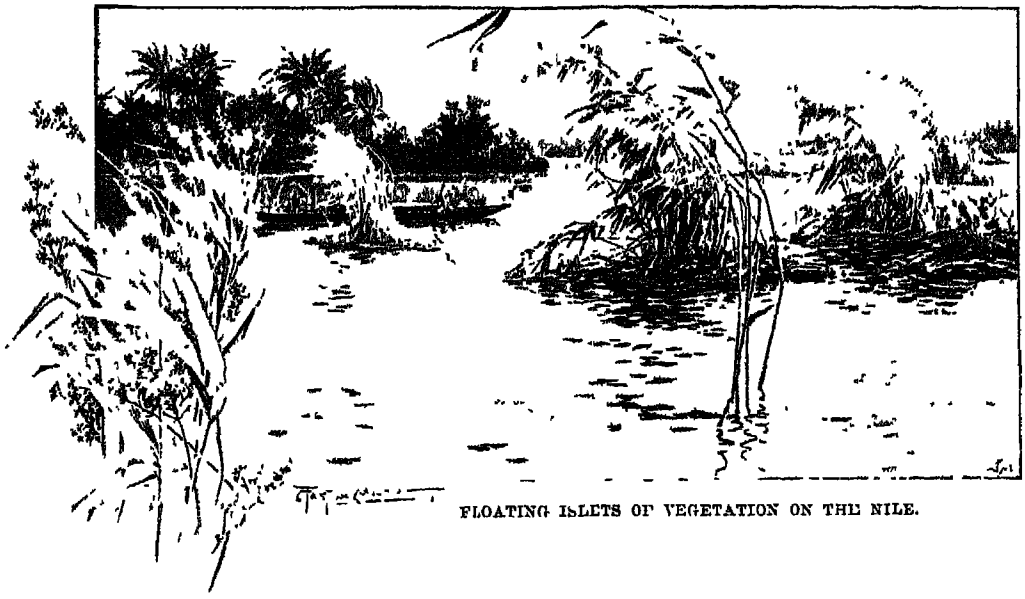
No part of Africa visited by the explorers seemed more under the influence of rude superstitions. Some of them were sufficiently peculiar to deserve notice. Thus, some of Kamrasi's people stole the thatch from a house belonging to one of his enemies, in order that the owner, who lived at a distance, might come under the influence of the supernatural powers possessed, in their opinion, by the king's foreign guests. When the explorer's rain-gauge disappeared, a one-eyed man was sent in search of the thief, and, by the aid of a cow's horn, cupped with a piece of bark, and an iron bell that he tinkled in the faces of the passers-by, he discovered the lost article and the thief, who, as it turned out, was a hyæna. The man had no doubt tracked the animal to and from the explorer's hut, and the bell-ringing and so forth was nothing more than a piece of professional hocus-pocus. Fetishes and charms here, as in most other parts of Africa, play a gruesome part in the lives of the people. All around the fields these were placed—in the shape of a dead frog, or fowl, or even a goat—to protect the owner against evil spirits, or to tempt them away when they had entered and so caused sickness in the bodies of certain individuals; and nearly every person met with had a wooden charm around the ankle to guard against snake-bite. Twins are regarded in a superstitious light. In Ngura, as in some other parts of the world, they are killed at birth. In Unyanyembe, if one dies, the mother ties a gourd around her own neck,

Unyoro superstitions.

and puts into it a little of whatever she gives to the surviving child, "in case the dead one should be jealous" A Myoro woman practised a still more extraordinary superstition For, when her twin children died, she kept two pots in her house to represent the babies Into these she milked herself every evening, continuing the practice until the time for suckling had expired, "in order that the dead should not persecute her" Then, the rites having been duly performed, the mother was at rest, and the children were believed to be peacefully in the jungle where they had been buried, each in an earthenware beer-pot turned bottom up



KAMRASI'S PALACE



FLOATING ISLETS OF VEGETATION ON THE NILE.

CHAPTER VI.

FROM UNYORO TO CAIRO: THE HONOURS OF THE NILE.

Speke and Grant bid Good-bye to Kamrasi—Down the Kefu into the Nile—Water Pirates and Land Robbers—An Amphibious Journey by the River and its Banks—A Curious Currency—Nile Fishes—Eggs in Trees—The Karuma Falls—News of Petherick—From the Karuma Falls Overland in a Bend of the Nile to Apuddo—The Country—Koki Rock Village—A Painted People—The Game—Mohammed the Ivory-trader's Camp at Faloro—The Domestic Life of this Village—The Ways of the Explorers' Host—Traces of Giovanni Miani—The Bari—Their Hostility—Reech Gondokoro—Koorshid Agha, the Circassian—His Hospitality—The Arrival of Baker—The Explorers Succoured—The Dutch Ladies' Expedition and Explorations—The Arrival of Petherick—His Failure and Explanations—John Petherick and his Services to the Exploration of the Nile Valley—The Austrian Missionaries, and what they did for Geography—Gondokoro in 1863—The Journey down the Nile to Khartoum—And thence to Cairo—Arrival in England—The Tragic End of Speke—The After Careers and Deaths of Burton and Grant—*De Mortuis*.

BETWEEN Urondogani and Chaguzi, on the Kefu* banks, the place where Kamrasi's "palace" was then situated, there was a long stretch of what are now known to be lake-like expanses of the Nile, which Speke and Grant were unable to explore. For some reason Kamrasi was unwilling for them to see these stretches, so that twelve years elapsed before Chaillé Long was enabled to fill up this blank in the continuity of the river from the lake.

They were therefore compelled to drop down the Kefu River, which they knew to be a tributary of the Nile, though, contrary to the belief they then entertained, it does not rise in the Victoria Nyanza—which has no other outlet than the great river of Egypt—but has several sources in the country to the west. It was pleasant to leave Kamrasi and his pagans, who crowded the banks to bid them good-bye, very pleasant to sail down this papyrus-fringed tributary where the landing places were, the view on each side being concealed by the tall reeds, and the chances of attack by watchful enemies proportionately small; but it was best of all t

From Unyoro to the Karuma Falls.

* Grant (*Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, Vol. XLII., p. 285) gives this name as "Kuffo," and Kamrasi as "Kamarasi."

when they passed out of the Kefu into a broad, smooth stretch of water, at last they were on the Nile, and that then—as they believed—with the exception of a few unimportant cataracts, the waterway to England was unbroken. So smooth was the river that at times it seemed to possess scarcely any current, were it not for the floating islets of vegetation that were noticed to move slowly down stream, or got temporarily aground on the shores of stationary ones, scarcely to be distinguished from the mass of ferns, creepers, and tangled bushes that covered both forms of island alike. Then, when a smart breeze sprang up, the green fleet moved more briskly, lying over to the wind like so many felucca-rigged craft scudding before a Mediterranean levanter.

Not that the voyage was uneventful. Hippopotami were frequent, and sometimes perilous to the canoes, while the eagerness of the canoe-men sent by Kamrasi to make the most of his orders to take whatever was wanted, no matter to whom it belonged, rendered friction with the owners, in spite of the number of the escort, not always avoidable. They plundered the fish-traps, and would have played the pirate, too, if their temporary masters had not put a veto on their proceedings. As it was impossible to convey the cows and goats for the supply of the party by water, they were driven along the banks, with the result that now and then the herdsmen had to defend their charges against the marauding tribesmen, or the hippopotamus-hunters who took a fancy to quarry more easily captured than the river-horse that formed their usual prey. Sometimes, also, owing to the loss of a boat, and the difficulty of procuring another to replace it, some of the party had to take to land, when complications arose over the question of procuring porters, and the guards whom Kamrasi's officials had orders to impress on behalf of the white men.

This necessitated a good deal of zigzagging from village to village. But when procured, the recruits who had taken to the white man's service reluctantly trudged along with their loads meekly enough, ever and anon slapping their thighs as a warning to their comrades in the rear to look out for an obstacle in the narrow path through the thick bush or the long grass, which in places covered the flat plains as far as the eye could reach. And everybody plundered freely, and got drunk whenever the supply of plantain wine enabled them to indulge in that solace of the African—a solace of such ancient date, and so entirely unconnected with any "vice of civilisation," that we have the indubitable authority of Her Majesty's Commissioner for Nyassaland for saying that in districts of that country where "square-face gin" or Hamburg rum has never reached he met as many confirmed topers as in regions notorious for their patronage of the stimulants in question. In populous districts, crowds of people hurried to have a look at them, and lead the way to the village, shouting and capering after the manner of the country. Brass wire, obtained from the ivory-traders, constituted the principal currency and wealth. Most of it was made into armlets and anklets, the number of which worn by some of the women astonished the travellers, this metal, owing, perhaps, to the fact of its being an imported product, being more fashionable than the native copper. Salt was everywhere scarce, and held in corresponding value. The greater part of it not procured by barter was obtained from the ashes of a "flat, linear-leaved rush" growing on the river banks.* Door-screens resembling a wattled hurdle are also made from the papyrus,† strips from which, bleached white, are woven into beautiful fish-traps or cruives, while its pith is converted into wrappers or covers for jars of the native "wine." The fresh eggs they discovered placed in forks of trees, and in the rafters of huts, as "medicine" or

* This plant, the "Keekal'a" of the Madi, is apparently *Fuirena umbellata* (Rolth.), a species of the order Cyperaceæ.

† *Papyrus antiquorum*, from which the papyrus paper of the ancient Egyptians was made. It has now almost disappeared from the Lower Nile, and, indeed, is much scarcer to the north than on the southern banks of the river and its sources.

fetishes, the travellers found not unwelcome for purposes more secular than had been originally intended. Outside of many of the huts were heaps of hippopotami spoils, which it was thought unlucky to throw away, and a beautiful-flowered convolvulus*—a plant which, if held in the hunter's hand, was considered to ensure him certain luck—was planted hard by almost every door. The Karuma Falls, a series of three cataracts extending for about a mile, by-and-by broke the placid monotony of a river up which vessels of moderate size might, with the gentlest breeze astern, float two or three abreast (p. 105).

From Karuma to Apuddo; a land journey.

With few incidents of sufficiently great importance to call for description, the travellers pushed on, expecting every hour to meet the Petherick Expedition, which it had been arranged was to convey succour to them at the point where they would be most likely to require it—namely, when their stores were exhausted and the hospitality of the natives had grown scanty. Every now and again, ever since the travellers had come into the Nile Valley and the lake country, they had been hearing of white men, and while residing at Kamrasi's capital had despatched their headmen, Bombay and another, to the Gani country, to communicate, if possible, with the strangers whom they now knew for certain to be there, and with whom they were getting extremely anxious to meet. Petherick, however, they did not find. He seemed to have regarded his business as an ivory-trader as his first concern, his self-imposed duty to the explorers as a very secondary one. For he had gone down the river seven or eight days' journey, a detachment of two hundred Egyptian "troops," who had orders to wait for the explorers, being the only civilised company at the post. The white men were, however, now beginning to assume more tangible form. Traces of their presence, in the shape of civilised articles, were not infrequent, and Bombay was continually meeting with people who remembered his genial presence during the recent journey he had made through this very country.

As the Nile from the Karuma Falls was reported to describe a great bend to where the Asua River flowed in, and to be broken by rapids nearly all the way to Gondokoro, the explorers determined at once to expedite their journey and avoid the difficulties of the waterway by taking to land again. For miles and miles the path lay through swampy jungles and high grass, the sharp edges of which cut their shoes and clothes, while the spear-like points endangered their eyes, until great grassy plains, dotted with elephants, buffaloes,† and hartebeest,‡ among whom the roar of the lion could at times be heard at night, were seen stretching on every side; until near Koki, in the Chopeh district of Gani, they reached a huge rock covered with conical huts, in front of which groups of black men, stark naked, were perched like monkeys, and evidently awaiting the arrival of the strangers with some anxiety, and—as is the way of Africa—with some appearance of ferocity also. For, in spite of the horn being sounded as a sign that the visit was friendly, and the travellers sitting down under the shade of a tree, two youths came madly rushing down the hill, with spears balanced, as if ready to rush upon the new arrivals. Soon others followed in similar fashion, until, Bombay being recognised, they were welcomed with a guttural "Yer-embé."

The "get-up" of these villagers was remarkable. Each carried a little stool, and though otherwise in their pristine nakedness, their bodies were painted purple and ash-colour, the latter veined in the manner that a painter imitates mahogany, while others varied the hue, one supreme dandy concealing his native black under a coat of bright vermilion. A love of colour affected all classes. Even the little boys strutted about with jay feathers

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stuck in their woolly locks, while polished iron rings were worn round the upper arm, a pendant of the same metal was suspended from the lower lip, and everybody wore heavy brass or copper ear-rings, and never moved outside their huts without a bamboo-handled spear. It was evident that they enjoyed a somewhat precarious lease of life at the hands of their neighbours and the foraging parties against whose surprise all these precautions were taken.

The Gani, as these people were called,

GIOVANNI MIANI
(*From a Photograph by Heinrich Graf, Berlin.*)

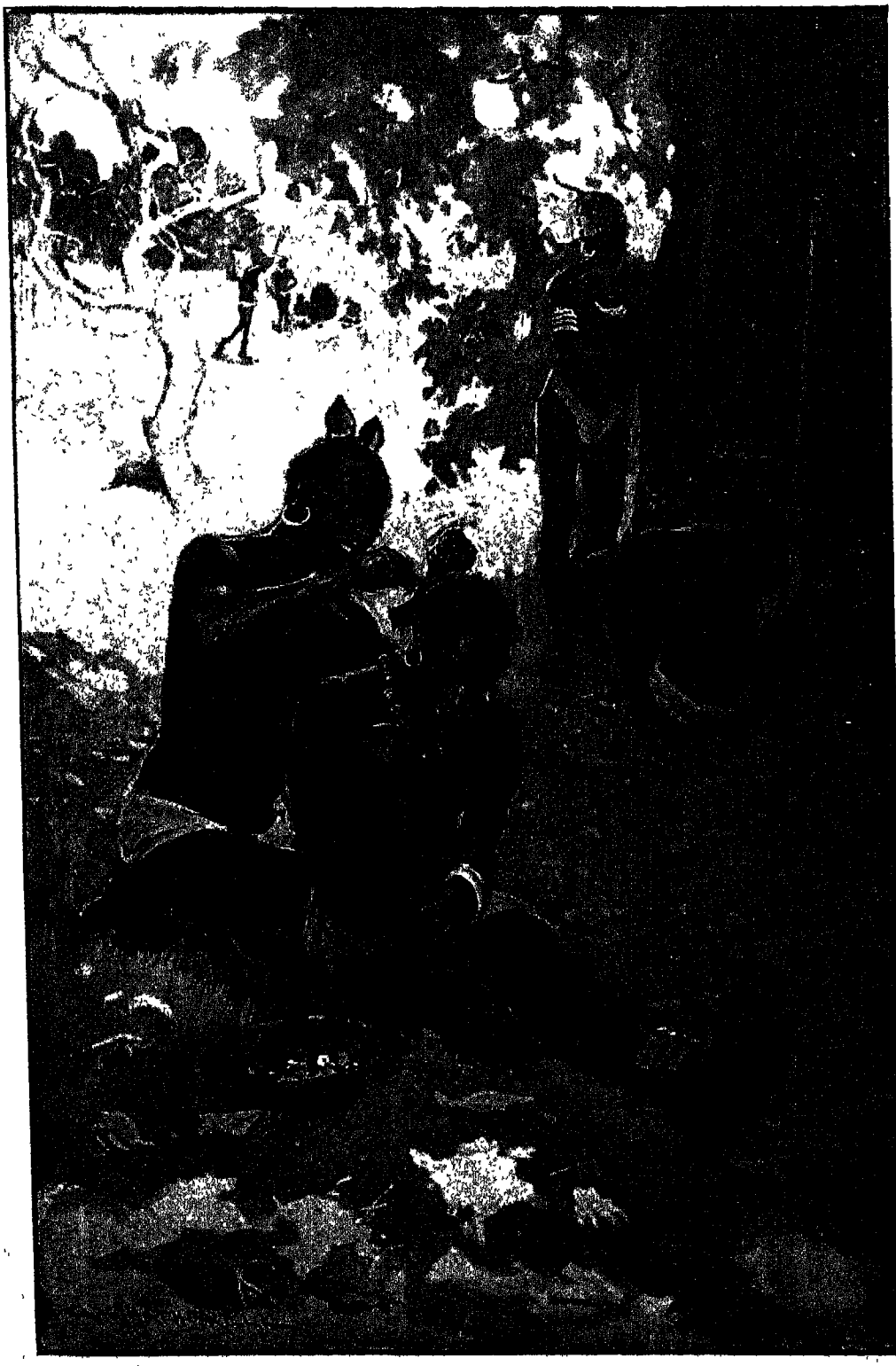
thought of nothing but good to their visitors when Changi, the aged governor, learnt that they had come from Kamrasi, with orders from that potentate to forward them to "their brothers." His politeness was extreme. Giving the entire party a friendly harangue by way of greeting, taking the white fowl he carried by one leg, he "swayed it to and fro close to the ground in front of his assembled visitors. After this ceremony had been also repeated by his 'familiar,' Changi then took the gourd and twig, and sprinkled the contents," which was pombé or millet-beer, "all over us; retired to the Uganga, or magic house—a very diminutive hut—sprinkled pombé over it; and, finally, spreading a cow-skin under a tree, bade us sit, and gave us a jorum of pombé, making many apologies that he could not show us more hospitality, as famine had reduced his stores." The impression they carried away of this primitive village was, however, far from displeasing. The beehive huts were swept clean, and the stores of grain raised on rough granite pillars, access being made to them by a rough ladder or forked stick. The men wore ornaments alone, the scanty decoration which fell to the women's lot being mainly a fringe from the waist downward, and pendant of chickweed, renewed every day, or of leathern thongs behind. Instead of the finely polished bracelets of their lords, they had to gratify their vanity with heavy anklets of iron, and a few beads around their necks, while the beaux of the place might be seen sitting for hours under the shade of trees dressing each other's hair with beads, shells, and feathers, or twining it up into pigtails with fine wire (Plate 14).

The country of these Gani extended from the limits of the old Kittara Empire (p. 83), where this village of Koki was situated, to the Asua River; the Madi country, which lay beyond it, occupied the district westward to the Nile, and far beyond they could see the hills on the other side of which they hoped to find Petherick waiting for them with his vessels. Meanwhile, nearer at hand, they knew that a camp of elephant-hunters and ivory-traders under his orders were on the outlook for them, as Bombay had visited it only a few months ago (p. 103).

Pushing ahead of the slowly moving caravan, Speke and Grant reached this outpost of civilisation, and were greeted with effusion, amounting to embarrassment, by a very black man in Egyptian uniform, in command of some two hundred "Turks,"* though

The harbingers of civilisation; Mohammed's camp at Faloro.

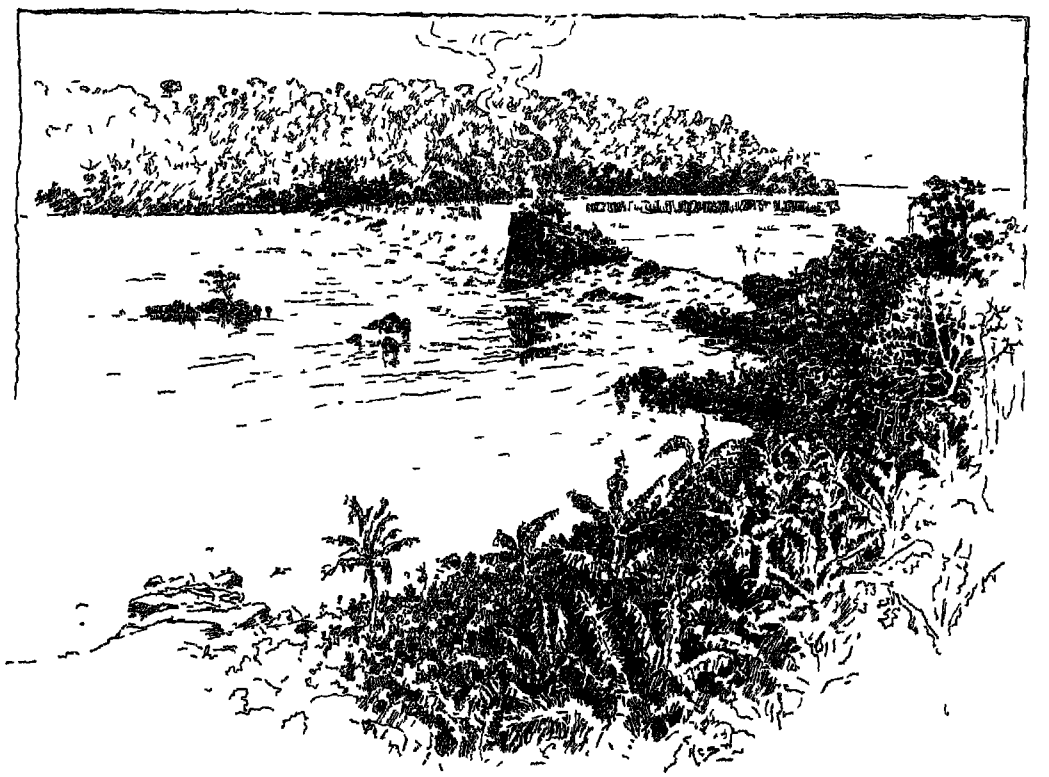
* The term "Turk" was used by the Soudan people to describe any of their oppressors not native, and is employed to this day in that sense by the Mahdists.



TOILET OF GANI DANDIES (p. 104).

in reality these ragamuffins were, with one exception, Nubians, Egyptians, and slaves of many tribes. This functionary, who would fain have expressed his joy at meeting the long-absent explorers, was Mohammed, the vakeel or agent of Andrea Debono, an ivory-merchant of Khartoum, who had so early begun to push his expedition in search of tusks into the unknown that he would soon, without any other aid than his own enterprise, have reached the great lakes. The vakeel's orders were, however, to render every assistance to "Petrick's" friends. But before Mohammed and his ragged crew could do so, they had many errands to perform. For three years they had been encamped here, buying, and stealing, and blackmailing ivory, raiding a village where they suspected the existence of a buried store, or helping some savage chief to take vengeance on another when that dignitary made the job worth the while of these black mercenaries.

They had, after the Arab fashion, made themselves quite at home, carrying off the round-topped frames that form the superstructure of the native huts to make shelter for themselves, and the dirty camp already



KARUMA FALLS

swarmed with the children of them and the daughters of the land whom the roving ivory-hunters had taken to wife. These wives—the marriage ceremony had not been very elaborate, and the union severable at will—were very industrious. Every morning they covered the space before the huts with a preparation of cow-dung. This duty performed, they proceeded to wash their children with warm water, and then to lick their faces dry, a peculiar habit evidently

imitated from dogs and other animals that treat their young in this manner. The youngsters being thus cleansed of yesterday's grime, the mothers proceeded to besmear their little bodies with vermilion pomade, after which, slung in goats' skins over the back or from the arms, they were sung to sleep and hung in their rude cradle on a peg.

Faloro, as the village was called, was, however, though a convenient halting-place, no spot for a long stay. The travellers were naturally anxious to be off, and as no letter had arrived from Petherick, albeit his "Wichwezi," or vagabonds, had for days along the route been reported as having eaten up the country, it was necessary to depart. Mohammed, who lived in good style—and most of the people were well housed and clothed, and, *more Arabico*, were quite as much at home as if they were going to stay here all their lives—was, however, in no such hurry. He had many errands to perform, and, indeed, seemed of opinion that now the travellers had been met with, his mission, so far as they were concerned, was completed.

But as the hospitalities of Faloro were getting too much for Speke's men—who were drunk every day—and the escort that had come from Kamrasi had deserted, no time was to be lost in getting away. Mohammed had, however, to make a raid in payment for cattle, slaves, and ivory, to attack one village for pelf, to receive tribute for leaving another alone, and generally to plunder the people over whom the Egyptians ruled with a rod of iron, which in after-days was to descend so heavily on their own shoulders. Their patience with him, therefore, becoming exhausted, the travellers began their march towards the Nile early in January, 1863, over long downs of grass, pastured by many antelopes, and in a couple of days reached that river again. At Apuddo, where they had to wait till the end of the month for Mohammed's party, they found carved on the bark of a great tamarind tree the letters "M I," but almost obliterated. For a long time they had been hearing of this inscription. First it was affirmed to have been cut by Petherick, then by somebody with a big beard, very like Speke, but a white man just the same as the one whom they had been expecting. It was only discovered long afterwards that it was the record of Giovanni Miani (p. 104), the Venetian traveller having arrived at this point more than two years before. This remarkable man, undeterred by the death of his companions and the hostility of the natives, had reached thus far, and, but for false information given him by the natives, would have anticipated Speke in the discovery of the Victoria Nyanza, and Baker in the exploration of the Albert Lake. He died in 1871 at the village of Numa, in the Niam-Niam country, which he was the first to explore,* after a career as romantic as he was unfortunate.

The Nile again.

At Apuddo, the "Turks," as the Egyptian party were called, behaved as they had behaved everywhere else, carrying off the tops of the huts to make their tents and the pots to cook their dinners, and helped themselves so freely to the scanty store of grain that the villagers were compelled to live on wild fruits and berries, being afraid to resist, out of fear of the ruffians' firearms, implements of defence which as yet the ivory-traders had prudently abstained from selling to them. Perhaps owing to the scarcity of muskets, antelopes, buffaloes, giraffes, elands, rhinoceri,† and other game were plentiful in the open park-like country where their camp was pitched, but from their wildness had evidently been often stalked by the hungry tribesmen.

Mohammed's load of ivory necessitated his impressing so large a number of the villagers to carry it that, before the caravan was ready to move, it consisted of fully three hundred persons, who marched, generally in sight of the river, on

On the road to Gondokoro.

* Bompiani. "Italian Explorers in Africa" (1891), p. 18. This otherwise useful work must be read with caution, as the geographical statements are by no means precise. Moreover, the orthography of the names is generally Italian.

† *Rhinoceros bicornis*. The white species (*R. simus*) was shot in Karagwe.

the way to Gondokoro. Everywhere on their route the people fled before, evacuating their houses lest a worse fate should befall them, though at times also they managed to make good their losses by stampeding part of the plundered cattle. Fig,* palm, plum, and jujube trees dotted the level plain, through which the river flowed smoothly without a cataract, for long stretches unbroken even by a single rock, here and there crossed by a rude dug-out, though in most places sheaves of jowari† straw formed the usual method of ferriage (Vol. I., p. 295). The huts passed were clean, the floors made of hard red clay, the thresholds tesselated with fragments of earthenware, while the abundance of bamboos enabled the owners to supply themselves with many conveniences denied to the inhabitants of some of the regions they had left. Farther on they found univalve shells, cut into circles the size of shirt-buttons, and worn as ornaments round the waist, or circulating as money; while at Magi, the frontier station of Madi, ostrich shells were used for the same purposes. Here the value of labour was estimated in cows, the porters being paid, when they were paid at all, a small cow for a journey of four marches, including a return burden if necessary. But, warned by long experience, the villagers always insisted on being paid in advance.

The country now became populous and for mile after mile presented the appearance of a vast undulating down, dotted with fig and tamarind trees, only broken with a few wood-capped, double-coned hills. During the rainy season this region is a green expanse. But at the time our explorers passed it was parched, the brooks were dry, and water was obtained only by digging in their beds. Iron seems to exist, for the natives manufactured it in primitive furnaces and their long spears were pointed with blades of excellent metal. Wild cotton was common and woven by the women into a serviceable fabric. Archery was generally practised and, with firearms, the people seemed bold enough to give a good account of themselves in any battle with the maraunding Egyptians, who plundered the pillar granaries as they marched along.

At Magi, near the Yorborah Rapids, the travellers heard good news—three white men had arrived in vessels at Gondokoro. These tidings were so welcome that they almost forgot the less pleasing information that accompanied it, namely, that the Bari, whose country they were just entering, had resolved to compass the destruction of Mohammed's caravan by poisoning the wells in advance of them. More porters being pressed into the ivory-traders' caravan, they pushed on, camp-followers and all about a thousand strong, eating up the country before them, hearing on all sides terrible tales of what the Bari were going to do, but, in spite of the threats, nowhere molested, until "the Turks" began to laugh at the flying villagers, whose huts they duly sacked, and passed on. But at Doro, a station near the conical Rijiaf Hill, or "Logwek" of the Bari (p. 109), where, on account of slight shocks of earthquake which were felt here, the names of some Nile voyagers are cut,‡ the camp was attacked by the Bari in force. But, failing to surprise the Egyptians, they fled before their guns, setting fire to the grass, and, as Speke describes the scene, "marched up and down, brandishing ignited grass in their hands, howling like demons, and swearing that they would annihilate us in the morning," which they neglected to do. Having demonstrated, the Bari thought better of it. It appeared, however, that these wild tribesmen—tall, erect, and naked from head to foot—had actually attempted to poison the water by placing in the streams large branches of a

* *Urostigma Kotschyana* (p. 108). Until recently the Niam-Niam made their clothing from its bark.

† *Andropogon sorghum*, Kaffir corn, or Durra (p. 108), used as food and the material for making beer.

‡ Among others, that of Dr. Felkin, who, sixteen years later, made the same journey in very different circumstances. The hill is 375 feet higher than the surrounding plain—that is, according to Emin Pasha and Dr. Felkin, 2,006 feet above sea-level, though Sir Samuel Baker makes it 4,186 feet.

species of spurge,* though without evil effect and were so far successful in their attack that two men were wounded by their arrows, while

1, DURRA (*Sorghum vulgare*); 2, PIYU (*Thespesia Lubi*); THE (*Prosopis Kuka ayana*).

thirty men were not able to rescue Grant's umbrella from their clutches. As the Nile was again approached, the park-like, grassy, tree-dotted country gave place to an ugly, dreary plain of sand, sometimes firm, but in places heavy walking. At last, on the 15th of February, 1863, the masts of Nile boats were sighted, and a white speck was pointed out as the church that had belonged to the Austrian missionaries, who, after labouring here for thirty years, had abandoned the attempt to make any progress with the wild Bari. Then, all eager to reach the goal, the caravan broke into straggling running groups until the semblance of a scattered village was reached, amid salvoes of musketry and the beating of drums by the excited Nubians. They were now at Gondokoro. It was in those days the last outpost of civilisation on the Upper Nile, and might therefore be regarded as the end of the exploration which we have followed so long.

Gondokoro and friends.

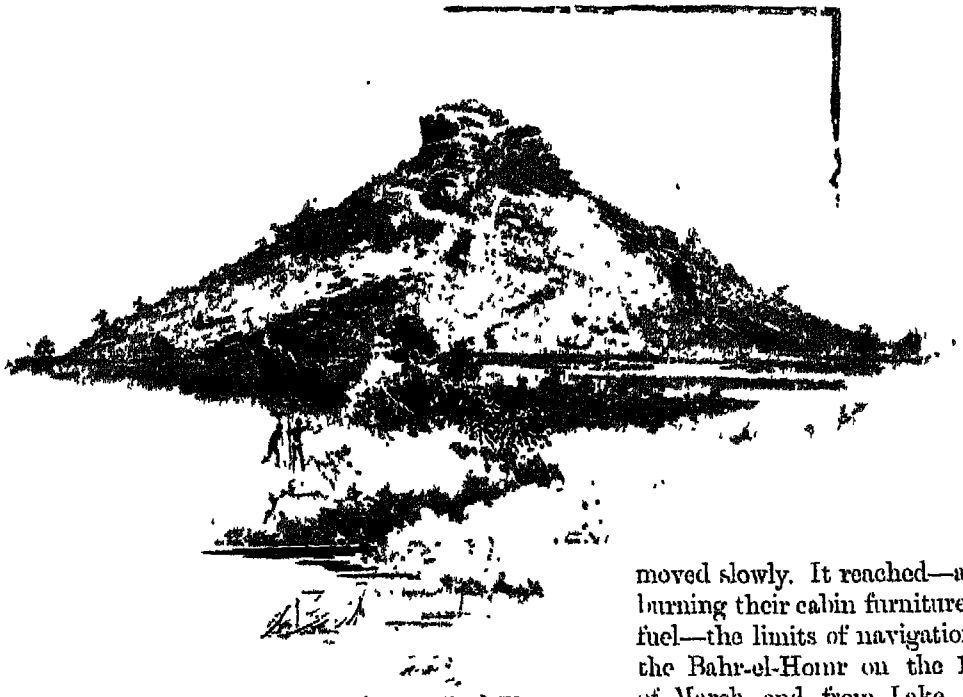
But where was Petherick? A visit to Koorshid Agha, a Circassian merchant, who was Signor Debono the ivory-trader's agent here, speedily put the disillusionised travellers in possession of the information that it was to him, and not to their countryman who had been paid for the succour which he did not afford, that they were indebted for the escort from Faloro to Gondokoro. Perhaps the vessels lying by the river-bank were his? On going down to ascertain the ownership of them, they were met by a sturdy, bearded Briton, who, however, was not the man to meet whom Speke had hurried away from Uganda and separated from Grant at Kari, but an old friend of Speke's, Mr. Samuel Baker, who, though not unknown to Singhalese sportsmen for his exploits among the elephants of Ceylon, appears now for the first time in the history of African explorers among whom he was before long to take so honourable a place. He had, in company with his wife, come up the river with three vessels—one "dabeeah" and two "nuggers"—fully equipped with armed men, camels, horses, donkeys, beads, brass wire, and everything necessary for a long journey, expressly to

* *Euphorbia antiquorum*. Its milky juice is used as a glue.

succour the explorers, and entirely at his own expense, hoping, as he remarked with grim jocularity, that he would find them on the equator in some terrible fix, so that he might have the pleasure of helping them out of it. He would, indeed, have met them sooner, but, hearing of Mohammed's party, he was waiting for it to reach Gondokoro, in order that he might have the use of his return-men to start with comfortably.

The Dutch ladies' expedition.

Baker's was, however, not the only party that had been endeavouring to bring succour to the long-absent travellers. One had been started by three Dutch ladies, which, but for a series of mishaps, might have anticipated the efforts of the generous Englishman. The history of the attempt is brief and sad. In July, 1861, Mrs. Tinné, the widow of an English merchant, had left the Hague, with her daughter Alexandrine, and her sister the Baroness von Capellen, on their third visit to Egypt. After passing the winter in Cairo, they ascended the Nile to Nubia and the Soudan, reaching by the end of September (1862) the very place where Speke and his friends then were, and, after exploring a part of the Sobat, returning in November to Khartoum. In February, 1863, Miss Tinné—reputed to be the richest heiress in the Netherlands—in company with her mother and aunt, Baron d'Ablaing, Baron von Heuglin, and Dr. Steudner, again set out for Khartoum to explore the Bahr-el-Ghazel. Their expedition was on a princely scale, for, in addition to the persons already mentioned, it comprised several European ladies'-maids, and about two hundred other followers better fitted for the work of African exploration. So cumbersome an expedition naturally moved slowly. It reached—after burning their cabin furniture for fuel—the limits of navigation at the Bahr-el-Homr on the 10th of March, and from Lake Rék made a journey overland, across the Bahr Jur, and south-west by the Bahr Kosango to Jebel Kosango, on the borders of the Niam-Niam country, which Schweinfurth explored some years later. Malarious fever attacked all the whites of the party



BIJIAT (OR LOGWEK) HILL

in this fever-breeding region, and even the wealth of the Dutch ladies was unable to alleviate the misery that followed. Steudner succumbed in April, and Mrs. Tinné two months later, the remainder of the party reaching Khartoum in July, 1864, where the Baroness von Capellen also died, Miss Tinné returning to Cairo by crossing the then well-known country from Berber to Suakim on the Red Sea, after making observations of considerable geographical interest.* At Cairo, Miss Tinné lived in Oriental magnificence for the next four years, visiting Algeria, Tunis, and other parts of the Mediterranean shores of North Africa, perishing at last, as we have seen (Vol. I., p. 282), a victim to her own somewhat luxurious style of travelling, the Tuaregs murdering her at Sharaba, not far from Murzuk, for the sake of the supposed riches contained in her iron water-tanks, not to mention her costly horses and finely dressed maid-servants, superfluities against whose presence the most experienced of Tripoli authorities in vain cautioned the headstrong lady, who was barely thirty at the time of her lamentable death.

MRS. TINNÉ. (*From a Print.*)

Petherick and his wife, accompanied by Dr. Murie, the distinguished naturalist, by-and-by also arrived at Gondokoro, and explained why he had not fulfilled his contract to succour the explorers. Instead of coming up the Nile at once, he had waited while a vessel was being built, until he lost the north winds which would have enabled him to sail up the river. Then leaving for his trading-post at Nyambara, with vague orders to a vakeel to look out for the traveller, the ivory-trader attended to his more lucrative private business, confessing that he had never expected to see the travellers alive. Mr. Petherick naturally did the best he could to defend himself. He might no doubt have meant well; but his judgment was bad, and, viewed in the light of unaccomplished facts, the best that can be said for him is that he was not quite the person for the work he had undertaken. Had he stuck to the plan originally arranged between him and Speke, he would most likely not only have saved the travellers much needless anxiety and hardship, but have had the first run of an ivory country not then touched by any of the enterprising men who were pushing out their parties in all directions to obtain the one commodity that rendered the Upper Nile valley of any interest to these pioneers.†

Petherick and his proceedings.

Of these, Petherick was undeniably one of the most indomitable. Starting for Khartoum in November, 1853, with a sailing-vessel manned by Nubians, he ascended the Bahr-el-Ghazel River to the islets of Kyt, where Mishra-er-Rék was afterwards founded. Here his operations were stopped by the hostile attitude of the natives and the timidity of his own people. Next year,

* Heuglin, Kinzelbach, Munzinger, and Steudner. "Die Deutsche Expedition in Ost-Afrika, 1861 und 1862 (Sudan und Nord-Abessinien)" Petermann's *Geographische Mittheilungen*, Ergänzungsheft Nr. 13; Heuglin, "Die Tinneesche Expedition im westlichen Nil-Quellgebiet, 1863 und 1864," *Ibid.*, Nr. 17 (1865); and "Reise in das Gebiet des Weissen Nils, etc." (1865); also in Miss Tinné's own "Travels in the Region of the White Nile" (1863); John Tinné, "Geographical Notes of an Expedition in Central Africa by three Dutch Ladies" (1861); Kotschy, "Der Nil, seine Quellen, Zuflusse, Lander und deren Bewohner" (1866); and Kotschy and Peyritsch, "Plantæ Tinneanæ" (1867).

† Petherick, "Land Journey Westward of the White Nile from Abu Kuka to Gondokoro" (1864). See also *Journal R. G. S.*, Vol. XXIV., p. 289, and *Proceedings R. G. S.*, Vols. IV., pp. 39–223; V., pp. 27, 40, 41; VI., p. 18; VII., p. 20; VIII., p. 122; "Egypt, the Soudan, and Central Africa, being Sketches of Sixteen Years' Travel" (1861); and (by Mr. and Mrs. Petherick) "Travels in Central Africa and Exploration of the Western Nile Tributaries," 2 vols. (1869); Poncets, "Le Fleuve Blanc," in which the travels of that ivory-hunter are described, etc.

however, he was more successful when he took the same route, with two boats and a larger equipment, and was able not only to do business with the Kyt islanders and other people dwelling farther inland, but to found an ivory-station on the Jur. In 1858, Petherick started from the Mishra-el-Rék on a southern expedition, which seems to have brought him as far as Mundo, in Makaraka Land, between the sixth and seventh parallels of North latitude. Petherick's after-work, until he retired from business in 1863, has already been mentioned. He was the last English—indeed, the last European—ivory-trader in this country; "the ivory as well as the slave trade," which we shall have occasion to touch upon in a future chapter, "in the regions extending west and south-west of the Ghazel remained" after that date "exclusively in the hands of European subjects."* Petherick was undeniably a man of merit, and, but for the discredit his last expedition served justly or unjustly to attach to his name, deserves a higher place among Nile-land explorers than he has as yet obtained among his countrymen.

Speke and Grant remained at Gondokoro as Baker's guest for a few days, for the purpose of fixing the longitude of the spot in order to check observations made elsewhere. During this pleasant relief from the irksomeness of travel among barbarians, the explorers learnt the news of the outside world since they had left—*inter alia*, the death of the Prince Consort and the outbreak of Civil War in the United States; and, before leaving, obtained through a Syrian trader, who came up the Nile from Cairo with the north wind in three months, a batch of letters that had arrived for them during their absence. Koorshid Agha was also unremitting in his kindness, sending a turkey, a box of cigars, and, of all gifts, for a good Moslem—the goodness of whom was in those days very doubtful in that part of the world—a case of champagne. He was even kind enough to express his regret, for his own sake, that the explorers had obtained succour from a countryman, otherwise he might have had the honour of claiming them as his guests, and the additional pleasure of conveying them to Khartoum in his own boats.

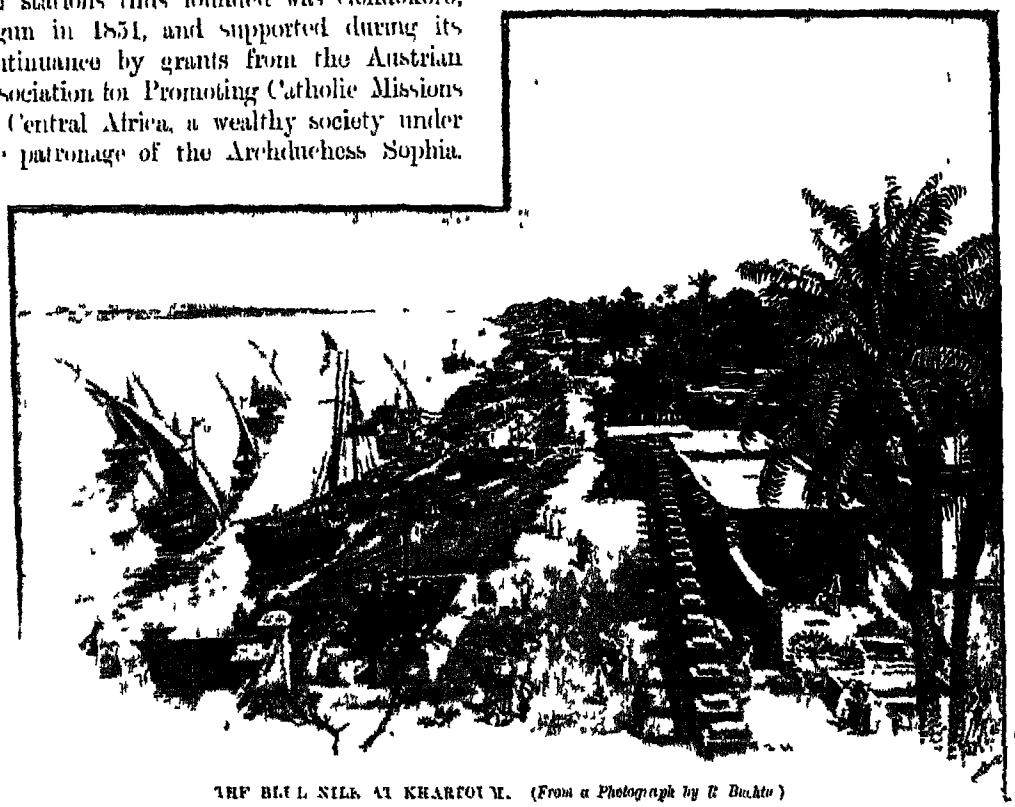
* Junker, "Travels in Africa during the years 1875–78," translated by A. H. Keane (1890), p 371.

Among other unexpected visitors who dropped into Gondokoro during the explorers' stay were Father Morlan and two other priests of the Austrian Mission that had been formerly stationed at Gondokoro. They had come from Angwen, in the Kytch country, to see the old place again before they left for Khartoum: for the Austrian Government, discouraged by the failures of so many years, had ordered the recall of the whole establishment in these regions. This attempt to civilise and Christianise the rude tribes of the Upper Nile began in 1848, two years after Pope Gregory XVI. had constituted what was then known of Central Africa a Vicariate Apostolic. In this brief the objects of the Mission were stated to be the conversion of the natives, the suppression of the slave trade, and the spiritual welfare of the few Roman Catholics settled in the Upper Nile regions. In that year, Father Ryllo, a Pole who had played a very zealous part in the feuds between the Maronites and Druses in Lebanon, arrived at Khartoum, accompanied by four other Jesuits (two of them Italians), and three laymen. The chief soon succumbed to the Khartoum fever. But Dr. Ignatius Knoblecher, a most energetic man, speedily reorganised the Mission, and raised it to a condition of the greatest prosperity. In 1849, he undertook what was really a journey of exploration to the

The Austrian Mission.

JOHN PETHERICK. (*From a Print.*)

Upper Nile, to find stations to carry on the work he had begun, contending meanwhile against the decrees of the Egyptian Government forbidding him to attempt to make proselytes among the Mussulman population. One of the stations thus founded was Gondokoro, begun in 1851, and supported during its continuance by grants from the Austrian Association for Promoting Catholic Missions in Central Africa, a wealthy society under the patronage of the Archduchess Sophia. stations had, however, to be abandoned eventually, owing to the deadly climate of the malarious region lying along the banks of the White Nile. Of ten missionaries in Gondokoro, eight perished in one year; and the

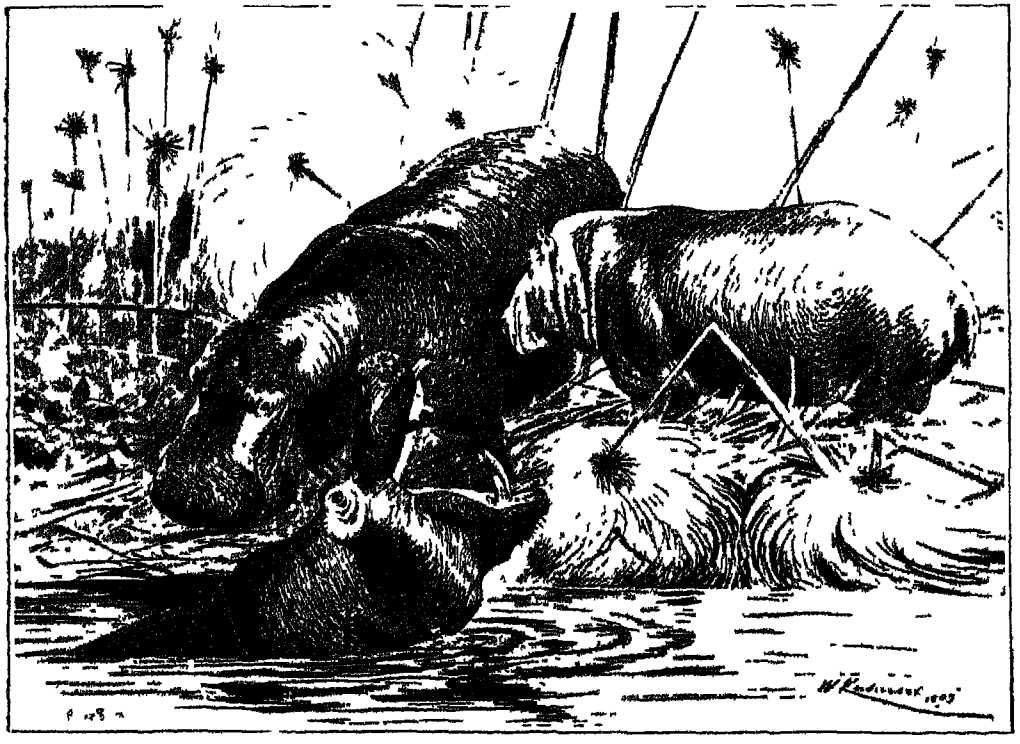


THE BLUE NILE AT KHARTOUM. (*From a Photograph by R. Buchta*)

During this expedition to the White Nile, Dr. Knoblecher reached Mount Logwek (p. 109), in four and three-quarter degrees North latitude, which he was the first to ascend. A cross and the date cut in the rock still remain to attest his enterprise. In 1855 the Mission of the Holy Cross was founded in the village of Angwen. In 1854, Giovanni Beltrame, another member of the Mission, travelled from Khartoum up the Blue Nile to Beni Shangol, and reached Rosères, which, however, he found unsuitable for a station. Later, he visited Europe, and returned in 1857 with five more priests, among whom was Daniele Comboni. These devoted Knoblecher himself was obliged to return an invalid to Naples, where he died in 1857. His successor, Father Kirchner, a Bavarian, was compelled to remove in 1860 to the village of Birbeh, at the first cataract, and soon afterwards, by an arrangement with the Propaganda, surrendered the administration of the Mission to the Franciscan Friars. In 1861, sixty priests and lay brothers of the order reached Khartoum, and thirty of them settled near Kaka, on the White Nile. But fourteen having died within two years, the rest returned in dismay to Khartoum, and eventually, after withdrawing most of the outlying stations, the Vicariate was transferred

in 1872 to the clergy of the Mission College established at Verona in 1867 for missionary work on the Dark Continent, and, until his death in 1881,* was administered by Father Comboni, as Pro-Vicar Apostolic or Bishop Meanwhile, merely to look after the interests of the missionary subjects of the Kaiser, Austria established (in 1851) a consul at Khartoum in the person of Dr Reitz, who, eleven years later, fell a victim to the climate, his successors being Baron von Heuglin, the eminent zoologist (p 109), and Dr Natterer, who also succumbed to the insidious fever of the White Nile region—happier, perhaps, who had been many years in his service and been treated with infinite kindness—a sad ending to nearly fifty years spent in tropical Africa† The fate of the Austrian missionaries and nuns, after the ruin of the Soudan, which will be related by-and-by, entitles their story to a higher rank than that of mere zealots in a good cause. They deserve to be numbered among heroes and martyrs.

How far Captain Speke was correct in saying that during their residence at Gondokoro and other parts of the Upper Nile the missionaries made "not one convert," we do not presume to affirm The reports issued by



HIPPOPOTAMI OF THE UPPER NILE.

than his successor, Martin Hansal, who perished with Gordon at the capture of Khartoum by the Mahdi, murdered by a Nubian

* When Father Ohrwalder visited Khartoum after the ruin wrought by the Mahdists in 1885, he found that the grave of the good Bishop had, like those of many others, been opened in search of treasure, but that the monument erected by the Khartoum people was still standing.

them are not quite in keeping with this statement—though possibly they were too ready to take the will for the deed—nor at one with the more impartial opinion of Dr. Junker. It is certain that when an Egyptian station was established at Gondokoro, many of the Bari

† "Travels in Africa, 1875–78," pp. 197-98.

became partially civilised, and learned sufficient Arabic to find employment about the military stations as interpreters, translators, and inspectors. In 1863 there was, however, no Government to control the population or to protect property, and the people had not much heart to learn what they saw no immediate prospect of profiting by, or what, in the persons of their instructors, did not seem to yield material returns. The people would come and look at the religious pictures, or, it might be, throw them away, saying their stomachs were empty and that they must go in search of something to fill them. And, as a rule, this important portion of their persons always was in a state of depletion. They were half starved, not because their country would not grow food, but because they were too lazy to cultivate the land. What little corn they planted was consumed before it was fully ripe, and they either sought for fish in the river or fed on tortoises in the interior, as they feared they might never reap what they sowed, a foreboding not quite unjustified, considering the inter-tribal wars and the slave raids, which were then, and are yet, the normal condition of affairs in that part of the Nile Valley. At first the natives were kindly inclined to the whites. The atrocities of the traders soon changed all this, until they even upbraided the missionaries for having been the advance guard of the "white devils" who followed.

In those days Gondokoro was the most advanced outpost of the Egyptians in Central Africa. But there was as yet no representative of law and order, and the place was full of the most villainous brigands on the face of Africa, the riff-raff of Khartoum, and Khartoum was filled with the scum of Egypt (p. 112). It was, Baker tells us, "a perfect hell, a colony of cut-throats," and the centre of the slave trade. At all hours of the day the clanking of chains could be heard, and with such effrontery was the trade pursued by the ruffians who bribed the Khartoum authorities into permitting any rascality, that a cargo arrived under the Stars and Stripes, the owner being a captain whose son acted as the United States Consul at Khartoum. Bullets were flying about day and night, and murders among the drunken scoundrels were of such constant occurrence that no one thought of asking the reason why, while the innocent natives were shot down with a recklessness worthy of some of the savage kings whose acquaintance we have made in the preceding pages. "At night," Captain Grant writes, in recalling those times, "while camped on the Nile at Gondokoro, the sounds were either the hippopotamus or the rifle, the one much more pleasant than the other: the heavy trumpeting of the former reverberating either up or down stream was delicious music to the ear, but the crack of the rifle only made me dread that some poor native had fallen its victim."*

Gondokoro in 1863.

From Gondokoro to Khartoum, at the time of which we write, was a comparatively easy and by no means dangerous voyage. Egyptian posts and the Austrian mission in the Kytch country formed convenient halting-places; the discontent and fanaticism that in twenty years were to burst out with such fury were still only simmering, so that beyond a chance of pilfering by the natives, and the swarms of mosquitoes, against which even the black skins of Speke's men had to be partially protected by clothes, the journey, thanks to the boats that by Baker's generosity had been put at their service, and the ample stores that the same friend provided, was, if full of interest, not particularly eventful.

The end of a long lane.

From Khartoum to Cairo, the river was then, and for many years afterwards, a highway for troops and merchants. It was, indeed, so familiar that after the long tramp in the unknown which the travellers had just completed they advanced more quickly. Still, the journey was not a rapid one. From Gondokoro to Khartoum the "dahabeah" voyage took thirty-two days—from the 26th of February to the 30th of March. From Khartoum to Berber by the same conveyance—steamers not being

* *Journal Roy. Geog. Soc.*, Vol. XLII, p. 295.

then on that portion of the Nile—eight days were consumed. From the latter port, they crossed the desert to Korosko in fifteen days, by means of camels. To Philæ by dahabeeah took four days more, and, finally, as the Viceroy's steamer came as far as Assouan for them, Cairo was reached in less than a week—the entire journey from Gondokoro occupying sixty-five travelling days. Its general features have already been indicated in our description of the Nile (pp. 6–10).

It is scarcely necessary to add that from the time they reached civilisation every distinction attended the explorers, and that when they arrived in England, after an absence of three years and fifty-one days, no travellers received, or deserved to receive, a warmer welcome from those who were the best judges of the value of their work, though, for some reason not easy to divine, the Ministry of the day declined to recommend Speke for the honour of knighthood, or even for the Companionship of the Bath, which before and since his day had often been conferred on much less meritorious explorers. But the Heralds were more liberal and appreciative, for they granted to the father and all the descendants of Speke—of whom there were none, for he died unmarried—an "augmentation" of arms—"running water superinscribed 'Nile,' with a crocodile for a crest, and a crocodile for dexter and hippopotamus as sinister supporters."

Nor were the "Faithfuls" forgotten. Bombay, his eighteen men and four women, received every attention in Cairo, Aden, Mauritius, and Zanzibar, being presented, in addition to a year's extra pay, with a "freedman's garden," and ten dollars dowry money, as soon as the bachelors among them could find wives—no difficult matter for grandees of their wealth and distinction.

The end of the expedition was, nevertheless, melancholy. The projected journey across Africa, to complete what had been left undone, was never to be undertaken either by Speke or his companion. After a year in England, spent in publishing the—still imperfect—account of his journey, the discoverer of the Victoria Nyanza engaged to take part in a discussion of the Nile sources at the Bath meeting of the British Association in 1864. But, though the "section" met, and Burton was there, the explorer who would have been the central figure in the company was absent. Then the whisper passed round and the sad news was announced. Captain Speke was dead. On the previous afternoon, September 15th, the man who had passed scatheless through two African expeditions and a dozen sporting trips in the Indian jungles had perished at

De Mortuis.

SPEKE'S "AUGMENTATION" OF ARMS.

the age of thirty-seven by the accidental discharge of his own gun while crossing a fence during a partridge-shooting party on his cousin's estate.

> "—Can this be the end supreme
> Of the countless things of the days of old?
> This clay, is it all what used to be
> In the Afric land by the Zingian sea?"

The lines are Lady Burton's.

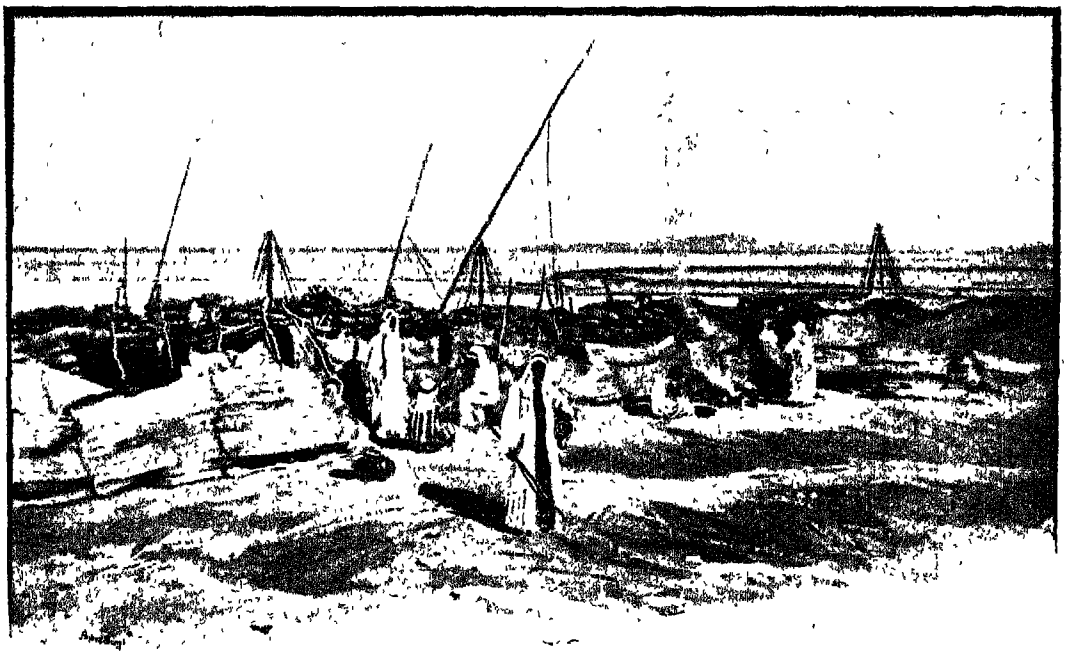
Nor did Burton, with whom he died unreconciled, ever again undertake any great African expedition, though, as consul on the Guinea coast and in his private capacity, he added much to our knowledge of that shore and the region lying immediately behind it. He, too, reaped little material reward from his perilous exertions in the cause of knowledge. He was a captain when he discovered the East African lakes, and until two years before

his death he was still a captain. Then he was knighted, and, after filling various posts and winning some of the recognition which his almost unparalleled lore in many by-ways of scholarship so amply deserved, died in Trieste on the 20th of October, 1890.

More fortunate, Grant survived both of them—the zealous guardian of his comrade's fame, which, unfortunately, the zealous Scot considered synonymous with so unreasoning a dislike of Burton that he declined even to make the acquaintance of that man of many friends and many enemies. As chief of the Intelligence Department of the Abyssinian expedition under Sir Robert—afterwards Lord—Napier, he again visited Africa; but his work as an explorer ended with his share in Speke's discoveries. Thereafter he stayed at home a prosperous gentleman—a Companion of the Bath and the Star of India and a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Army until his death at Nairn on the 11th of February, 1892. He and Baker alone of those who had the principal part in solving the problem that had puzzled so many, and for a time—so runs the legend—had tempted even Julius Cæsar to abandon Cleopatra and conquest, lived to enjoy the longed-for "Honour that is from the Nile."*

*Speke, "Journal of the Discoveries of the Source of the Nile" (1863); "Upper Basin of the Nile by Inspection and Information" (*Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, Vol XXXIII., pp. 322–316); Grant, "A Walk Across Africa" (1864); "Summary of Observations on the Geography, Climate, and Natural History of the Lake Region of Central Africa," etc (*Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, Vol. XLII., pp. 248–342); and "Route from Berber to Korosko" (*Proc. Royal Geographical Society*, N.S., Vol. VI., p. 326); "Botany of the Speke and Grant Expedition" (*Transactions of the Linnean Society*, Vol. XXIX., pp. 1–178); Swayne, "Lake Victoria" (1868), etc. This chapter also embodies much private information.

JUJUBE (*Zizyphus jujuba*).



THE NILE AT BERBER (*From a Photograph by R. Buchta*)

CHAPTER VII.

THE NILE-SEEKERS: THE ALBERT NYANZA.

The Nile not "Settled"—What Speke Told Baker—The New African Explorer—His Year's Examination of the Nile Tributaries—From Khartoum to Gondokoro—The Death of Johann Schmidt—A Fameless Adventurer—Troubles at Gondokoro—A Rush up the Ellyria Country—Making a Friend of an Enemy—The Latooka Country and the Fate of Deserters—A Man with an Evil Eye—From Obbo to Shooa—More Deserters—At the Karuma Falls—Kamrasi—From M'rooli to the Albert Nyanza—A Long Lane with a Turning—An Excursion from Vacovia on the Lake—Magungo—The Murchison Falls—An Invitation from Kamrasi to Fight with Fowcera—An Offer of Half a Kingdom—Slave-Trading Allies—A Meek Gang of Vagabonds—The Fetish of a Flag—News of M'tesa—From Kamrasi's Camp to Gondokoro—An Attack by the Bari—Baker's Return to England and his Rewards

WHEN Speke reached Alexandria, he telegraphed home, "The Nile is settled;" and for a couple of years that was the opinion of a great many people not quite so cocksure regarding the outcome of their discoveries as the explorers with whose doings the preceding chapters have been occupied. But the Nile was not settled; indeed, for that matter, it is not settled yet, and will not be until the ultimate rivulet pouring its water into the most distant lakelet which contributes to the river of Egypt has been laid down on a map much more detailed than any we yet possess of Central Africa. Speke and Grant had traversed the continent from the east coast to the northern watershed of Africa at the southern extremity of the Victoria Nyanza, and had afterwards ascertained that the main current of the river flowed out of that lake at the Ripon Falls. They then traced the river for a considerable distance to Karuma Falls, and again met the Nile in latitude 3° 32′ N., or about seventy-seven miles in a straight line from where they had left it to tramp by land (p. 103). So far, Speke and Grant were quite right; and,

though later discoveries seemed for a time to reduce somewhat the importance of this great discovery, it stands to-day as high as it was deemed in 1863; for, if it is by no means the only source of the White Nile, it is now known to be the principal one—the others being merely subsidiary, if, indeed, the streams that form them are not to be regarded as little more than tributaries to the great lake reservoir, or to the main current flowing out of it

Yet even Speke and Grant were well aware that there were other lake sources; for when in Kamrasi's country they had heard of another lake, the Luta N'zige—the Albert Nyanza of future days,—into the northern extremity of which the king and his people declared the river entered, only to make its exit almost immediately, and then, as a navigable river, continued its course to the north through the Koshi and Madi countries. The explorers would fain have visited this sheet: but this was at the time impossible, for the tribes were fighting with Kamrasi, and no stranger would have been permitted to pass through the country leading to the lake which was to them the scene of so many speculations and the object of so many longings. Accordingly, when Baker asked whether, after succouring the two travellers at heavy personal cost, there was not "a leaf of the laurel remaining for him," he was naturally told of this lake, and of the possibilities attaching to it. "I now heard," Baker tells us, "that the field was not only open, but that an additional interest was given to the exploration by the proof that the Nile flowed out of one great lake, the Victoria, but that it evidently must derive an additional supply from an unknown lake, as it entered it at the *northern* extremity, while the body of the lake came from the south. The fact of a great body of water like the Luta N'zige extending in a direct line from south to north, while the general system of drainage of the Nile was from the same direction, showed most conclusively that the Luta N'zige, if it existed in the form assumed, must have an important position in the basin of the Nile." At the time, Speke was induced to believe that this lake was, as Dr. Murie had suggested to him, a "great backwater of the Nile," which in a certain sense it is, though not quite in the way that these pioneer explorers concluded at the time; for, though we know that it supplies a large flood to the White Nile, it is not a mere backwater, but one of two lakes linked by the Semliki River and fed by numerous streams from various directions (p. 6). When Baker heard this, and, in addition, that Speke had left a considerable quantity of property with Kamrasi, to be reclaimed by "a white man" who should be sent hence, he, though in no need of the goods, felt that the road was clear to him and the "laurel leaf" still remaining worthy of the toil of plucking it.

What Speke told Baker

Samuel White Baker—he was not in those days knight and Pasha—at the time when Speke and Grant met him at Gondokoro was no longer in his first youth.* Like many others, his first acquaintance with the continent in which he was so soon to win a great name was made in mature life, after his constitution had been strengthened by years of arduous toil in various parts of the world. But though, in 1863, almost unknown in the Nile Valley, he had won his spurs as a sportsman and engineer under kindred skies. When little more than a boy, he and a brother—one of two destined to distinguish themselves—had founded an agricultural colony and sanatorium in the cool uplands of Ceylon, where the adventures of the future African explorer as an elephant-hunter are still fresh among the social chronicles of the island.† A few years later he found his way to the Crimea, and afterwards superintended the construction of the first railway in Turkey—namely, that which connects the Danube, across the Dobrudja, with the Black Sea.

Samuel White Baker.

But it was not until 1861 that he resolved to attack the then unsolved Nile problem.

* He was born in London, June 8th, 1821.

† Baker: "Rifle and Hound in Ceylon" (1854), and "Eight Years' Wanderings in Ceylon" (1855).

However, remembering that the failure of many of his predecessors had been due to differences of opinion, which had ended in retreat, he resolved to attempt his task with no other companion than his wife—a young Hungarian lady, whose courage, tact, and devotion on this and all her husband's future travels entitle her to a high place in the story of Africa (p. 120). With characteristic thoroughness, the new Nile-seeker was in no haste to win reputation. "I had a wild hope, mingled with humility, that, even as the insignificant worm bores through the hardest oak, I might, by perseverance, reach the heart of Africa. I could not conceive that anything in the world had that power to resist a determined will, so long as health and life remain." The expedition of Speke and Grant, who had been long silent, led him to plan his journey so that he might (p. 108) be able to meet with them, and, if necessary, render them assistance—a wish that, we have seen, was amply gratified.

Leaving Cairo in the middle of April, 1861, the future explorer and his brave companion, with a fair wind behind them, reached Korosko in less than a month, and, crossing the Nubian Desert to cut off the western bend of the Nile, arrived in the middle of a summer season—with the thermometer 114 in what shade could be obtained—at Berber, eight days from Khartoum. But by this time, finding that he was at the mercy of interpreters, who have many opportunities of being dishonest, and seldom neglect those favours of fortune, Baker determined to spend a year in tracing the Abyssinian tributaries of the river, on which he was again embarked, hoping by this time to have picked up sufficient Arabic to render him independent of the Cairene dragoman. A season, therefore, was spent in exploring the Atbara, Settite, Royân, Salaam, Angrab, Rahad, and Dinder, first ascending the Atbara, which falls into the Nile twenty miles south of Berber, and after following up or crossing the tributaries mentioned, Baker descended the Blue Nile to Khartoum on the 15th of April, 1862, twelve months after leaving Berber. Most of this time was spent in the mountainous regions on the borders of Abyssinia. Much of this country had been traversed by Bruce, nearly ninety years before, and his successor could only confirm his account of its extent and beauty. All of the streams whose acquaintance the latest travellers made flow into the Nile, either through the Atbara or the Blue Nile. The first-named is, we have seen (p. 22), for months at a time perfectly dry, and even the Blue Nile—so called from its clear water reflecting the cloudless sky—is, during the earlier seasons, so shallow that it cannot be navigated by the small vessels transporting produce from Sennaar to Khartoum. This is due to the drying-up of its principal tributaries, the Rahad and Dinder. After the rains, which end in April, the Rahad, like the Atbara, becomes a bed of glowing sand, and the Dinder is reduced to a few disconnected pools, swarming with hippopotami and other stranded denizens of the full river.*

Abyssinian tributaries of the Nile.

Interesting as these journeys were, the necessity of describing others of more direct importance to the development of Africa compels us to concentrate our attention on the great expedition Baker was now about to undertake. Until then, ignorant of the type of men he had to deal with in that Soudan over which, six years later, he was to be absolute master, Baker was not prepared for the passive and even active resistance he met with in making his preparations for his voyage from Khartoum southwards. Moosa Pasha, a more than usually brutal type of the Soudanese Turkish Governor-General, like all the other officials, was anxious to prevent Englishmen from penetrating the districts raided by the slave-traders, fearing that if—as was the case—the atrocities of that traffic were exposed, the Khedive, in his anxiety to stand well with his European creditors, might be compelled to stop a trade by which every one of them profited. It was, therefore, not until

* Baker, "The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia and the Sword Hunters of the Hamran Arabs" (1867)

the 18th of December, 1864, that Baker was able to start up the Nile to Gondokoro, with ninety persons, twenty-nine camels, horses and asses, in three vessels, arriving there

SIR SAMUEL BAKER, PASHA.
(From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street W.)

after a circuitous voyage of forty-four days, though, in a straight line, the distance is only about 750 miles. The Nile, along which Baker worked slowly for those six weeks, with the tribes through whose country it runs, has already been described (pp. 6-8, 37-46). It was not even then an unknown land, for explorers had surveyed it in a rude way, and it was the highroad to the slave-hunting country beyond. Up to the point where the Bahr-el-Ghazel joins, the navigation is tolerably easy. From that point to the south, the difficulties of the White Nile commence. The entire country is a dead flat, a world of interminable marsh, overgrown with high reeds and papyrus rush. As Baker graphically describes it: "Through this region of desolation the river winds its tortuous course, like an entangled skein of thread; no wind is favourable, owing to the constant turns; the current adverse; no possibility of advance, except by towing; the men struggling night and day through water and high rapids with the tow-rope, exhausted with a hopeless labour and maddened with clouds of mosquitoes. Far as the eye can reach in that land of misery and malaria all is wretchedness. The dull croaking of water-fowl, the hum of insects, and the hoarse spouts of the hippopotamus, impress the traveller that this is the Nile whose source lies hidden from mankind. Islands of vegetables silently float past, bearing solitary storks, thus voyaging on Nature's rafts from lands unknown. Nothing in life is so depressing as this melancholy river."*

From Khartoum to Gondokoro.

Nor can the feelings of the voyager thus wearily toiling to his fate be more buoyant at seeing, as Baker saw, on a dry spot, slightly elevated above the boundless marsh, the mound where some predecessor had been buried. The name of this pioneer had been forgotten: even his nation was no longer remembered, but his bones, "like a good ship shoaled on her voyage," formed a sad landmark for the passers-by. The grave of this unknown white man was ominous: for not far from the spot where he lay Baker had soon to dig a muddy trench and erect a rude cross to Johann Schmidt, a faithful German whom he had met with hunting on the banks of the Settite river the year before and engaged for the

LADY BAKER.
(From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.)

expedition. He was a carpenter by trade, and had been employed in building the Austrian

* *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, Vol. XXXVI., p. 2.

convent at the junction of the two Niles; but drifting with a fellow-workman named Florian up the Nile, he had until then been engaged in buying wild animals from the Arabs for a European menagerie, and in killing them for his own profit. Building a couple of circular huts of neatly squared stones, the two Bavarians established themselves at Soli, on the frontier of Abyssinia, and not only shot hippopotami, but manufactured extremely good whips from their hides, and made, in the rainy season when they could not hunt, excellent camel-saddles, both of which met with a ready sale among the Arabs. This industrious life of toil and danger went on until Florian was killed by a lion.* Then Schmidt, his fortune still to make, joined Baker in the hope of saving enough money in the Englishman's service to return to his native Bohemia and to the Gretchen he had left behind him, lured to his death by the charms of the African Siren. He had neither parents nor relatives: but his last words were of her, as he lay dying in the Nile swamp. "There is one—she—" he faltered. But his strength failed him, and beyond the name of her native village he was unable to afford any clue to her identity. "Krom-bach"—"Es bleibt nur zu sterben"—"Ich bin sehr dankbar"—("I am thankful") were his last words.

Gondokoro in those days was a miserable place—it cannot even now be said to be imposing,—a mere collection of grass huts, occupied only at one season by the trading people, when they return from the interior with their slaves and ivory, and the ruins of the Austrian missionaries' church, with the celebrated grove of lemon-trees, from which, even ten years ago, lemons were spreading over the whole of the Equatorial Provinces, to the refreshment of the thirsty Europeans. In after-days, before the Mahdi's outbreak spread ruin over the Soudan, it rose to some importance, first as a camp of the slave-suppressing expedition under the traveller whose pioneer journey we are describing, and latterly as an Egyptian military station, of neither of which many traces now remain. But in the days with which we are at present concerned, Gondokoro—the "Ismailia" of after years—was a mere camp of robbers, slave-buyers and slave-hunters, or dealers in ivory, which, for all practical purposes, meant, in most cases, the same thing; since, when paid parties failed, unpaid ones were impressed into the trader's service. A more villainous spot it is difficult, even for one familiar with Khartoum and the Soudan towns generally, to imagine. There was no law, except that of the firelock, and, as we have seen, the life of a man was scarcely regarded as of any moment. The Nile at this part swarms with crocodiles; yet the natives swim the river, perfectly reckless of the danger they run, only taking the precaution to cross in sets of three and four with an earthen jar or an ambatch log as their float, or, if they have to convey the carcase of an ox from one bank to another, they use no boat whatever, the meat, however, being brought over quite dry. The way this is done is to put the meat into its own skin, inflating it, tying it up at all open parts, and swimming across with it. The mode of swimming is by stretching the arms alternately out of the water, and, while moving along, shouting "Oow-oow!" to frighten the crocodiles and hippopotami.†

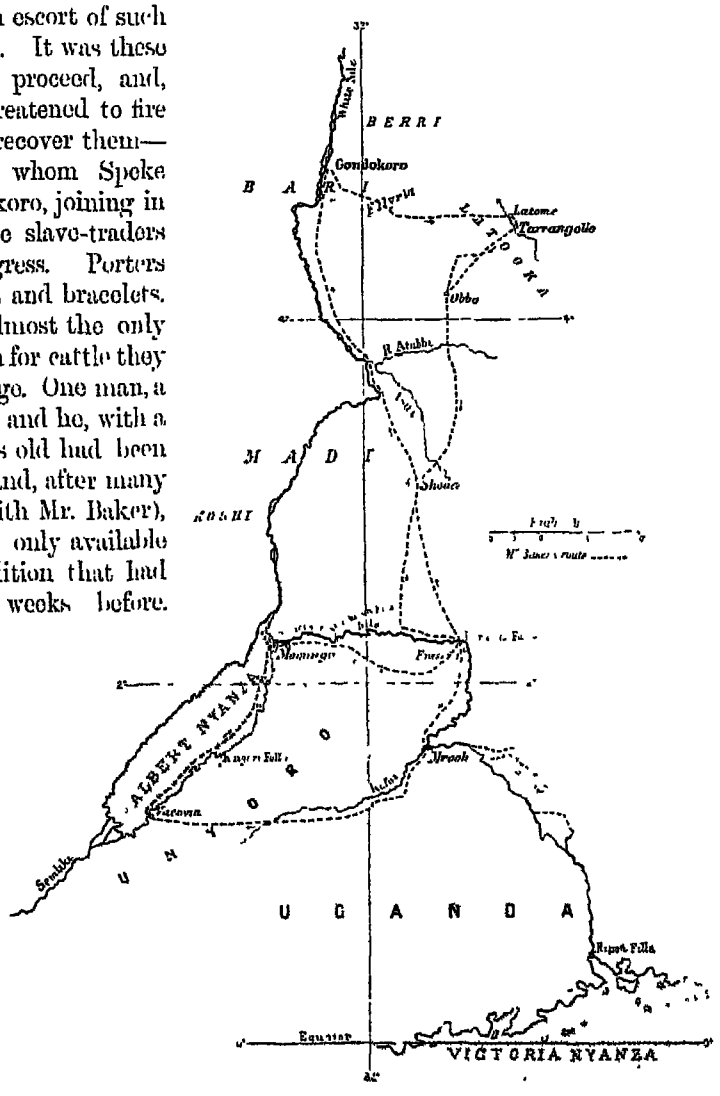
Mutiny and enemies.

Worse, however, than the crocodiles that were or the Bari who might be, were the Soudanese scum who caroused here; for it was their fixed opinion, which time fully justified, that the arrival of Baker boded no good to them. The wonder, indeed, was that a stray bullet did not put out of the way the white man whom they one and all pronounced, as the Khartoumers had pronounced him, a spy on the proceedings of the slave-hunters. The arrival of Speke and Grant a fortnight after the Baker expedition had moved to the bank gave them something else to think of: but no sooner were these travellers again on the White

* Baker, "Wild Beasts and their Ways," Vol. I., pp. 309–310 (1890).

† Grant, *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, Vol. XLII., p. 294.

Nile than the Khartoumers who had been engaged mutinied At best they were the riff-raff of that town of cut-throats, accustomed to cattle-stealing and slave-hunting and in the habit of receiving from their employers one-third of the "lifted" cows. However, as Ismail, the Acting Viceroy,* who, on the application of the French Consul, had sent soldiers with the Dutch ladies (p. 109), had refused them to Baker—who had no doubt never concealed his sentiments regarding the staple commerce of Khartoum—he was compelled to engage an escort of such materials as offered themselves. It was these ruffians who now refused to proceed, and, seizing their master's arms, threatened to fire upon him if he attempted to recover them—Andrea Debono's people, with whom Speke and Grant had reached Gondokoro, joining in the general conspiracy of the slave-traders to stop Baker's further progress. Porters could not be engaged for beads and bracelets. They demanded cattle—here almost the only medium of exchange—and even for cattle they were by no means ready to engage. One man, a Dyor native, was alone faithful, and he, with a black boy (who when six years old had been stolen by the Baggara Arabs, and, after many adventures, had taken refuge with Mr. Baker), seemed for a time about the only available porters of the imposing expedition that had arrived at Gondokoro a few weeks before. By tact and firmness the arms were again recovered, and, the worst of the mutineers having been discharged, seventeen agreed to follow Baker to the east, though they well knew that his destined course was south. This condition Baker was compelled to agree to, under pain of abandoning an expedition that had cost so much, and from which he still hoped to reap some reward, though he was aware that their object in stipulating then for this particular route was to desert him at a trader's camp seven days east from Gondokoro. They even threatened, if he attempted to disarm them on the road, to kill him and abandon his wife in the jungle. Mohammed Wat-el-Mek, the vakeel of Debono, had not only left without him, but either he or some of his men had played a scurvier trick in dissuading the other traders from having anything to do with the unbelieving



MAP OF BAKER'S ROUTE.

* The future Khedive

Englishman, and even in causing the mutiny among his people.

Accordingly, Mr. Baker endeavoured to make terms with a slaver's party that was going in the same direction as himself. The surly savages declared that they would fire at him if he followed their route, and would, moreover, raise against him a tribe in the Ellyria Mountains between Gondokoro and Latooka who had already murdered a hundred and twenty of an ivory-trader's post. Even Koorshid Agha's more or less

BARI HEAD-DRESS.
(From a Photograph by R. Lehnert)

sincere friendship availed nothing. Though an ally of the Ellyria people, he failed to use his influence for Baker's protection, since doubtless, like all the slave- and ivory-dealers in the region, he feared the exposure that might be the result of permitting a man always writing and sketching to become a witness of their evil deeds, if, indeed, he was not—and that everybody declared he was—a spy sent to bring them all to ruin.

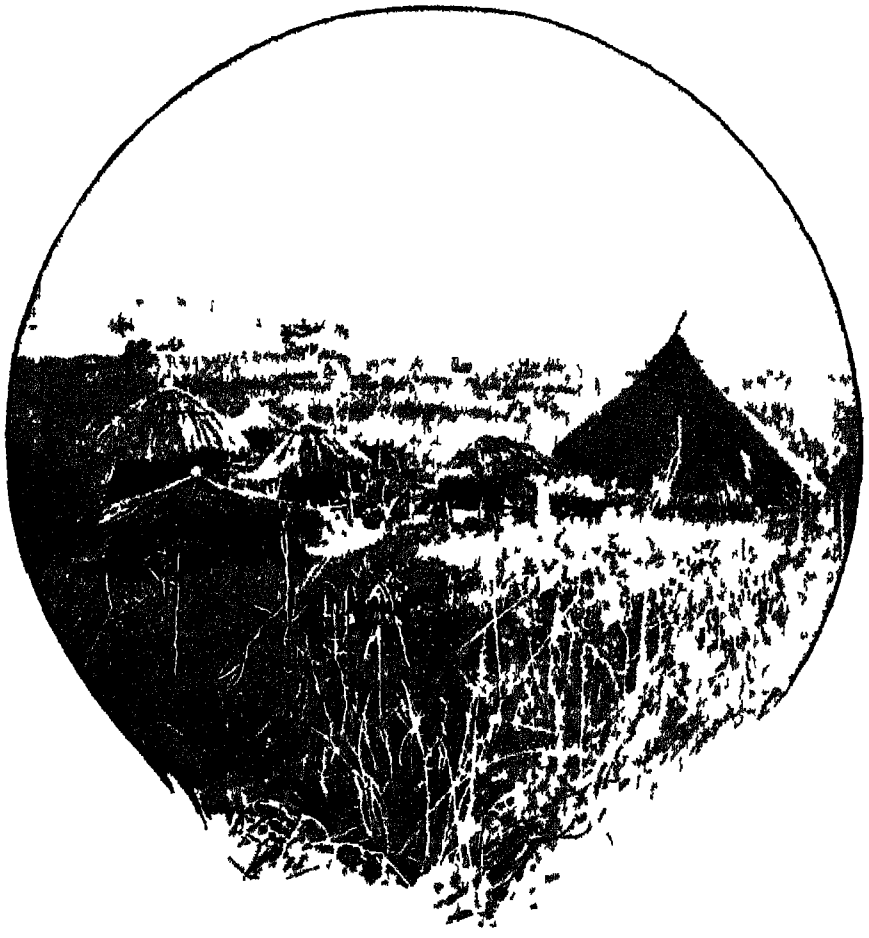
Having, however, plenty of corn, Baker was in no danger of famine, and intimated his intention of remaining at Gondokoro until he obtained a party, even at the risk of insult and attack by the Bari after the slave-hunters had gone on their errand. The last trader's party had left on the 26th of March, 1863, at two in the afternoon. The same evening Baker started on their tracks, without either guide or interpreter, not a native being procurable, and that very night overtook them, and pushed on ahead with two natives of the Latooka tribe, who had been ill-used by the "Turks," but kindly treated by Baker in Gondokoro. Here, accordingly, were the guides required for the forced march through the Ellyria country before the "Turks" should arrive to raise the tribe against them. To accomplish this it was necessary to lighten the camels of part of their loads, even at the cost of throwing away precious salt and provisions of all sorts. But the fact of the way being strewn with goods would he knew be so far in his favour that it would tempt the greedy caravan in his rear to stop to pick up the spoil, and thus enable him to reach the most dangerous place which it was necessary to pass. At length they reached a spot that was at the entrance to the Ellyria country, with bamboo-stockaded villages among the rough granite hills, and halted to take breath under the belief that now half their task was over. But they were mistaken; for just at that moment the hated red flag and crescent appeared at the head of the trader's party of 140 men. Baker had been outmarched, and did his rivals carry out their threat, and the Ellyria chief treat his party as he had treated the 126 armed men a year ago, the end was now near at hand. Beaten at his own game, the resourceful explorer determined to try a method perhaps more familiar to Ibrahim, the head of the slaving party. He determined to see whether bribery would not be more successful. The looks of the "Turks" as they filed past Mr. and Mrs. Baker, resting under a tree a little ahead of their small caravan, were not calculated to arouse high hopes of a compromise. Contempt and exultation were written plainly on their evil countenances. No greeting was vouchsafed by the advance guard, and Ibrahim himself sourly glared at the faces of the forlorn explorers, and was longing to carry

A Rush for Ellyria.

into execution the murderous threats he had for days past been launching at them, when a woman's wit saved the expedition and began a remarkable chapter in the story of Africa.

Her husband—it was not an unnatural

was a ruffian of the peculiarly violent White Nile order, but he was not irreclaimable, and quite understood the virtues of backsheesh and fair words. Still scowling and sulky he halted, and, dismounting, under the shade of a



BARI FARM (*From a Photograph by R. Buchta*)

feeling—was too proud and too nettled to break the ice (albeit the feeling between the two men was comparable to something warmer), but Mrs. Baker at that critical moment was, fortunately, actuated by no such indiscreet pride. It was life or death, and, remembering the one chance left, she called Ibrahim by name and begged him not to pass old acquaintances in this unfriendly way. The caravan caliph

A treaty of friendship

rice, listened to what the explorer had to say. "Ibrahim," Baker argued, "why should we be enemies in the midst of this heathen country? We believe in the one God: why should we quarrel in this land of heathen who know not Allah? You have your work to perform, I have mine. You want ivory, I am a simple traveller—why should we clash? If I were offered the whole ivory of the country, I should not accept a single tusk, nor

interfere with you in any way. Transact your business and don't interfere with me; the country is wide enough for us both. I have a task before me to reach a great lake, the head of the Nile. Reach it *I will*. No power shall drive me back. If you are hostile, I will imprison you in Khartoum, if you assist me, I will reward you far beyond any reward you have ever received. Should I be killed in this country, you will be suspected. You know the result: the Government would hang you on the bare suspicion. On the contrary, if you are friendly, I will use my influence in any country that I discover that you may procure its ivory, for the sake of your master, Koorshid, who was generous to Captains Speke and Grant and kind to me. Should you be hostile, I shall hold your master responsible as your employer. Should you assist me, I will befriend you both. Choose your course frankly like a man—friend or enemy?" Before he had time to meditate or answer, Mrs. Baker took up the argument, impressing on the yielding Arab, whose only principle was self-interest, the fate that would await the caitiff who laid hands on a British subject and the advantages that would follow the co-operation desired. The man was evidently wavering. Now was the time to present him with a double-barrelled gun and some gold out of the camel-load of boxes then coming in sight. However, Ibrahim was not quite his own master. He was, he assured them, not hostile, but his men might not like the plan proposed: for, like all the trading gangs, they fully believed that Baker was a consul in disguise, whose only object was to report to the Khartoum Pashas all that went on in the country beyond Gondokoro—and thus enable the latter by threats of punishment to blackmail more remorselessly. "But," added the vakeel, "do not associate with my people, or they may insult you, but go and take possession of that large tree"—pointing to one in the valley of Ellyria—"for yourself and your people, and I will come there and speak with you. I will now join my men, as I do not wish them to know that I have been conversing with you." Then making a "salaam"—"Peace be with you"—he mounted his donkey, and rode off.

Ibrahim was won; the "talk under the tree" was but an Arab euphemism for handing over the gun and the gold. Thereafter Ibrahim's party and Baker's marched close together—not consumed, it may be, with love towards each other, but sufficiently friendly to render failure no longer so imminent as it was. The most disaffected people in the two caravans were the Englishman's own men; for they had resolved to desert at the first opportunity. This did not occur at the village they were now approaching. On the contrary, Legge, the chief, was a friend of Ibrahim's, and, Baker being introduced by that worthy, received a prompt demand for the blackmail, customs, or "hongo," as it is called on the other side of the continent, for being permitted the privilege of entering his country. This, it is needless to add, was not denied, for a viler rascal than Legge did not perhaps exist in Africa, and every lineament of his black face bore witness to the ferocity, avarice, and sensuality that had made him notorious even among so worthless a class as the slave-traders. The sudden friendship between Ibrahim and their master rather disconcerted the intending deserters—the mutineers that had been. But at Latome, in the Latooka country, the chance arrived. At this station was encamped Mohammed Her, the leader of Chenooda's gang, an opposition company to that which Baker had been following. Now was their time and here were the men ready to receive them. At daybreak they refused to load the camels, but though strong measures—with the fist, after the most approved British method—cowed the ringleader, he and three others managed to escape before night to Chenooda with their arms and ammunition. Their end, however, was speedy and tragic, for Chenooda's party, having lately made an attack upon the Latookas to procure slaves, these tribesmen, who were among the finest in Africa—vastly superior in many respects to

Latooka and what happened there.

the brutal-looking Bari,—turned upon their persecutors and massacred 105 men, including Baker's deserters. Then the superstitious natives, remembering that the white man had prophesied the end that was in store for these levanters, were henceforward more afraid of offending a wizard whose "evil eye" could thus bring ruin on his enemies.

The country they had now entered was one of the finest in Africa, and the natives, though warlike, by no means unfriendly if well treated. Fields of grain were seen on every side, cattle passed in huge droves, and some of the towns were large and thickly populated. Tarrangollé, the capital, contained, for instance, 4,000 people, and, like other places, was defended by a strong stockade, while sentries were posted day and night around the town, upon high platforms. Like all the tribes of this part of Africa, the men go completely naked, the distinctive tribal mark being a peculiar head-dress—the hair or wool worked up into a helmet-shaped felt, which is tastefully ornamented with polished copper plates and beads. The Latookas never bury the dead who are slain in battle. Those who die a natural death are, after a few weeks' interment, exhumed, and their bones placed in earthenware jars exposed outside the house. Wives, cattle, and beer are all that the men live for. Baker even affirms —and his dictum is repeated by Dr. Felkin with regard to the Bari*—that, in common with the other White Nile tribes, they have no idea of a deity, nor even a vestige of superstition—a conclusion which it is impossible to make on so short an acquaintance, and, indeed, contrary to what is the case among even the lowest races. The "natives without God" have invariably been found, after a longer acquaintance by those who could probe their suspicious minds, to have not only some notion of a deity, but often an extremely elaborate mythology. Even the Latookas, by the burial rites observed and their belief in amulets and charms,† disprove the idea that they have no superstition. Some of the tribes make iron hoes, which, with beads and copper bracelets, are sent into the Berri and Galla countries in the east to purchase ivory, large quantities of which are, or were, accumulated by the chiefs, who hold it at so high a rate that Legge would not sell a large tusk under twenty cows.

But the corruption of the traders was everywhere visible. Arrack is what they demand, and obtain, in spite of most of the ivory- and slave-dealers being Moslems. Legge begged a bottle of spirits of wine from Baker, and, promptly knocking the neck off, allowed that very ardent liquid to trickle down his hippopotamus-like throat. Everything they begged for, but nothing would they give, refusing even to sell necessaries except at a most exorbitant price, fixed in their own iron hoes, which seemed a kind of currency among them.

Baker's intention in leaving Gondokoro by this route was simply to make a move into the interior, and then crossing the mountain range that forms the watershed between the White Nile and the Sobat, to work round to the south-west to Unyoro, and thence to the lake of which his expedition was in search. Accordingly, crossing the hills and threading his way for forty miles south-west from Latooka, the expedition arrived in the Obbo country, in which lies the watershed between the east and west. Here the soil is extremely rich, the country covered with thick grape vines, impenetrable jungles grow twelve feet high, and there are mountains clothed with forests abounding in elephants. cattle will, however, not live, owing to the tsetse fly. Hence, the natives, being poorly fed, are inferior in strength to the Latookas, and so indolent that, instead of cultivating this fertile land, they subsist on small potatoes of a wretched grain and the wild yams, more varieties of which grow in

The Obbo Land.

* "Uganda and the Egyptian Soudan," Vol. II., p. 98.

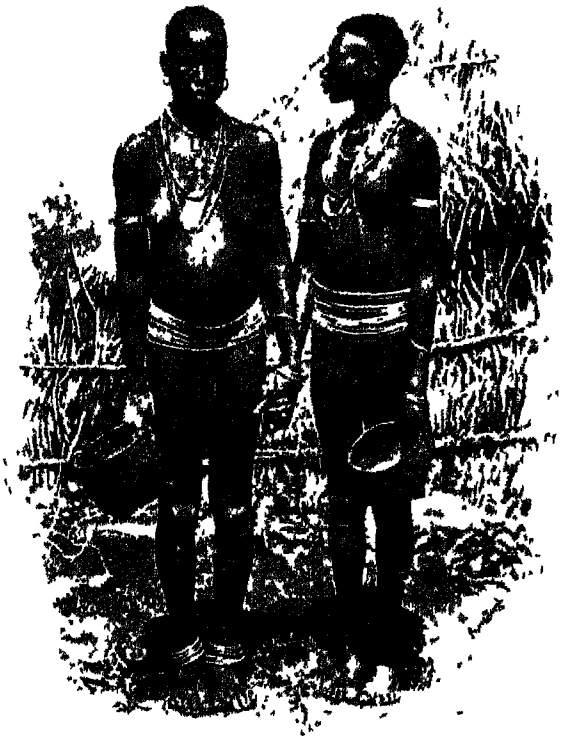
† "Emin Pasha in Central Africa" (1888, p. 230), in which will be found a good account of the Latookas and their history. In this chapter, and generally throughout these volumes, the spelling adopted is not that of any "system," but simply the most familiar, or the one used by the traveller who named the spots mentioned.

the Obbo jungles. Yet poverty in this part of the world is no more than in those with which we are better acquainted any barrier to large families. Katchiba, the old chief, had, according to the latest census, 116 children, or thereabouts, living, so that he could provide, from the pick of his sons, governors for all the villages in his limited territory. In his tax-collecting journeys this venerable man rode pick-a-back, on the shoulders of a slave, accompanied by a few attendants, and one of his wives carrying a jar of beer to refresh both horse and rider. If the tribute demanded was not immediately forthcoming, Katchiba proceeded to curse the hens and the goats with egglessness and barrenness, and, if required to proceed to extremities, hinted in strong language that it might be necessary for him to withhold the rain In an agricultural country this is a serious matter, for Katchiba was, in addition to his kingly functions, an eminent rain-doctor, who wheedled the clouds into discharging their contents This—anticipating the theory of the American official rain-makers of 1891—Katchiba affected to accomplish by means of an antelope's-horn whistle, the blowing of which had, in the opinion of his tribesmen, power either to attract or to retard a shower. But after Baker was heard to whistle shrilly on his fingers in a note that fairly drowned the magic pipe, the white man's reputation in the rain-making line so completely eclipsed that of the old professional that, during his stay, he

ANTELOPES AMONGST PAPYRUS.

was always requested to act as his deputy. This, unfortunately, was destined to be for a long time. For in Obbo the whole of the transport animals died, and months passed before a few porters could be obtained from Ibrahim, and some oxen trained as riding-animals. By this time, however, the luggage was reduced to small dimensions, consisting, beyond a large supply of ammunition and a change of underclothing, of the *presents for the King of Unyoro*, to whom Baker promised to recommend the ivory-traders on the express condition that Kamrasi should be treated fairly. Nevertheless, it was still an open question whether the introduction would be of much value to the introducer if he waited in Obboland much longer. For the two travellers' wardrobes had long ago been depleted in order to obtain provisions from the tribesmen, and if they remained until the reserve articles had to be sold, and other personal effects left behind from the impossibility of carrying them, his Majesty of Unyoro might receive the white man with an embarrassing amount of coldness.

Accordingly, leaving Obbo in the first week of January, 1864, the caravan crossed the Atabbi River—a never-dry tributary of the Asua, running through the Madi country to Shooa—and forded the Asua, reduced (in spite of the heavy rains of the preceding months) to a narrow stream trickling down its rocky bed. At Shooa, close to the base of a mountain between four and five thousand feet above the sea-level—though, it must be remembered, on a road over 1,700 miles in a straight line from the Mediterranean, with the country rising gently all the time (pp. 5, 20)—a fresh misfortune befell the sorely-tried explorers. The whole of the porters deserted. This necessitated a further lightening of the loads and a nearer reduction than had already been arrived at to the primitive condition of man. Rice, coffee, sugar—every article not thought necessary—were relegated to the limbo of luxuries: and with the blankets required in these often chilly altitudes, the gifts for Kamrasi, and the still more important powder and shot—for whatever and whomever it might concern—the much-chastened Nile-seekers pushed on.



MADI WOMEN.
(*From a Photograph by R. Buchta.*)

Four days' more tramp across the 'uninhabited downs" of Swift's satire and those countless river swamps so characteristic of Central Africa,* brought the party again in sight of the Nile at the Karuma Falls, already known

The Nile again.

* Lugard, *Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society*, December, 1892, p. 821.

to us as the spot where Speke and Grant had crossed the river a few months earlier (p. 103), and indeed marked on the rough map presented by these travellers to Baker.*

They were now in Kamrasi's country: but the old man was no more friendly to the new-comers than he had been to their predecessors. Armed men thronged the opposite bank to prevent them from crossing, but, after a whole day had been spent in gesticulating and shouting from one side to the other, in protesting on the travellers' part that their intentions were strictly honourable—not to say commercial—and in loudly-expressed doubts from their inhospitable hosts as to their true character, a band was despatched to reconnoitre the fresh arrivals. The result was satisfactory. Baker was pronounced "Speke's own brother," though, in truth, except that both were white men and both bearded, they were not very like each other.

Then the secret of this memorable reception leaked out. Mohammed, the vakeel of Debono the ivory-trader—Speke's friend, who had left Baker in the lurch and been the cause of most of his subsequent troubles—had been in Unyoro before them, and behaving after the fashion that we have already learned was Mohammed's way, had killed three hundred people and stolen a great many more to sell as slaves. Naturally, Baker and Ibrahim's party were suspected to be the ivory-raiders in another guise. However, after the truth was explained, there was such a revulsion of feeling that the mob on the other side of the river hailed them with shouts of rejoicing, playing upon flutes, horns, and drums, during the eight days they were detained waiting the pleasure of Kamrasi. Immense groves of bananas and plantains, which afford the principal portion of the food and drink of the people all through the kingdoms bordering the Nile lakes, clothe the steep ravines, and, combined with the lovely forest trees, interspersed with several species of palm, bordering the noble river (here about 450 feet wide), impart a beauty to the Nile scenery entirely absent in the lower reaches of that historic stream.

In vain did Baker try to follow the river from the Karuma Falls to the lake he was in search of. Not only was this, for some reason, not permitted, but so suspicious was the king of the new white man gaining too intimate an acquaintance with the land he had come so far to see, that his people managed to spend twelve days on the forty miles' tramp due south to the capital, messengers being despatched at the end of every march to report the conduct of the party to Kamrasi.

At last M'rooli (p. 100), near the junction of the Kefu River with the Nile, was reached. Still his sable Majesty felt it necessary for the support of his dignity not to be visible for three days, the travellers meanwhile being assigned a camp on the edge of the same swamp where Speke and Grant had to stay so long on their first arrival in the metropolis of Unyoro. When Kamrasi did arrive he found his visitors in a sorry plight. Baker, who ever since his entry into the Obbo country had been a martyr to fever, was down again and, as his quinine had long ago been exhausted, had nothing but time to break the attack. The king was, however, extremely civil, and seems at first to have impressed Baker more favourably than he did Speke and Grant with the dignity of his manner and the cleanliness of his person. His Majesty was also more liberal, having perhaps in the interval learned more of the disposition of white men. For not only did he order Baker to be carried on a litter to his hut, but he presented him with seventeen cows, twenty flasks of plantain wine, and some fruit, receiving in return a Persian carpet of gorgeous hue and a quantity of other acknowledgments. **At Kamrasi's.**

Baker had now been fourteen months out from Khartoum. His health—like the health of his heroic wife—was indifferent; his patience was not so ample as when he left

* This interesting document, carried by Baker all through his journey, is now, soiled and worn, one of the many historical relics preserved in the collection of the Royal Geographical Society.

that city, and his stores, or rather the means of supplying their place with the rudest food, were nearing the end. He longed, therefore, to speed on his errand to discover the lake he was seeking for and knew well to exist. Yet when he intimated his wish to Kamrasi, that royal liar assured him that though he was glad to help Speke's brother "with a beard just like his," he was afraid to run the risk of so great a personage being killed or dying on the way, since in that case he might get the blame of it; and as the "Mwutan N'zige"* was six months distant either contingency was very likely. At this news Baker's heart sank within him, and well it might For fourteen months, he says, he had been struggling against every species of difficulty. "For twelve weeks I had been employed in repairing guns, doctoring the sick, and attending the wounded of the ivory-hunter's party, simply to gain sufficient influence to enable me to procure porters. That accomplished, I had arrived at this spot . . . only six days' march from the Victoria Lake; and I had hoped that a ten days' westerly march would enable me to reach the Mwutan N'zige. I now heard that it was *six months' journey!* I was ill with daily fever, my wife likewise. I had no quinine, neither any supplies, such as coffee, tea, etc.; nothing but water, and the common food of the natives—good enough when in strong health, but uneatable in sickness."

The morning brought no change of fortune: the porters, hearing what Kamrasi had said, had all deserted, and the king followed up this blow by beginning that system of extortion which never ended until he had obtained all that his victim possessed, except his sword; and that he coveted all the more for being denied it. Then Ibrahim, the ivory-trader, having laid in a mighty store of tusks, left, and Baker was alone with thirteen men and an avaricious king to tackle.

* The Luta N'zige, according to other transliterations of the Wanyoro pronunciation; but according to Stanley, the Wasongora and Wanyankori call the Albert Edward, and the Wasinja the Victoria Lake, by the same name.

By-and-by, however, things began to mend. A native dealer in salt from the little briny lake of Katwe,† which is close by it, informed him that the Mwutan N'zige was only fifteen marches distant, and at length Kamrasi—seeing that his dear friend, "Speke's brother," was so poor that little more was to be got out of him, and might die on his hands—accepted the sword he coveted and a double-barrelled gun, while he and Baker's headman drank each other's blood in token of their brotherhood, and, best of all, despatched the impoverished traveller with two guides and an escort of three hundred men to the long-looked-for lake. The escort had, however, soon to be sent back. Dressed in a light diabolical costume of horns on their heads and tails behind, they pillaged every village on their way. Even the porters caused endless delay, as every now and again, without assigning any reason, they would throw down their loads, and bolt like rabbits into the long grass, all progress being at a standstill until substitutes for the levanters could be procured from far or near.

From Kamrasi's to the Albert Nyanza.

A worse misfortune still was in store for the intrepid explorers; for, in fording the Kafu River, Mrs Baker suddenly fell to the ground apparently dead from a sunstroke. For seven days she was carried along in a state of insensibility—the rain pouring down in torrents, the country a mere swamp, broken by stretches of forest and grass jungle—without any possibility of resting, since the region was wholly uninhabited and afforded little to eat, while the scanty store of provisions carried along was barely sufficient to support life until a more hospitable land was attained. There was, therefore, nothing for it but to tramp along this melancholy road, until Baker dropped down, exhausted with anxiety, fever, and the long watching over his wife. Then the black men began mentally to divide the property of the expedition amongst them. Meanwhile, with the stolid foresight bred of the jungle, they put a new handle into the

† Sometimes called the Lake of Mkiyo (p. 133).

pickaxe, and were beginning to look around for a dry place in which to dig a grave for the dying, when a turn for the better disappointed their hopes, or allayed their fear. For Mrs. Baker suddenly recovered, and on the 16th of March, 1864, after eighteen days' journey through a park-like country, at a place called Vacovia, the lake at last burst upon their view.

Albert Nyanza.

'Far below, some 1,500 feet beneath a precipitous cliff of granite, lay my prize so hardly sought: a boundless sea-horizon south and south-west: while west the faint blue mountains, of about 7,000 feet above the water-level, hemmed in

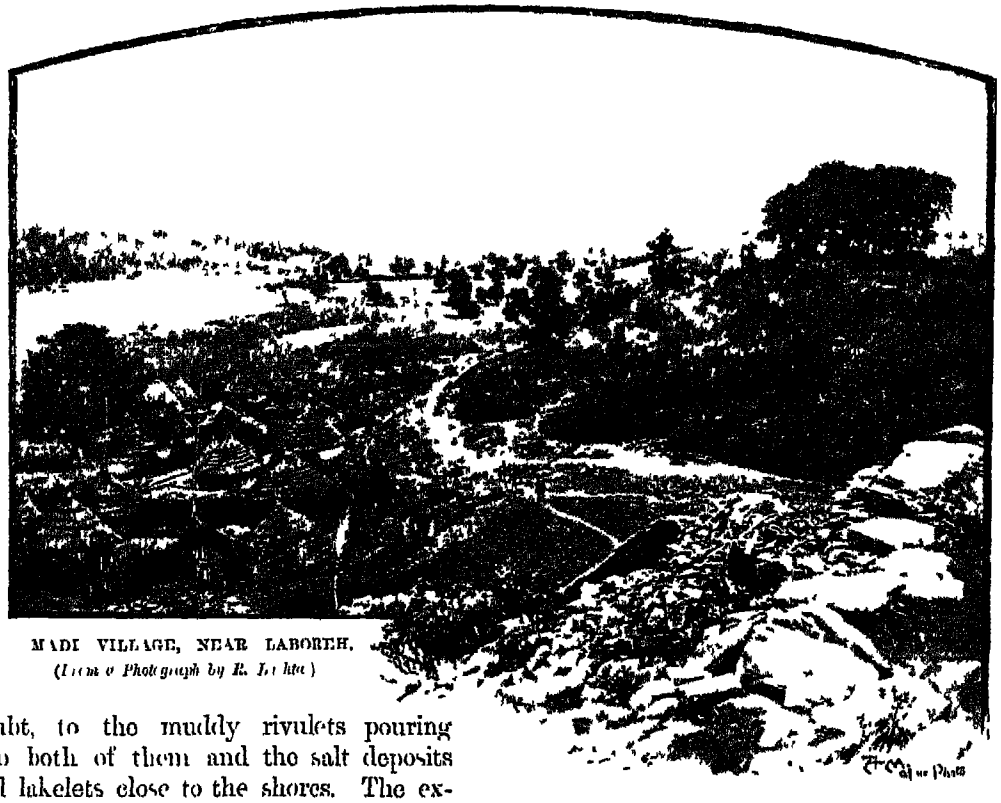
MADI TRIBESMAN.
(From a Photograph by R. Buchta.)

the glorious expanse of water. Weak and exhausted with more than twelve months' anxiety, toil, and sickness, I tottered down the steep and zigzag path, and in about two hours I reached the shore. The waves were rolling upon a beach of sand; and as I drank the water and bathed my face in the welcome flood, with a feeling of true gratitude for success, I named this great basin of the Nile (subject to Her Majesty's permission), the 'Albert Nyanza,' in memory of a great man who has passed away. The Victoria and Albert Lakes are the reservoirs of the Nile."*

From Vacovia, a sixteen days' coast voyage was made in canoes to Magungo (p. 137), near the spot where the Nile flows into the northern end of the lake, only to flow out again without contributing to the water of this sheet, which is fed mainly by the many muddy streams that fill the Albert Edward Nyanza, and contribute their surplus to the Semliki River between the two lakes. But in 1864, nothing of this was known. All that was seen of the lake by Baker was its northern half, and of this only a small portion was actually traversed by its first explorer, who believed the Nyanza to be much larger than later examination proved it to be (p. 139). Arriving at the village of Magungo, a fine view of the Nile Valley above it was seen, a great flat of green reeds marking the course of the river as far to the north as the eye could reach. The lake scenery was also picturesque, mountains of green and granite rising in many places abruptly from the water's edge to a height of from 1,200 to 1,500 feet. On the east shore, several streams rush down precipitous ravines, and the fine cataract of the Kaigiri is a grand body of water tumbling from a height of about 1,000 feet. Two other large falls were visible with the telescope, issuing from the high range of mountains on the opposite shore. The water, some members of Mr. Stanley's latest expedition† pronounce slightly brackish and muddy, like the Albert Edward Nyanza, which feeds it, owing, no

* *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, Vol. XXVI., p. 11. In selecting the essential features of this remarkable journey, this outline has been generally followed.

† Parke, "Experiences in Equatorial Africa," p. 441.



MADI VILLAGE, NEAR LABOREH.
(From a Photograph by R. Lehfeldt.)

doubt, to the muddy rivulets pouring into both of them and the salt deposits and lakelets close to the shores. The explorers were the first white people whom the villagers along the shore had ever seen. But they had already been visited by Arabs, who came in the boats of Rumanika, King of Karagwe, to buy ivory and prepared skins for cowry shells and brass bracelets from Zanzibar, though, owing to some of the people being killed in a quarrel, this traffic had ceased for so long a time that the shells were now very scarce. A paddle up the Nile some twenty-five miles from Magungo brought the voyagers in sight of the Murchison Falls, where the river drops, in one leap of 120 feet, into a deep basin, the edge of which literally swarms with crocodiles (p. 5) Taking to land above the falls, the party entered a country desolated by the wars raging between Kamrasi and Fowooka, one of his neighbours, who lived on some islands in the river. Here the porters again deserted, and for two months the party was left helpless and hungry, weak with fever and a sparse diet of wild spinach and mouldy flour. Their halcyon days were marked by the purchase of an occasional skinny fowl, but they were pestered by daily demands from Kamrasi, who lay with 5,000 men only four days distant, that Baker should help him with his guns.

There was nothing that Kamrasi would not bestow in return for this service: anything in reason was promised—even a share of his kingdom was not considered too much for the slaughter of the island chief. Finding it necessary in his then straits to dissemble, Baker informed Kamrasi's messengers that he could say nothing on this score until he was at the king's camp and, as he was too ill to travel, men must be sent to carry him thither. The bait took and in due time he was borne in a litter to the spot where the Unyoro sovereign was waiting an attack from his enemy. This outlook was by no means pleasant to the

In Kamrasi's camp.

king. Indeed, when he presented himself before Baker, whose wants he had bountifully supplied, he was in a condition of great trepidation, being, as he admitted, lightly clad in a piece of green baize, with which he had been presented by Speke, "in order to run away the more easily." Nor was either his or Baker's mind made anything the easier when they heard that one hundred and fifty of Debono's ivory gang—the same scoundrels who had already plundered him—were prepared to cross the river in alliance with Fowooka's army. In due time this threat was carried into execution, and the result would have been a massacre had not Baker planted the British ensign in front of his hut, and warned the captain of Debono's party that, as Kamrasi was now under British protection, any hostile proceedings would end in the leader being hanged at Khartoum. In those days the British flag was perhaps more dreaded than it became twenty years later. At all events, the warning had the desired effect. The ivory- and slave-hunters meekly withdrew and compensated themselves as soon as they recrossed the river by attacking and plundering their own allies.

This result was so far fortunate that it gave Baker immense influence with Kamrasi, who knew that his death and the enslavement of his people were the objects of the alliance between Fowooka and "the Turks"; but it had also the inconvenient consequence of making the possessor of the power he had seen exhibited so valuable in the eyes of the king that he would not allow him to leave the country.

In time matters took another turn. M'tesa of Uganda, hearing that a white man on the way to his "court" had been stopped by Kamrasi and, worse still, deprived of the gifts he was conveying to his rival, invaded and desolated the country with a large army. At the very first news of this fresh misfortune, the cowardly Unyoro sovereign made for some islands in the Nile, leaving Baker to shift for himself, without provisions or beasts of burden, at the Karuma Falls, until he could send messengers to Ibrahim's party, who were still in the country, and arrived promptly on hearing of the store of ivory which Kamrasi had to sell—or of which he could be robbed. Then M'tesa retreated, and Baker, robbed of everything except his guns and ammunition, returned with "the Turks" to Gondokoro. Kamrasi was, however, himself to the last. Forgetful of all the blackmail he had already squeezed out of the helpless travellers, and of the services they had rendered him, his first demand was for the British flag, the sight of which had so cowed Fowooka and his Arab friends. But the owner was obliged to explain to the greedy cur that this talisman failed "unless in the hands of an Englishman."

The after-adventures of the intrepid explorers were interesting, but not so novel as those we have sketched in outline.

In passing through the Bari country, they were, however, attacked by those savage tribesmen, who discharged showers of poisoned arrows at the traders and their friends, not unnaturally regarding the first as worthy of any vengeance and the others as no better than the company which they kept.

When Gondokoro was reached on the 23rd of March, 1865—almost two years since they had left it—there were great rejoicings over the long-lost wanderers. For more than a year they had been given up as murdered on the way to Zanzibar. For this reason, perhaps, no boats had been sent to await their arrival; and, after all they had gone through, there was not even a letter from home to welcome them, if alive. Remembering the toil and the hunger, the fevers and the anxiety, he had suffered, and looking on the haggard face of his young wife, the returned traveller remembered with some bitterness the practical question of the Latooka chief—"Suppose you get to the great lake, what will you do with it? What will be the good of it? If you find that the large river does flow from it, what then?" Then came the news. Khartoum was being depopulated by the plague, and the owners of the three thousand slaves huddled in

"Home."

Gondokoro heard with consternation that, at the bidding of the Infidels, the Egyptian authorities had issued an order against any further dealings in this peculiar merchandise; and finally, the White Nile had been dammed up by the "sudd" until a passage could be cut through the obstruction (p. 101).

A dahabeah being procured from Koorshid the Circassian, Ibrahim—who, ever since his compact with Baker at Ellyria, had behaved well—came to bid good-bye to his travelling comrade, and to thank him for healing his sick men and helping him to attain the amazing success that had attended his last ivory-hunting expedition. Then the voyage to Khartoum was begun and ended, not without perils, at the "sudd" dam, and the death of several of the party, including Saat, the black boy, who had so faithfully followed his master through all his perils. Two months were spent at Khartoum, and it is not without a certain satisfaction to record that part of the time was well spent in bringing to justice Mohammed Her, the vakeel of Chenooda's party, who had instigated the mutiny of Baker's men, and taken the deserters into his employ. As an example was necessary for the safety of any white men who might be similarly placed, the murderous scoundrel was taught a lesson—and many others took it to heart—by receiving a sound flogging in the presence of Omar Bey, who had succeeded Moosa Pasha as Governor-General of the Soudan.

After a narrow escape from shipwreck, the dahabeah was left at Berber and the intervening country crossed by camels to Suakim, on the Red Sea. In those days this was a common route, though even then the Hadendowa Arabs were not to be trusted; but in after years it was closed by the raids of Osman Digna's Mahdist following.* But after the dangers of the past, the inconvenience of the journey to this town, now much too familiar by name to thousands who in 1865 had never heard of it, were barely considered. From Suakim to Cairo is not a long voyage to a man who has been to the Albert Nyanza, and from Lower Egypt to England by steamer and rail scarcely much farther. In London, knighthood, well-earned fame, and the esteem of those best fitted to judge of the value of his work, awaited the traveller. And there for the moment we shall leave him.†

* In addition to many other accounts, a good description of this line of travel may be found in De Cosson's "The Cradle of the Blue Nile" (1877), Vol. II., pp. 261-295.

† "Account of the Discovery of the Second Great Lake of the Nile, Albert Nyanza, by Samuel White Baker, Esq." (*Journal Roy. Geog. Soc.*, Vol. XXXVI. (1866), pp. 1-18, with large map), and the "The Albert N'yanza, Great Basin of the Nile and Exploration of the Nile Sources by Sir Samuel W. Baker, M.A., F.R.G.S., Gold Medallist of the Royal Geographical Society" (new edition, 1872)—a volume of singular interest and literary charm. These two works are the sole materials for the history of this epoch-making expedition, the main facts in which are digested in the preceding pages.

MURCHISON FALLS OF THE NILE.
(From a Photograph by R. Buchta.)

CHAPTER VIII.

THE IVORY-TRADERS OF THE NILE: A TALE OF GAIN AND LOSS.

The Completion of the Exploration of Albert Nyanza—The End of an Old Story, and the Opening of a New Epoch—The Egyptian Government of the Soudan—Ivory and the Slave Trade—The Ivory Kings—Agâd—Ghatta—Zubeir Pasha and his Royal State—His Conquest of Darfur and the End of His Career—How the Ivory and Slave-Trading and Raiding Gangs are Organised—Their Modes of Operation—The Misery and Ruin Wrought by their Proceedings—Their Injury to Legitimate Commerce—The Slave Trade Declared Illegal—Little Effect of the Proclamation—Explorations Made by the Ivory-traders—Ismail, to Conciliate European Public Opinion, Organises a Military Expedition under Baker—What it Did—What it Failed to Do—Gordon's Rule—What He Did and Tried to Do—The Rise of the Mahdi—The Ruin of the Soudan—The Closure of the Upper Nile—Emin Pasha and to what his Beleaguerment in Equatoria Led.

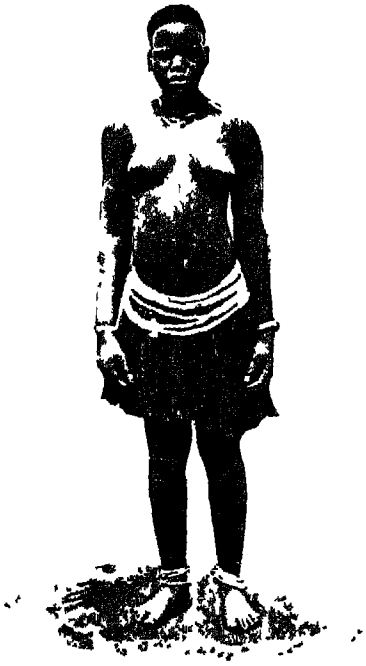
TIME came when the Albert Lake was a familiar sheet of water, and, by name at least, almost as well known to the world as Victoria Nyanza. But though Baker was destined, in a few years, to accomplish a work in the Nile Valley that enabled others to complete what he had left unexplored, the career of that determined man as a discoverer closed with the journey of which the outline has just been given. So far as Albert Nyanza was concerned, its circumnavigation was left to Romolo Gessi, one of the many Italians who flocked to the Soudan when a more enlightened rule than that of the Turkish Pashas gave for a brief period an approach to good government to that unhappy fief of Egypt. Born at Constantinople, in 1831, of Italian parents—one of whom was a

political exile, and the other of Armenian origin —the lad grew up a Levantine of many tongues, which he endeavoured at first to utilise as a merchant, then as an interpreter during the Crimean War, and by-and-by as a seafaring man. In the course of this life he renewed his acquaintance with Gordon, through whose influence he entered the Egyptian service, and, until his death in 1881—a disappointed man over the slight requital his services received—did excellent work in the region we are for the moment concerned with.*

In 1876, in spite of bad weather and the constant hostility of the natives, Gessi sailed completely around the lake, with two iron boats and a small escort. The first result of his voyage was to prove that Baker had

MAGUNGO WARRIOR.
(From a Photograph by R. Buchta.)

over-estimated its size, the entire length being only 141 miles—Vacovia (Mbakovia) being nearly the end instead of the middle of the lake—while its greatest breadth was shown to be about fifty miles. He con-



MAGUNGO WOMAN.
(From a Photograph by R. Buchta.)

firmed the existence of impenetrable marshes at its northern end. Gordon having placed a steamer on the lake, it was circumnavigated a second time by Colonel Mason Bey, of the Egyptian staff, with results which differed somewhat from those arrived at by Gessi, whose work was completed in circumstances less favourable for exact observations. Until Stanley's two expeditions to this region, and those of Stuhlmann and Lugard to Albert and Albert-Edward, little more was done to examine the lake country. Even Emin—for it is not always possible to avoid anticipating our narrative somewhat—did little to explore a sheet of water so near to his seat of government. He possessed two steamers and two lifeboats; one station (Tunguru) at the north-west end of the lake, and another called Mswa half

Completion of the exploration of Albert Nyanza.

* Romolo Gessi Pasha, "Seven Years in the Soudan: being a Record of Explorations, Adventures, and Campaigns against the Arab Slave-hunters" (1892).

up the west side: and yet he never visited the southern end of the lake, or examined the affluent on the south side, or sounded it, or looked on the Ituri River, which was only two days' march from Mswa. And neither he, nor Baker, nor Gessi, nor Mason—nor, it may be added, Mr. Stanley on his first expedition—had ever seen the snowy Ruwenzori (p. 139).

But though, in 1865, there were still grave doubts as to the part which Albert Nyanza played in the Nile system, this discovery of Baker plucked, once and for all, the heart out of the Nile mystery. There were other discoveries still to be made; less important tributaries of the great river to be traced to their sources: and, as the labours of Schweinfurth, Junker, and others showed, the exact limits of the Nile basin, and of the sources whence its chief supplies came, to be defined. But these were mere details, which will come to be described in due time. They marked no epochs in the story of Africa as did the discovery of the two great lakes, which time has shown—in spite of one of them being found to be much smaller than was originally supposed -to be quite as important as their explorers imagined in the first flush of enthusiasm. For, if they are not the only sources of the Nile, they are its principal ones. Accordingly, henceforward, the African traveller lived a more subdued existence. New lakes there were, no doubt, still to be brought to light: some not much less than those described. They were, however, not the headwaters of any historical river, nor invested with the romance which ages of speculation had bestowed on the Nile and the Niger. For a time, indeed, the weavers of geographical theories were happy in imagining the possibilities of the still untraced limits of the Nile lakes, in believing that perhaps Tanganyika might contribute some stream to the flood we have been describing, or even—as Livingstone did to the last day of his life—in vainly imagining that somewhere (as we now know, far outside the Nile Basin) there lay other and more important fountains of the river of Egypt than had as yet been brought to light. Meanwhile the discoveries already made began to bear fruit in a way which, though it did not lead directly to fresh explorations, contributed indirectly to results of such enormous magnitude that, as a link in the chain of events just noted and those which were to follow, they must be touched upon. In outline, at least, the exploration — the pioneering — of the Nile Valley had ended, and now the old day of dreaming and theorising and speculating over where the river ran having come to a close, a new one began in the shape of utilising the territory thus brought to light. When we say utilising it, we ought to add—for the benefit of Egypt, or rather for the benefit of Ismaïl Pasha and the officials who fattened on the misrule of the Soudan. For, as we have seen, a good many people, long before Speke and Baker were heard of, had been finding their profit in the ruin of the regions north of and around the great lakes and on the Nile banks. South of Gondokoro nothing in the shape of civilisation was known; and even at that place neither law nor ordinary protection to life and property was secured. Indeed, so far as the Nile Valley was concerned, Khartoum was about the limit of Egyptian rule, such as it was. Turkish government—Oriental government in general—is never of the best; and in the Soudan it attained the nadir of infamy. The only object of the Governor-Generals, who followed each other in rapid succession, was to extract as much from the natives as possible, and then, after sending to Cairo the minimum which they thought would prevent their recall, appropriating the rest for their own enrichment. And as the Head of the Soudan was, so were his subordinates. Justice, humanity, and common decency were scarcely observed. The whites and Egyptians in the country were, with few exceptions, not the best types of their races; and—as refractory soldiers and people who had the evil fortune to offend the Powers in Lower Egypt were systematically sent thither to live, or more likely to die, in its

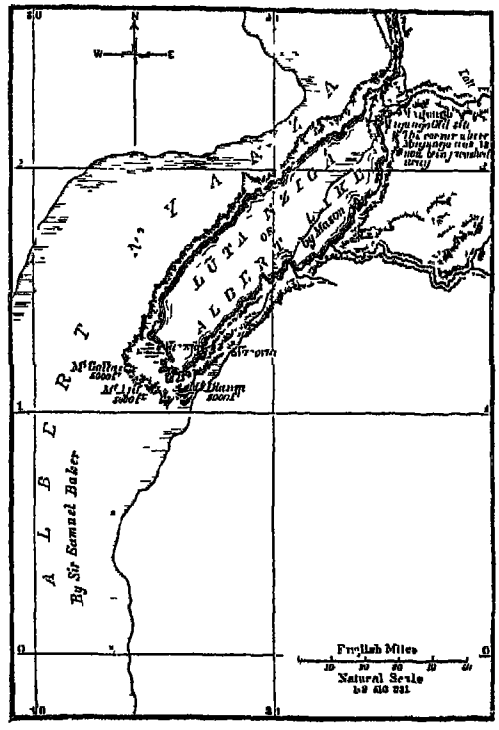
The beginning of a new epoch.

pestilential atmosphere—Fashoda, the chief place of deportation for such convicts, bore the reputation of having so bad a climate that few survived it, and morals so low that an honest person was regarded as a freak of Nature. Of this vast region, the two most profitable products were ivory and slaves; and these came chiefly from the regions through which we have been travelling in the preceding chapters. Scarcely a man, black or white, in the Soudan but was interested in this hideous traffic. The black people, who were liable to be stolen, naturally hated it But a host of men (not always Egyptians, or even Arabs) discovered the business to be amazingly profitable; and, as the officials found the traders' bribes and legitimate imposts exceedingly agreeable, they, too, naturally rejoiced in a traffic that filled their pockets, and the pockets of the Khedive in distant Cairo

Ivory and the slave-trade.

The ivory-trade and the slave-trade were not necessarily one; and, provided the leader of the trading party was more conscientious than the rest of his order, the reputable branch of the business might be pursued without the disreputable being shared in. But, from the very nature of the trade, this was scarcely possible, except where the trader maintained a fixed station near a waterway, and bought the ivory brought to him, instead of sending out parties into the elephant countries to barter for it or steal it, or blackmail it from the defenceless natives before they had time to hide the tusks, as they sometimes did in large quantities. At a later date than that with which we are immediately concerned, the purchase of ivory by private individuals was prohibited within the limits of the Egyptian Soudan, the ostensible object being to stop the atrocities connected with the trade. It was decreed a Government monopoly, though the chief result was that, as the demand for it was as keen as ever, if not keener—for the local governors were as anxious to get a supply as were ever the old traders—the miseries attending its acquisition did not lessen one bit. They were simply systematised as part of the machinery for raising a revenue.

But when Baker passed through the Upper Nile region there was no such prohibition Anybody who had money enough to equip a



MAP OF ALBERT NYANZA, SHOWING GROWTH OF OUR KNOWLEDGE OF IT.

(By permission, from Wilson and Felkin's "Uganda.")

party, or the funds to furnish a station, with the courage to run the risk of a volley of poisoned arrows from his customers, could go into the business, with such results that in 1862 186,000, and in 1866 180,000 kilogrammes of ivory were drawn from the Upper Nile region. In no year from 1855 to the closing of the Soudan to commerce was there less than 80,000 kilogrammes shipped, the amount rising in 1858 to 202,700 kilogrammes.*

How this was obtained we have already had many glimpses in Mohammed's camp at

* Schweinfurth in *Explorations* quoted in Gessi's "Seven Years in the Soudan" (1892), p. 44.

Faloro (p 106), and among the gang with whom Baker foregathered in Kamasi's country. There were dealers in both white and black ivory they came more or less honestly by the first but they stole the second in order to save the cost of porters, and to add to their profit by selling them at *the end of their journey*. Hence, as we have seen when the ivory caravans arrived at Gondokoro, they were at the same time accompanied by gangs of the merchandise in question Khartoum was the centre from which these traders all started and the point to which they returned down the highway of the Nile, and the chief business of the people in the country around the upper waters of the river was kidnapping and murder

Many of the black tribes had themselves been plundered and ruined by the slave-traders, and, having lost all, did not hesitate to plunder and kidnap others. The whites who were engaged in the business were chiefly Syrians, Copts, Turks, Circassians, and a few Europeans The way a beginner went about making his start was something as follows Borrowing money at 100 per cent., he agreed to pay the lender in ivory at half its value Then he hired vessels and from 100 to 300 men, chiefly Arabs, half-castes—as most of the Soudanese Arabs were and are— and runaway scoundrels from all the neighbouring countries, who had found a congenial home in Khartoum In the year 1867 the largest of these traders had 2,500 men in his pay, and Sir Samuel Baker calculates that at that period about 15,000 men, mainly Egyptian subjects, were so employed Each slave-trading potentate had by a convention of the business a district to himself. One of these dignitaries, Agâd, Baker tells us, lorded it over nearly 90,000 square miles of territory. Ghatta, a Coptic Christian, controlled, in 1869, a country on the Ibba about 3,000 square miles in extent, of which 700 were good arable land, with a population of 13,000 souls, from whom he plundered in a single season 8,000 head of cattle, besides ivory, corn, and the like But by far the wealthiest of these slave-traders was Zubeir Rahâma-Gyimme-Abi, who in after days was to be famous under the title of Zubeir Pasha—a title that was conferred upon him by a ruler too feeble to crush and not wise enough to conciliate him. This man, who had risen

The ivory kings

LADO, ON THE WHITE NILE.
(From a Photograph by R Buchta.)

KIRI, A FORMER EGYPTIAN STATION ON THE WHITE NILE
(From a Photograph by R. Buchta.)

from small beginnings, was at one time an almost independent prince who, by opulence and influence with his fellow-countrymen, had become a menace to the Khedive's authority in the Soudan. Out of the profits of his thirty zerebas, or palisaded depôts, the man who through energy, craft, and unlettered intelligence, had risen from the position of clerk to Ali Abû Amûri, another ivory-dealer, maintained an almost royal state on the Bahr-el-Ghazel and in the Niam-Niam country. Richly-clad slaves, Schweinfurth tells us, announced the visitor, and special apartments were furnished as antechambers, with divans covered with tapestries arranged around the walls. The guests were served with coffee, pipes, and sherbet, and the royal state of these halls was heightened by captive lions shackled with heavy chains. Swarms of smaller dealers fattened on his bounty; merissa—or beer made from millet—and arrack flowed like water, in spite of the presumed faith of the guests, and the pleasures of the table were enhanced by the dances and songs of voluptuary negro "ballet-girls." His trade and his revenue were enormous, and with his wealth and his prodigality grew his influence, until in 1869 he could afford to treat the Khedivial decrees with contempt. His gangs of slaves passed down the White Nile under the very eyes of the well-bribed officials, and were sold in the cities of Egypt or sent with perfect impunity along the shores of the Red Sea to Jeddah, Suakim, Massowah, and other ports of Arabia, the Soudan, and Abyssinia. Even in Khartoum and Cairo, the venal or the timid officials—and they were generally both—considered it more profitable and more discreet to accept the explanations which they knew to be lies rather than bring

Zubeir to the gallows he had so often merited. In time this ivory king became so powerful that he scarcely pretended to respect the law under which he was supposed to live. And when Jafer Pasha Mazhar, a more than usually bad specimen of a Governor-General, sent Mohammed el-Bulálawi, a rascally Darfur priest, with a company of negro soldiers, to act in concert with the Sanjak, in order to compel the zereba lords to pay the Government taxes, to establish an orderly administration in the Bahr-el-Ghazel country, and to obtain possession of the copper mines in South Darfur, Zubeir defeated both and slew the former. Henceforward the ivory king was the master of Darfur and the mightiest person in the Soudan, being made a Pasha for the eminent public services indicated in the transactions described. Ismail, the Khedive, was, however, the equal of Zubeir in cunning, as the latter discovered when, being induced in an evil hour to come to Cairo, he found himself instead of being made ruler of Darfur, which he claimed by right of conquest, a prisoner at large, though well watched by those whose interest it was to prevent his return to the Upper Nile. His son Suleiman, a youth of twenty, was, however, left in charge of his father's affairs, and in time broke into open rebellion, his sire being, for the nonce, put out of harm's way in Gibraltar. This development of the ivory king's history did not take place for some years after the period of which we are treating. In the year when Baker went through the slave-trading country, Zubeir was only learning his business as the clerk of Ali Abu Amûri, whose sphere of operations was not in that area of the Upper Nile basin traversed by the explorer. But the *modus operandi* of all these scoundrels was much the same. They purchased, after obtaining their capital at an exorbitant rate of interest, guns and large quantities of ammunition for their men, together with a few hundred pounds of glass beads. The piratical expedition being complete, the head of it "pays his men five months' wages in advance, at the rate of forty-five piastres [nine shillings] per month, and he agrees to pay them eighty piastres per month for any period exceeding the five months advanced. His men receive their advances partly in cash, partly in cotton-stuffs for clothes, at an exorbitant price. Every man has a sheet of paper upon which is written, by the clerk of the expedition, the amount he has received both in goods and money, and this paper he must produce at the final settlement."*

The vessels used to leave Khartoum about December, and on reaching the desired locality the party disembarked and proceeded into the interior, until they arrived at the village of some negro chief, with whom they established an intimacy. "Charmed with his new friends, the power of whose weapons he acknowledges" —Sir Samuel Baker is describing what existed in the palmy days of the trade, and what, with some alteration in the *personnel* of the parties concerned, may still exist, now that the Soudan has sunk back into a condition worse than at the worst period of which we speak—"the negro chief does not neglect the opportunity of seeking their alliance to attack a hostile neighbour. Marching throughout the night, guided by their negro host, they bivouac within an hour's march of the unsuspecting village, doomed to an attack about half an hour before break of day. The time arrives; and, quietly surrounding the village while its occupants are still sleeping, they fire the grass huts in all directions, and pour volleys of musketry through the flaming thatch. Panic-stricken, the unfortunate victims rush from their burning dwellings, and the men are shot down like pheasants in a battue, while the women and children, bewildered in the danger and confusion, are kidnapped and secured. The herds of cattle, still within their kraal, or 'zereba,' are easily disposed of, and are driven off with great rejoicing, as the prize of victory. The women and children are fastened together, the former secured in an adjustment called a 'shéba' [Plate 3, Vol. I., and Plate 13, Vol. II.], made

* Baker, "The Albert N'yanza," p. 12.

of a forked pole, the neck of the prisoner fitted into the fork, secured by a cross-piece lashed behind, while the wrists, brought together in advance of the body, are tied to the pole. The children are then fastened by their necks with a rope attached to the women, thus forming a living chain, in which order they are marched to the head-quarters in company with the captured herds. This is the commencement of business. Should there be ivory in any of the huts not destroyed by the fire, it is appropriated. A general plunder takes place. The traders' party dig up the floors of the huts to search for iron hoes, which are generally thus concealed, as the greatest treasure of the negroes; the granaries are overturned and wantonly destroyed: and the hands are cut off the slain, the more easily to detach the copper or iron bracelets that are usually worn. With this booty the *traders* return to their negro ally. They have thrashed and discomfited his enemy, which delights him; they present him with thirty or forty head of cattle, which intoxicates him with joy; and a present of a pretty little captive girl of about fourteen completes his happiness" (p. 149).

Often, after having sacked the place—and the "traders" generally took care to attack one in which there was said to be a store of ivory—the prisoners were tortured in order that they might reveal the places where the tusks were concealed. If any were obtained, they were laden on the backs of the owners, who, under the guard of their native enemies, yelling and dancing, returned to the zereba, whence the spoil was, in due time, transported to the place of embarkation on the Nile.

Meanwhile, the stolen cows were exchanged, Baker tells us, for ivory. The slaves and two-thirds of the captured cattle belonged to the trader, and his gang received as their perquisites one-third of the animals. The slaves were then put up at auction, the men purchasing what number they could or chose, the amount being entered against them. But, in case the document should fall into the hands of the Government, or, worse still, of a Foreign Consul, instead of the sum due being entered as for slaves, fictitious supplies were put in their place as being credited to them. The relatives might repurchase their friends for ivory if they chose, but if not they were kept, and were continually sold and resold amongst the men according to their fancies. Any attempt to escape was punished by a severe flogging—unless, indeed, the captive was shot or hanged—"*pour encourager les autres.*"

The negro ally did not, however, always get clear off. Generally he quarrelled, or was made to quarrel, with his Egyptian ally, and then met the fate of those against whom he assisted the traders. After the season was over, the boats were packed with the human cargo, and the voyage was commenced down the White Nile by one part of the traders' men, while the others remained in the country, plundering, murdering, and kidnapping, to have another cargo ready by the time the vessels returned from their downward voyage. The slaves were, of course, not brought into Khartoum—in the moral days of the Khedive's rule, that is to say: in that town there were too many Foreign Consuls, who might have made their disembarkation inconvenient to the owners. They were landed at various ports within a few days' journey of the capital of the Soudan, at which places purchasers were waiting, cash in hand, ready to buy them. These purchasers were chiefly Arabs, who, in their turn, marched them across country to Sennaar, where they were sold to the Arabs and Turks. Others were taken for long distances to ports on the Red Sea, thence to be transhipped to Arabia and Persia. Many, by these circuitous routes,

SLAVE GAG
(From a specimen in possession of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society.)

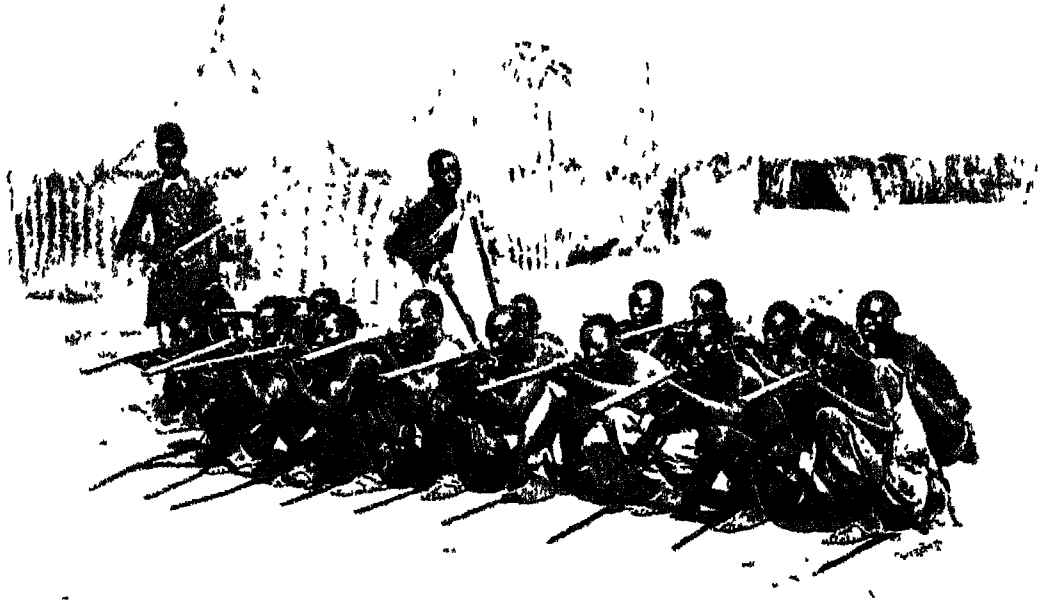
reached the slave-market in Cairo, or were disseminated through slave-dealing Egypt.

Apart from the misery and ruin to all legitimate trade which this murderous pillage caused, the slave-merchant, wherever he came, could outsell the honest dealer since he was able to save the cost of transportation by loading on his human chattels' backs the gold-dust, musk, ivory, or ostrich-feathers, which he might have bought in the markets of the Soudan, such as Galabat, Semnaar, the Bahr-el-Ghazel province, or Darfur and Kordofan. In the ports they had to conceal their operations from the Europeans; but they were all perfectly well known to the Turks and Egyptians: and if anybody wished to buy a slave he had never (nor has yet) the slightest difficulty of knowing where to apply.

In the year that Baker returned from Albert Nyanza, the Khedive issued a decree against the Soudan slave-trade. Nobody, we suppose, ever fancied that Ismail Pasha was seriously distressed over the iniquity of the trade in black men; but it was necessary for him to stand well with his creditors, and with the European Governments whom it was his pride to ape, more especially in running up a national debt and in constructing public works that were of little value to his over-taxed subjects. The decree was accordingly promulgated and a great fear fell upon the Soudan: but it was not for very long. It was not in reason that it should be. The Government officials, from the highest to the

DEM SULEIMAN IN DAR FERTÍT.
(From a Photograph by R. Buchta.)

* Baker, "Albert Nyanza," p. 15; Wylde, "'83 to '87 in the Soudan" (1888), Vol. II, pp. 212-66, which contains an admirable chapter on the Red Sea slave-trade.



NEGRO SOLDIERS AT DRILL.
(*From a Photograph by R. Buchta.*)

lowest, from Cairo to Gondokoro, connived at the traffic. It was, indeed, affirmed that the Soudan officers were paid partly in slaves; at all events, there is no manner of doubt that all the Egyptians, and some of the European residents, favoured the slave-dealers, and, if they did not share in their profits, would gladly have done so. The desolation wrought in the country was, in truth, even more terrible than the facts given may enable the reader to realise. For these slave "razzias" or raids, as they were called, set tribe against tribe—Baggara against Shillook, Shillook against Nuehr, Nuehr against Dinka, Dinka against Bari—until the unhappy land was torn by intestine wars unknown before the ivory-merchants came into the country. The occasional friendly communication maintained between tribe and tribe before these cut-throats turned the land into a hell, ceased. If a stranger native was seen in a village, he was murdered or enslaved. Village assaulted village, even when of the same sept, merely for the purpose of plunder, the prisoners being sold either to the Arabs or to other tribes for cows and goats, the riches which, next to iron hoes, are dearest to the Upper Nile negro's heart.

Not only the main stream, but the most distant of its tributaries, had been ravaged by the slave-hunters, and in some instances almost depopulated. Such a region is the uninhabited wilderness stretching to the west of the Pongo, known to the inhabitants of Darfur and Kordofan under the name of Dar Fertît.* The Khartoumese did not

* "Fertit," Dr. Schweinfurth informs us, is the term by which the Darfurians and Baggaras distinguish the Kredy tribes as a nation from the Niam-Niam. In a wider sense it is applied to all the pagan peoples to the south of Darfur. In the Soudan, the Guinea-worm which bores under the skin is also called Fertit, because the heathen negroes are specially liable to its attacks.

penetrate the Bahr-el-Ghazel country until about the year 1860. But long before that date they formed large village-like settlements, or "Dems," of which Dem Suleiman (p. 144) is an excellent type, to serve as marts or depôts for their black merchandise. Here a garrison remained all the year round, the rest of the armed Darfurians and Kordofanese hurrying home before the rainy season set in. At first these armed bands were received with joy as the harbingers of trade, and permitted to build zerebas side by side, until these "dems," with the native huts outside the zereba palisade, gardens, and farms, presented the appearance of market towns. Thus Zubeir mustered in this region a thousand armed men, who in one season brought £2,300 worth of ivory to Khartoum, which would not have paid the cost of their food had not 1,800 slaves been at the same time sent to Kordofan. The result was that before long Dar Fertit, so far as the aboriginal population was concerned, presented the appearance of a "sold-out land."*

Exploration of the ivory-traders.

And here, before dismissing thus briefly the ivory- and slave-trade of the Nile, it is but just to say that, though no method of obtaining elephants' tusks could be entirely divorced from robbery, murder, and slavery—since, no matter how honest the trader might be, his customers would assuredly be less scrupulous—all the ivory-merchants were not equally bad. John Petherick, we have seen, was English Consul in Khartoum, and an explorer of the Nile basin (p. 110): the first Khartoum trading-vessel penetrating the Upper Bahr-el-Ghazel was that of the ivory-trader Habeshi—a step in which he was followed by Brun-Rollet, the Sardinian Vice-Consul, and Petherick; and, in addition to several native dealers, the brothers Poncet opened up many parts of the country until then almost unknown.† As early as 1858 they were hunting elephants in the Dinka country, and in 1863, ceding their zereba among the Agar on the Rohl to the Ghattas, they founded next year a new settlement near the cataracts of that river among the Lehssy; while it is to Jules Poncet that we owe the first mention of the people called Monbuttoo, who were afterwards so fully described by Dr. Schweinfurth.‡ Nor must we forget that long before Speke reached the Victoria Lake, Nile traders knew of it, and that when Baker came in sight of Albert Nyanza he found that ivory-raiders had been there before him. Dr. Schweinfurth may well indeed claim that had it not been for the high price of ivory the countries about the sources of the Nile would never have been so easily opened up; and is even prepared to say that, though the zerebas of the ivory-merchants have greatly facilitated the slave-raiders, the businesses of buying men and ivory have less connection with each other than is frequently supposed. But it must be remembered that the Ghattas, with whom the German naturalist travelled—whose settlements or zerebas were actually villages within high palisades—were stationed among powerful tribes devoted to agriculture and therefore dealt mainly in ivory and ammunition, and bartered goods as a means of existence.

Baker's warlike expedition.

That, however, was not the case in the regions to which Baker was next to direct his attention. "The slave trade of the White Nile," he declared, "will be impossible so long as the Government is determined that it shall be impossible." And, ostensibly at least, this was the resolution to which Ismaïl Pasha, the Khedive of Egypt, came in 1869. By this time, despite his edicts against the traffic in human life, it was as brisk as ever and the slave-raiders were even more audacious. The only effect of the decrees rendering the business illegal was that the price of the slaves became so high the dealers could afford to lose a number on the march, with the result that the atrocities, never absent from their conduct, grew worse and worse; while the smaller men, not being able to pay

* Schweinfurth, "The Heart of Africa," Vol. II., p. 219.

† Jules Poncet: "Le Fleuve Blanc: Notes Géographiques, etc." (1863).

‡ "The Heart of Africa," Vol. II., p. 33.

the heavy bribes demanded by the venal officials, the wealthy ones grew still wealthier and carried on their operations on a larger scale than ever. As of old, their chief raiding-ground was in the region between Gondokoro and Victoria Nyanza, including the kingdom of Unyoro. Fatiko, about 161 miles south of Gondokoro, was the chief station of the kidnappers, but they had strongholds at Fabbo, Faloro, Farragenia, and elsewhere, from which they dominated the entire country. Altogether they numbered about 2,500 armed men between Fatiko and Unyoro, all employed by one firm at Khartoum—that of Agâd and Co., to whom the country had been farmed out for "ivory" gathering by the Government—and under the command of Abu Saûd, with whom was Mohammed Wat-el-Mek—the original discoverer of the region—whose name has already frequently appeared in these pages.

Urged by the European Powers to banish this opprobrium of civilisation, the Khedive asked Sir Samuel Baker to undertake a military expedition for the suppression of the slave-traders and the annexation of the devastated countries to Egypt. It is just possible that this latter part of the programme was more prominent in Ismaïl's mind than the first; but it would be ungenerous to criticise too closely the motives of a step that was not conducive either to his profit or to his popularity among his own subjects. This concession, with absolute power, was given in 1869. A small party of English officers was selected, Lady Baker again accompanying her husband; and with six steamers and thirty sailing-vessels conveying the troops and stores, the largest expedition that had ever entered Africa left Cairo for Khartoum, where, after endless difficulties occasioned by the transport of so large a mass of impedimenta, it arrived in the early part of 1870.

It was clear, however, from the unreadiness of everybody, that passive resistance would be offered by the local officials. The twenty-five additional sailing-vessels and three steamers were not ready, and of the sixteen hundred troops—a large portion of them convicted felons—the greater part had still to be equipped, while several of the principal officers selected to co-operate with Baker were notoriously interested in the trade it was intended to abolish. The Soudan was decidedly opposed to the new departure; and, as every placeman—and more particularly the Governor-General—shared in the popular sentiments on the subject, there was no hesitation in saying whatever anybody had to say regarding the Khedive and his latest lieutenant. They were indignant that the instructions to the latter had been read literally, and considering that every ivory- and slave-trader of the Upper Nile was virtually a tenant of Egypt, in as far as he paid a large sum to the Soudan authorities for permission to raid a country that did not really belong to the Khedive, it is impossible to believe that if Ismaïl in Cairo was sincere, his officials in Khartoum could be expected to share his enthusiasm. The project was, in truth, an expedition to ruin the largest contributor to the revenue, and as such was either dishonest or absurd. But with the energy of Baker, and the large powers of his commission, the slave-suppressors managed to get on board the vessels for Gondokoro in the first week of February, 1870. But before reaching that region they had a long and a sore experience; for the White Nile was dammed by the accumulation of vegetable *débris* known as the "sudd" (pp. 7, 101), which had to be cut through or turned, so that it was not until the 15th of April, 1871, that the expedition arrived at Gondokoro.

Opposition.

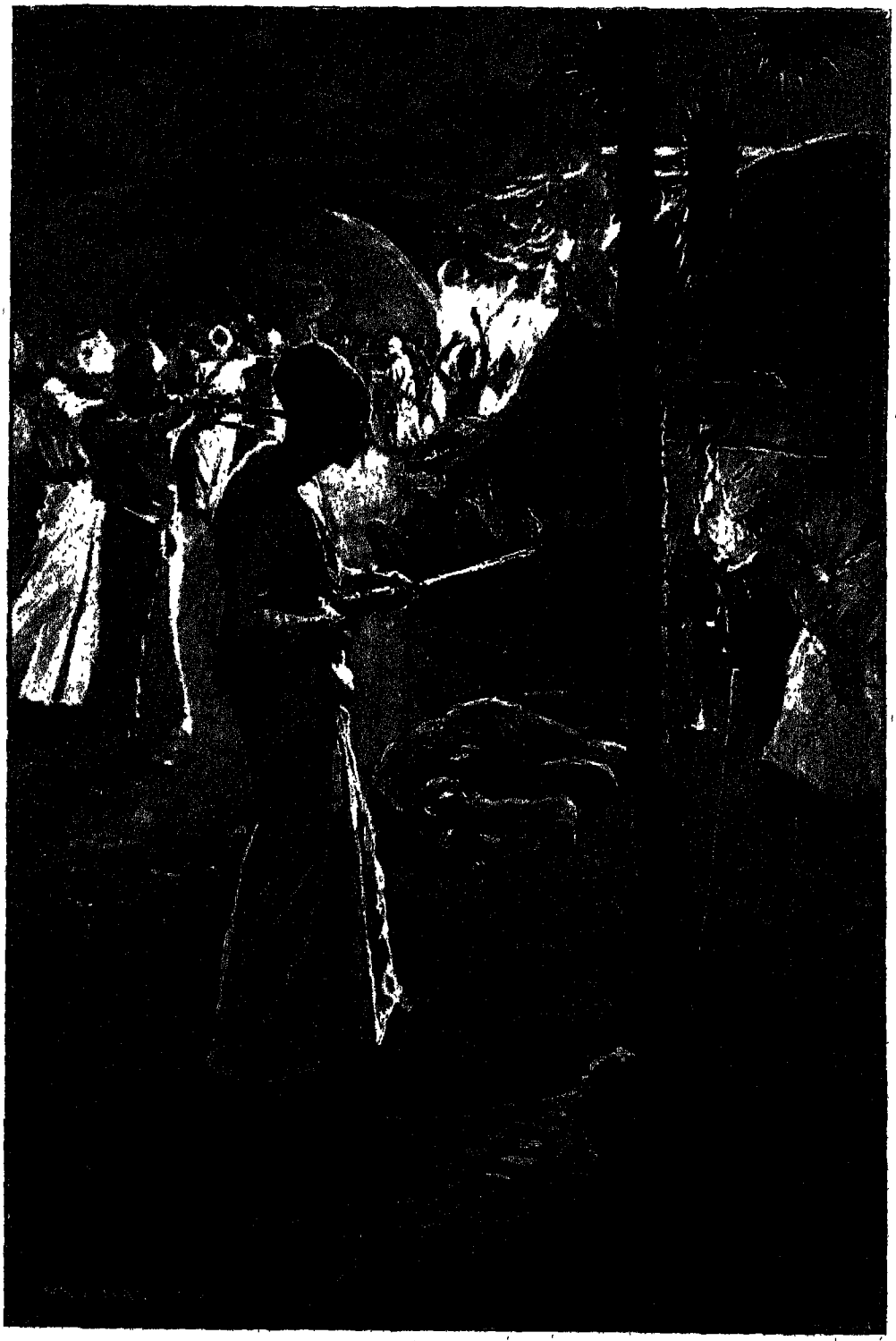
Here a camp was formed, gardens were planted and preparations made for a long stay. Since Baker had been last here the Nile had altered its course, and formed several islands in the stream; but a change had come over the country even more marked. The pretty hamlets that used to nestle under the shade of trees had disappeared. Not a village existed on the mainland: all had been destroyed and their inhabitants sold into slavery, or had

been compelled to take refuge on the numerous low islands of the river. Much the same scene of desolation had been witnessed farther down, though there the misery had been wrought more by official oppression than by the slave-hunters. The people, crushed by taxation, exactions, and pillage, had abandoned the country, and now many of them, finding they could not reap their own harvests, had begun to reap those of other men by entering on a life of brigandage and slave-hunting in the region to which Baker had now betaken himself. Gondokoro was immediately annexed to Egypt under the name of "Ismailia," and the neighbouring country, which had been hitherto only nominally under the government of the Khedive, declared an integral part of his dominions. This was, however, not accomplished without opposition, the most determined of which was that of the Baris, who constantly attacked the stockades, while the position of the troops was always perilous, owing to communication with Khartoum being cut off by the obstructions on the river. Corn had, therefore, to be collected, and cattle obtained for feeding so large a body of men. Add to this the fact that, though the expedition had been sent to check the slave trade, every man in the party secretly hankered after doing a little business in the staple commodity of the region. All of the Khartoum officers had been familiar with the dealers in black people. They had even ventured to buy a number on the way up, and were so loud in expressing their opinion of the injustice of being prevented from taking a few prisoners among their enemies, that had not Baker been strict in enforcing discipline, a brisk trade would soon have been opened up with Abu Saûd's people.

Success.

As this narrative must be mainly reserved for the description of expeditions in regions less known, or which were of paramount value in the opening up of Africa, we cannot spare space to describe the remarkable features of this bold attempt to drive the man-stealers out of the White Nile Basin. Under any man less determined the endeavour would have been abandoned. For, as Baker knew well, there was little loyalty among his following, and in October, 1871, a conspiracy was actually hatched among his officers to compel him to leave his task unfinished. This failed; but when the sick and the refractory members of the party, which had dwindled to 1,100 men, were sent back to Khartoum, all that remained were 500, and, as a reserve had to be left at Gondokoro, the march on Fatiko had to be undertaken with a force of 202 men, besides porters. Here the slave-raiders, who had been doing their best to raise the country against their old enemy, were, with the suppleness of the East, very humble, polite, and subservient, even to the point of pretending to obey his orders to return to Khartoum. Then, still further diminishing his little army by leaving a garrison here, Baker pushed on to Unyoro with a handful of men. In the interval that had elapsed since his former visit, great changes had taken place. Kamrasi was dead, and a war of succession had ended in Kabba Rega, one of his sons, becoming king. One result of this war was the growth of the slave trade to proportions hitherto unknown; for the slave-traders, taking advantage of the fraternal struggle, had, by pretending to support first one and then the other of the two rival claimants for power, received payment in slaves from each of them. Hence villages were burnt and their inhabitants sold, so that the advent of Baker was looked upon as boding no good to those profiting by this turmoil and misery. However, by a rapid march on Masindi, twenty-two slave-traders were arrested, and for a time everything seemed to be going well. A camp was formed and in a short time messengers arrived from M'tesa, of Uganda, with presents and letters in Arabic, inviting the "new white man" to his kingdom. Kabba Rega, on his part, proffered friendship, and, as a sign of his allegiance to the Turkish Sultan—under whom the Khedive is and was, in name at least—permitted the Ottoman flag

In Unyoro.



A SLAVE RAID (p. 113).

to be raised in his capital. All this was, however, done only to gain time for a plot he had planned against the new-comers. On the 17th of June, 1873, the treacherous scoundrel sent as a gift to the station seven great jars of plantain-wine, part of which was drunk by the men. Luckily Baker and his staff did not touch it: for the drink was poisoned, and in a few minutes forty of the drinkers were in a pitiable state, though, by the administration of emetics, most of them recovered. Meanwhile, however, they were ineffective: and next morning the camp was attacked by Kabba Rega and his warriors. The fight was keen; but the well-drilled troops of Baker, inferior as they were in numbers, soon, with the help of the Sniders' rapid fire, routed the Unyoro people with great loss and burnt their town to the ground. When the battle was over it was found that only four of "the Turks"—as the invaders were called—had been killed and one wounded. Yet the victory, if purchased with comparative ease, seemed like to cost dearly. For now that Masindi was in ashes, and its 8,000 inhabitants scattered through the neighbouring woods, a fresh attack might at any moment be expected. And, worse still, there was now no way of obtaining provisions or guides, so that it was absolutely necessary to destroy the station they had been building, and to retreat through jungle and tall grass, thick with ambuscades that would keep them in peril every hour of the day and night. The result was only what they had expected. With all their vigilance, the march was one long-continued skirmish with unseen enemies who shot at and speared them every few hundred yards, without themselves being seen. At last, after an exhausting march of seven days, the Victoria Nile was reached, and a treaty of friendship formed with a chief named Rionga, who was on bad terms with Kabba Rega, and proud of the somewhat empty honour—as it turned out—of being appointed king of the country in place of the poisoner. Alliances were also made with the Langos and Umiros, two powerful tribes to the east of the Nile, and then, having left a strong stockade opposite to Rionga's island, with sixty men as garrison, the commander himself returned to Fatiko for reinforcements—a journey hastened by the news that the slave-traders, believing the plot to poison him had been successful, were raiding the country after the old fashion, and threatening to annihilate the small force left there.

Kabba Rega's treachery.

He did not arrive an hour too soon. With incredible audacity, the slavers received him with a volley of musketry, which wounded several men, and then began a steady attack. This was ended speedily by a bayonet-charge from Baker's men, and a chase in which half the enemy was killed, all the leaders, except one, perishing, and a great many slaves, prisoners, and cattle, falling into the pursuers' hands. Mohammed Wat-el-Mek, the chief of the raiders, took deliberate aim at Baker, receiving, before he had time to do any mischief, a shot that cut off one of his fingers and smashed his gun at the trigger-guard. Seeing that the game was up, Mohammed surrendered, and, being duly sworn on the Koran, became a useful ally in recruiting irregulars from the dispersed slave-parties. This final victory spread Baker's reputation far and near, and from every side the tribesmen thronged to his camp, anxious to have an opportunity of venting vengeance on their old enemies the slave-traders.

With very little trouble all of the latter might have easily been crushed, but as this would have put a large amount of arms into the hands of the savages, it was considered more prudent to effect their conquest in less perilous fashion. Luckily this was done without fighting. Hearing that Baker was marching on Fabbo, where 3,200 tusks of ivory had been concentrated, Abu Saûd fled to Gondokoro with 300 men, most of the remainder enlisting in Baker's force, while Ali Genninar, another slave-agent, who had been with Speke, found it prudent to come over also, and was sent to Rionga to act

SIR SAMUEL BAKER'S EXPEDITION: ATTACK UPON A VILLAGE (p. 150).

against Kabba Rega. The sixty men who had been left on the Victoria Nile bank returned to Fatiko, where, after three months, 200 regulars arrived from Gondokoro to reinforce the now tolerably large contingent of irregulars *plus* what remained of the original force. The attack of Ali and Rionga on Kabba Rega was completely successful. The king was defeated and, deserted by large numbers of his followers, fled to the neighbourhood of Chibero, on the borders of Albert Nyanza. Had Baker waited a little longer, he might have obtained the aid of 6,000 men whom M'tesa had despatched to help him against the King of Unyoro, towards whom and whose kingdom he was always bitterly disposed. But, considering the little ways of M'tesa and his Waganda, it is perhaps quite as well, for humanity's sake, and general policy, that his help was not required. Kabba Rega was, therefore, left in his hiding-place, and Rionga's part of the country constituted into an independent kingdom, though, as later events showed, it might perhaps have saved much trouble had the work then begun been carried out to the end.

It may, therefore, be useful to interpolate at this point of our narrative a brief account of Unyoro since the death of Kamrasi. That sovereign, as we have seen, was not a pleasant character. Like Rumanika and M'tesa, he was of the Wahuma stock, though the latter is now so intermixed with the blacker Waganda that it was difficult to detect the alien blood. Kamrasi died some years after Baker's first visit and was buried with six of his wives tied to his legs. A little boy kneeling at the dead king's feet held his pipe and tobacco-jar. Then, without a murmur from the unhappy victims, the pit in which the living were entombed with the royal corpse was filled with earth, and on the grave torrents of blood flowed from scores of human beings slaughtered to appease the *manes* of the departed monarch and render him propitious to the new despot.

Kamrasi's successor.

This was Chua, better known as Kabba Rega, who, among other atrocities, connived a the murder of his brother, Kabba Miro, who, as royal on both sides of the house, while the usurper was the son of a shepherdess, was the rightful heir. Kabba Rega is said—though this short genealogy may be doubted—to be the sixtieth king since the original conquest of the country by the Gallas, who arrived from the east beyond the country of the Langos To this day a peculiar custom is observed. Before a new king can ascend the throne, he is compelled to sleep during two nights to the east of the Victoria Nile, and then march along the path by which his victorious ancestor invaded Unyoro; and, upon reaching the river, he takes boat and crosses to the exact landing-place where the original conqueror first set foot on the frontier.

Recovering from his attack by Baker's people, and in time wreaking vengeance on Anfina and Kamisua, the sons of his old enemy Rionga, Kabba Rega, when we next hear of him, was a despot worse even than his father—a ruthless slave-raider and a brute who poured out blood like water. He never forgave white men for their dealings with him. He attacked Chaillé Long on his voyage down the river in 1874. During Emin's government of the Equatorial Provinces his kingdom was a regular Alsatia for rogues and deserters; and, up to the moment of writing, though cowed by Captain Lugard's active measures, is a thorn in the side of Uganda, its sovereign, and the whites there. He tried, on pretence of friendship to Emin, to get him into his power; and when Stanley, in 1887, defeated some of his people who had attacked him, Kabba Rega vented his displeasure on Casati (Emin's friend), who was in his country, by turning him out of his house almost naked, with every mark of ignominy, while Mohammed Biri, Emin's messenger, fell a victim to the savage king's wrath. He bears the reputation of being cowardly, suspicious, procrastinating and vacillating: "narrow-minded, false in speech, and ever yielding to evil influences"—a

decided obstacle to the peace of Central Africa.

Major Casati, from whom we obtain some of the latest information regarding this un-

SHILLOOK MAIDEN.
(From a Photograph by E. Lallier.)

amiable tyrant, describes him as a victim to the fear of the evil eye, but ready to overcome this terror if he sees his interest in doing so. Guided by the spirit of his dead father, he has chosen Unaya as his capital, and erected in that place a "palace" entered by seven doors, each of which is reserved for a special caste of persons—one entrance being assigned to the inhabitants of the district, a second is that of the "magnoro" or district governors, a third of the Wahuma shepherds, a fourth of visitors from other countries, a fifth of the "mabitu" or members of the royal family, and so forth—the door for the "mabitu" being the one through which enter the victims of the "mpango," or rite, during which human beings are sacrificed to propitiate the defunct Kamrasi and secure his favour now and for the future. Every morning it is the king's custom to get up at sunrise to receive—while arrayed in the royal robe or "mbugu" (a kind of toga fastened with a knot at the shoulder)—the compliments and felicitations of his relatives amid the blare of trumpets and the beating of drums. "And the people cheer and bow to him before going to their daily work, calling him sovereign, absolute and potent, beneficent father, dispenser of every good, the jealous guardian of the rights of the State."

Spiritualism in Unyoro.

A shepherd king.

The rest of the day is devoted to the interests of his vast herds of cattle. Of these he owns at least 150,000, the result of continual raids in the region of Albert Edward Nyanza. The son of a Wahuma woman, he has all the passion for cattle-rearing which is the characteristic of that pastoral people. Every morning he attends in the hall of the Wahuma to listen to reports on the sanitary condition of his many cows, and the need of various reforms. He dispenses orders and prescriptions for sick animals, arranges gifts and sales, and is prodigal of praise or of summary sentences according to the caprice or temper of the hour. "Thou art a shepherd, I am a warrior," said his brother Kabba Miro to him at the time when, his father being dead, the country was agitated as to his successor. "Leave the care and affairs of the kingdom to me, and I will give you all the flocks and herds." As an alternative, this chivalrous young prince proposed that, instead of plunging the country into war, he and his brother should fight it out in single combat. But Chua was a coward and wished for empire as well as cattle, and made a bargain (which he never kept) with Suleiman Daûd, a slave-dealer, to murder his brother. The sons of this fratricidal monarch received their first training from the Wahuma shepherds, and wear the

traditional Wahuma costume—the skin of a calf, finely dressed, hanging from their backs like a mantle Yet, proud as Chua is of his cattle, no profane eye must gaze upon them. When their presence in the road is announced by loud cries, those who are there must either fly or turn their backs on the sacred herd. Even the milk must be collected by special officials, who are forbidden to look at it; and when sent to the king's dwellings it must be carefully covered. A milker, suspected of bewitching the milk, was beaten to death without any form of trial* In after days, Chua was one of Emin's worst enemies, as he had been one of Gordon's—always treacherous and malignant, but, when danger was at hand, ready to take refuge in the great caves with which Unyoro is dotted. Among the earliest of his ambitious acts was to make war upon Mwanga, son of M'tesa, whose more aristocratic court and power seem to have been subjects of jealousy to him. Finally, when he heard of Emin's approach on a visit from which he apprehended no good the superstitious king sacrificed a boy of twelve with his own hand in the interior of his dwelling, and a white heifer at the entrance to it, and then, amid the sound of pipes and drums, discharges of musketry, and the howls rather than cries of an applauding crowd, abandoned Juaya, carrying with him his paternal *lares*, the infamous instruments of the "mpango." At Mniamba he built himself a new palace, as his oracle had commanded, and now all that remains as a memorial of the deserted capital is a mass of ashes, the palace having burned for two days.

Raiding all the countries far and near, and eager in the accumulation of fire-arms, we are likely to hear a good deal more about Kabba Rega before we leave Africa.

After this interlude, we may return to Baker in camp at Fatiko. He had now no open enemy to attack. The slave-dealers had, for the time being, vanished, and there was, therefore, nothing to do but to organise the vast region he had brought under the Khedive of Egypt From August, 1872, to March, 1873, was occupied in this task. As a first step, a fort was built at Fatiko, 4,000 feet above the sea, with a settlement commanded by it, and a second at Rionga's village, on the Victoria Nile. Then, on the 1st of April, 1873, Baker arrived at Gondokoro, and three months later at Khartoum, only to find that the Bahr-el-Giraffe had completely changed its course owing to the canals he had dug with such labour in 1871. They now formed permanent channels

Baker's victories.

SHILLOOK WARRIOR.
(*From a Photograph by R Buchta.*)

of deep water, while the force of the stream had cleared away the sandy shallows.†

* Casati "Ten Years in Equatoria." Vol. II., p 18; Baker, "Ismailia," Vol. II., p. 130, *et seq.*, and "Albert N'yanza," chapters ix., x., xv., xvi.

† "Ismailia: A Narrative of the Expedition to Central Africa for the Suppression of the Slave-Trade, Organised by Ismail, Khedive of Egypt," by Sir Samuel W. Baker Pasha, M.A., F.R.S., F.R.G.S., Major-General of the Ottoman Empire, etc. etc. 2 vols. (1874); "Ocean

A great work, it was hoped, and for a time fully believed, had been achieved by this heroic expedition of Sir Samuel Baker, though not without a serious loss of life: among those who perished being the surgeon, the chief engineer, and one of the English mechanics. Money also had been spent to an extent that made Ismail wince when the sum-total was mentioned to him. He had expected more for his piastres. But the four years' work, though not without many additions to our knowledge of the country traversed, was naturally less fruitful in geographical achievements than its humbler predecessor. Indeed, it helped in one way to retard our knowledge of the Nile sources: for among the mythical stories told Baker was one to the effect that Albert Nyanza and Tanganyika Lake were one and the same sheet, and therefore—which we now know to be nonsense—that Burton's lake was one of the Nile sources. Nor did it appear that the half-million spent over Baker's expedition had succeeded in crushing, though it scotched, the slave-traders. They simply sought a fresh outlet for their merchandise: and, after the first noise had quieted down, resumed their business with the connivance of the then officials, who habitually sent false reports to Cairo. In 1874 we have the authority of Gessi Pasha (and indeed of Sir Samuel himself) for saying that the plunder, kidnapping, and massacre went on as briskly as ever,* until the Khedive, to avoid fresh bloodshed and the ignominy of the traffic, tried to come to terms with the traders by buying their stores, cattle, ivory, and slaves, setting the last at liberty. This mistaken generosity had, however just the result that might have been expected. The slave-dealers pocketed the money—*minus* the backsheesh, which caused official blindness and deafness and convenient shortness of memory,—established stations farther on, and resumed their rapine *de novo*, taking care, however, to send their merchandise not to quarters where it might be seized by an official who had discovered that honesty was almost as profitable as knavery when the Khedive was of the same mind.

But the Khedive, having put his hand to the plough, was not permitted to turn back: the pressure of Europe was in 1874 getting very severe on Egypt and its ruler. He saw clearly that it was idle to expect the task which he had set himself to do, or which had been set for him, to be performed by a native governor. He therefore, looked around him for a European who might be entrusted with the administration of the remoter Soudan, and found that man of all men in the person of Charles George Gordon,† a Colonel of Engineers, whose remarkable character and military achievements had, even in those days, won for him a world-wide celebrity. His first commission made him simply Governor of Equatoria, the province nearest the great lakes, in the administration of which he was assisted by a staff of European officers, with nominal headquarters at Gondokoro. He soon discovered how evanescent Baker's toil had been. Seven-eighths of the population were slaves, and the district governors or mudirs, greedy for gain, aided and abetted the slave-hunters and slave-dealers, who swarmed over the entire region as audaciously as if they had never been "suppressed," and despatched the

The coming of Gordon.

Highways," edited by C. R. Markham, N.S., Vol. I., pp. 221-223; Lieut. Julian Baker, R.N., "Geographical Notes of the Khedive's Expedition to Central Africa," *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, Vol. XLII., pp. 37-49, with Meteorological Register by Lady Baker, pp. 50-73, etc.

* "Seven Years in the Soudan," p. 3. Gessi Pasha, however, scarcely conceals his jealousy of Baker: his charges of cruelty, incompetence, and useless expenditure must, therefore, be accepted with great caution. Gessi, when he wrote these lines, was a soured man, inclined to be captious in his criticism of work which it was his belief he could have done much better himself.

† Born at Woolwich, January 28th, 1833, he entered the Royal Engineers in 1852, and saw service before Sebastopol, where he was wounded, and was afterwards engaged in arranging the new frontier between Turkey and Russia. In 1863 he commanded the Chinese army that suppressed the Taeping Rebellion, and in 1872 was employed for two years as one of the Danube Commissioners.

produce of their raids through Kordofan instead of down the Nile. In Kordofan and Darfur they were even bolder; for these provinces were still independent of the Soudan government, and responsible to the authorities in distant Cairo alone, while in Ismail Yakoob Pasha, the Governor-General of the Soudan, he found a jealous colleague, only too eager to obstruct him and conceal his own iniquitous proceedings from the eyes of the Khedive, who, in truth, was not always mindful of the many difficulties his white pasha had to encounter. However, in the two years of his official life he managed to effect great reforms by checking the cruelties and robberies of the mudirs, in establishing a line of forts along the Nile from Gondokoro to the lakes, in putting steamers on the Upper Nile, in circumnavigating Albert Nyanza (p. 139), and in opening up friendly relations with King Mtesa of Uganda, who by this time had, like most of his principal chiefs, become a Moslem and was anxious for teachers to instruct him in the tenets of his new faith. Justice, to which the people had ever been strangers, was established, and the one great hope of Gordon's life—the suppression of the slave trade—was being strenuously attempted, when, realising the futility of any efforts in that direction so long as he was thwarted by venal pashas at Khartoum, and by the fact that Kordofan and Darfur still remained independent of the Soudan, he resigned his position and returned to England in 1876.

He had, however, accomplished a great work in that short period without costing the Government a piastre, and even put money in the Treasury—this being accomplished, not after the fashion of his predecessors by imposing taxes so unendurable that the wretched people retreated into the wilds in the hope of eating a morsel of bread without "the Turks" snatching it from their mouths, but by declaring the trade in ivory a monopoly of the Government, though Gessi Pasha, one of Gordon's most trusted officers, was not slow to affirm that in the end this was equivalent to a monopoly of the slave trade. But, with that strange perversity which marred so many of Gordon's well-intentioned plans, Abu Saûd, the slave-dealer against whom Baker's expedition had been directed, was not only forgiven his offences, but his version of his wrongs was so far accepted that he was taken into Gordon's service, and did what mischief he dared until his true character being manifest, he was relieved of the duties for which his antecedents as a member of the Ghatta family (p. 140) had entirely unfitted him. What was scarcely less mischievous, Kutchuk Ali, one of the most notorious of the White Nile slave-hunters, had been appointed by Jiafer Pasha to command a Government expedition on the Bahr-el-Ghazel.

Gordon's work in 1874-76.

When Baker left Equatoria he had constructed only three military posts—Gondokoro, Fatiko, and Foweera,—Masindi in Unyoro having been abandoned. Gordon now established one at Sobat, with a view to cutting off the slave caravans that came overland from the country east of the White Nile; a second at Shambil as a wooding station for his steamers and to bar the slavers' road from the province of Rohl: and a third small post at Bohr. Then by-and-by a network of little forts rose up all over the country, no station being more than three days apart from another, and each under civil officers who maintained the forms of a rude but fairly efficient government. In time the stations in Unyoro—M'rooli, Kadj, Foweera, Keroto, Magungo, Masindi, and Kisuna—were evacuated and Magungo and Foweera transferred to the other side of the Nile, the country of Makraka being incorporated with the Equatorial Province under a sub-governor,* as capable and honest as the vigilance of a stern disciplinarian could make him.

A second commission, however, gave Gordon the power for which he had in vain asked previously. He was now made Governor-General of the entire Soudan, with

* Felkin: Wilson and Felkin's "Uganda," Vol. II, p. 100, where may be found an admirable account of Lado, one of those posts (p. 140), in favour of which Gondokoro was evacuated.

unlimited control over the vast region from the second cataract of the Nile to the lakes, and from the Red Sea to the head-waters of the stream that empty into Lake Tchad. The next three years were busy ones for the Soudan and its ruler, who was almost constantly travelling about from the southern borders of the country to the confines and even to the coast of Abyssinia. Armed with the prerogative of life and death, he exercised it remorselessly

Gordon's second mission.

Other crimes he punished with equal severity. "Mind," he writes to Mr. Wyllie at Suakim, "and let me know if you have the slightest bother with Redwan or Aboubekr, Pashas at Berberah and Zeilah, but be just with them and do not take advantage of our friendship. I will walk into them, you may be sure, if they *attempt* to thwart you or your people. I have hung one man in Obeid for mutilating a boy and hope to hang five more in a couple of days. We have caught seventeen caravans

SCENE IN CENTRAL AFRICAN FOREST, SHOWING THE BORASSUS FLABELLIFORMIS PALM.
(From a Photograph by R. Buchta.)

where the slave-traders were concerned. A rebellion breaking out in Darfur, where Suleiman, son of Zubeir Pasha—then a prisoner at large in Cairo, with a pension of £1,200 a year—was doing his father's bidding, the army of slave-traders were defeated by Gessi Pasha and Suleiman was promptly executed.

in three months, and I am now trying to catch a sandjak [captain], who, with eighty men, was conveying 406 slaves from Darfur."

European governors were appointed over the subjugated provinces. Slatin Bey, an Austrian, reigned over the Eastern Soudan and Sennaar and when the great crash came in

1882 was ruler of Darfur Gessi Pasha became governor of Bahr-el-Ghazel, and on his death in 1881 was succeeded by Frank Lupton—

MUSICIANS OF RIONGA, ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL CHIEFS OF UNYORO.
(*From a Photograph by R. Lucke*)

trade was not suppressed; and, indeed, on the execution of Suleiman he affirmed that it was then "at an end" Had the Puritan pasha

Lupton Bey as he became—a native of Ilford in Essex, who when Gordon first made his acquaintance was the mate of a Red Sea steamer. Finally, Equatoria, the capital of which was at Lado, though the officials were afterwards compelled to move to Wadelai, on the Nile, was put under the authority of Dr. Edward Schnitzer, better known as Emin Pasha, a German, who entered the Soudan as physician to Gordon and gained his confidence by successful embassies on which he had been sent to M'tesa of Uganda and Kabba Rega of Unyoro. Gordon had himself declared that, with the powers entrusted to him, it would be his own blame if the slave been able to eliminate from Oriental human nature what ages of habit had made art and part of it, he might possibly have succeeded. But he succeeded simply where he was and the moment his back was turned matters resumed their wonted course So long as Ismail Pasha was Khedive, Gordon was supported. His reforms cost no money, and even left a surplus; and, with all his faults, the spendthrift ruler of Egypt was capable of appreciating a man of the stamp of the Soudan Governor-General. Under Tewfik, however, a feebler—a more native—policy was soon inaugurated. He was too anxious over certain uneasy movements at home to think much of

Gordon, or of the slave-trade, or of the black people on the Upper Nile and its tributaries, which he knew mainly as a region to which functionaries who had offended his father were sent, never to return.

Then, for the second time, Gordon resigned and the Cairo pashas who, in Ismail's day, were powerless for evil unless their master willed it—and he preferred a monopoly of the wickedness to be done—resolved that the man who would best suit them as his successor was Raouf Pasha—one of the most inefficient of Baker's officers, who had connived at the escape of Abu Saûd, had been exposed as a murderer, and in 1877 had been turned out of Harrar for acts of oppression. The result was just what might have been expected. The slave-traders, who had for years been only waiting their opportunity, soon began their old operations, and, within a few months of Raouf's arrival in Khartoum, gangs of slaves were heard of arriving at Siout for Darfur, crossing the desert to Tripoli, or hiding on the borders waiting to be smuggled into Lower Egypt. His successor, Abdel Kader Pasha, was little better, Gigler Pasha was worse and Hussein Pasha Sirri completed the tale of misrule.

When Gordon left the Soudan for the second time in 1879, he declared—as Gessi had declared—that, unless the abominations of Egyptian rule in the Soudan came to an end more rapidly than he was able to sweep them away, there would be a terrible outbreak. When Saïd Pasha, Ismaïl's predecessor, went up the Nile, he was so horrified at the misery of the people that at Berber he threw his guns into the river, declaring that he would be no party to such oppression. In spite of all that had been done in the interval, matters had not much improved; since Gordon's rule had taken more the form of laying down a foundation on which to build in the near future, even this speedily crumbled away under the return of the old despotism and the old cruelties of the irregulars, or Bashi-Bazouks, and the corrupt boys and pashas, who now fattened on the country and permitted others to fatten so long as the bargained share came to them at Khartoum. Raouf, moreover, was intent on economies* and one of these was the disbanding of thousands of irregular negro and Arab troops to wander in search of a leader who, unknown to the doomed Egyptians, was ready to lead them. Loyalty is with these people a shifting quality. This Gessi found in his campaigns against the slave-hunters. One day he would have 15,000 men in his army; but the mere report of a stronger force being opposed to him would result in the desertion of 10,000 to Suleiman. On the other hand, if a defeat was inflicted—or seemed likely to be inflicted—on the rebel, almost the whole of his opponent hordes would be found ready to fight against their old master.

The outbreak of Arabi's rebellion in Egypt.

Meanwhile, the strong hand of Ismaïl being no longer felt in Lower Egypt, the ambitious men who had, under his rule, been kept in their proper places, began to remember that the dynasty of which Tewfik was now the well-meaning but feeble representative had sprung from an Albanian adventurer who had no more right to the Pharaohs' throne than any one of them. Add to this a dash of fanaticism, never long absent from the lands of Islam, and the rise of "Ahmed Arabi the Egyptian" may be understood. A colonel in the army, of peasant origin and good though untrained abilities, he worked on the growing dislike to European interference in the Delta and the heavy taxes which Ismaïl's extravagance had entailed, until, from one step to another, he became by 1882 a military dictator who, from being Minister of War, ventured, as he felt his strength, openly to defy the Khedive. This revolt compelled Great Britain to interfere, crush the rebellious army, and secure the banishment to Ceylon of Arabi and one or two of the ringleaders of his attempt.

The Mahdi

* Wingate, "Mahdiism and the Egyptian Sudan" (1891), p. 12; "The Journals of Major-General C. G. Gordon, C.B., at Khartoum," edited by A. Egmont Hake (1885), etc.

The end aimed at being accomplished, in 1882 most of the troops were on the eve of withdrawing when alarming news began to reach Cairo from the Soudan. A rebellion had broken out in Darfur and Kordofan under a fanatic named Mohammed Ahmed, who announced himself the Mahdi—"the guided of God"—a Messiah who was to sweep the unbelievers from the face of the earth and purge the Soudan of the wickedness which had been introduced with "the Turks" who were no better than infidels. At first little attention was paid to this story and the Khartoum people affected to make light of it, until an attempt of Raouf Pasha to suppress the revolt by sending the notorious Abu Saûd to bring the leader to Khartoum resulted in the slaughter of that worthy's force of fifty men—it has been hinted not without connivance on the part of Abu Saûd, who himself escaped the same fate. This was in August, 1881. By January, 1883, Sennaar had revolted and the army of the Mahdi, which by this time had grown into a great force of wild fanatics composed of all the warlike tribes of the Soudan, occupied El Obeid. Egypt, now thoroughly alarmed, despatched an army under Hicks Pasha against him. Arriving at Kashgil, near the town mentioned, in a state of demoralisation and divided counsels, it was, after a gallant resistance, annihilated by force of numbers, only a few men escaping to tell the tale in El Obeid.

It was now the first week in November, 1883, and, despite a few reverses met with by Osman Digna (p. 159), the Mahdi's lieutenant, in the country between the river and the Red Sea, the revolt was spreading. Darfur was captured and Slatin Bey taken in chains to El Obeid. By-and-by the Bahr-el-Ghazel Province and its Governor, Lupton Bey, met the same fate. In a few months the Soudan was in a blaze: tribe after tribe joined the revolt for the sake of plunder, or to wreak vengeance on the Egyptians, until scenes such as had not been witnessed since the armies of Al Islam went forth to conquer were daily enacted on the Nile and its tributary lands. City after city fell into the Mahdi's power, the garrisons either joining him or being put to the sword, the Egyptians or Europeans who did not embrace Mohammedanism—as most of them did—being treated with the utmost cruelty. Among them were the

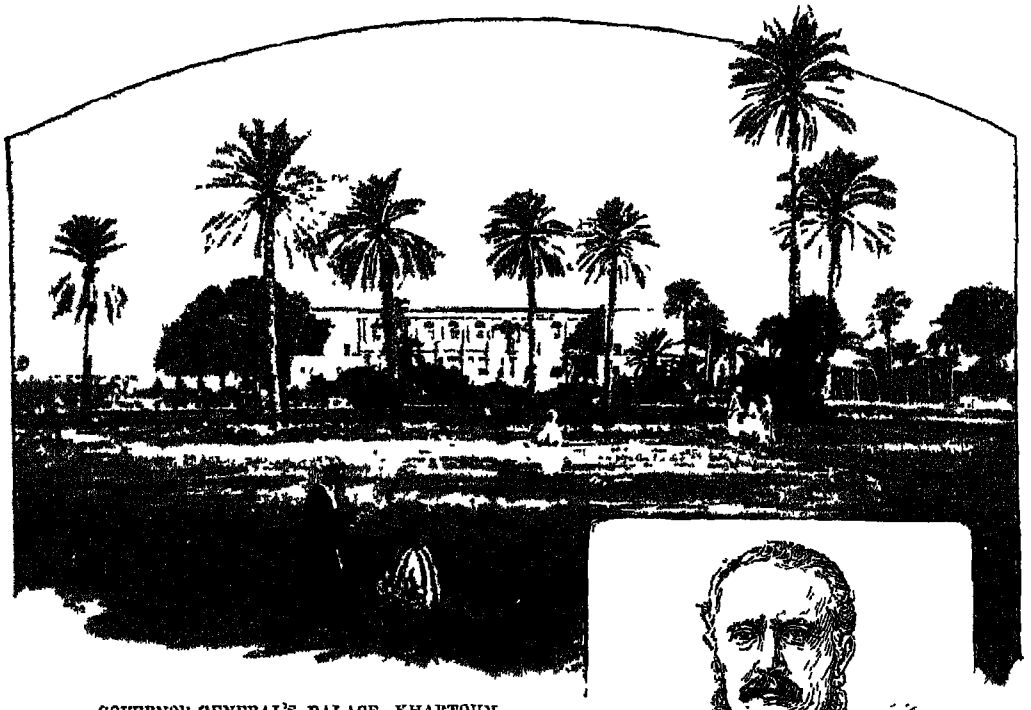
The ruin of the Soudan.

OSMAN DIGNA.
(From a Photograph published by Hubert Henry, Southampton.)

Austrian missionaries and nuns. At this crisis, the Egyptian Government was persuaded to decree the abandonment of the Soudan, and Gordon, who had just returned from India, was induced to leave again for Khartoum, with a single companion, in order to arrange for its evacuation. He arrived on February 18th, 1884, but found that he had undertaken a task beyond his power. The road by river and land soon closed behind him. In vain he offered terms to the Mahdi, and it is pitiful to think that among these was the surrender of almost everything that had for twenty years been the hope and the labour of so many men to attain. He offered

to recognise the Mahdi as King of Darfur and Kordofan, to permit the slave trade and to pardon offences which once upon a time he would have punished with death, while the Soudan was announced to be an independent State under his own rule. He

Khartoum was, therefore, put into as good a state of defence as possible, and the terrified inhabitants—among whom were already many friends of the Mahdi, and many more who were preparing to be so against the time when he would be master—hoped against



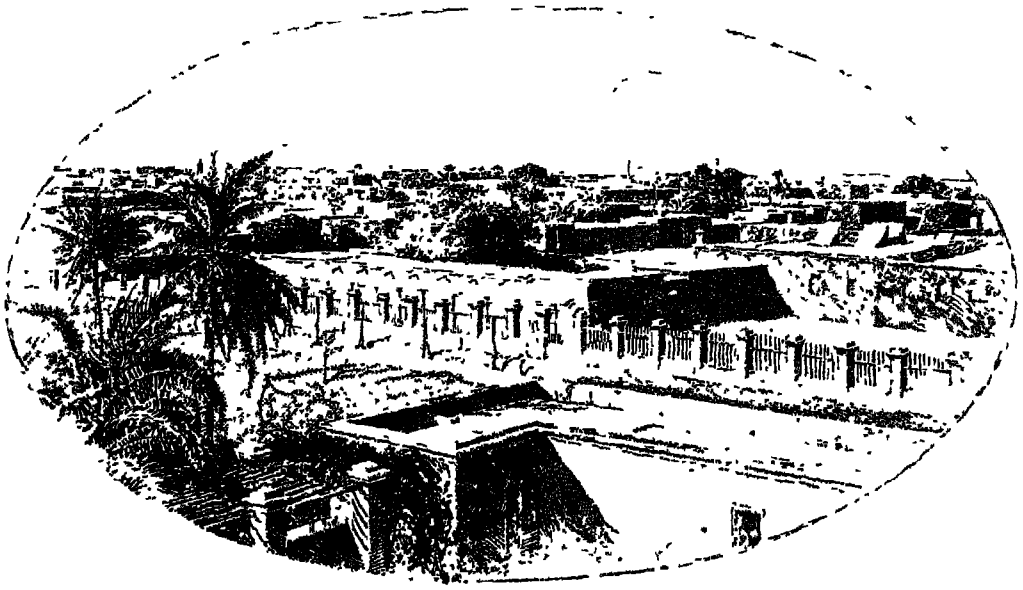
GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S PALACE, KHARTOUM.
(From a Photograph by B Du hla)

MAJOR-GENERAL CHARLES G. GORDON, C.B., R.E.

even went so far as to ask that Zubeir Pasha, whose son he had hanged, should be sent as a lieutenant to aid in bringing the country to peace. But Zubeir, being suspected of plotting with the Mahdi, was put out of harm's way (p. 142). The truth is, that the Mahdi knew all that Gordon had been sent to do, the straits that Egypt was in, and that, if he only waited his time—of which the spies, with which Cairo and the places on the way north were infested, could inform him—he would obtain all that Gordon offered, and a great deal more, without troubling himself. He therefore simply sent, calling on the pasha to repent and abjure the errors of his way.

hope for the arrival of succour from Egypt. At last, after many delays, due to avoidable causes that need not be described here, the advance-guard of the relieving army, under Sir Charles Wilson, heaved in sight. But the steamers were received with a volley of musketry, and had they not rapidly

retreated down stream their passengers would undoubtedly have met the fate of Hicks and his force.* Two days before—the 26th of January, 1885—force and treachery had done their worst. Khartoum was taken and sacked by the Mahdi with an atrocity which cannot be exaggerated, Gordon slain, and his head hung on a tree in front of the tent of the leader of the dervishes at Omdurman, where the wild multitudes rejoiced in heaping curses on it.



GENERAL VIEW OF KHARTOUM
(From a Photograph by R. Buchta.)

A man born out of his time, "he perished with the folk he could not save." But, as he declared it was "better to be dead than to be praised," it is not necessary to re-echo the plaudits which the world bestowed on him when

> "He, 'neath the blue that burns o'er Libyan sand,
> Put off the burden of heroic days"

His name is among the immortals.

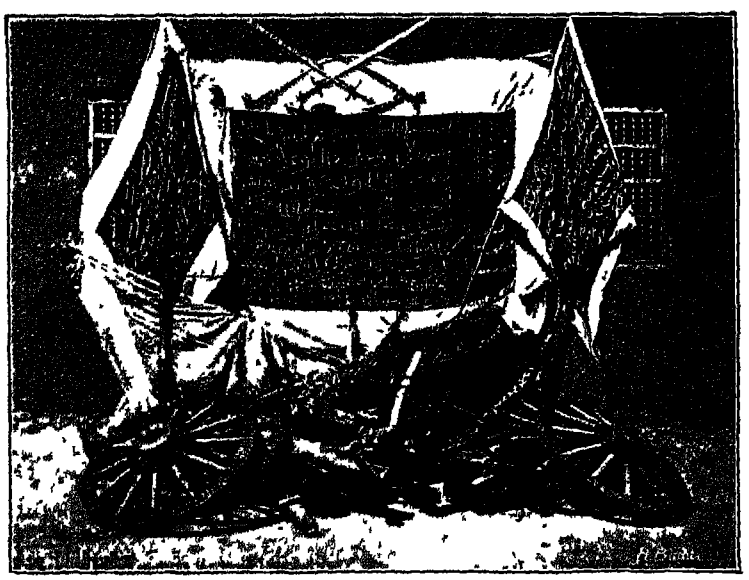
Since that day the Soudan has been closed to all civilised influences. Now and then a tale reaches the outer world of what has been going on in the years that have passed since Gordon's death, and the escape of one of the Austrian priests and two of the nuns has enabled us to learn a little regarding the terrible fate of the once affluent residents of Khartoum. Those who have not perished of hardship and plague, or in trying to escape, have joined the Mahdi—in name at least—though they are, except in a few instances, treated little better than slaves. Khartoum, with the exception of the palace and the arsenal, has been destroyed, and the Mahdi's successor, the Khalif Abdullah et Tanshi, passes most of his time at his new capital of Omdurman, on the other side of the river, in a state of swinish sensuality. The slave trade is again as flourishing as ever, but no slaves are sent to Egypt, in case they be captured by the British and drilled as soldiers: and the only reason why Egypt is not invaded is the fear of the British troops. Already, however, there are dissensions among the Mahdists, and it is hoped that before long civil war will break out, without the stimulus of a foreign

* Macdonald, "Too Late for Gordon and Khartoum (1887); Wingate, "Ten Years' Captivity in the Mahdi's Camp," p. 149.

invasion, which would precipitate the revolt against the hateful rule of the fanatic from whom the deluded people expected so much and obtained so little.*

The ruin of the Soudan has been tragic in the extreme. The Upper Nile basin was opened in blood and it has closed in a slaughter which has in it the elements of a terrible vengeance for a terrible past. It will, nevertheless, open again: and before we have ended our narrative we may have to relate another page in the history of this region. Meanwhile all of it has relapsed into barbarism except the Red Sea littoral, and, it is possible—though of this we must not be too certain—the Equatorial Province. This last remnant of the empire won for Egypt by Baker and Gordon was the only part the Mahdists were unable to reach, though they repeatedly invaded the border and compelled the Egyptians to concentrate themselves more in its centre than before. The heroic stand there made by Emin Pasha it was felt ought to be recognised by sending him succour before he met the fate of Gordon. This led to a very remarkable journey across Africa, one of many accomplished while we have been tracing the story of how the sources of the Nile have been explored. The present may, therefore, be a fitting occasion to describe the Crossers of the continent.

* Wingate, "Ten Years' Captivity in the Mahdi's Camp, 1882–1892, from the Original Manuscripts of Father Joseph Ohrwalder, late Priest of the Austrian Mission at Delen, in Kordofan" (1892). See also Colonel Stewart's "Report on the Soudan" (Parliamentary Paper, Egypt No. 11); Hill's "Colonel Gordon in Central Africa, 1874 79" (1881); Buchta's "Der Sudan und agyptischer Herrschaft" (1888); Schuver's "Reisen im obern Nilgebiet, 1881–82" (1883), etc.



TROPHIES OF SULEIMAN ZUBEIR.
(*From a Photograph by R. Buchta.*)

CHAPTER IX.

THE CROSSERS OF AFRICA: DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

Early Dreams of Crossing Africa—The Predecessors of Livingstone, Actual and Supposed—The Pombeiros—The Slave of Silva Porto—"Mute Inglorious Transitists" Successes and Failures—The Ground Clear for Livingstone—David Livingstone—His Early Life—Leaves for Africa—His Disappointment with the Work set before him—His Journey from Cape Town to Kuruman—Changed Aspect of the Country in the last Thirty or Forty Years—The Swarms of Antelopes, Zebras, Elephants, and other Wild Animals in the South Africa of those Days—Life at Kuruman—Marries and Removes to Setshele's Kraal—The Bechuanas and the Boers—Khama, "the Alfred the Great" of South Africa, his People and his Policy—Changes in Modern Times—Through the Kalahari Desert Northward—The Plants and Animals met with on the Route—The Hunting and Hunters of South Africa, etc.

AFRICA, we cannot doubt, had in early days been crossed by thousands—warriors, traders, wandering tribesmen; men in search of plunder, or of slaves and ivory, or whatever they could lay their hands upon; or roaming septs ousted from their old homes and, like the Fulahs (Vol. I., p. 223), in search of new ones. But none of these explorers unawares have left any record behind them more tangible than their presence in regions that are evidently not those in which their ancestors began life. We may infer, nevertheless, more or less confidently, that some of these vagabond races, or unlettered vagrants, saw the Red Sea or the Mediterranean, or even the Indian Ocean on one shore, and before they died heard the Atlantic breaking on the western side of the continent. But up to the years 1802-11 no claim had been made that anyone had accomplished that then remarkable feat, and indeed it was not for many years subsequent to the date in question that the supposed discovery of a transcontinental journey having been performed came to light.

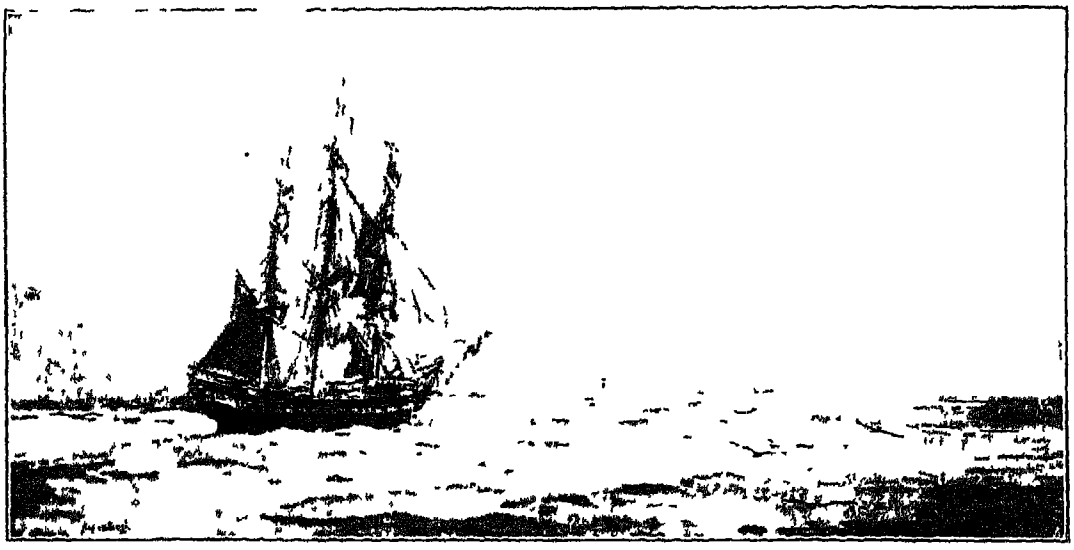
The Pombeiros' journey across Africa.

We refer to the famous transit of the Pombeiros—that is, native travelling agents or confidential slaves—named Pedro João Baptista, and Amaro José,* who were sent in 1802 by Colonel Francisco Honorato da Costa, Superintendent of the Kasanjie Factory, on the Kwango River, in Angola, to Tete on the Lower Zambesi. Previous to this date Dr. Francisco José Maria de Lacerda e Almeida had conceived the idea of an overland transit —"viagem à contracosta"—through southern Africa by means of a chain of presidios or fortified posts, along the Koanza River, in order to explore the copper-mines of Angola and to communicate with Mozambique. Indeed, though the attempt was never made, the same idea had been mooted by other Portuguese, a people more enterprising in those days than in ours. In 1521, King Dom Manoel despatched Gregorio de Quadra to the Congo with instructions to cross the continent into Abyssinia, and in 1526 and 1537 Balthazar de Castro and Manoel Pacheco placed projects for a similar journey before the Government. In 1546 João III. wrote to the Portuguese residents in Abyssinia, recommending them to try to cross Africa to the Congo mouth, and in 1592 Domingos de Abreu de Breto drew up a plan for establishing a line of posts between the two sides of the continent. In 1606 the valiant Captain Rebello de Araglio penetrated on a trans-African journey 140 leagues from Angola. Indeed, as early as 1563, Garcia de Orto speaks of the continent as having been crossed by a missionary. In 1663 Fray Manoel Godinho advocated an overland route and the Jesuit, De Jarric, declared, from information he had collected, that there was nothing to prevent one from going from

* This man's name is not given always the same.

Monomotopa (north of the Zambesi) on the east coast, to Angola on the west. Finally, before the end of the seventeenth century José da Rosa had set out from Massangano to attempt the passage. But none of these adventurers succeeded, and several of them did not even make a serious effort to reach the goal set before them. Even Lacerda did not accomplish the journey on which he had set his heart. For after his appointment as Governor of the Rios de Sena in the Captaincy of Mozambique, he started in July, 1798, and after opening up 270 leagues of new country, fell ill at the capital of the African king known as the Cazembe—who was a satrap of the Muata Yanvo of Lunda—and died there in the following October, less than half-way across the continent. Then the rabble of the expedition, refusing to obey the orders of their new leader, who happened to be the chaplain—Francisco João Pinto—returned to Tete after having been absent sixteen and a-half months.

The Pombeiros were therefore the first to cross the continent. Their memoranda of this journey are very fragmentary. They were ill provided with stores and, African-like, in no hurry, halting often for years when they found the quarters to their mind, and at other times hindered for long periods by inability to proceed. Hence, though they started from Angola in 1802, they did not reach Tete until 1811. Actually, however, as the Pombeiros started from their head-quarters, about two hundred miles from the west coast, and went no farther than Tete, about the same distance from the east coast, all they did was to cover 1,400 of the 1,800 miles between ocean and ocean, linking the known Africa of the west with the known Africa of the east. They journeyed much as we may suspect the earlier unknown crossers of the continent to have travelled, stopping when there were war-parties in the way and hospitably entertained during the whole of their long tramp by the native potentates. So well satisfied indeed were these Pombeiros with their treatment that they returned by the same route, and the Prince Regent of Portugal formed in 1815 a "Company of Pedestrians" to "be employed in keeping open the communication that had been discovered between the two coasts of Western and



FIRST SIGHT OF TABLE MOUNTAIN, FROM THE "GEORGE"

Eastern Africa," of which corps Baptista was appointed captain, with a salary of ten milreis per month. Most likely nothing more was ever done. For until 1831, when Monteiro and Gamitto again visited the Cazembe's Court, we hear little of Portuguese exploration in their own or in any other part of Africa.

In 1838-48 an Arab, Syde ibn Habib, crossed from the East Coast to Benguela, but he left no record, and in 1853-1856 there was the journey from Benguela to the mouth of the Rovuma on the East Coast, which has been generally ascribed to Antonio da Silva Porto.* In reality, the journey was made by a trusty slave of this gentleman. Senhor Silva Porto, I am informed by Captain Cameron, who met him at Benguela, disclaimed any personal share in the achievement, "of which," writes this distinguished explorer, "I had previously had some knowledge, not only from the printed reports of the journey, but also from the confidential slave of Senhor Silva Porto, who had performed it. This man, when travelling with his master, had met with trading Arabs about 600 miles from the coast, and, in obedience to orders, accompanied them on their return journey eastwards, journeying, as such people often do, under his master's name. A half-educated man, knowing how to read and write and keep accounts after a fashion, he preserved some sort of record of the trip. This record was valuable when nothing more definite was known, but absolutely devoid of exactitude of detail."

Syde ibn Habib and Silva Porto's slave.

Other journeys it is claimed have been made across Africa by Portuguese traders. Thus, in the same year that Silva Porto's slave travelled eastward—and it must be

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.
(from the Painting in the possession of the London Missionary Society.)

remembered that the Arabs with whom he journeyed for part of the way not only shared in it, but had previously tramped the whole distance from sea to sea—Mr. Messum wrote that he had heard of a great lake in the interior from a Portuguese major whom he had met at Benguela, and who had crossed

Shadowy journeys across Africa.

* Silva Porto was an old Portuguese colonist who lived in Bihe, at the back of the Benguela district. He travelled for trading purposes over much of South Africa, chiefly between the years 1849 and 1889, and in 1890, Mr. Consul-General Johnston of Mezambique informs us, committed suicide out of chagrin at his services being ignored by the Portuguese Government.

over from Mozambique. He is probably not the only mute, inglorious transitist. Captain Briant, employed by Mr. Brookhouse of Salem, Massachusetts, saw in 1843 men who had passed from shore to shore, and ascertained the possibility of establishing a profitable commercial intercourse. Two years later, in 1845-7, the lands of "Muata Yanvo," on the high road across the continent, were visited by Joaquim Rodriguez Graça and shortly afterwards by the late Ladislaus Magyar, if what he reported was a fact.*

It may, nevertheless, be affirmed that these transits, if they were really made, did little to open up Africa or to furnish the accurate information which geography now desiderates. In short, up to the year 1854-55, no journey made "across Africa" could be regarded as having added to our actual and scientific knowledge of the continent. In that year, however, a new era began to dawn for the continent. For in its course Livingstone accomplished his great journey—the culmination of previous explorations—and began others that were to end only with his life.†

Of all the distinguished travellers whose explorations have helped to make the world known, none present a greater combination of characters fitting them for the task than David Livingstone (p. 165). Born at Blantyre, a little manufacturing town on the Clyde, on March 19, 1813, he came into existence at a time when perhaps more than any other, his life's labours were fitted to impress the world and bear speedy fruit. Although capable of tracing back his ancestry for generations

Livingstone's early life.

enough to make him jealous of his genealogical tree, he strikes the keynote to his character when he states that the one point of which he is proud is the death-bed exhortation of one of his forbears. "I have searched carefully through all the traditions of our family, and I never could discover that there was a dishonest man among our forefathers. If, therefore, any of you should take to dishonest ways, it will not be because it runs in our blood. I leave this precept with you: Be honest." This honesty of character shows itself incessantly throughout his career—in his hatred of humbug, in his making religion a part of his daily life, in his energy in conquering difficulties and acquiring knowledge, and in his ability to understand that the line of thought of a Kaffir or Negro must be a stumbling-block to his appreciation of the elevated teaching of a white missionary, no less than in his keeping his promises to them at all times and at all costs. Yet, combined with this far-reaching honesty is a very great number of other traits, and the versatility of his genius in overcoming obstacles and his strong determination mark him as pre-eminently adapted for an explorer of unknown lands and unknown people.

The religious bias of his mind seems to have been chiefly inherited from his father, an itinerant tea-dealer, who, tramping the country with his wares, distributed at the same time tracts and religious advice, until he obtained, and held for the last twenty years of his life, the office of deacon of an Independent church. As one of five children, reared in such humble surroundings, Livingstone had early to contribute to the support of the home, and at the age of ten commenced work as a "piecer" at a cotton mill, afterwards rising to be a spinner, working for six days a week from 6 a.m. to 8 p.m. Having spent a portion of his first week's wages in the purchase of a Latin grammar, he devoted himself heart and soul to his education, either at an evening school or at home, till midnight or later, or until his

* Burton, "The Lands of Cazembe"; "Lacerda's Journey to Cazembe in 1798; The Journey of the Pombeiros, and a Résumé of the Journey of MM. Monteiro and Gamitto," by R. A. Beadle and C. T. Beke (1873); Cooley, "Inner Africa Laid Open," etc. (1852), and *Journal R. G. S.*, 1854, pp. 266, 271. I am also indebted to Captain Lovett Cameron, C.B., R.N., the eminent African traveller, for much valuable information in preparing this account.

† The rest of this chapter and the two following are by F. E. Harman, F.G.S., F.C.S., who has travelled over the greater part of the ground described, and accompanied the British South Africa Company's Pioneer Expedition to Mashonaland.

anxious mother snatched the all-too-absorbing book from his hands. This ardour for study even led to his arranging his book at the mill so that he could snatch a sentence as he passed backwards and forwards at his work, where, like many another who has risen to greatness, he was thought "just a sulky, quiet, feckless sort o' boy." It also gave him the valuable power of abstracting his mind from surrounding noises, so as to read and write with perfect comfort amidst the play of children or the dancing and songs of savages.

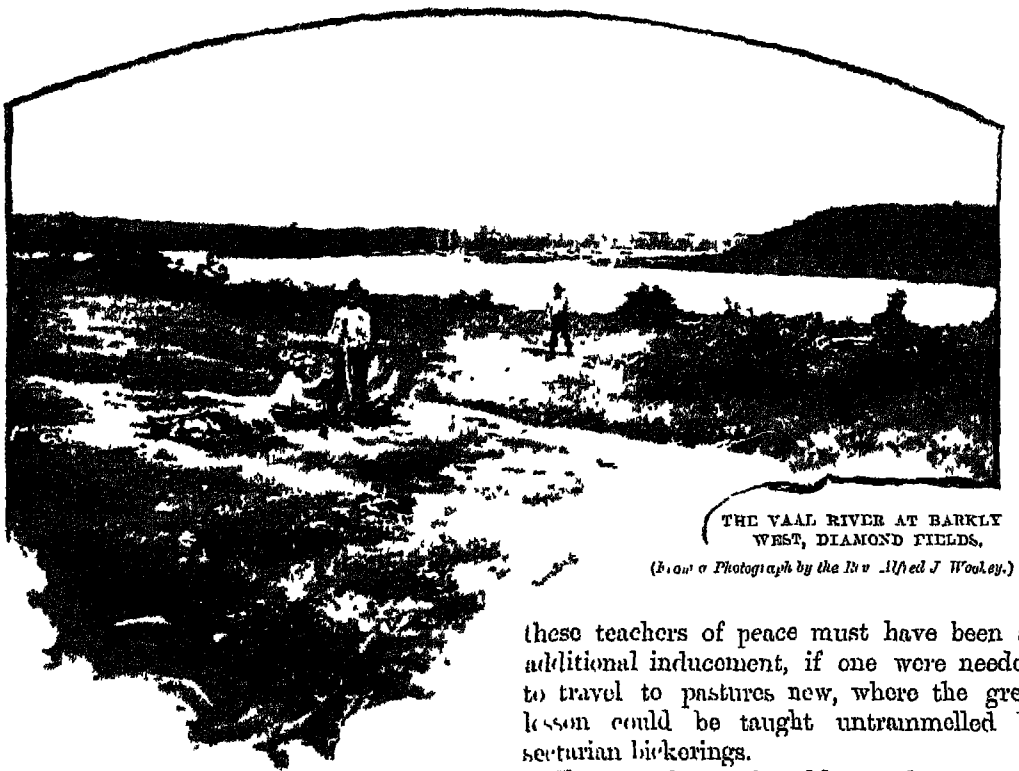
Although Livingstone eschewed novel-reading, he tells us he could not follow his father's wish that he should avoid scientific works, and peruse, in preference, works in which abstract theology was in the ascendant, and the last application of the paternal rod was uselessly inflicted to induce a perusal of Wilberforce's "Practical Christianity."

Severe as was the work in the mill, the work of cotton spinning was sufficiently well paid to enable him to support himself while attending medical and Greek classes at Glasgow in winter, and the divinity lectures of Dr. Wardlaw in summer. His love of open-air life, stimulated up to then by occasional scourings of the country in search of botanical and geological specimens, thus became systematised, and directed to that utilisation of Nature's gifts which stood him in such good stead in after years. The project of being of use to his fellow men, both as a curer of souls and bodies, arose about this time, culminating in a desire to be a medical missionary in China. For the purpose of qualifying himself for this work, he accepted the assistance of his relations and entered Anderson's College in Glasgow, where he attended lectures on Greek, chemistry, medicine and theology. Being intuitively unsectarian, he offered himself to the London Missionary Society in 1837 and, after a year's probation, and being reported as an utter failure by his examiner on account of his hesitating manner and lack of fluency, he was accepted. For nearly two years he walked the hospitals in London to "qualify" for a medical diploma, and during that time made the acquaintance of his future father-in-law, Mr. Moffat.

As China was closed to him on account of the Opium War and the West Indies were not to his taste, and as Mr. Moffat's description of Africa showed how abundant a field lay before him in the Dark Continent, Livingstone finally resolved to labour there. Prostrated almost to death with congestion of the liver and an affection of the lungs, he returned to Scotland and obtained his medical license, narrowly escaping being "plucked" from having opinions of his own and the resolution to stick to them. A single night with his family before departure was all the time allowed, as he had to hurry to London, where on the 20th of November, 1840, he was ordained a missionary. On the 8th of December he embarked on board the ship *George*, which, following a usual course for sailing ships bound for the Cape, ran over to the South American coast, giving him the first and only opportunity of catching a glimpse of the New World by touching at Rio Janeiro. As a sample of the beauties of the tropics, such a sight must have been a vision never to be forgotten.

Departs for Africa.

As the ship approaches the land, the Organ Mountains, now shrouded in mist and now bright after it has fallen in tropical showers and allowed the sun to shine in undimmed glory, are seen rising at some distance from the shore as a background of majestic grandeur. Entering the harbour—one of the finest in the world—the eye dwells with delight on the Sugar Loaf, a magnificent mass of bare granite guarding one side, while the other, protected by man with artillery-armed forts, contrasts our puny efforts with the grandeur of Nature. Once inside, the Corcavada, a higher mountain than even the Sugar Loaf, rears its precipitous sides over the lovely Botofoga Bay, and nestling at its foot there are the Botanical Gardens, whose lofty palm avenues are one of the botanical wonders



THE VAAL RIVER AT BARKLY WEST, DIAMOND FIELDS.
(From a Photograph by the Rev Alfred J Wookey.)

of the world. It is not surprising that Livingstone writes in eulogy of the beauties of such a spot. During the voyage he cultivated the acquaintance of the captain, under whose guidance he learned to take astronomical observations; and although he also studied theology, he frankly informed the directors of the London Missionary Society that he knew of no spiritual good having been done in the case of anyone on board the ship by his ministrations.

Livingstone must have been glad when the voyage of three months' duration came to an end, although for his astronomical education its length would be preferable to the record of 14 days 11 hours and 35 minutes of the *Scot*. But it must have been a disappointment to him to find on landing that the missionaries then working in Cape Colony were united neither in general policy nor in social intercourse: and the discord of these teachers of peace must have been an additional inducement, if one were needed, to travel to pastures new, where the great lesson could be taught untrammelled by sectarian bickerings.

The surprise at first felt at the want of unanimity, however, and the irritation to which it gave rise in the future explorer's mind, no doubt lessened as he found, as years rolled on, how difficult it is, even for firm friends, to avoid causes of disagreement that quickly ripen into serious breaches, when the isolation of life in an out-station or the exigencies of travel force a too close companionship.

First journey into the interior of South Africa

After a month's delay at Cape Town, during which time its peculiar flora would, no doubt, interest so keen a botanist as Livingstone, he proceeded to Port Elizabeth, then of much less importance than now. Situated at the extremity of Algoa Bay, into which roll, with resistless force, waves unbroken since starting as ripples from the ice-bound southern Pole, it has ever had an evil reputation at the hands of underwriters, who have had to pay for many an old hulk consigned

there, in the hope that her timbers might be added to the many buried in the sand of its wreck-strewn shore. But, notwithstanding its dangerous position, its commercial activity has increased with the wave of civilisation spreading steadily inland, and it ranks as the most important commercial port on the coast, boasting a fine pier, an excellent town-hall, and a railway which, had it existed in 1841, would have enabled Livingstone to push on at once to what is now Kimberley, whence to Kuruman, in Bechuanaland, whither he had orders to proceed, is only some hundred miles. However, the 1,880 miles of railway now in use in Cape Colony had not been

TRAVELLERS "OUTSPANNED" ON THE SOUTH AFRICAN VELDT.
(From a Photograph by Mr. H. A. Freyden.)

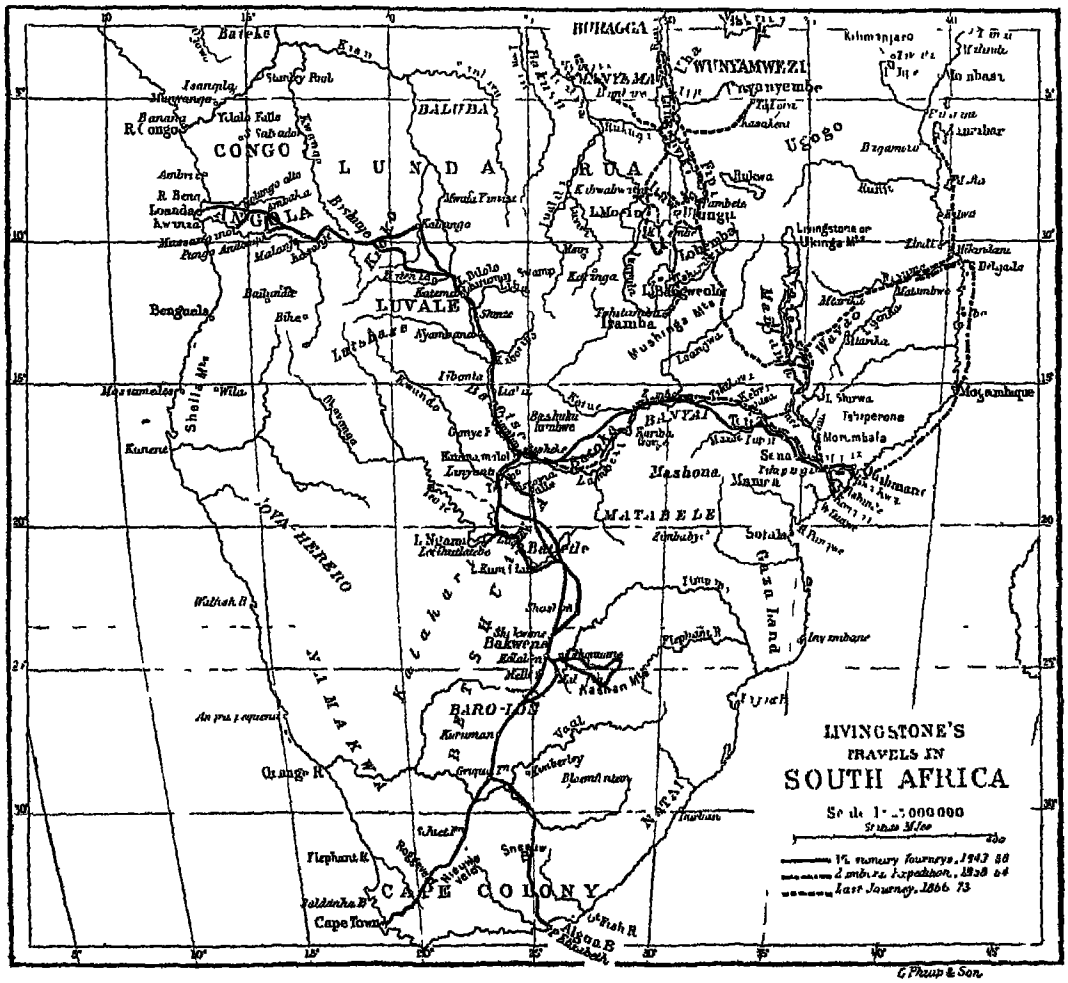
commenced, and the lumbering four-wheeled waggon—with its team of twelve to eighteen pairs of oxen, its driver, with long whip and longer polyglot tongue, framing expletives at an obstinate bullock one minute and uttering encouraging cognomens the next, and its "voer-looper" leading the team along the wide and rutty track -were called into requisition. Eliminate, as one must do in African travel, all idea of the value of time, and this mode of locomotion is probably found, by most travellers, as pleasant a mean of progress for long journeys by land as the world affords. To be able to travel with all one's belongings and with all the necessaries of life, without having recourse to any but Nature's storehouses, absolute master of one's little world and paying tax to none, is the height of a civilised nomad's enjoyment. The pace at which long treks are made is, when the bullocks are yoked, barely over two miles per hour, and even this crawling speed must be frequently broken for the bullocks to be "outspanned" for a feed.

If the grass is scarce, the team have to wander long distances to crop sufficient of the dried-up herbage to sustain them in condition; while, for much of the year, the noontide heat renders a trek at midday undesirable. In the winter, on the other hand, a delay occurs before leaving a camping-ground, from the disinclination of the bullocks to drink before the sun is well up. Amongst the many other hindrances are the straying of the team, either in search of water or pasture, or from fright at a lion or hyæna. But to a lover of Nature these delays are but time gained to study her handiwork; and truly Livingstone's was a mind to enjoy the new world in which he found himself on this great table-land of South Africa, at 3,000 to 5,000 feet above sea-level. Rising from the narrow fringe of coast land, through the bold broken ground that runs roughly parallel with the ocean, he would soon ascend to the high veldt that stretches, now in rolling prairie, now in almost level plains, to the west coast, on the one hand, with its Damaras and Namaquas; while, on the other, the pastures of the Orange Free State and Transvaal, pierced by the Vaal River, were, thirty years ago, the happy hunting-ground of the Boer treking about in patriarchal simplicity. Northward lay the then goal of his hopes, the Bamangwato country, fringed with the mysterious Kalahari, and containing what was, in those days, the mythical Lake Ngami. Here and there, as the trek proceeded, long and singularly flat-topped sand-hills rose in the horizon, the last landmarks of a mighty sandstone era. Granite, of which so large an area of Southern Africa consists, outcrops in characteristic masses, or, disintegrated into a light soil, is covered with short tufty grass. Generally, a look of barrenness reigns supreme and the sage bush, of dreary tint and sparse habit, is, except after rains, in undisturbed possession over large areas. In others more to the north, tufty grasses take its place, springing into a short-lived luxuriance after a shower, and remaining as a sparse, dull yellow covering until a fire, sweeping over the wide expanse, reduces the dry, shrivelled blades to blackened ashes, the sport of the frequent little whirlwinds that rise from the dry and heated surface and attract the attention from the delusive mirage. Now and again a so-called river is passed, generally with clean, sandy bed; but the mirage has not derived its sketch of blue waters from its running stream. Though water exists rarely on the surface, the inexperienced need not be disheartened. The black-stemmed mimosa trees on the bank, rising in clusters, beneath which the francolins and partridges run hastily at the approach of danger, are a truthful signpost to tell the precious fluid is there. The sand, too, has been disturbed, perhaps, by a Bushman, who, detecting a stranger's presence long before he has approached the spot, lies concealed with tiny poison-tipped arrow ready in tiny bow and notes his every movement A little enlarging of the hole by his foot disturbs moist sand and, on deepening, water trickles in and banishes the fear of a waterless bivouac. Cold to bitterness are these elevated, treeless wastes during the night and early morning, and welcome is the cup of hot coffee at the outspan; but, no sooner has old Sol shed his beams abroad than the heavy wraps, which hardly keep out the keen, clear atmosphere, can be discarded, and beneath a broad-brimmed hat, turned-up shirt sleeves become the most pleasant attire. Buoyancy of spirit comes with the south-east breeze, which blows with refreshing coolness during much of the year, and the sight of game invites the hunter to a rattling gallop, which should end in a shot and a welcome addition to the larder in the shape of an antelope (pp. 168, 169).

Thirty years ago (1863), countless springbok migrated over the whole, and many other antelopes browsed on the wide, grassy undulations; and where his prey was, there was the lion. Alas! now the former are becoming traditions of the past and the latter has ceased to roam over most of the southern half of the table-land. The first showers of the short

Wild animals of the veldt.

rainy season prompt languishing nature to move, and the hard, dry, scorched plains send up shoots from bulbs and stems but waiting a hint that the hour of their rejoicing has come.



MAP OF LIVINGSTONE'S TRAVELS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

How quickly a sheen of green spreads around! How quickly the short-lived flowers of many a hue unfold their loveliness in a short ecstasy of delirious joy! Before we have got accustomed to their forms they have faded and pass from memory. The river bed—from which a drink could best be obtained by sinking through the hot sand, drop by drop—has become submerged in a roaring torrent, rising bank-high and threatening the existence of the trees that have marked the river's course. Dull thuds and splashes tell how slight obstructions have caused the turgid, foaming waters to alter their course and carve out for themselves new channels for their impetuous career,

till it became a question whether the sinker would be exhausted before the crumbling sand was thrown aside sufficiently to enable the precious fluid to be scooped out almost

to be left dry after the river has spent its force and ceased to run almost before it has tested its new bed. Thunder, pealing grandly overhead, impresses the ear as much as the green tint the eye, or the delicious smell of moistened mould the nose. Insects unsuspected in the dry season abound, and the curious burying-beetle, with a single big horn on thorax and strangely shaped legs, attracts attention. Drawn by the smell of the fresh droppings of the trek-oxen, he booms up-wind and sets to work to make balls many times his own size, which he rolls along by pushing them backwards, as though working upside down on a treadmill, until a particularly soft place in the ground permits of his burying them beneath the surface, to serve both as incubators for the eggs and well-filled larders for the rising generation. So curious are the horns of these beetles that they attract the attention even of the Bechuanas, who make necklaces of them, which they don on holidays with anklets of empty tussah silk-moth cocoons made into rattles by the introduction of a pea in each, and strung together in lengths enough to encircle the leg several times. Such finery is in demand for their dances, and the slight jingling produced as the feet are stamped with energy on the ground matches in volume the low-toned pitch of their single-stringed guitar. Ants, like beetles, pour forth with renewed activity, going in bands on long predatory excursions, in set order, with their soldiers in advance guards and deployed in as flanking parties, and their nursing squads carrying the larvæ. Very objectionable is one variety which fills the still morning air with a stale, fetid odour like rotting sodden flesh. Small animals, chiefly of nocturnal habits, both feline carnivores and rodents, abound. Many of the latter live in colonies, making stretches of ground rotten for the horseman by their extensive burrowings. A number of these yield skins of great elegance and utility, and are trapped and run down by dogs by both

SETSHELE AND HIS WIFE AT MOLOPOLOLE (KOLOBEÑ).
(*From a Photograph by the Rev. Alfred J. Wookey.*)

THE CHIEF'S COURTYARD AT MOLOPOLOLE (KOLOBLÑ).
(From a Photograph by the Rev. Alfred J. Wookey.)

Bushmen and Bechuanas, who sew the pelts into large "karosses" or mantles, using the sinews for thread. This work is performed by the men, and even now at Palapchwe (Khama's Town) in the early morning the order is blown on the regimental bugle that the corps on duty are to devote their attention, for the day, to the tailoring department, the royal sorter having previously selected the skins from those brought in as tribute from outlying districts. Larger beasts of prey—jackals, lynxes, hyænas, and leopards, as well as prettily-marked tiger-cats—are also killed for the purpose: and so highly are the karosses prized that they will fetch from £10 to £30 on the spot, and the introduction of breechloaders amongst the Bechuanas is still causing the price of the skins of the larger animals to rise, through the rapid extermination of all the larger game by their use. Livingstone describes a system of trapping by which game of all kinds was caught in large numbers; but this wholesale massacre is now seldom practised, as many of the animals so killed have entirely disappeared and others are either extinct or driven hundreds of miles from what was in his day their habitat. But over parts of game-frequented Africa the custom is still extant. A pit is dug twelve to fifteen feet in length and somewhat less in breadth, strengthened by trees laid round the edge and, if the soil is sufficiently tenacious, with the side sloped so as to give a larger area at the bottom (eight feet or so beneath the surface) than at the top, and covered lightly with branches and grass.

To cause the game to fall into this, instead of passing round, when the "beat" takes place, two fences are made of branches laid on the ground, starting a mile or more from the pit and approximately at the same distance from each other. These are made to converge as they approach the pit, where the

direction of each is made parallel. Near the pit, where pressure is likely to be felt, they are very securely interlaced, but at the commencement the merest obstacle suffices.

Scouring the country for miles, the hunters gradually drive the game onward, until the uneasy crowd of zebras, giraffe, tsesebe,* hartebeest,† wildebeest, riet-bok,‡—and in those days, buffaloes—are induced to enter the funnel or "hopo." Then shouts resound, and the affrighted beasts are forced to concentrate as the fences become closer and closer. The din increases, attempts at escape become more desperate, until, maddened by fear, the mass press onward, to fall helpless into the pit, whence escape is hopeless. The pit full, stragglers may haply bound over their mangled friends and, avoiding the assegai, regain their freedom; but death is the rule and few escape. The memory of such hunts long survives and marks a period from which time is counted, so great is the excitement to the participators of the hunt and, if it prove successful, so great is the spoil. In some districts, as in Mashonaland, another method is adopted. A long series of pits are dug at intervals of a few yards, with the two sides meeting at the bottom, extending a considerable distance across the most likely runs of the game, and no fencing is employed. These are visited occasionally and the game taken out. In some, sticks are securely driven into the ground and sharpened and the unfortunate victim not only falls into a pit from which he cannot escape, but is impaled and lingers for hours or even days in agony until death or his captor puts an end to his sufferings.

Wild and dreary as was the country in which Livingstone found himself at Kuruman, civilisation already flourished with widely-spreading roots. For thirty years it had been a mission station under that father of African missionaries, Dr. Moffat, who, with others of like instincts, could already show the effect of irrigation and skilled horticulture. Gardens where fruit trees and vines, European vegetables and grain, grew luxuriantly, practically demonstrated that even on this dry and elevated plateau Nature had but to be wooed to be won; and civilisation claimed the place for her own by the establishment of one of the mightest of her servants—the printing-press. Livingstone, the omnivorous acquirer of useful knowledge, here learned to be carpenter, builder, and gardener, and, when occasion offered at a later period, qualified in blacksmithing under a native smith. Since then what progress has been made! Diamonds, discovered here in 1871, are now exported to the value of £4,000,000 per annum. Railways from the coast ports have rendered the place accessible, and the town of Kimberley, with nearly 30,000 inhabitants, and not far away Johannesberg with 40,000, have sprung into existence. So pleasant a place as Kuruman proved was not destined to be Livingstone's resting-place. He early formed the opinion that he could reap richer harvests by penetrating farther north to more densely-populated regions, and that his life might be spent as profitably as a pioneer as in any other way. He therefore started northward as soon as his oxen were rested, and visited the important Bechuana chief, Setshele, and later isolated himself for six months from all white companionship while he studied the language, habits, ways of thought, and laws of the Bakwena, a section of the Bechuanas. No such isolation at Kolobeñ,§ or Molopolole (pp. 172, 173, 175), would be possible now, as the traders settled there supply everything from a plough to a bonnet and civilisation has pressed far beyond in her resistless march. Intertribal disturbances upsetting his plans of forming a station there, he fixed on Mabotsa, now within the territory of the Transvaal, where, in assisting his native friends in a lion hunt, he got severely wounded. After describing an unsuccessful attempt to circumvent three of the brutes, he writes: "In going round the end of the hill, I saw a

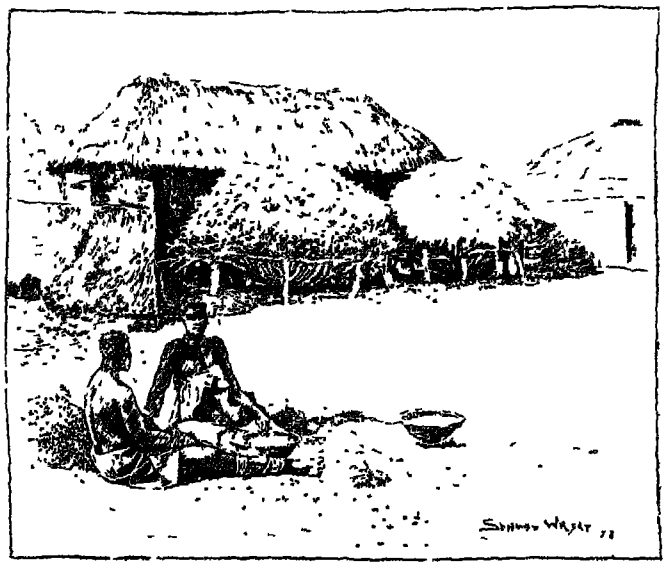
Early missionary life at Kuruman.

* *Bubalus lunata.* † *Antilope caama.*
‡ *Cephalopus natalensis.*

§ Or Kolobeng, as it is usually spelt.

lion sitting on a piece of rock, about thirty yards off, with a little bush in front of him. I took a good aim at him through the bush and fired both barrels into it. The men called out, 'He is shot! he is shot!' Others cried, 'He has been shot by another man, too; let us go to him!' I saw the lion's tail erected in anger and, turning to the people, said, 'Stop a little till I load again.' When in the act of ramming down the bullets I heard a shout and, looking half-round, I saw the lion in the act of springing upon me. He caught me by the shoulder, and we both came to the ground together. Growling horribly, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first gripe of a cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain or feeling of terror, though I was quite conscious of all that was happening. . . . As he had one paw on the back of my head, I turned round to relieve myself of the weight, and saw his eyes directed to Mebalwe"—a native schoolmaster—"who was aiming at him from a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun, which was a flint one, missed fire in both barrels. The animal immediately left me to attack him and bit his thigh. Another man, whose life I had saved after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion, upon which he turned from Mebalwe and seized this fresh foe by the shoulder. At that moment, the bullets the beast had received took effect and he fell down dead. The whole was the work of a few moments and must have been his paroxysm of dying rage." Fortunately, being clad, the virus from the teeth did not pierce Livingstone's flesh, but his arm was ever afterwards partially disabled by the formation of what surgeons know as a "false joint."

Towards the end of 1844 Livingstone married Miss Mary Moffat, the daughter of the celebrated Dr. Moffat, missionary at Kuruman, and settled down at Mabotsa. Mrs. Livingstone seems to have been the beau-ideal of a missionary's wife: "a matter-of-fact lady, a little, thick, black-haired girl, sturdy, and all I want," according to her husband's description, able to do and to teach others to do, a good needlewoman, a good cook, and general servant, yet withal possessing the instincts and tastes of a cultured woman, without the "narrow-mindedness" which, in a letter to a friend, her husband deplores as the characteristic of missionaries' daughters. It can be imagined how, with such a newly-acquired treasure, building a house with his own hands to form Hymen's dove-cot was to Livingstone a labour of love, though through the jealousy of a companion the work was rendered unnecessarily heavy, and so irksome did this uncongenial fellow-countryman prove himself that the



STACKS OF NATIVE CORN (EARS ONLY) IN THE YARD OF THE CHIEF'S HOUSE, MOLOPOLOLE (KOLOBENG).
(From a Photograph by the Rev. Alfred J. Wookey.)

Livingstones left their abode and went forty miles northward to Tshonuane, the kraal of Setshele, whom the missionary already knew. As a man of note and one of Livingstone's most distinguished converts it is interesting to learn that his great-grandfather Mochoasêle was the first who told his tribe—the Bakwains—of the existence of white men, and that it was in the lifetime of his father that the first white men came into the country, where they and their party died of fever. Setshele is described as unusually dark, tall, with large eyes, and of rather corpulent habit, and married to three of the daughters of his underchiefs—a usual method of cementing allegiance. Such was his thirst for knowledge that he learned the alphabet in a day; but in acquiring knowledge he grew fat, through changing the active life of a sportsman for the sedentary one of a scholar. He also made some progress in arithmetic. His subjects not embracing the new faith with the same avidity, his ideas of driving the doctrine into them savour rather of English academic training in the days of Dr. Johnson. "Do you imagine these people will ever believe by your merely talking to them? I can make them do nothing except by thrashing them, and if you like, I shall call my headmen, and with our whips of rhinoceros hide we will soon make them believe together." Livingstone did *not* adopt this method of imparting Christianity. Setshele seems to have been a fine, manly, straightforward fellow, and when, after three years' religious education, he applied for baptism, he sent all but his first wife to their homes with suitable presents. He confessed, however, that abandoning polygamy was not so severe a strain on his faith as ceasing the practice of rain-doctoring, for which he was noted. As might be expected, the friends of all the divorced wives became opponents of the new religion, making the

VILLAGE IN THE KALAHARI DESERT.
(From a Photograph by the Rev. Alfred J. Wookey.)

Setshele's kraal and the Bechuanas.

chief wish Livingstone had come to the country before he had become entangled in the meshes of its customs. Then came an unusually severe period of drought, lasting four years, when even the leaves of the large trees drooped and many streams dried up, so that fishes died in numbers and crocodiles succumbed. The temperature at midday three inches beneath the ground rose to 130 degrees. At the instigation of Livingstone, during the first year the tribe moved to the banks of the Kolobeñ, where, for the third time, he built himself and his family a house and where he induced the Ba-kwains to make a canal and dam for irrigating purposes. But the drought continued and deputations of the old *régime* begged that Setshele might continue his old arts, especially as rain was seen falling ten miles off, where praying was unknown. Notwithstanding the stultifying effects of the drought, the tribe increased in prosperity and things would have gone on well had not the cupidity of neighbouring Boers been excited. The tribe, which in common with all Bechuanas, have never attacked either the Boers or the English, became possessed through trade of five guns, which rumour exaggerated into five hundred, and so much alarmed the Boers that an expedition of several hundred men was planned to seize them. In their ignorance they even magnified a cooking-pot, given to Setshele, into a cannon, and the use of a sextant connected Livingstone with a too far-seeing Government who looked at them through Lord Rosse's telescope at Table Mountain. This imaginary possession of artillery actually kept them from attacking the Ba-kwains for eight years, but suddenly the storm broke in 1852—in the absence of Livingstone—and, after considerable slaughter, a party of four hundred Boers, under Pretorius, carried off two hundred children into slavery. Livingstone's library was torn and scattered about, his medicines were smashed, and both his personal goods and those of some English sportsmen left under native charge were carried off and sold by auction. Setshele, however, recovering from his surprise, retaliated so effectually that the Boers never incorporated his territory or attempted another invasion.

KING KHAMA AND HIS SON.
(*From a Photograph taken for the Paris Society for Evangelical Missions.*)

Dr. Livingstone's description of the Boers' method of fighting forty years ago in a foray, is too graphic to be omitted.* "One or

* "Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa, by David Livingstone, M.D." (1857)—a work which is constantly referred to in these chapters. See also Johnston's admirable work on "Livingstone and the Exploration of Central Africa" (1891).

two friendly tribes are forced to accompany a party of mounted Boers, and are ranged in front to form a shield. The Boers then coolly fire over their heads till the devoted people flee and leave cattle, wives, and children to the captors. This was done in nine cases during my residence in the interior and on no occasion was a drop of Boer blood shed. It was long before I could give credit to the tales of bloodshed told by native witnesses; but when I heard the Boers either bewailing or boasting the bloody scenes in which they had themselves been actors, I was compelled to admit the validity of the testimony." These forays, which the Boer Administration for a long while vainly endeavoured to suppress, supplied domestic servants; but field labourers engaged themselves to the Boers from adjoining districts, content if they could return to their kraals after some years of toil with the means of purchasing a few head of cattle; though, alas, their confidence was often misplaced and they went back empty-handed. It would be unfair to the Boers if mention were not made of retaliations by Kaffirs, who murdered, with horrible atrocity, one of their chief leaders, Polgieter, with his family and a party of emigrants in 1854.

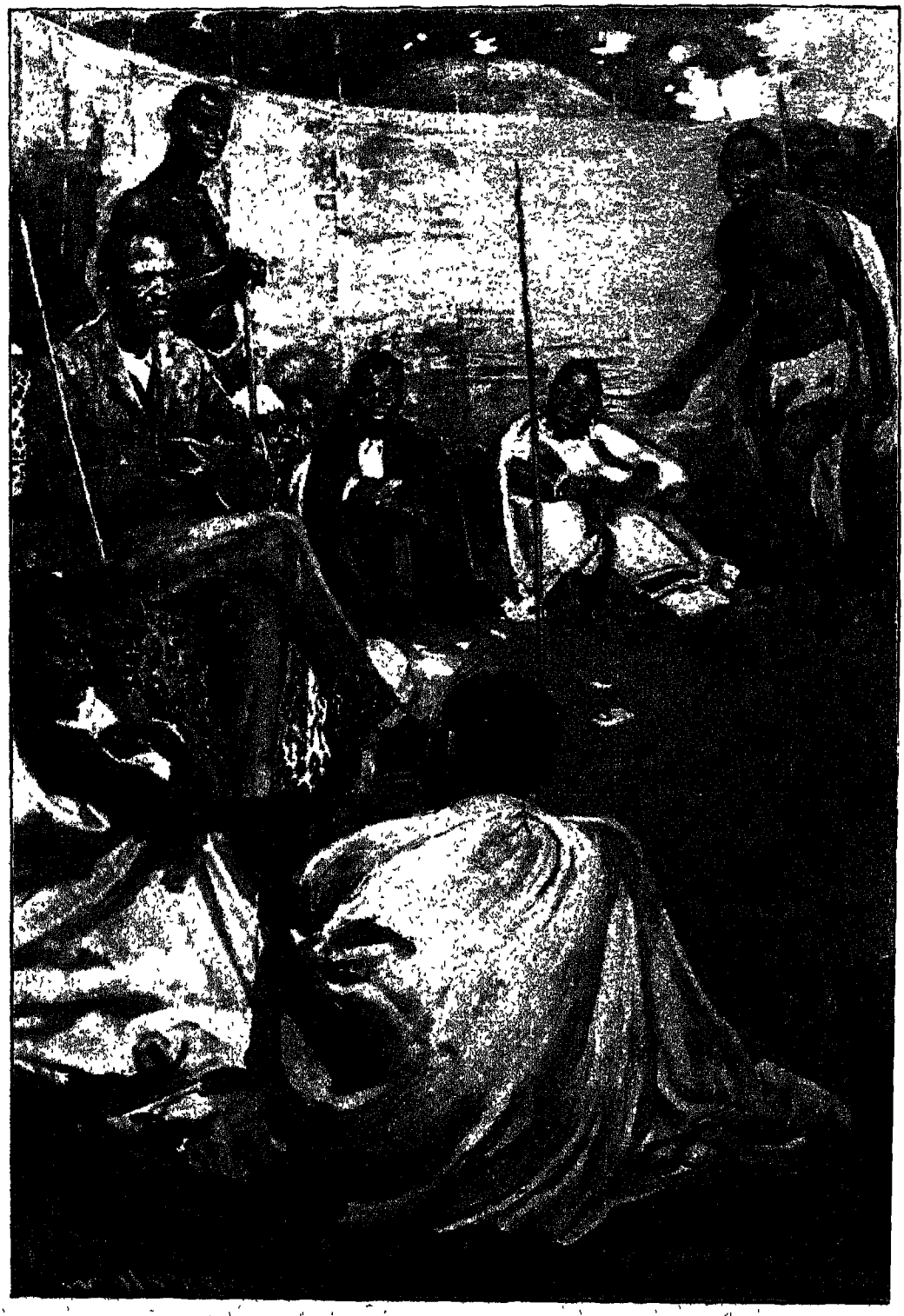
The Boers and Livingstone.

As an instance of how rapidly changes have come over this portion of South Africa, one has only to remember that in 1820 the first Boers crossed the Orange River. About 1836 they came in conflict with that great Zulu chief Mosilikatse, who had obtained paramount authority over a large area to the north of the river by conquests over Basutos, Bechuanas, and other tribes, and forced him across the Limpopo into the present Matabele country, where his son Lo-Bengula now reigns and quaffs the white man's beer, while he grants them concessions and has sent his headmen to visit Her Majesty and be the "lions" of a London season. The volksraad held its first sitting in 1848, enacting some most curious laws. Its views of the equality of races were that it "will admit of no equality of persons of colour with white inhabitants neither in Church nor State." No Englishman nor German should be allowed to possess landed property; nobody was allowed to declare himself insolvent; and it forbade prospecting for or the working of mines under the liability of a fine of Rixdollars 500. But in 1867, like a star of hope piercing the darkness of barbarism and the despotism of ignorance, came the first diamond from the sands of the Orange River, and by 1890 ten thousand miners of all nationalities were toiling on its tributary, the Vaal. In 1875 the attention of the President of the Transvaal was drawn to the existence of gold at Spitzkop, but the development of the great Witwatersrand district, now yielding over 100,000 ozs. a month, may be said to have started with the erection of a five-stamp battery in 1885 through the prescience of Mr. Struben. The Boer element of 60,000 is now at least equalled by a like number of Europeans and gold-mining is affording employment to 50,000 men.

The territory-absorbing and republic-making instincts of the Boers received a final check westward by an expedition under Sir Charles Warren, which suppressed the Stellaland Republic in 1885, and created British Bechuanaland, with its capital at Vryberg, besides extending British protection to the northward. The British Bechuanaland Police have here continued effectually to prevent filibustering by "God's chosen people," as the Boers love to call themselves, and the natives now live in security. As an amusing combination of checking polygamy amongst the Bechuanas, while securing a revenue, a tax of ten shillings is now levied by the Government in British Bechuanaland on each wife; and, as the same amount is collected from each hut, they must be regarded as equal luxuries.

Moreover, a new Bamangwato ruler has been coming into prominence in Khama, rightly designated the "Alfred the Great" of Southern Africa. Born, about 1830, at Shoshong, a town visited by Livingstone, he is one of the many sons of Sekomi, but the legal heir. As

"The Alfred" of South Africa.



16 KING KHAMA SITTING IN COUNCIL (p. 179).

a boy he went a-hunting with Gordon Cumming and was baptised a Christian by a German Lutheran missionary. At eighteen he was commanded by his father to marry a second wife, but he refused and left the town, being followed by many of the younger men. Their wives not being permitted to join them, the town was stormed and the old chief deposed and, though reinstated by the magnanimity of Khama, the old man would not mend his ways and Khama eventually, by the will of the nation, assumed the chieftainship. Now he rules his tribe by kindness rather than severity and with a paternal care that is irresistible. Capital punishment is practically unknown. The old practices of witchcraft and smelling out have been abolished and, although more harmless native customs continue, they are discouraged. But while patient where persuasion or the force of example suffices, Khama has suppressed the use and sale of alcohol with unsparing severity. At first he confined himself to preventing its introduction by white men, but, finding the comparatively harmless native beer was made a vehicle for the introduction of more potent spirits smuggled into his country, he forbade its manufacture and its use is quite abolished. Khama, ever a friend to the British, nearly became embroiled with the Boers about 1886, when a Mr. Grobbelaar, a Boer envoy to Lo-Bengula, died from the injuries he received in a brush with Khama's people. Very material support was then afforded him by stationing some troops of the Bechuanaland Border Police at Elebe, where they could hold either the Matabele or the Boers in check. This enabled Khama to carry out a project he had long wished for. The old capital, Shoshong, consisted of huts crowded into and around the entrance of a kloof or narrow valley disappearing from a plain into a steep range of hills. A tiny stream, often hidden by sand, gave a scanty supply of water from which, by working all through the day and night, the women could barely extract sufficient for drinking purposes. This dreary spot was abandoned in 1889 and the population moved some seventy miles to where Palapchwe—"the town of the running waters"—is now built, covering fully twenty square miles and containing some 20,000 people. Here, in the first season, temporary huts were erected, so that the precious sowing-time might not be encroached on, and mealie gardens, stretching far and wide, were sown. Later, round permanent huts, commodious and well-built, with brick sides and cunningly-devised thatched roofs obviating the necessity of a central pole, took their places. These huts have verandahs and a little enclosure in front, which is kept neatly swept and is the spot where the women grind the corn and perform other domestic duties. A number of these residences are ranged symmetrically inside a large circular fence and form a ward-mote or parish, for which a headman is responsible. His duties are lightened by there being only a single entrance, or, at most, two entrances, and by a decree forbidding the women to roam after nightfall. In the centre of the parish, which is sheltered by fine, old, free-growing trees, which Khama forbade being touched when the ground was first cleared, either a tree stands or a screen is erected to keep off the prevailing south-east wind; and here, around a fire in the cold weather, the councillors assemble and the gossips discuss the news of the hour. There is, besides, a kotla, or national council enclosure open to all. There Khama, a lithe, spare man, now over fifty, with intelligent features and a quick but subdued nervous manner, and an undeniable gentleman in the broadest sense of the term, clad in clothes made by a Cape Town tailor, sits (Plate 16 and p. 177) to try cases, to hear the news of his kingdom, brought in by swift-footed and enduring messengers, or to receive visitors. Later, mounting with a good seat one of his numerous steeds, he will ride quickly wherever the business of the day demands. Though never out of his own country, he has allowed his only son, Seghomo, to visit the High Commissioner at Cape Town, and, in company with some of his relatives, to be instructed in English at Lovedale. For a

long time two or three white traders whom Khama could trust to respect his temperance laws have traded in his country and, within the last three years, the Bechuanaland Trading Association has been permitted to erect large stores and systematise trade there. Khama prefers his people to trade in batches, and when a set arrives from a distant kraal, his police, with an ostrich feather or two in their hats and a bundle of switches in their hands, keep order while trade is brisk. If they notice the customers disposed to handle the goods rather than purchase, they charge through the store, while the good-natured crowd retreat precipitously before their vigorously administered bâtons, and, returning, complete their purchases with due regard to celerity. Much barter is done, but often over £100 is taken over the counter in a day in English gold and silver coin. Khama shows great interest in the education of his people and, on one occasion, one hundred dozen children's slates were sold in a week. Such wonderful memories have these young scholars that to know a Gospel by heart is a task several hundred have accomplished before they have reached the age of ten. That the precepts of Christianity are really appreciated is perhaps best instanced by the fact that they have subscribed over £3,000 in hard cash for a church.

On Sundays a strict religious decorum prevails, and numerous well-attended services are held, when the Kaffir love of oratorical display finds vent in exhortations and hymns, which are sung, with considerable taste, by well-blended voices, whose owners take their allotted parts with admirable precision. The native dress, of a scanty skin loin-cloth, sometimes supplemented by a skin kaross, and, occasionally, a skin hat for the winter, worn with the hair inside, and with blue beads in the form of bracelets, armlets, waistbands, or anklets, for ornaments, is fast giving place to the ordinary European costume. It is only the little children who retain the graceful kilt of knotted strings and the bead ornamentations that match so well with their brown skin.

The old and the modern Bechuanas.

TREK ACROSS THE SOUTH AFRICAN DESERT.
(From a Photograph taken for the Paris Society for Evangelical Missions.)

Indeed, so particular are some of the belles becoming as to fashion that a bridal party was postponed for some weeks because, on receipt, bonnets ordered from Cape Town were pronounced too "loud." Fortunately the telegraph can now wire down the order in no time, and the weekly mail-cart brings Palapchwe, the capital of the Kalahari desert,

HUNTING ELAND *(Oreas canna)* IN SOUTH AFRICA

within three weeks of London. One of the greatest reforms introduced by Khama is the extensive introduction of the American plough, as it carries with it the obligation for the men to work, instead of leaving the crops to be hoed entirely by the women. A conservative trait of the people is shown now by their insisting on being served with exactly the same pattern plough as the first one introduced, just as formerly old beads made in Bohemia had to be reproduced to satisfy their taste, which refused to be tempted by newer and smarter goods. The Bechuanas, together with their former slaves the Bakalahiri and Masarwa, have a strong liking for agriculture, both arable and pastoral. Many thousands of acres are now under the plough and hoe, and produce fine crops of millet (*Holcus sorghum*), mealies or Indian corn (*Zea maïs*), sweet cane (*Sorghum saccharatum*), ground nuts (*Arachis hypogea*), melons, and pumpkins, and an attempt is being made to introduce the potato. During the crop season most of the people leave the capital and live in the gardens, so as to make the most of the season and protect the crops from deer and other trespassers. The many waggons owned by these people enable them to bring in the grain to town. Others dwell farther afield in charge of cattle stations scattered all over the country wherever there is water, and thither the young damsels of the capital are sometimes sent when a period of seclusion from its gaieties is thought advisable by the duennas. Although the cattle give little milk, it is highly prized and kept by being put into sacks made of untanned hide with the hair taken off. Hung in the sun, the contents soon coagulate. The whey is drawn off by removing a plug at the bottom and fresh milk is added until a sour curd fills the sack. It is nutritious but, like most Kaffir delicacies, rather flavourless.

Though Livingstone cannot be said to have initiated the striking advance that is taking place in the habits of the Bechuanas, yet there is no doubt, in common with Mr. Moffat and other missionaries, he deserves a warm acknowledgment for sowing the seed that has fallen on the "good ground" and is bearing such abundant fruit. To change so completely in so short a time a race of people ranging over a country considerably larger than Great Britain is an earnest to carry on civilisation further and with renewed ardour. Before following him into the Kalahari, we must glance at the steps that are now in progress to carry civilisation northward over that patch of red which, commencing at Cape Colony, has spread onward and upward until it touches Lakes Dilolo, Moero, and Tanganyika, under the unofficial title of "British Zambesia." The reputed wealth of the gold fields of Mashonaland having brought sundry white men into contact with Lo-Bengula, he despatched a mission to England who might judge of the importance of the nation ruled over by Her Majesty, and on the 13th October, 1888, signed a concession for the exploitation of minerals in his country. This has been acquired by the British South Africa Company, whose charter—we may so far anticipate a later chapter by saying—was granted on October 29th, 1889. A few days afterwards the Company commenced the extension of a railway of 126 miles from Kimberley to Vryberg and is about extending it 98 miles farther to Mafeking, nearly half-way to Kolobeñ (Molopolole), Livingstone's old station. A force of 500 picked men was raised as a police force, and the bulk of these, with 180 pioneers, started to occupy the country of Mashonaland. Under the guidance of Mr. Selous, the celebrated hunter, they cut a road—much of it through a well-wooded country—from the base camp at Macloutsie to a spot near Mount Hampden where on September 12th, 1890, Fort Salisbury, 4,500 feet above sea-level, was commenced. To guard against all contingencies the party, which convoyed seventy waggons of stores and provisions, were fully armed, had machine-guns, an electric searchlight, and maintained strict military discipline, and it is pleasing to record that the expedition reached its destination without any conflict with the natives or the loss of a single life.

Intermediate forts were erected at Tuli, Victoria, and Charter, and now Salisbury is connected with them, Cape Town, and London by a telegraph completed on February 17th, 1892. Since the occupation Salisbury has grown into a town, with wide streets (one over a mile long), brick buildings, churches, a hospital, and hotels; and other townships at Umtali, Victoria, and Hartley Hill are springing up. So far the prospects of extensive rich alluvial *gold finds have not been realised, but highly* encouraging finds of auriferous quartz have been made. The work of development has been much retarded by the delay in opening up the country by a railway through the "fly" (tsetse) country from a port on the Pungwe river; but as the line is now commenced, the importation of the necessary heavy machinery will soon be possible

The exploration of the country with a view to its more suitable portions being occupied with white settlers has proved the high plateau of Mashonaland, 4,600 to 5,000 feet above sea-level, to have 20,000 square miles admirably adapted for farms; and already many whites from Great Britain, and Cape and other colonists of South Africa, including many Boers, are taking up large areas. Other districts also present encouraging features for white colonisation, but in some the rifle of the sportsman must first eliminate the buffalo and, with it, the tsetse fly.

But we must leave this fascinating march of British enterprise and track the steps of the great traveller through the Kalahari north-westward, to what was then the goal of his hopes, the neighbourhood of Lake Ngami. In this journey he was accompanied by his wife and children and by his friends, two English sportsmen, Messrs. Oswell and Murray. The former proved in this and in later expeditions Livingstone's true and disinterested friend and largely contributed to the expenses of the trips in which he took part. The party started in an ox-waggon on June 1st, 1840, and reached the lake after two months' trekking. Setshele had first asked permission for the road from Sekomi, Khama's father; but on account of his becoming a possible rival in the purchase of ivory—a trade only then creating a stir in the country—not only was no assistance given, but men were sent ahead to drive away anyone likely to afford information or give help. The desert, which they fringed rather than crossed, though an extension of the table-land before alluded to, *into which it merges imperceptibly, is, in* some respects, very different. The surface, which is usually covered with loose sand, is raised into broad belts of fifty miles or so in width and of considerable elevation, probably by the action of the winds. Here and there hillocks occasioned by the expiring efforts of thermal springs are met with. Considerable portions of the Kalahari, as well as much of Khama's country, are largely covered with bush and small trees. Of these the mapani is the chief. Hard-wooded, and rising from a mere plant of a few leaves spreading over the sand into a fair-sized tree, it is not dissimilar in appearance when leafless to oak saplings in an English plantation. But in the hot months, when the bifid leaves shut together and sulkily give the minimum of shade as they turn dull yellow and hang drearily down, this similarity vanishes. Sturdy, silver-leaved shrubs, with a curious knobbed growth, and Cape aloes, which raise their stems clad in old leaves, as though they were swathed in bandages to ward off rheumatism, grow freely in the loose sand. Mimosas of several kinds are also noticeable. The banks of streams that once in a while carry a local torrent have any little spot where water remains marked out by a clump of the larger kinds, whose thin, dark trunks support graceful branches arrayed in tiny pinnate leaves like the well-known Sensitive Plant. Others spread into a low scrub and both possess the most irritating thorns: some in pairs, others in triplets, some four to five inches long and strong enough for daggers, others curved and half hidden in the leaves—all irritating. Now and

Through the Kalahari district northward.

again in similar spots the symmetrical but dull-coloured Borassus fan palm makes a thicket of trees and bushes much appreciated by the wart-hog, and more rarely the Palmyra palm raises its lofty stem on high. Amongst the "koppjes," or hills of granite stones, the candelabra euphorbia rears its uncouth stems in scores from a stout trunk, and if a gorge exists where moisture is not wholly absent, we may light on a *Coleus* and on the lovely *Plumbago*, nestling beneath an evergreen tree, while a spring entices a *Cyperus* to shelter its precious current, and even a fern or two may flourish. But in the open spots which spread for many a league around these restricted oases grass grows in patches and attains a considerable height after the rains. Amongst its roots tubers flourish and, although their presence is denoted by insignificant creepers, which might easily be passed over, the lynx-eyed Bushmen are able to extract masses of what is practically cool water in loose cellular tissue, secured from leakage by a slight rind. The *Cucurbitaceæ* (or gourd order) are, however, best demonstrated by the surface-growing kengwe—or Kaffir water-melon—which springs abundantly as soon as a soaking rain falls. Its fruit is relished alike by antelope and hyæna, elephant and mouse, though, as both sweet and bitter fruits grow on the same creepers, a cautious taste is necessary Another cucumber, with a lovely scarlet fruit, is also of dual taste. Similarly some of the butterflies have their various broods accentuated in peculiarity of marking to an extent not met with elsewhere, although species of wide distribution. Though not rich in flowering plants and trees, several papilionaceous shrubs with bright flowers enliven the wastes: the lobelia gives a blue tint to some patches, and a large

MAKUENGO OR BUSHMEN'S VILLAGE.
(From a Photograph taken for the Paris Society for Evangelical Missions.)

flowered jasmine scrambles over acres of the loose sand, vying with some of the yellow-ball flowering mimosas in intensity of perfume. Numerous *Liliaceæ* after rain blossom with striking effect, and long after its large, deep-crimson flowers have withered, a seed-head, like an enormously exaggerated dandelion puff, may be seen wildly gyrating over the sand, impelled by a gust of wind, a skeleton of departed glory. It has its prototype in the animal world on the spot in a spider so rapid of motion that it resembles a piece of down blown over the ground by a gale. Another spider of beautiful markings attracts attention from the length and strength of its webs, which for weeks are to be found stretched so tightly from trees, often twenty or thirty yards apart, that they snap with a sharp report, and are so numerous as to coat the front of a trespasser with a silky covering from top to toe as he walks through the webbed entanglements.

Scorpions, big centipedes, conspicuously black ant-lions, ear-piercing cirripedes, wasps, hornets, grasshoppers, and at times the all-consuming locust, as well as ants and flies of many kinds, make themselves unpleasantly conspicuous; while frogs, toads, and land tortoises serve as "bonnes-bouches" for the omnivorous Bushmen. The sluggish puff-adder is common, safe from observation in its likeness to the sandy soil, and is but one of the several deadly snakes that are found here as well as over South Africa generally. The "mamba," too, is well known and dreaded, and now and again a "whip" snake may be espied wriggling through twigs with extreme rapidity. The chameleon must not be forgotten, and lovely lizards seem never so happy as when running over a heated mass of granite and popping into chinks at the slightest movement. On the eastern side of Khama's country, where granite "kopjes" attain an elevation of 900 to 1,000 feet above the surrounding plain, the loud-toned Ishakma baboon makes the hills resound with his booming notes, and keeps company with the nimble klipspringer, a pretty little hill-haunting deer, and seems not averse from the rapid increase in population, haunting the hills round Palapshwe now as much as when they were deserted. A noisy fellow is the baboon, not only in voice, but in the way he dashes about amongst the trees, suddenly releasing hold of boughs brought to their utmost tension, flinging himself onward with delightful agility. But let his sentinels give an alarm, and his retreat from a foray is a model of quickness and decorum. The kudu,* whose magnificently curved and branching horns are as sightly a trophy as Africa produces, also prefers hilly ground covered with bush, though it is very generally distributed. Especially graceful with their long, ringed horns curving over their black-maned backs are the sable antelope, which,

Animal life.

BUSH BOYS
(From a Photograph by Mr. H. A. Bryden.)

* *Antilope strepsiceros.*

from roaming about in herds of twenty or thirty, are now nearly extinct: nor has the grand, thickly-built roan antelope escaped a like fate. Rapidly becoming as rare is the gemsbok, whose pair of long, sharp, straight horns form the most frightful impaling weapons with which any antelope is armed. That strange, ill-proportioned animal, the hartebeest, furnished with an equine head, garnished with horns that look as if when half grown something had gone amiss, and the remaining growth had had to be made with a different object, still lollops along in small troops, getting over the ground at a pace that, considering its ungainliness and weak hind quarters, is surprising.

There is also the still fairly common tsesebe, with a hide of almost purplish hue. Its habit of perseveringly mounting ant-hills or raised ground and calmly scrutinising all points of the horizon, so that, even with thousands of Martini-Henry rifles in the hands of not inexpert native sportsmen invading its haunts, it seldom allows itself to be approached within three hundred or four hundred yards, leads to the hope that its struggle for existence may be indefinitely prolonged.

The quaint wildebeest, with well-developed mane and bushy tail and horns of the buffalo type, together with the blesbok,* the pallah, and the duiker,† still remain. Last to be mentioned amongst the antelope is the grandest of all, the lordly eland (p. 181), rivalling the ox in size and weight, but one of the easiest beasts to exterminate from its taking life so comfortably that it puts on fat in its old age—a rare peculiarity in an antelope—and in being so slow in its paces as to be easily distanced by a man even moderately well mounted. Sharing the slowness of foot, though totally dissimilar in build and in its habit of never being found many miles from water, the giraffe still browses on the acacias, or, standing still, hopes, by the likeness of its long neck to a dead stem, to escape detection. The zebra‡—often mistaken for the all but extinct quagga—still gallops about, but in troops that show a sad reduction in numbers. Notwithstanding the boldness of the markings of its striped sides, it is astonishing how, at a little distance, the colours blend into a neutral grey, which proves, in a measure, a safeguard. Though common, the nocturnal-feeding porcupine is seldom seen, though its existence may be detected by the havoc made amongst the bulbs, and the litter of its strong quills shed whilst engaged in digging out a toothsome tuber. The long, stiff, curved hairs of this creature are in request to make head-dresses. Inserted by the root into a leather band that fits the head, their form fits them for a circlet that dances with pleasing effect with every motion of the wearer. Sharing their nightly forays, is the waning, uncouth-looking earth-pig or ant-bear,§ so different in appearance, with its bare caudal appendage, from its heavily-protected prototype of the New World. Jerboas, desert hares—poor, flavourless creatures when cooked—mice, and shrews, are all represented and serve as prey to jackals and the numerous small beasts of prey; while the larger carnivora, the lion, the leopard, and the hyæna, and troops of hunting dogs, prefer the more substantial antelope.

The buffalo, which, at the time Livingstone entered the country, was found on the banks of the Limpopo, is now only met with farther north, in the reed marshes of the salt lakes, or where deep kloofs or river-valleys give it the thickets it loves.

Throughout Bechuanaland and the Kalahari and, indeed, all over South Africa, the same tale prevails. On every side there is a rapid extinction of the larger mammalia. First came the Boer, who killed mercilessly for skins and to secure a supply of "beltong," or dried meat, to last him not only during his hunting, but for a supply until next year enabled him to return to the slaughter, and also, it must be said, largely for the mere

* *Damalis albifrons.*
† *Cephalopus mergens.*
‡ *Equus Burchellii* and *E. zebra.*
§ *Orycteropus Æthiopicus.*

pleasure of killing. Next the English sportsman appeared on the scene, with the latest arms of precision, and a desire for trophies and only too often the same indifference to the future as the Boer. Now the Bechuana, discarding the concerted driving of game, is rarely met with without a Martini-Henry rifle, of which Khama's people possess thousands, and since his tracking powers and patience more than counterbalance his lesser skill, he will surely finish the extermination. The only game law in force is for the preservation of the aasvogel, or vulture, which, soaring far up in the blue firmament, detects, with wonderful celerity, any decomposing animal matter and loses no time in hastening to the feast, before the hyæna, the beetle, and the maggot, or the desiccating air has consumed or dried the flesh it claims as its own. Eagles, kites, and hawks share with it the ethereal blue, on the look-out for the young, the weakly, or the reckless denizens of the sandy plains, over which the secretary-bird stalks, searching for snakes, with bustards, plovers, Kaffir cranes, and thick-knees as pedestrian companions. Near a water-hole or stream, the curious pensile nests of the weaver-bird hang, secure from the predatory snake, at the extremity of long, thin branches, and wave in the breeze, while their merry builders chatter and work in colonies. A soft hissing sound passes overhead, and a flight of many finches goes by, little dreams of beauty, with their grey and blue or grey and red markings. Flying from a favourite spot, which it regains a few moments after soaring aloft and catching a stray insect, is the metallic-tinted and almost transparent-winged sun-bird. Completely eclipsing our iridescent starlings, their glossy black African relations pop about with business marked by every turn of their inquisitive heads. Turtle-doves, and pretty little pigeons no bigger than larks, coo and fly softly amongst the trees, inseparably mated and never so happy as when together. They never seem to lose sight of each other and are models of domestic felicity. Equally fond of connubial companionship are small grey, yellow, and blue parrots, who fly rapidly overhead and compare notes in the most discordant of tones, as they hurry on to their morning feast or home to roost. A Tockus, or red-beaked hornbill, with more beak than body, is ever anxious to mind other people's business rather than his own, and the rifle bullet intended for an antelope by a keen sportsman sometimes makes an end of his existence when, after hours of stalking and just as a convenient distance is reached, this aggravating bird utters his note of alarm. Black and white crows are not uncommon and have as little fear of man as our home birds Then the francolin and several kinds of partridge give good sport for the shot-gun, and the more substantial guinea-fowl, lured by ripening grain, come to the haunts of man and are snared in numbers by the wily Kaffir. As the shades of evening fall, sand-grouse swiftly fly to the sandy pools and squat for a moment, indistinguishable, from their similarity to the colour of the lighting-place, then, taking a hasty step or two, dip their beaks a moment in the water and are off. Right up to the southern bank of the Zambesi, but singular in not occurring on the northern, the ostrich is still to be met with and is hunted with greater success than its fleetness of foot might promise. Its peculiar habit of trying, like an old naval commander, to get the "weather gauge" of its pursuer, is utilised by the hunter, by taking a short cut to the goal which the ostrich, having once chosen, makes for at all hazards. At full speed it has been timed to run at the rate of twenty-six miles an hour, thus rivalling the modern torpedo-boat, and, when going extended at this pace, its stride covers fourteen feet. As a mother, the ostrich is a strange bird, commencing to lay her eggs casually as she roams, before she decides on a place for a nest. So loth is she to select a site, that she often adds her eggs to those of another ostrich, and as many as forty-five eggs have been found together, in what must, by courtesy, be called a nest, but which is merely a hollow in the sand a yard in diameter. Both male and female assist in

the incubation, and the first hatched young feed on surplus eggs, left lying about outside the nest, apparently for the purpose. Livingstone states that although the ostrich is easily tamed it is of no use in its domesticated state How little did he surmise that the industry which had, indeed, started in his day, eighty having been tamed in 1865 would so increase that it is computed now that the tame birds number 150,000. Meanwhile, the weight of feathers exported from Cape Colony, which, in 1865, was 17 522 lbs, valued at £65 736, increased in 1887 to 268,332 lbs, valued at £365,587, and during the past half-century the export has exceeded 1,000 tons The Bushman approaches the wild birds by clothing himself in the skin of a male ostrich, and taking advantage of the inquisitiveness common to both sexes. But the disguise sometimes brings with it considerable danger, as, delaying too long to discharge the poisoned arrow from his little bow, he lays himself open to be attacked by a jealous male, who strikes him to the earth by a powerful forward blow from his two-toed foot (pp 176, 180, 189).

MALE OSTRICH BROODING.

SALT-PANS IN THE SOUTH AFRICAN DESERT.
(*From a Photograph taken for the Paris Society for Evangelical Missions.*)

CHAPTER X.

THE CROSSERS OF AFRICA: LIVINGSTONE'S TRAVELS.

The Bushmen—Their Habits and Notions—The Kalahari Desert—Lake Ngami—Swarms of Elephants—Tsetse fly—Horse Disease—Unfortunate Attempt to Reach Sebituane's Country—The Zambesi River Sighted—Region North of Lake Ngami—Return to Cape Town and Journey thence to Makololo Country—From Linyanti to the Zambesi—Ascent of the Zambesi with Sekeletu—Animal Life—Vegetation—Determines to Cross the Country to the West Coast—Balonda People—New Country and its Zoology—A Young Chieftainess and her Pleasant Ways—At Shinte's Town—Still Westward—Iron Mines, etc.—Katema's Town—Good Grazing Lands—Lake Dilolo—The Watershed of Africa Reached—Hardships—New Men and New Manners—Chief who knew not David—Illness—Vampire Tribes—The Chikápa River and its Canoes, etc.

OUR narrative having brought us from the North of Africa to the South, from the Nile Valley to the Cape of Good Hope, the Bushman, or Bosjesman—for the name is of Dutch origin, having been given to them by the Boers or farmers, with whom Livingstone had so many difficulties (p. 178)—appears now in our pages (pp. 184, 185).

He is a curious specimen of humanity. More often than not, under five feet in height, he may be regarded as the aboriginal inhabitant of most of South Africa. His skin is yellow, his eyes are slanting, his nose (innocent of a bridge) is represented only by raised nostrils. He has high cheek-bones and a retreating chin and his head is covered with patches of wool, as clumpy as the grass amidst which he dwells. His form is thin and wiry and supported on spindle legs, and he is capable of great endurance. His only domestic animal is the dog, several dwarfed, miserable specimens of which generally accompany him in his life-long hunting trip. Like him, their normal state is that of semi-starvation, only their pangs of hunger must be greater, as they are less omnivorous. Not satisfied with keeping them hovering at starvation-point, he rubs their gums with an irritant to increase their keenness for the chase and make their snapping powers rival the jackal's. The Bushman is, however, an artist and loves to ornament the caves in which he seeks shelter with spirited

frescoes of various tints. His powers of sight and observation, by which his existence is alone assured, are naturally of a high order.

His stories, told in a language of almost inarticulate clicks, show an intimate acquaintance with the animals surrounding him; and, by quaintly endowing the animals with speech, he spins amusing yarns when, with stomach distended with a gorge of meat, he lies, the acme of happiness, at the camp fire. The following may be given as a specimen:—Once upon a time there was a lion who had a jackal for a companion. Now the lion liked the jackal to go about with him, but gave him so little to eat that he was almost starved. One morning the jackal, out for an early stroll, saw an eland, and, as he was not big enough to tackle it himself, came back and told the lion, who was lazily basking in the morning sun. After a lot of persuasion, he induced the lion to give chase and kill it, then coming on the scene as if suddenly arriving from a distance, he excitedly cried, "O noble slayer of elands, your wife and children are in a bush that is on fire: haste to their rescue!" Away trotted the lion, and no sooner was the coast clear than the jackal commenced to bite out the tit-bits from the carcase. He was still busily engaged when the lion came back quicker than he expected, and very angry at having had a fool's errand instead of a nice breakfast, as he had found his spouse happily engaged in her maternal duties and no fire ravishing the happy home. Seeing him come, the jackal hastily got inside the carcase, and when the lion came to smell it, in a simulated voice he groaned, "Touch me not, I'm a snare." So the lion went a little way off and, lying down, dozed asleep, the while the jackal ate up his tit-bits in peaceful enjoyment. The meal finished, he went up to the lion and woke him, and said, "O sleeper, scest thou not the spoil, arise and eat, and let thy servant pick the bones in humble gratitude when thou hast finished." So the lion went and had his fill, but the jackal had the pick of the food by his stratagem.

Bushman tales of South Africa.

The instinct of preservation makes Bushmen exceedingly jealous of their water supplies and they adopt ingenious methods to conceal the precious liquid from strangers. But when one realises how difficult it is to secure the little they have to rely on the wonder vanishes. Often it is collected and kept in ostrich egg-shells, which are brought by the women to the water-hole in a net and there filled by means of a reed as a syphon. The hole being cleaned out as deep as the arm can reach, round one end of the reed a bunch of grass is wound and the mass placed at the bottom of the hole. Wet sand is then rammed firmly round it. After a while the grass becomes saturated and the water may then be drawn up through the reed. Sucking it up mouthful by mouthful, by means of a straw reaching from her mouth to an empty egg-shell, she conveys the water along its surface to the receptacle.

Dry as the high lands of South Africa are in general, and as Kalahari is in particular, there is conclusive evidence that desiccation has not reached its limit. Springs, formerly known to be unfailing, have now ceased to flow, and rivers in which pools remained throughout the season have now dried up. On the road to Ngami, salt-pans (p. 189) are met with, the result of evaporation, and on these salinas the mirage plays with tantalising effect. Yet until approaching these, the similarity of one part to another is, over large areas, so perplexing that even a son of the desert may occasionally lose his way. Livingstone gives a very amusing colloquy as occurring in these circumstances, which must recall similar experiences to all travellers in such districts. "One of the commonest phrases of the people is 'Kia itumela,' '*I thank you*,' or '*I am pleased*'; but there is a word very similar in sound, 'Ki timetse,' '*I am wandering*.' The perfect of this latter term is 'Ki timetse,' '*I have wandered*,' which again resembles the word for water, 'metse.' Hence, when lost on one occasion, his companions, Mr. Murray and Mr. Oswell, mistook

Desiccation of the Kalahari Desert as affecting Bushman life.

the verb 'wander' for 'to be pleased' and 'water,' and a colloquy went on at intervals between them and their guide during the whole of a bitterly cold night [and it *is* cold on the rapidly radiating sand of the Kalahari in June—mid-winter] somewhat in the following style:-

"*Englishman*: 'Where are the waggons?'

"*Real answer*: 'I don't know. I have wandered. I never wandered before. I am quite lost.'

"*Supposed answer*: 'I don't know. I want water: I am glad: I am quite pleased: I am thankful to you.'

"*Englishman*: 'Take us to the waggons, and you will get plenty of water.'

"*Real answer of guide* (looking vacantly around): 'How did I wander? Perhaps the well *is there*; perhaps *not*; I *don't know*. I have wandered.'

"*Supposed answer*: Something about thanks; he says he is pleased, and mentions water again.

"The guide's vacant stare while trying to remember is thought to indicate mental imbecility, and the repeated thanks are supposed to indicate a wish to deprecate their wrath.

"*First Englishman*: 'Well, Livingstone *has* played us a pretty trick, giving us in charge of an idiot. O you born fool! take us to the waggons, and you will get both meat and water. Wouldn't a thrashing bring him to his senses again?'

"*Second Englishman*: 'No, no; for then he will run away, and we shall be worse off than we are now.'"

After a month's "treking" in this thirsty land, where the mirage on the salt-pans again and again deluded them and even their animals into the belief that the lake was in sight, they reached the Zouga, then a fine river, bearing in its beauty a resemblance in Livingstone's eyes to the Clyde at Glasgow. It flows in and out of Lake Ngami according to the season of the year. Securing canoes, they proceeded by water to the lake. Their boatmen were the Bayieye, a peculiarly timorous race, never known to fight, who prefer sleeping in their canoes behind a bank of reeds to spending a night on shore. After a voyage of nearly a hundred miles, the lake was reached on August 1st, 1849, and for the first time its shallow water carried Europeans on its bosom. It was found to be seventy miles in circumference, and at an altitude of some 2,500 feet. Fresh when full, at low water it becomes brackish. **Lake Ngami.** It is surrounded by marshes, whose reeds give cover to a beautiful water antelope, the leché, with horns curving gracefully forward like the water-buck's. It never goes far from water, into which it plunges and crosses by a succession of bounds when frightened. Livingstone found the lake to be swarming with fish, some of which the Bayieye net, while others are speared with assegais. The "mosata"* grows to an enormous size. Its power of resisting drought is great, owing to its possessing the power of storing water in its head. By this peculiarity it can retain its vitality when, for long periods, the pools in which it has lived become dried up and it has to sink into the mud and remain dormant.

Livingstone had the intention, when he first set out, of reaching Sebituane, the great chief of the Makololo, reported as living two hundred miles beyond the lake, but his nephew Lechulatebe, with whom he now came in contact, tried in various ways to keep him in the country, and refused him guides. An attempt at making a raft proving unsuccessful, through want of proper materials, the trip northward was for the time relinquished, and the party set out on their return journey to Kolobeñ.

On the banks of the Zouga elephants were found in prodigious numbers, resorting to the river for nightly ablutions and retiring from the water by day. So little was ivory then valued that several tusks were seen rotting in the skulls of animals that had been killed, while ten large tusks were purchased by one of the party for a musket worth thirteen

* *Glanis siluris.*

shillings. Accustomed to pitfalls, they walk along straight paths for miles from their bathing haunts before diverging in the open country to browse. Livingstone notices that these animals, as well as the kudu, appeared to attain a smaller growth the farther north he went. He also found here the straight-

ON THE BOTLETLI RIVER, NGAMILAND.
(*From a Photograph by Mr. H. A. Bryden.*)

horned rhinoceros, now almost, if not quite, extinct throughout Africa. Magnificent trees adorn the banks. The baobab, found throughout most of Africa, here attains a circumference of seventy-six feet, and is associated with the Palmyra palm and the handsome mokuchong. Wild indigo abounds and two kinds of cotton, the former serving as a dye to the latter. It is, perhaps, the long association with the blue tint which indigo produces that makes the Bamangwato so fond of that colour for the print dresses they now so generally adopt in place of the scanty dirty skin garments in which Livingstone beheld them.

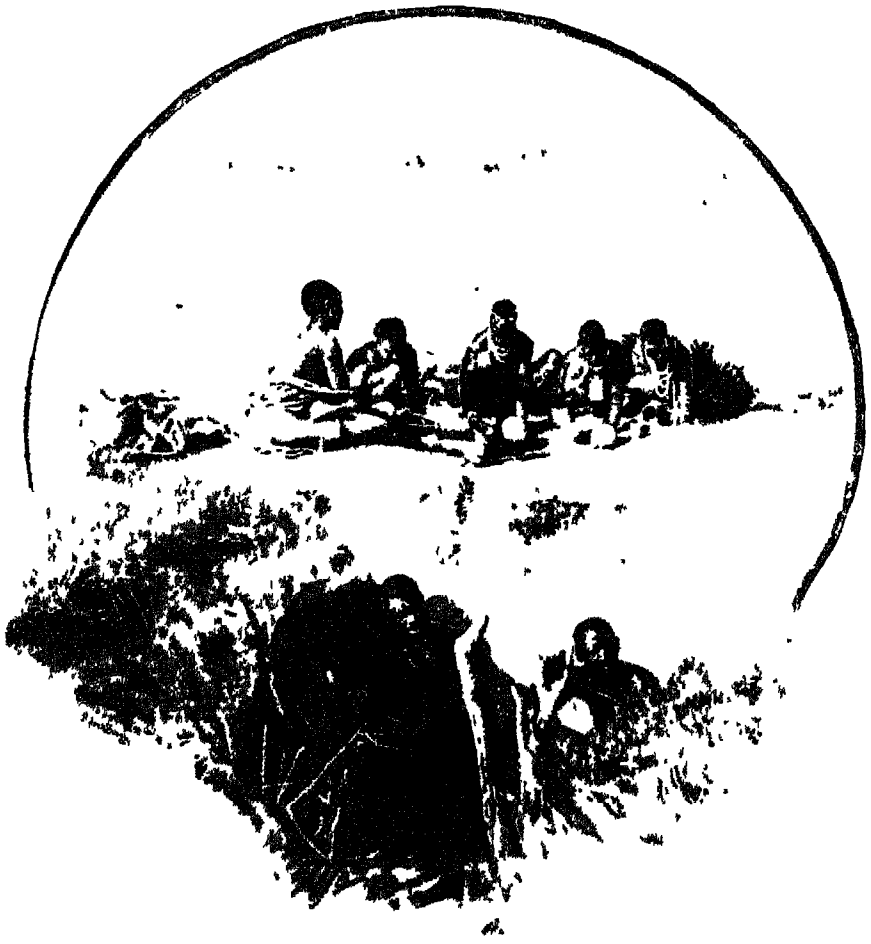
Livingstone was gratified to find his discovery of Lake Ngami was recognised in due course in fitting quarters. "The Royal Geographical Society," he writes to his parents, "have awarded me twenty-five guineas for the discovery of the lake. It is from the Queen. You must be very loyal, all of you" (In early life, it appears, he was a somewhat pronounced Liberal.) "Next time she comes your way, shout till you are hoarse. Oh, you Radicals, don't be thinking it came out of your pockets! Long live Victoria!"*

* Blaikie: "The Personal Life of David Livingstone" (1880). There seems some mistake here. In 1850 the roll of individuals to whom "the Royal Premiums and other testimonials had been awarded" contains the following entry: "The Rev. David Livingstone, Koboleng—a Chronometer Watch, for his successful exploration of South Africa."

A second departure was made by Livingstone and his family and the chief Setshele in 1850, with the intention of reaching Sebituane and following up an affluent of the Zouga, which report described as a waterway to a forest district

Expedition to Sebituane's country.

hunters all down with fever, to which one of their party had succumbed. Soon his children and servants were attacked and, instead of leaving them in the neighbourhood, as he had intended, and pressing forward on a riding-ox, the whole party returned to



MODE OF OBTAINING WATER IN THE KALAHARI DESERT
(*From a Photograph by the Rev. Alfred Wookey*)

where rivers abounded—a thickly-populated district amongst whose inhabitants he might usefully labour. But, unfortunately, he encountered the tsetse fly as a bar to progress, and, diverging once more to Lake Ngami, had the melancholy pleasure of meeting there a party of English ivory-

Kolobeñ. The tsetse fly (pp. 67-8), now first a trouble to our traveller, has done more to delay the development of Africa than any other hindrance that might be cited. As the larvæ are stated to feed on the dung of the buffalo, and perhaps on that of other large herbivora, the rapid extermination of

large game, which is so mournful a contemplation to the sportsman and naturalist, may be viewed by the philanthropist with less regret. The fly, we have seen, is very local, and exists in some parts only in belts along which the game travels. Through these oxen drawing a waggon may pass with impunity by night, as it only flies by day—being most active in bright sunshine.

Next to the tsetse fly the most deterring cause to opening up South Africa is what is known as horse sickness. Like the fly, the disease is local and, to some extent, its frequency becomes less with the advance of civilisation. Though it is brought to man's notice chiefly by the intense mortality it causes amongst horses, it is known to destroy zebras and it also attacks cattle, sheep and antelopes, though with less fatal effects. It is apparently connected in some undetermined way with the moisture of the atmosphere, as its attacks are most common when the advent of the rainy season has caused green food to be in unusual abundance. The intensity varies much in different years. In newly-occupied countries, in which facilities for stabling horses and the means of keeping them from grazing on grass wet with dew or rain are absent, the mortality from this scourge is in some seasons almost 100 per cent. The few horses that survive the two forms in which it appears never seem to recover completely, though their loss of energy and good looks marks them indelibly as "salted," and consequently ten times more valuable than they would otherwise be.

Plagues of the country.

Lung sickness is a third scourge, but, as this may be prevented by inoculation, it cannot be placed in the same category as the terrible tsetse or the horse sickness.

After a brief visit to Kuruman, Livingstone, with his wife and family and Mr. Oswell, crossed the Kalahari northward for the third time, and on this occasion he really met Sebituane, who came a hundred miles to bid the "Whites" welcome and did all in his power to make the journey as pleasant as possible by giving presents to his sub-chiefs to induce them to help Livingstone.

Sebituane was a celebrated warrior, fleet of foot and of great courage—a man who had warred successfully with Mosilikatse and his ferocious Matabele warriors, as well as with other tribes of less note, he was as benevolent in peace as he had been courageous in war. Affable to poor strangers, he strengthened his position by kindness and his praises were sung far and wide. He was much gratified at Livingstone showing his confidence in his honour by bringing his family into his country and promised to give him for a settlement any part of his domains he might select. Unfortunately, at this juncture he died and the chieftainship devolved on a daughter named Ma-mochisane, who was installed as heir-apparent long before her father's death; but, to prevent her from having a superior in a husband, he told her all the men were hers, that she might take anyone, but ought to keep none. But the remarks of the Makololo Mrs. Grundys, on her fulfilling this injunction to the letter, were too much for her peace of mind, and at a public assembly, after three days' discussion, she closed it by turning to Sekeletu with a womanly gush of tears and exclaiming, "I have been a chief only because my father wished it I always would have preferred to be married and have a family like other women. You, Sekeletu, must be chief and build up your father's house."

Ma-mochisane and Sekeletu endorsed Sebituane's policy of befriending the white travellers, and Livingstone and Oswell journeyed onward, when, having reached Sesheke at the end of June, 1851, they discovered the Zambesi in the centre of the continent, a stream of deep-flowing water, even in the dry season three hundred to six hundred yards wide.

Discovery of the Upper Zambesi by Livingstone and Oswell.

Livingstone, after passing Lake Ngami and leaving the characteristic vegetation of Bechuanaland, came upon a flora in many respects the very antipodes of that we have described

as covering the Kalahari. The ground over large areas is subject to an annual inundation from the network of rivers flowing into the lake and into the Zambesi. In the drier spots the grass grows higher than the waggons and fruits festoon the trees. The banian (*Ficus indica*), with its far-reaching roots, takes firm hold of the soil, and from its spreading branches gives forth aërial roots, which, if not nibbled when young by game, descend to the soil and taking root increase the area shaded by forming subsidiary trees. On other elevated spots the camel thorn (*Acacia giraffæ*), the white-thorned mimosa (*Acacia horrida*), and the ubiquitous baobab flourish, and where sand predominates in the soil the date and Palmyra palm grow, while the mapani is still to be seen. All along the banks of the Chobe (Kwando) and other considerable streams enormous reed beds extending for miles give cover to the marsh-frequenting antelopes—the lechê and the makong—and where the streams are of sufficient depth hippopotami find congenial quarters and exist in large numbers. Serrated-edged grass cuts the hands of the incautious grasper, who, stumbling over the thick, binding convolvulus, has to use his whole weight to bend down the tangled mass in order to pass. Fetid gases with a suspicious resemblance to sulphuretted hydrogen rise in bubbles from the disturbed mud, poisoning the air almost imprisoned by the high reeds. The hot sun pours down without mercy and, bathed in perspiration, the irritated wader offers an irresistibly tempting meal to myriads of mosquitoes. The trampled-down "spoor," or track, of the hippopotamus may offer a way partially cleared, but his weight has caused his feet to leave treacherous holes, into which the biped may souse without warning and find himself up to his neck in water and mud. Ant-hills, thirty feet high and many yards in circumference, rise above the flooded ground and afford the only secure resting-places and eligible sites for villa residences, of which the Makololo take full advantage. The soil of these ant-hills is peculiarly fertile and produces fine tobacco and maize, while on some that are not required for agriculture, fine trees grow, with a profusion of lesser plants.

Flora of the country north of Lake Ngami.

Exchanging his waggon for a canoe, Livingstone explored lengths of the reed-fringed Tamunakle and the Chobe, around which he found a large population, but no suitable resting-place on which to build a house, locate his family and start a mission station. His arrival, somewhat singularly, was almost coincident with the commencement of the slave trade, which showed itself in some of the prodigious numbers of visitors, clad in gaudy calico, he describes as flocking to see the first white persons ever known in those parts. The intense desire to possess guns, by which he could ensure supremacy over the Matabele, was, however, the chief cause that induced Sebituane to countenance the initiation of the trade. Nothing else would buy guns, so the first transaction was the barter of eight fourteen-year-old boys for as many muskets. Raiding for more, a combined party of Makololo and Mambari met for the first time some Arabs from Zanzibar, who secured thirty captives for three guns.

In September William Oswell Livingstone, named after Mr. Oswell,* who was a disinterested friend and had proved of great assistance, was born and Livingstone then decided to return to civilisation with his family, and send them to England, and for this purpose journeyed slowly down to Cape Town. This was his first return to civilisation after eleven years. After a brief sojourn, during which he placed himself under the skilled tuition of the Astronomer Royal to very good purpose, he returned northward, arriving at Linyanti, the capital of the Makololo (now in German territory), in May, 1853, where the whole population, numbering between 6,000 and 7,000, turned out to see

Arrival at Cape Town and return to Linyanti in the Makololo country.

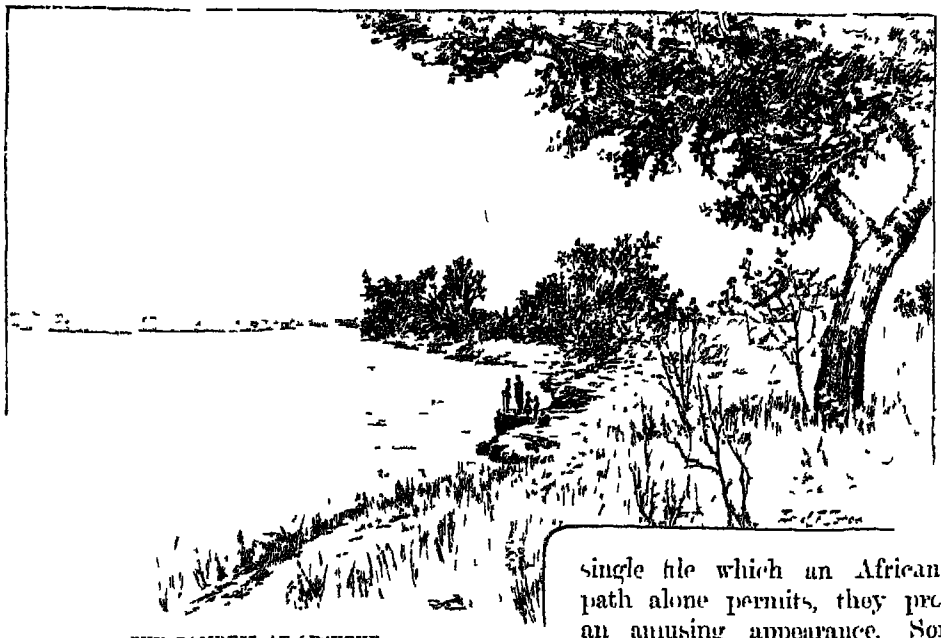
* Mr. Cotton Oswell shared afterwards in many other hunting expeditions, besides those in which he took part with Livingstone more than forty years ago. He died on the 1st of May, 1893.

the waggons in motion, and his friend Sekeletu received him in royal style, while the court herald leaped and shouted adulatory sentences. Livingstone's presents of a couple of cats and some improved goats and fowls, and his attempts to bring in a superior bull, which, unfortunately, had to be left behind, gave great satisfaction. His approach caused a precipitate retreat of the slave-traders and Sekeletu dealt a severe blow to their aspirations by the political execution of his rival Inpépe.

Up to this time Livingstone had escaped fever and now, when he first fell under its influence, he pluckily allowed one of Sekeletu's doctors to treat him, so that he might discover whether the natives possessed any remedy of which he was ignorant. A vapour bath, and being smoked with medicinal woods till he felt like a red herring, not proving effectual, he decided afterwards to treat himself.

Livingstone was now passing out of the limits of the Bechuana tribes, amongst whom the whole of his African experience up to this time had been passed, the Makololo being the most northerly of the many sub-tribes into which they are divided. His knowledge of Sichuana, their language, seems to have been complete and sufficient for him to converse without inconvenience with all he met but Bushmen. The primary divisions of this great family are Matabele, Basuto, and Bakalahari or Bechuanas. Sub-tribes of the last-named are Barotongs Bakuena, Bangwakelse, and Bamangwato, of whom mention has been made. Now a race from a different stock, and with a closer

THE JUNCTION OF THE CHOBE (KWANDO) WITH THE ZAMBESI.
(From a Photograph taken for the Paris Society for Evangelical Missions.)



THE ZAMBESI AT SESHEKE
(From a Photograph taken by the Paris Society for Evangelical Missions)

relationship to the negro, are met with in the "Makalaka," who have less idea of cleanliness, though more accustomed to aquatic pursuits. Honesty, so pleasing a characteristic in some of the Bamangwato, gives place to strong thieving propensities, and where the two races intermingle, the one with negro blood in its veins occupies the more servile position. The Bechuanas show —as we have seen—a strong susceptibility to advance in civilisation and those who, from their geographical position, have been longest in contact with the British look down with contempt on their less enlightened brethren living farther afield.

From Linyanti, whence Livingstone commenced his journey for the purpose of ascending the Zambesi from Sesheke, where now a narrow strip of German territory reaches to the river, he was accompanied by Sekeletu and many under-chiefs, the occasion being opportune for a royal inspection of parts of his dominions never before visited by the new chief. Winding along amongst the ant-hills in the single file which an African foot-path alone permits, they presented an amusing appearance. Some of the attendants had caps made of lions' manes, others the white ends of ox-tails on their heads, or great bunches of ostrich feathers, which flaunted gaily in the breeze. Many wore bright print tunics bought from the last trader. While the common men carried loads, the "gentlemen" of the tribe walked with a small club of rhinoceros horn in their hands, and had servants to bear their shields. The "Machaka," or battle-axe men, carried their own. Sekeletu was accompanied by his own body-guard, young men of his own age—he astride an old horse of Livingstone's, and they bare-backed on half-broken oxen, from which falls were frequent. Arrived at a village, the women salute the chief with shrill cries of "Great lion!" "Great chief!" "Sleep my lord!" which, with similar exclamations from the men, are treated with lordly indifference. Beer is handed round in large pots and eagerly drunk, as are bowls of thick milk. When a royal procession is made through the country all the attendants are fed at the chief's cost, either from the royal cattle-stations, or from presents received by the chief from the heads of the villages. Little attention is paid to the cooking, and the half-raw

Journey to the Zambesi.

meat is swallowed in a gluttonous rather than an epicurean manner. Livingstone found his coffee much appreciated. Unlike the huts in Khama's capital, where the doors were high enough to enter without stooping, the Makololo make theirs so low that it is necessary to go on all-fours to enter. The plaster of cow-dung and ant-hill earth adopted by both people keeps them clean and free from insects, thus offering a contrast to the habitations of the subject Makalaka, which are full of vermin. The well-thatched roof, with projecting eaves, affords grateful shade, and at all hours of the day the interior of the huts is cool, though they suffer from want of ventilation.

Ascending the Zambesi.

Arrived at the river, here called the Liambai, a fleet of thirty-six canoes manned by one hundred and sixty men was required for the royal party. That used by Livingstone was thirty-four feet long and twenty inches wide, manned by a crew of six, who, standing erect, paddled or poled according to the depth of water. They skimmed rapidly along the stream, here often more than a mile wide, with islands three to five miles in length, covered with magnificent vegetation. The striking Palmyra palm towers over all and the light green and gracefully-curved fronds of the date palm wave in the breeze. Many of the trees lining the bank send down roots from their branches and are propped by mighty buttresses. But the tsetse fly lords it over all and prevents the people from keeping domestic animals. Ascending, the scene changes and the open stretches give place to cataracts. Those at Gonye are thirty feet high, running after their leap through a channel only a hundred yards wide, with rocky banks rising precipitously sixty feet above the roaring waters (p. 201). The woods receding from the bank, growing on ridges twenty or thirty miles apart, open to view the fertile Barotse valley, where "hunger is not known." Almost bare of trees, except those planted on heights for shade, the tsetse fly is absent and grand pasturage is afforded during many months of the year to large herds of cattle. These have to leave for higher lands during an annual inundation resembling that of the Nile in Lower Egypt. To avoid this the people build their kraals on mounds just high enough to escape being flooded by the ten-foot rise of the waters. At the capital, Nalicle, a former chief, Santaru, had been noted for taming wild animals, and amongst others, two young hippopotami, that nightly returned from their gambols in the river for a supper of milk and meal. Livingstone here found a trace of a priesthood for the first time, in the maintenance of keepers of miniature axes, hoes, and spears, kept under a grove planted by the chief, to which offerings were presented. Ever on the look-out for a suitable site for a mission station in the midst of a thickly populated district, Livingstone here made a long excursion through a fine grain district and into another tsetse fly-stricken country around Libonta, where the amount of large game was prodigious. Eighty-one buffaloes defiled within gun-shot before his camp-fire one evening and a herd of elands stood by day without fear within two hundred yards. Lions existed in proportionate numbers, and one in particular stood for hours on the opposite side of the river, roaring as loudly as he could—putting his mouth near the ground, as they usually do on such occasions, to make the sound reverberate. Re-entering the Liambai after a friendly interview with an Arab slave party, Livingstone rejoined Sekeletu, who, having previously listened to a lecture on improvidence delivered against the Makololo habit of eating up every scrap of meat at a sitting, showed his acquiescence in the teaching by having a meal of cold boiled meat ready to offer his friend at the moment of his return. At the end of a nine weeks' tour with this potentate, Livingstone returned with him to Linyanti. "Though all were as kind and attentive to me as possible," says he, "yet to endure the dancing, roaring, and singing, the jesting, grumbling, quarrelling, and murderings of these children of nature, was the severest penance I had yet undergone in the course of my missionary duties."

This intimate contact, however, seems to

have had mutual advantages. The intense desire for European articles shown on all sides could clearly never be met through the Mambari traders, who alone up to this date had attempted to trade, acting as middlemen, while the cost of importation from the Cape was prohibitive. Livingstone saw that no permanent elevation of the people could be effected without commerce, and to station missionaries in so remote a region without better communication must end in their descending in their mode of living to the level of the natives. A great assembly was therefore held and the question discussed and, although the old diviners prophesied evil, the general voice was in favour of an expedition which Livingstone offered to conduct to open up a route to the West Coast, along which, free from the pernicious influence of the slave trade, the eagerly sought articles might be brought in and exchanged for native productions.

Livingstone's journey to the West Coast: the start.

A brave band of twenty-seven inspired men were deputed for the journey—to leave wives, and goods, and country, and travel with a white man, they knew not whither, to return they knew not when, trusting only in his honour to see them safely back to their country; the white man, feeble with fever, but believing "if he served God at all, it ought to be done in a manly way," and determined to "succeed or perish in the attempt to open up this part of Africa." The party left Linyanti on November 11th, 1853, after two warriors had entered into a solemn compact to protect the waggon and goods left behind, and the chief and headman accompanied the party to see them safely embark. Livingstone's entire impedimenta for this momentous expedition consisted in a rifle and double-barrelled smooth-bore for himself, and three muskets for his people, twenty pounds of beads, a few biscuits, a few pounds of tea and sugar and twenty pounds of coffee; one small tin canister, fifteen inches square, filled with spare clothes to be used when he entered civilised life, another stored with medicines, another with books, and a fourth containing a magic-lantern. His sextant and instruments were carried apart, while a bag of clothes for the journey, a small gipsy tent, a sheep-skin mantle as a blanket, and a horse-rug as a bed completed his kit. Paddling down the Chobe, where the party were chased by a "bachelor" hippopotamus and a canoe was smashed by another, they turned into the main river at a spot where the strange fact was noted that dissolved mineral in the water prevented mosquitoes from being troublesome, and reached Seshcke in about ten days. The rains were just commencing and many trees, putting on their fresh leaves, afforded great contrasts of colour. Pink plums the size of cherries hung from the moyela branches; another sort, named mamocho ("mother of morning"), the size of a walnut, has the edible fleshy part of the fruit of pleasant flavour, and that called mobola bears a resemblance to the taste of strawberries, all, when dried, serving to eke out supplies. The Kaffir orange, so like an orange in appearance as it hangs amidst its dark-green verdant foliage, was also abundant. Enclosed in a hard rind is a brown, juicy pulp, tasting like a pear, which is the part eaten; the bitter seeds, to which it adheres, make its consumption a matter of time. Paddling against the strong stream, bird life attracts the attention of eye and ear. A loud, harsh scream of "Wa-wa-war" comes from an ibis, resting immovable as a sentinel. A peculiar metallic "tine-tine-tine" uttered by a member of the plover family makes the voyager involuntarily look for an itinerant blacksmith hammering out iron. It is a messmate of the crocodile and performs the office of parasite-hunter and tooth-pick to the saurian, as it lies with half-open mouth on a sand-bank. Another allied species is an unmitigated nuisance, having the family knack of giving notice of the sportsman's approach. The darters, or snake-birds, command attention, standing on rocks and stumps, until, at the approach of night, they congregate into flocks and then go a-fishing. The handsome fish-hawk, with curious piping note, perches on the higher trees, or, soaring overhead,

makes the pelican forego its finny prey by descending with a sudden plunge which makes the startled pelican open its mouth to scream vociferously. The ready hawk then cleverly whisks the fish out of the pelican's pouch and flies away rejoicing, while the robbed and bewildered pelican must perforce make another attempt to catch its supper. The abundant guinea-fowl is here to the fore, as usual, and so is the francolin. Jet-black weavers hang their pendent nests over the flowing waters, while the doves coo their soft notes as though their life were one never-ending dream of contentment. Where the banks are of soft sand, gregarious sand-martins honeycomb the cliffs with their tunnels, and the kingfishers, enlarging such burrows as are to their liking, rear their brood, if happily undisturbed by the predatory boy. While some have spotted plumage, another variety is of slaty hue, and a third little blue-and-orange beauty dazzles the eye as it darts like an arrow through a ray of sunlight into the

BAROTSE GOVERNOR AT SESHEKE.
(From a Photograph taken for the Paris Society for Evangelical Missions.)

stream, from which, with equal rapidity, it bears away its spoil.

What a variety of life, too, may be seen on a Zambesian sand-bank! Scissor-bills, with snow-white breast, jet-black coat, and red beak, watching closely around their nests, are either ready to adopt the common trick of appearing injured, and with drooping wing and lame leg lure the seeker away from the exposed eggs; or if crows or such small intruders approach, feign an attack on their foes with such persistence that a retreat becomes desirable. The stately flamingoes ranged in rows, when simultaneously opening their wings, spread such a blush of red around that the sand might for the moment be a rose-bed. Plovers and gulls, cranes, avocets, snipes, curlews, and herons, all have their representatives, and myriads of ducks await the sportsman. In the Barotse valley several varieties of geese are met with in large flocks. One variety, unable to rise from the water, gives sport to dexterous canoeists during the floods. Turtles and water-snakes are common and the crocodiles far too abundant to be pleasant. They constantly carry off children playing heedlessly by the river's brink and take toll of calves when a herd is driven across a river. Their eggs, which are about the size of a goose's, but round, are laid in a nest, to the number of sixty, some feet above the water, and covered with several inches of earth. The outer covering is elastic, consisting more of membrane than shell. The yolk alone coagulates and is eaten by the Bayeiye and Barotse. When hatched, the young do not immediately require food, as they retain a proportion of this yolk, which allows time for the mother to assist them out of the shell and down to the water, where they commence catching fish—their main food. The young crocodiles are ten inches in length as they emerge from the egg, have yellow eyes, and are marked with transverse stripes of pale green and brown along the body and tail.

Life on the Zambesi.

In still, deep reaches, herds of hippopotami find congenial homes, rising every few minutes to breathe. The young stand on the necks of their dams to catch the first breath, and when so encumbered maternal instinct encourages more frequent risings to the surface. Drowsy by day, at night they leave their still, watery

THE GONYE CATARACTS.
(From a Photograph taken for the Paris Society for Evangelical Missions.)

haunts, and ascend the banks to feed: the male uttering loud grunting shouts that may be heard a mile off. Should rain continue for a long spell and everything be at a point of saturation, their scent is at fault and they may be killed while uncertain which direction to pursue to regain the river. Travelling steadily up stream, now with "bow" making a shot with his assegai at an iguana sunning itself on an overhanging branch, now shooting into a mass of ducks as they plumed their wings in fancied security on a sand-bank, the party reached Naliele, where, by Sekeletu's orders, they were furnished with light-riding oxen and others for slaughter and for presents. With that admirable tact for which Livingstone was so distinguished, he also secured some captives, subjects of Masiko, chief of the Balonda, into whose country they would shortly enter, in order to show that he had nothing to do with a raid by the Makololo, in which they had been taken. All along the Barotse Valley up to Libonta, where the influence of Sekeletu extended, collections of fat and butter were made to serve as presents to the Balonda. By the end of the year, the junction of the Liba and Zambesi* was reached and the party turned into the tributary stream.

Balonda and their Country.

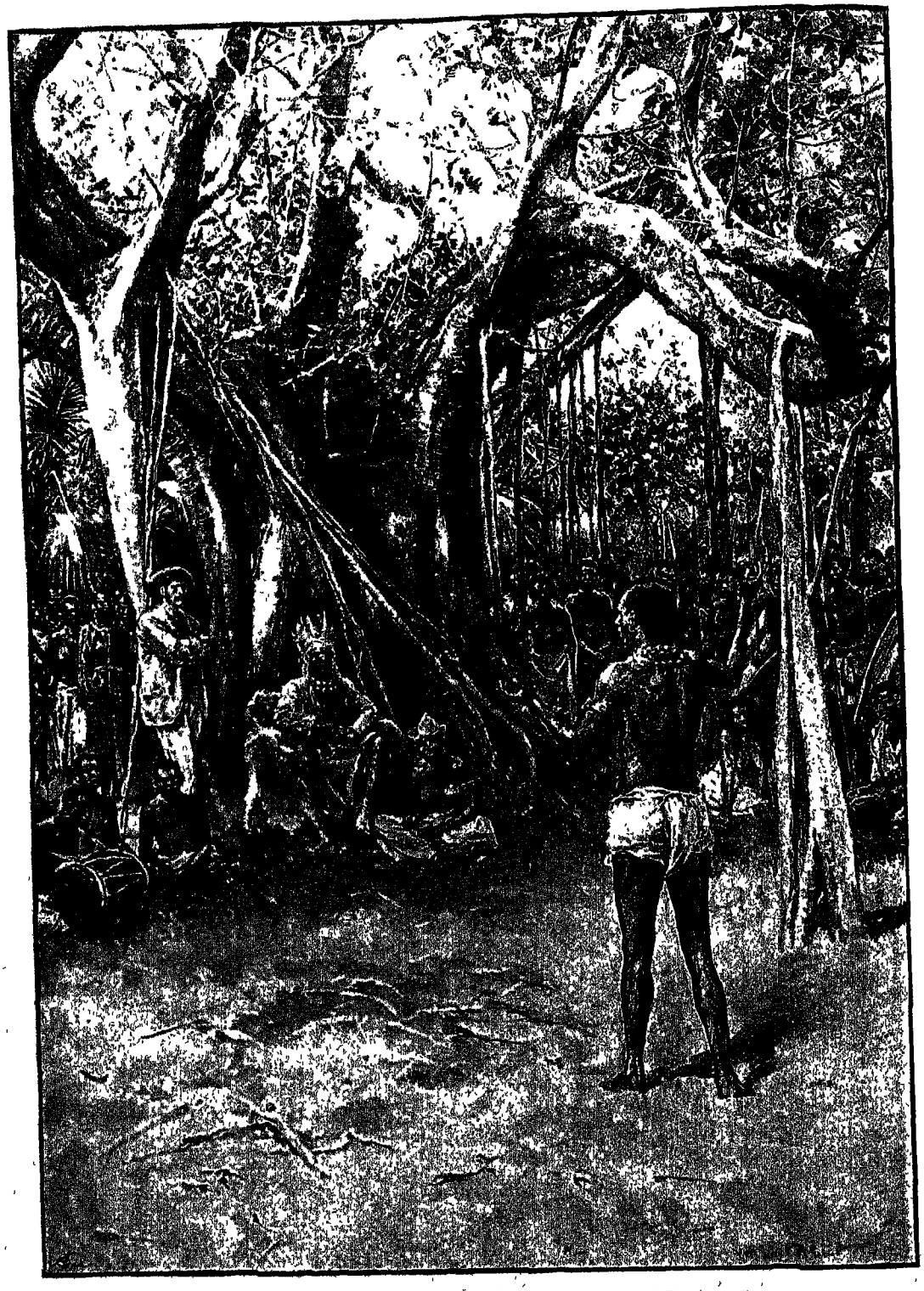
How different the country had been found, in reality, to the vast sandy desert it was considered to be up to this time! Ascending the black waters of the Liba, as it flowed through charming, turfy, meadow land and park-like scenery, scented with a hawthorn-like fragrance, which blended deliciously with the scent of many other flowers, Livingstone entered the Balonda country. These people are regular negroes, with woolly heads, and many of their customs are quite different to those of the Bechuanas. The men dress in softened skins, hanging from a girdle round the loins, and the richer ones wear numerous copper rings on their ankles, so cumbrous as to be an inconvenience in walking. The scanty costume of the women can only be classed as

* Lat. 11° 10′ 52″ S., long. 23° 37′ 10″ E.

nondescript. Filing the teeth to a point is thought to add to beauty, and the abdomen is often tattooed, the skin being raised in small, elevated cicatrices. Both for comfort and appearance, they appreciate a varnish of oil, though preferring ox-fat when obtainable. It keeps the body dry when travelling in rain and also prevents the attacks of insects. They practise curious methods of salutation. If wishing to be excessively polite, they produce a quantity of pipeclay or ashes from a skin pouch and rub it on the chest and upper front part of each arm. Some drum their ribs with their elbows; while others touch the ground with one cheek after the other and clap their hands. Leaving his canoes, as the ruler, Manico, insisted on his pursuing his journey on foot, Livingstone's way lay through forest paths, where the trees were marked with incisions, and offerings of small pieces of manioc-roots or ears of maize are placed on branches, to propitiate the evil spirits residing in these gloomy recesses. Idols also were seen, showing the great difference in the mental constitution of the Balonda. One was simply a human head carved out of a block of wood, dotted with ochre and pipeclay; but in the absence of a professional carver, a crooked stick answers the same purpose. A more ambitious production is the figure of an animal resembling an alligator, formed of grass plastered over with soft clay, its neck armed with a mane of bristles from an elephant's tail and two cowry shells for eyes. When travelling through the woods, the proximity of a village may be guessed by the presence of an idol. Artificial bee-hives are also found in the forests, made out of the bark of a tree four feet in circumference, which is taken off in two pieces and then rejoined, the tops and bottoms being made of coiled grass-rope. As a protection against thieves a "piece of medicine" is tied round the trunk of the tree on which they are placed. The Balonda are great sticklers for etiquette, and not a little of Livingstone's success, as a traveller, in passing through their country, was due to his falling in with their custom of sending messengers some days ahead to announce his intended approach. Yet, notwithstanding this, he was impeded by the satisfaction his visit created, and the difficulty of getting away was often increased by the messengers given him loitering to enjoy the good things, to which they became entitled when acting as the royal heralds.

As this journey was made during the height of the rainy season, not infrequently the villagers hospitably lent the travellers the roofs of their huts, which can be taken off the walls at pleasure, for temporary shelters. As a contrast to the circular Bechuana architecture, the huts of these people have square walls and round roofs, and are enclosed with growing poles. In the courtyards are grown tobacco, sugar-cane, and bananas. The streets of the towns are laid out in straight lines, and the banian or Indian fig (*Ficus indica*) and other trees are encouraged to yield their grateful shade.

Women, among the Balonda, occupy a higher social status than is accorded them by the Bechuanas. They are allowed to be present at public assemblies in the kotla, and sometimes even attain to the chieftainship. In cases of separation, Makalaka children cleave to and respect their mothers, while Bechuanas cling to the father. Being blessed with a fair crop of wool on their heads, it is sufficient in quantity to part in the middle of the front and plait into two thick rolls which fall down the ears behind the shoulders, the rest being collected into a knot that lies on the nape of the neck. The manioc, or cassava, is the chief food plant. It is cultivated by planting pieces of the stalk in elevated beds, at intervals of four feet. A crop of roots is ready in ten to eighteen months, but may remain in the ground three years without deterioration, and the leaves are also used as a vegetable. Two varieties are grown. The slower-growing is sweet and wholesome, the quicker, bitter and poisonous. To prepare the latter for consumption, four days' steeping



SHINTE'S RECEPTION IN HONOUR OF LIVINGSTONE (*p.* 203).

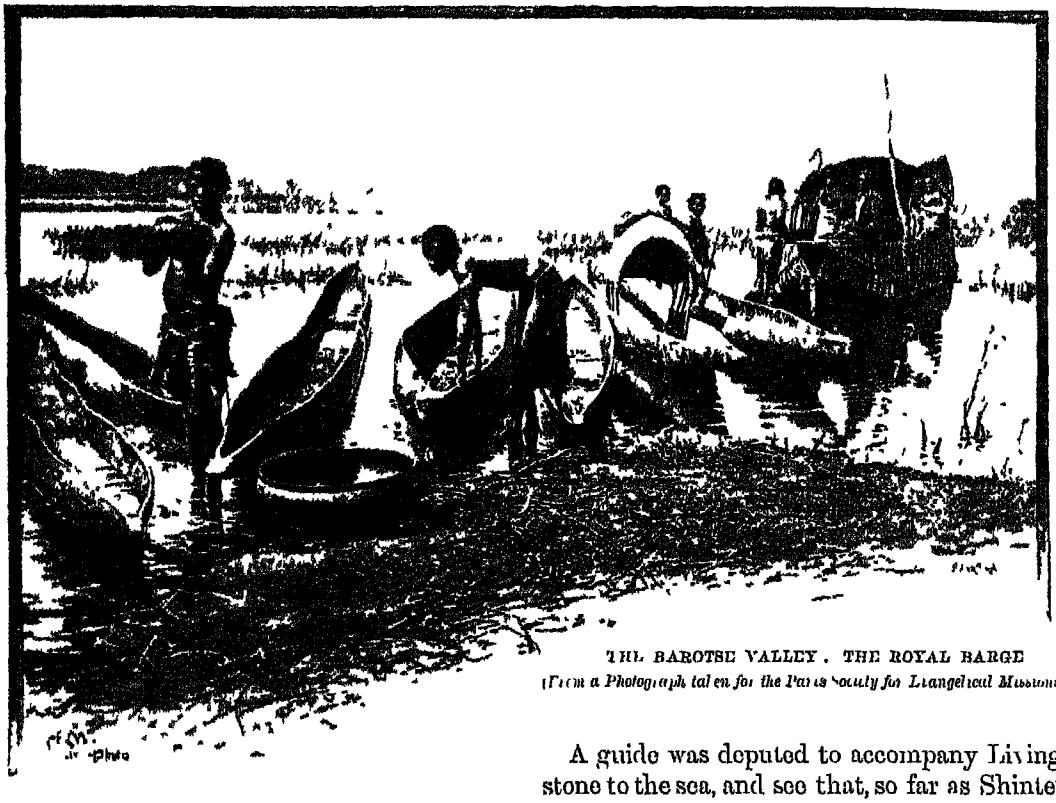
is necessary to remove the poison: it is then skinned, dried in the sun, and pounded into fine meal. Mixed with boiling water, this makes the ordinary "porridge" of the country. It makes but an unsavoury and unsatisfactory meal, and, as a natural consequence, a great craving is felt at frequent intervals, and animal food is highly prized.

In ascending the Liba, Livingstone, after considerable delay and punctilious negotiations, made the acquaintance of Manenko, a chieftainess of some twenty summers, with great oratorical powers and a liking for ornaments, and enveloped in a mixture of fat and red ochre, and little else by way of dress. In consequence of its wooded nature, the scarcity of game, and the niggardly reception by her people, as well as the change of diet, the travellers found the land so barren as to be on the verge of starvation. Manenko insisted on escorting them, in person, to her uncle Shinte by land, but Livingstone, annoyed at the vexatious delays, attempted to load up his baggage into his canoes. Not to be baulked, she had his luggage seized by her men and his porters gave in. When he was moving off in high dudgeon, she relented and, placing her hand kindly on his shoulder, with a motherly look, said, "Now, my little man, just do as the rest have done." The effect of bringing back the captives taken by the Makololo to Masiko was satisfactory; peace was made between the Makololo and the Barotse, and Manenko accompanied the party on foot, gallantly tramping along in the van in the heavy rain of a tropical wet season, clad in the lightest marching order, so as not to appear effeminate. Her escort were armed with short, broad swords, and sheaves of iron-headed arrows, and carried quadrangular shields, five feet long by four broad, made of reeds. After travelling some distance, Livingstone, for the first time, entered the true tropical forest, so characteristic of the greater part of the basin of the Congo and West Equatorial Africa generally, through which no path exists, save the narrow way made by the axe. Gigantic climbing plants entwine themselves around no less gigantic trees, half choking them in their ever-tightening embrace, and a species of the silver tree of the Cape (*Leucodendron argenteum*) almost alone remains to remind the traveller in this deep gloom-fastness of the glare of the Kalahari. Passing out of this region by a long glade, Livingstone wished to hurry on, but Manenko's ideas of etiquette would not allow the party to enter Shinte's town, although he was her uncle, without receiving permission; so she ground Livingstone some meal, which she had begged, with her own hands, while awaiting the arrival of the messengers.

A young chieftainess and her pleasant ways.

Arrived at Shinte's, the party met some Mambari merchants, and two native Portuguese slave-traders from Angola; then, for the first time, Livingstone's Makololo beheld slaves in chains. A grand reception in the "kotla," an audience enclosure a hundred yards square, was held in Livingstone's honour, curiosity at the sight of the first white man being roused to the highest pitch by a rumour which spread far and wide that he came of a race that lived in the sea—a regular merman whose straightness of hair was due to the effect of the sea-water! Shinte sat on a throne of honour, covered with leopards' skins, beneath a spreading banian tree. He was dressed in a check jacket and a kilt of scarlet baize, edged with green; strings of large beads hung from his neck and his limbs were covered with iron and copper armlets and bracelets. His head-dress was a helmet of beads neatly woven together and crowned with a crest of goose feathers. Close to him sat three lads, with large sheaves of arrows over their shoulders; in front was his wife, with a curious red cap on her head, and behind him a hundred women clothed in a profusion of red braid. Entering the kotla, Manenko's party saluted and the different sections of the tribe followed, the headmen making obeisance with ashes. The soldiers, armed to the teeth, charged, wheeled, saluted, and retired behind the seated assembly. Individuals of known prowess next recounted, in

At Shinte's Village



THE BAROTSE VALLEY. THE ROYAL BARGE
(*From a Photograph taken for the Paris Society for Evangelical Missions.*)

gesture, their fights, and were followed by orators who extolled and explained the object of the illustrious visitor, as they stalked backwards or forwards in front of Shinte. Between the orations, the ladies burst forth into a plaintive ditty. Three drummers and four pianists, performing on portable pianos, marched round the kotla, from time to time, playing popular airs. After nine orations, Shinte and the thousand people and three hundred soldiers present rose and the reception came to an end. On succeeding days, Shinte granted Livingstone private audiences, when Sekeletu's present of calabashes of butter was graciously received and other presents were exchanged, and, just before Livingstone's departure, the chief came to his tent and presented him with a string of beads and the end of a conical shell, which, in regions far beyond the sea, are insignia as important as the Lord Mayor's badge is in London.

From Shinte's Village westwards.

A guide was deputed to accompany Livingstone to the sea, and see that, so far as Shinte's influence extended, the travellers should want for nothing. Unfortunately he proved a lying scoundrel, and his leaving behind a pontoon by which to cross the rivers was afterwards the cause of much delay and unnecessary expense. On leaving Shinte's, his iron-ore mines were passed, and many pretty villages, embosomed in trees, served for temporary halting-places, until the Liba was again reached and crossed. Beyond this is a level plain twenty miles broad and submerged in the rainy season, when the water is hidden in a profusion of pale yellow grass, amidst which the lovely lotus flowers freely. Little islands rose here and there above the surface, on which stunted date palms grew, affording the party meagre shelter from the all-prevailing moisture. The Balonda take advantage of the annual inundations to lay in a supply of fish, which they catch in eel-pots and by the stupefying effects of the

bruised leaves of a shrub grown for the purpose. The fish are afterwards smoke-dried and used as a relish to their insipid manioc porridge On some of the grass stems, above high-water mark, little clayey masses, as large as a bean, mark the residences of ants, whose proverbial sagacity is shown in their knowledge of the height of the annual floods and in their forethought to build these houses of refuge before the inundation commences.

At Katema's town.

Continuing their route in a north-westerly direction through this inundated country, where rivers constantly stopped their progress and caused considerable delay, Katema's town (since removed to the north of Lake Dilolo) was reached and a hospitable reception experienced. At a formal presentation the chief appeared dressed in a snuff-brown coat ornamented with a broad band of tinsel down the arms; on his head he wore a helmet of beads and feathers and in his hand he carried a large fan made of the caudal extremities of a number of guns, with charms attached to it He possessed a herd of forty white cattle, which ran wild; and Livingstone pleased him much by telling him how they should be milked This herd had grown from two that had been imported some years before. The extinction of large game over extensive areas, brought about largely by the introduction of firearms by the Portuguese—and the consequent disappearance of the tsetse fly—would allow stock-rearing to be indulged in with perfect security and materially advance the comfort of the people While this region

THE BAROTSE VALLEY: A ROYAL SALUTATION—"HO SHO! HO SHO!"
(From a Photograph taken for the Lord's Work to Uganda at Mission.)

is a perfect paradise for the tropical gardener, in that he can sow and reap all the year round, there is a scarcity of animal life. Game of any sort is not plentiful, nor are the larger

kind of fowls; the rivers contain few fishes and flies and mosquitoes are comparatively harmless. But an exception to the absence of insect pests must be made in the case of spiders, whose stings produce painful and even fatal results. From the claws of one kind poison may be squeezed by pressure. A large red species, whose size and rapid motions excite horror, lives in a nest with a hinged door. The outside resembles the earth in which it is made and, with the door shut, it may be searched for in vain. The inside is lined with a beautiful pure white silk. A third, larger and beautifully coloured, awaits its prey in a web a yard in diameter, built on a weaved series of fibres that radiate from a common centre. These webs are suspended perpendicularly in the spaces between the trees by coarse threads, similar to those noticed as plentiful in Khama's country. A gregarious variety spins with such assiduity as completely to obliterate all traces of the hedge or trunk it selects for the purpose. A hut-frequenting species, half an inch in diameter, spotted and brown in colour, confines its spinning powers to manufacturing a silky carpet on the inside walls of huts, on which it may be observed remaining immovable for many hours.

Singing birds in great variety pour forth a flood of melody in the mornings around the villages, retiring to the shadiest nooks the woods afford during the hottest part of the day for a siesta, and renewing their concert at the period of evensong. One species of canary is domesticated and kept in captivity in neatly-made cages, having traps on the top through which its still free companions may be enticed to enter. Pigeons are also tamed.

Katema treated Livingstone courteously and hospitably, and furnished him with guides, who were directed to take a path that would obviate the necessity of crossing a plain waist-deep in water, and a track that had been traversed by slave-traders—a point Livingstone invariably tried to secure as likely to avoid bloodshed and the penalty of suffering from the ill-will which the bad repute of these ruffians engendered.

Still proceeding north-west the party soon reached Lake Dilolo, which he found to be eight miles in length by three broad at the widest point. Twenty miles more of flooded plain were then traversed, and the watershed separating the rivers flowing southward into the Zambesi basin was passed. Oozing morasses were the next obstacle encountered. Some of the water which reaches them in underground channels from the great collecting area discharges northward into the Kasai or Loke, by which it is carried into the Congo, and by that mighty river to the Atlantic. These morasses are surrounded by round clumps of large-leaved evergreen trees, which are characteristic of the landscape, contrasting with the trees of the plains that are stunted from long periods of drought interspersed with months when their roots encounter the prejudicial influence of stagnant water. The discovery of this sponge-like watershed must have been of intense interest to Livingstone, and he must gladly have noted the altered direction of the flowing water, as indicating an approach to the west coast, however distant.

Lake Dilolo and the watershed of the continent.

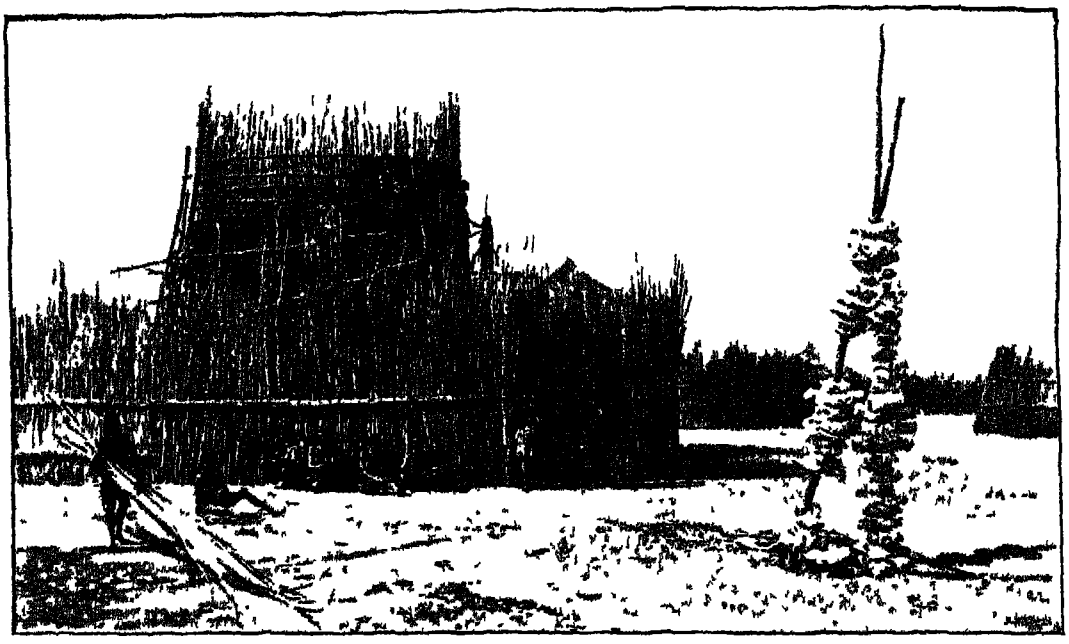
The difficulties which he had hitherto encountered since leaving Linyanti had been, in the main, physical; and though once or twice he and his party had suffered from hunger, it had been chiefly due to local stinginess. The hospitality of the chiefs through whose country he had passed had been sufficient for his needs and was in many cases so profuse as to entitle him to recall it with gratitude. The demands on his limited supplies had not been heavy, though, so far as lay in his power, he had endeavoured to make a return for the presents and kindness lavished on him. His Makololo companions had pluckily faced hunger, and had even endeavoured, when occasion required, to husband the scanty stores of the expedition by begging. In return, they attempted to make comrades in the villages through which they passed, to whom they would under like conditions extend hospitality. Livingstone had done

what he could to make their journey comfortable, and every now and again killed an ox to satisfy their natural craving for meat, which, to those accustomed to a flesh diet, becomes extreme when in its place such a miserable substitute as manioc porridge is alone procurable. Livingstone himself had had up to this several attacks of fever. But the constant wettings to which he was subjected and the frequency with which he had to loiter about and even sleep in his damp clothes, together with the poor and insufficient food on which he had to subsist, were fast reducing him to a seriously low condition.

New men and new manners.

Now he had advanced well within the raiding ground of Mambari slave-hunters and the change in the manner of his receptions showed but too clearly the demoralising influence of the traffic. The next chief he appealed to was with difficulty persuaded to lend a guide to the next village, instead of sending on the news "The white man comes," whilst buying and selling took the place of giving. Crossing the Kasai, here a hundred yards broad, with its charming scenery reminding the Scotsman of his native Clyde, the scarcity of game was demonstrated by the guide treasuring a mole and a couple of mice for his supper. Toll was demanded for the right to pass onwards, as much to the astonishment of the Makololo as of the white man. The weather still continued wet, the valleys were flooded, and the rivers flowed through boggy banks for miles. Through one of these Livingstone had to swim, owing to his ox suddenly dashing off to join its companions which had been guided over before, the men helping themselves across by holding on to the tails when the depth of water rendered swimming necessary. Seeing Livingstone in the water, and unaware that he could swim, a simultaneous rush was made into the water to his rescue, and great was the rejoicing when his swimming powers were ascertained, for he rose still higher in their estimation, as did they in his for their promptitude in seeking to place him beyond danger. On March 4th the boundary of the territory of the Chiboque (Kioko) was reached, bare of cattle, though suited for grazing and capable of bearing a far larger population than it was found to support. Provisions being spent, an ox was slaughtered, and some choice pieces were sent to the chief, Njambi, who replied by demanding either a man, an ox, a gun, powder, cloth, or a shell, on pain of refusing a passage. The next day the encampment was surrounded and, while the travellers stood to their arms, the young Chiboque brandished their weapons and levelled their guns. A parley ensued and the fact that the party were ill-prepared to meet such a demand and were not on a trading expedition was pointed out. Bent on plunder, small presents were declined with derision, and Livingstone was charged from behind, but he avoided injury by turning round and presenting the muzzle of his gun to his assailant's face. The chief and his councillors, by sitting down and allowing themselves to be surrounded by the Makololo, who behaved with admirable coolness, had, however, at this critical juncture placed themselves at a disadvantage, of which Livingstone took note. He now challenged them to begin the fight first, and although he knew he would be the first picked off, he sat silent and, with four barrels ready for instant action, awaited the result. This coolness gained the day: but a precious ox had to be given in token of amity and in return food was promised. When it arrived it consisted of a small basket of meal and two or three pounds of the flesh of their own ox! Livingstone must have wished he had made the chief keep his seat until an adequate return had been made. However, he was able to proceed on his way unmolested.

Passing onwards, it was found that even the bees were private property, so that it was useless following the cry of the honeybird, so common a method of replenishing the larder in South Africa. The forests passed through —a portion of the great Congo forest—are here to a great extent thornless, thus differing in a marked degree from those of the south. But, like the mapani and other trees



THE BAROTSE VALLEY: BUILDING A CHIEF'S HOUSE.
(From a Photograph taken for the Paris Society for Evangelical Missions.)

of the Bechuanaland table-land that flourish as plants, bushes and trees, examples are met with here which, in their search of light and air, become climbers of other trees in need arises, and may be observed with one portion, which is at the outside of the forest, bordering a glade, assuming a normal umbrageous habit, while an inside branch, in danger of being crowded out, becomes a creeper and, seizing a neighbouring trunk, climbs up it into the full light of day.

Day by day Livingstone became more debilitated. In his weak state the din, inseparable from natives, grew very trying. An impudent laugh by one of his own people to a request for silence roused him to such righteous indignation that he charged out of his tent with his double-barrelled pistol and created a stampede and fright that had the best result. Waking from a state of coma the next night, he found that his men had built a stockade, outside of which a party of Chiboque were making their usual demands. Parleying and extortion were brought to an end at the expiration of three days by heavy rain, in which, in close order, for fear of a surprise, an onward move was made. In this Livingstone received a bad tumble and a kick on the thigh from his riding-ox, "Sindbad," a most intractable brute, given to suddenly bolting off the narrow path and unseating his rider by running under overhanging creepers. Fortunately, no damage was done. The next day, while moving on, hostilities again became so imminent that the party had again to halt and erect a stockade. Anxious to effect a peaceful passage through the country, the men gave up all their ornaments, and Livingstone his beads and shirts, but they proved insufficient to the vampire toll-collectors, who were satisfied with nothing under an ox and a tusk, of which he had been given a few by Sekeletu as presents to the white men on the coast. So disheartening did the prospect of getting through this insatiable crowd appear that the Makololo became for a while dispirited, and pronounced their intention of ending the struggle by returning home. Poor fellows! they had not the reasons for continuing to push on

Evil days.

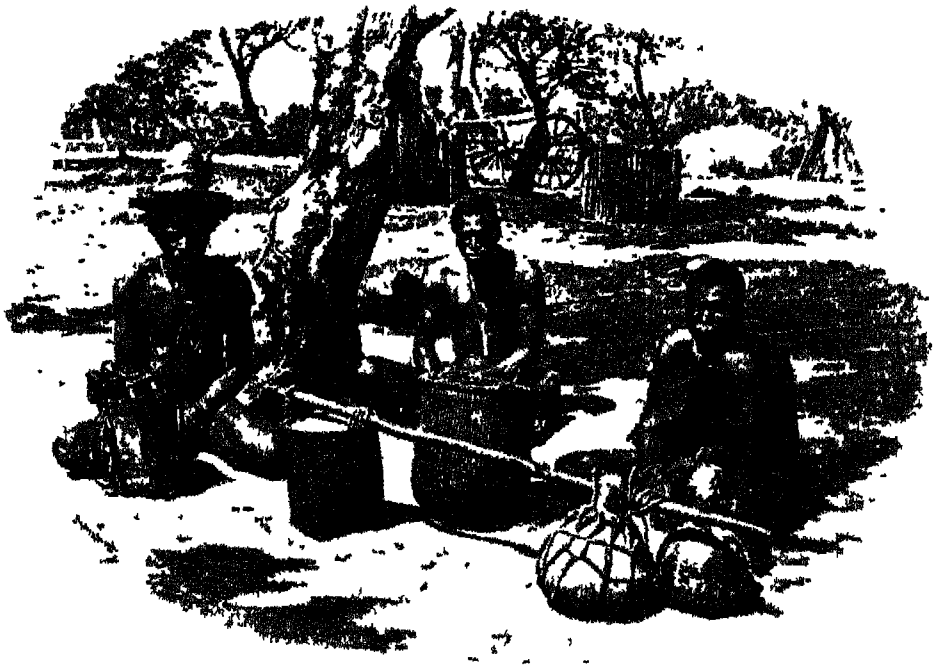
that animated the breast of their leader, and we must not judge their momentary defection too harshly.

Worn to a skeleton by repeated attacks of fever and extensively abraded from the chafing of the wet blanket which constituted his saddle, at times too ill to take observations to ascertain his position, and now cognisant that he was almost within range of Portuguese influence, to hear such a resolution was to Livingstone a heavy blow. But the prospect of the return of his companions did not daunt his indomitable perseverance; and, ill as he was, he told them that, if they declined to proceed, he should go on alone. His courage had its effect and soon a black head appeared in his little hut with the comforting words, "We will never leave you. Do not be disheartened. Wherever you go, we will follow. Our remarks were made only on account of the injustice of these people."

But for paying toll only four oxen remained and these were necessary for riding on and, in an emergency, for food. How was the difficulty to be met? The Chiboque fear of witchcraft supplied a hint which, acted on, proved effectual. As they had once refused an ox that had lost part of its tail, on the ground that witchcraft medicine had been inserted, the remaining beasts had their caudal appendages shortened and our friends were never solicited for their cattle again.

Proceeding, the party crossed the Chikápa in a canoe made of a single piece of bark sewed together at the ends and kept in shape by ribs. Such craft are used only on this river, which derives its name from the use made of them. The party were here mulcted three times of toll, while the guides, who had been paid beforehand with the precious shell given by Shinte, took the opportunity of the road

The Chikápa and its canoes.



THE BAROTSE VALLEY: FARM PRODUCE FOR SALE.
(From a Photograph taken for the Paris Society for Evangelical Missions.)

passing through a thick forest to disappear. Anxious to husband their scanty resources, the party pushed on to the Bashinje country, refusing to stay at villages where, in return for a meal, presents would have been demanded of many times its value. Yet food abounds, the land being so rich that no manure is required. When a garden becomes worn-out, the owner has but to clear a stretch of virgin forest by cutting down the smaller growth and killing the larger trees by destroying their vital powers by firing the bark. Maize and millet are then sown amongst the still standing but dead trees, while manioc continues to be yielded by the old garden. When finally abandoned, these old gardens are overrun with a plant with a ginger-like leaf and a pleasant acid fruit, which shares with quickly-springing ferns the light and air, until fast-growing, soft-wooded trees spread their boughs around and re-win the spot to its accustomed gloom. The villages present all degrees of tidiness—from being hidden in a wilderness of weeds that prevent a man on ox-back in the middle seeing more than the tops of the huts, to models of order. In the latter condition cotton, tobacco, and plants used as relishes surround the huts, fowls are kept in cages, and patches of pulse and grain are well cared for. Agricultural commodities are exchanged by the Bashinje with the Bangalas for salt, which is in great request, also for flesh, which is in such demand that the adjacent forests are extensively trapped for mice, and large white larvæ are mined for in the soft soil adjacent to streams.

LYSHOMA PREPARING THE EVENING MEAL.
(*From a Photograph taken for the Paris Society for Evangelical Missions.*)

CHAPTER XI.

THE CROSSERS OF AFRICA: LIVINGSTONE'S TRAVELS.

Bashinje People—From the African Plateau into the Kwango Valley—An Extortionate Race and Fresh Trouble—In Portuguese Territory—A Hospitable Host—The Country to Kassanjio—The Country Westward—Influence of Jesuit Missionaries—Jealousy of Traders—Loanda—Return Journey from Loanda to Quilimane—New Route—Massangano—Resources of Angola—Hears Bad News—Pungo Andongo—Vegetation—Red Ants Out of Palagwe Territory and into Trouble—The Land of Extortioners—Illness—Plains of Lunda—A Curious People—Katema's Again—Blood Fellowship—Reach Lobonta, in the Barotse Valley—Linyanti Starts from Linyanti to the East Coast—Valley of the Zambesi—The Victoria Falls—Batoka—Fruit-Trees—Insect Life—Termites—A Sportsman's Paradise—Elephants—A Narrow Escape—Mburuma's Country—An Unfriendly People—Zumbo—Signs of Civilisation—Rumours of War—On the Way to Tete—Rhinoceros—Rumours of Gold—In Mashonaland—Coal—Tete—Resources of the Country—To Quilimane and the Sea—Livingstone's Merits as a Trans-continental Explorer—His Return to England and Warm Reception.

THE Bashinje are of a more thoroughly negro type even than the Balonda. They have dirty black complexions, low foreheads, flat nostrils (which they enlarge by inserting bits of reed) and thick lips. Their hair is plaited fantastically. Some women weave their locks into a good imitation of a hat, others arrange them in tufts, with a three-fold cord along the ridge of each tuft, while many, like the ancient Egyptians, wear a series of plaits which hang down to the shoulders. Both sexes smoke long pipes and adopt kilts of skin, hung from a girdle before and behind, as sufficient clothing for all requirements.

Livingstone here arrived at the edge of the high land over which he had so long been travelling and emerged from the great Congo forest into the park-like scenery so characteristic of much of tropical Africa. A thousand to twelve hundred feet beneath lies the valley of the Kwango—a hundred miles broad and furrowed into deep-cut valleys by its feeding streams. Dark forest still covers most of the ground, interspersed with clumps of feathery bamboo, with stems as thick as a man's arm. The Kwango flowing through green, open meadows, covered with gigantic grass and fringed with reeds, meanders northward, fed by many a smaller stream, whose denuding action lays bare, in striking contrast to the foliage, patches of red, clayey soil, hardened by the action of the atmosphere, where long exposed, into a ferruginous conglomerate. Approaching the river, the party was again pestered for presents, while a man was demanded as the price of ferrying the party over. In vain the Makololo stripped off the last of their copper rings and Livingstone promised to give up his last blanket when the ferrying-over was completed. The chief himself—a young man, with his woolly hair arranged in a prominent cone at the back of his head, elaborately swathed in black and red thread—came up to the party and reiterated the demand, evidently unable to understand that they were not a slave-gang. Livingstone tried in vain to seek seclusion in his tent, but it was too tattered to afford shelter, and he urged his men to leave the reedy flat, where they could not protect themselves, and push onwards to the river's brink, where, if necessary, they could make a better fight by running up a stockade. At this critical time, Cypriano, a young half-caste sergeant of Portuguese militia, who had crossed the river from a post he commanded on the opposite bank, in search of bees-wax, appeared on the scene and gave the same advice. As the party moved off the Bashinje opened fire, but fortunately without any effect and, by Cypriano's aid, the river, now one hundred and fifty yards wide, was safely crossed* and they were in Portuguese territory. Over a month had passed since they entered the Congo watershed and, during almost the whole of the time, the attitude of

From the African Plateau to the Kwango Valley.

* Lat. 9° 53′ S., long. 18° 37′ E.

the people through whose lands they journeyed had caused their life to be one of incessant worry. Verily, the contrast would be one the Makololo accustomed to so different a mode of existence—could not fail to remember. On Livingstone, the experience must have left even a deeper impression, and the load of anxiety which he could, in a great measure, throw off, as the river was crossed, must have acted like an invigorating tonic. From first to last, the Portuguese treated him with courtesy and unbounded hospitality: and, but for his feeble health, the remainder of the journey to the coast must have appeared like a picnic after his recent experience. Although furnished with letters of introduction, there could be no mistaking that much of the genuine hospitality he received sprang from innate kindness. Livingstone's unsectarian Christianity could not fail to contrast the treatment he now received and saw meted out to the natives by the Portuguese, ignorant often of the very name of the Bible, with the professions and practices of the Boers, who arrogate to themselves so many and such strange virtues from their reading of its pages.

Cypriano could not do too much for the intrepid travellers; the men were fed till his garden was bared, an ox killed, and farina prepared to help them onward to Kassanjie. Livingstone, as the honoured guest, was entertained at his table with the best he had: ground nuts and roasted maize followed by ground nuts and boiled manioc roots, and a dessert of guavas and honey. Before the repast water was poured over the hands by a female slave, as spoons and forks were only used for carving, and the meal was consumed with decency and good manners. He found that all could read and write with ease, and the garrison library consisted of a cyclopædia, a dictionary, a surgical work, and a few tracts treating of the lives of the saints. Delayed for a week by the rains, the party journeyed onward, through long grass two feet over their heads and with stems as thick as goose quills, to Kassanjie, then the farthest station inland of the Portuguese, where a welcome attention was the present of a suit of clothes, to replace the rags to which Livingstone's wardrobe was reduced. Here he was the object of great curiosity to his hosts, as his practice of making observations, treating the sick, wearing a moustache, and being a priest with a wife and four children, and yet being a missionary, seemed so anomalous. The forty traders who lived here conducted their business with the natives by sending native traders into remoter regions. A law is in force which prevents the Portuguese themselves from crossing the boundary into the interior, it being assumed, in the event of their death in a fight, that they would be the aggressors, and in punishing the shedders of Portuguese blood those who had been drawn into the quarrel against their will would be unjustly treated.

In Portuguese territory: a hospitable settlement.

The station at Kassanjie possessed neither doctor, school, nor priest. The expatriated Portuguese acknowledging their children by native unions, honourably provide for them, and nowhere in Africa did the great traveller find so much goodwill between Europeans and natives as here. The limited cultivation gives an abundant return, but the Portuguese, being traders, devote little attention to agriculture. The ivory brought down from Sekeletu to test the advantage of opening up trade with the white man was here sold with very satisfactory results, but on reaching Loanda, as still better prices would have been obtained, Livingstone had to explain to his Makololo an idea of the value of time and the cost of carriage, of which they had hitherto no conception. With every assistance that the Portuguese could offer by letters of introduction, Livingstone pressed onward under the friendly escort of a black militia corporal, whose dignity was shown by his having slaves to carry him, when entering or leaving a village, in a "tipoia" or hammock. Another slave carried his kit and writing materials, of which he made

Kassanjie.

MARRIAGE CUSTOM IN ANGOLA (p 217).

constant use, to ascertain beforehand the prices of commodities by writing neat notes to the village shopman, whom he addressed as "Illustrissimo Senhor." Like the natives of many other lands, he fully understood how to aid himself at the expense of the travellers by commissions on all goods purchased through his instrumentality.

Three days after leaving Kassanjie, the Tala Mungongo Mountains, rising to an elevation of from twelve to fifteen hundred feet, were encountered, and, like much of the remaining three hundred miles through which the travellers passed to reach the coast, were very beautiful. The influence of the Jesuit missionaries was seen alike in the people and the vegetation. In the district of Ambaca, said to contain 40,000 souls, a large number were able to read and write, the fruit of former Jesuit instruction; for since their expulsion in 1760 or thereabouts the natives had continued to teach each other. The coffee introduced by the Jesuits now runs wild, and figs and grapes probably owe their presence to the same indefatigable horticulturists, who have thus left a record here, as in so many parts of the world, of the wisdom of their order. Wheat of modern importation also grows well, and on the higher lands European vegetables in great variety amply repay care bestowed on their cultivation.

The mists, which at the end of the rainy season roll with exquisite beauty along the sides of the mountain ranges, condense and fall in heavy showers in the night or early morning, accompanied by constant peals of thunder. Forests of gigantic timber, reared by ample humidity and a high temperature from the luxuriant soil, afford an opportunity for carpenters to hew planks from the fine timber by a persevering use of the axe. They make numbers of little chests furnished with hinges, locks and keys of their own manufacture, which meet with a ready sale at under two shillings apiece. The Portuguese, though not energetic enough to make roads by which wheeled traffic could carry merchandise to and from the coast, have, nevertheless, done something for the traveller in erecting rest-houses, furnished with benches, on which a drier bed may be obtained than on the ground. A compulsory system of carriage has been also established, since the exportation of slaves beyond the sea has been stopped by English cruisers, and now a trader can get his goods carried at the rate of three shillings a load for a day's journey of eight to ten miles. The goods are carried on the head, or on one shoulder, or in a basket suspended from two poles some five or six feet long, and borne by two men. This plan, while allowing a rest to be taken without placing the burden on the ground, has the disadvantage of the carriage of the extra weight of the poles. It is a pity so small an improvement as the placing of frequent fixed rests, on which the burdens may be deposited without the fatigue of lifting, which is necessary each time they are placed on the ground, is not adopted here, as on many Indian roads.

Livingstone's party met many Mambari traders, some of whom had penetrated as far as Linyanti, whose natural dislike to Makololo enterprise in seeking outside markets for their produce found amusing vent in their attempting to stop it by inventing tales of how the white men traded. "The ivory," said they, "is left on the shore in the evening, and next morning the seller finds a quantity of goods placed there in its stead by the white men who live in the sea. Now, how can you Makololo trade with these 'mermen'? Can you enter into the sea and tell them to come ashore?" Although the Makololo saw through the object of these "yarns," they, not unnaturally, became anxious lest, with slavery visible on all sides, they might be kidnapped. Depressed with fever and dysentery, and the thought that, possibly, the solitary Englishman he expected to meet at Loanda might not give him a hearty welcome, Livingstone was only able to assure them that he was as ignorant of Loanda as themselves; but said he, "We have stood by each other hitherto and we will do so to the last." Need

Jealousy of Portuguese traders.

it be added that, with his characteristic honesty, he kept to his word.

His doubts about his reception were soon set at rest by the cordial welcome he received on his arrival at São Paulo de Loanda (p. 216), on May 31st, 1854, by Mr. Gabriel (the British Consul and Commissioner for the suppression of the slave trade), who gave him his own bed and looked after his welfare in every possible way. Nor were his Makololo forgotten. Indeed, they quickly started trade on their own account by selling firewood, and, by being employed to unload a ship, they were enabled to make the wherewithal to purchase a very satisfactory amount of goods to take back with them. They were shown over a man-of-war, which, like the two-storied houses, filled them with unbounded astonishment; they fired off a cannon, shared dinner with the tars, and became firmly impressed with Britain's wish to put down slavery. During the time Livingstone remained in Loanda, he received the most marked courtesy from the Portuguese officials and the greatest kindness from all. The merchants forwarded by him handsome presents to Sekeletu, a uniform, a horse, two donkeys, and other things, as an encouragement to trade freely with the coast. He also made the acquaintance of several of the officers of Her Majesty's navy. This intercourse resulted in his shaking off the impression that epaulettes were mere badges of idleness and in leading him to entertain a high regard for the officers' humanity and attention to duty. He was offered a passage home in a cruiser, which, in his weak state, must have been a sore temptation. But not only was his word passed to remain with the Makololo people and see them safely back to their country, but he felt he had failed to discover either what might be regarded as a first-rate highway from their country to the sea, or a healthy locality for a mission station. Would a route to the Indian Ocean following down the Zambesi instead of up and on to the Atlantic be more suitable? This was the problem he still felt was awaiting solution. We have soon to see how it was accomplished.

Loanda and the sea.

Livingstone left Loanda on September 20th, 1854, with letters of introduction to the Portuguese authorities in East Africa, twenty carriers furnished by the Bishop, a fair supply of ammunition, cotton-cloth, and beads, and a new tent from his naval friends. Everyone of his Makololo was armed with a new gun and furnished with suits of clothing, by the generosity of the merchants. Passing by sea to its mouth, they ascended the river Bengo, whose waters, like those of other muddy rivers, seem particularly favourable to mosquitoes, whence the party emerged on to their old path. As Livingstone wished to see more of the country of Angola, he diverged from the direct route at Golungo Alto to visit the town of Massangano, which had been of importance during the occupation of the Dutch, but had, since their expulsion in 1648, fallen into a state of decay. His Makololo being footsore remained behind. In the district first-rate sugar and rice are grown, and in the mountains coffee, introduced from Mocha, flourishes and spreads, the only cultivation needed being to clear away the brushwood, while leaving trees of larger growth for shade. Pine-apples, bananas, yams, orange-trees, custard-apple-trees, pilangas, guavas, maize, manioc, tobacco, the oil-palm, and other tropical plants flourish—many of them owing their introduction from South America to the Jesuits. Cotton is very much in evidence, by the industrious women habitually working it up with spindle and distaff. Encumbered with child on back, pot on head, and hoe on shoulder, they still manage to spin as they go to their fields to hoe, and then, carrying the yarn to looms of simple construction, it is woven by the men, just as it was long, long ago by the ancient Egyptians.

The Return journey from Loanda to Quilimane begun.

The chief agricultural product of Angola, then as now, is the manioc, which is cultivated entirely by hoe husbandry, the plough being unknown. It is a very accommodating plant, arriving at maturity in two

Angola colony.

SÃO PAULO DE LOANDA.
(*From a Photograph in the possession of the Royal Geographical Society*)

years, on dry soils, with little attention, and, if planted in low, alluvial lands, maturing in half the time or less. It is the plant from which tapioca is extracted by pouring water over the grated root. This disengages the starch, which subsides. By being kept in motion as it dries over a slow fire, the globules, with which all are familiar, are produced. A variety of agricultural products grows luxuriantly on the strong, rich soils of Angola—the tobacco, for instance, attaining a height of eight feet and producing three dozen leaves on a single plant, eighteen inches long by eight broad—so it is evident the slave trade is practised from choice and not necessity. But until other means of transport are rendered possible, as by the opening of roads and railways, for which the country between Loanda and Massangano is favourable, its abolition is hopeless. Livingstone found that slavery encouraged chicanery of all sorts amongst the domestic slaves, and engendered a feeling of insecurity; and he noted the contrast in the necessity for locks on the doors here and their entire disuse in Bechuanaland. Under the Portuguese rule, the gradations of native society are kept in force, and, in case of theft, the petty chief, or "sova," has to reimburse the value of the stolen goods, which he recoups, with interest, by confiscating more than the value from the thief. A freemason-like fraternity of hunters exists, to which admission can alone be obtained by proficiency in shooting, and its members bear a high character for activity and trustworthiness. The right of wearing shoes must be paid for, while, by joining an unpaid militia, exemption from the liability to serve as carriers is insured. The chief recreations are marriages and funerals. The intended bride goes through a sort of vigil in a solitary hut, after being anointed with various unguents and subjected to various incantations to secure good fortune and

fruitfulness, especially in heirs male. After some days, she is taken to a second hut, where she is clothed in the richest garments her friends can beg or borrow. She is then placed in a public situation, saluted as a lady and surrounded with the presents of her well-wishers. Lastly, she is taken to her husband and the marriage rejoicings of feasting, dancing, and drinking are prolonged for days (p. 213). Polygamy is general, but domestic discord is avoided by each wife having a hut to herself. The desire to send a departed friend out of the world with an exhibition of lavish display and expense is common and the ceremony is often wound up with a feast of a pig that has been reserved for such an occasion. Much expense is also incurred in law cases. None of the keener excitements of a marriage, a law-suit, or a funeral occurring, the men while away the time by getting drunk on "malova," or the juice of the oil-palm tree.

The advent of the Portuguese, always excepting the excellent work done by the Jesuit fathers, does not appear to have influenced native customs. The ordeal of witchcraft is extensively practised in Angola and persons accused, to prove their innocency, will travel long distances to drink the infusion of a poisonous tree that grows in the valley of Kassanjio. All believe that departed souls still mingle with the living and have a predilection for the same food. The malignant dead cause sickness, so that the survivors may not enjoy their present state, and they must be fed by a sacrifice to appease bad temper. Numbers of charms are worn in the hope that the right one may be among the number. When murder or manslaughter is committed, a sacrifice is made to lay the spirit of the victim. Yet their affections are strong, nor is the doleful wail which the surviving mother raises on the death of her child other than sincere. In sympathy, her female companions use a screeching instrument, constructed of caoutchouc, to accompany and intensify the effect of the death wail. The diviner has great power, and can exercise his private vengeance with far-reaching effect and none dare dispute his dictum.

Old beliefs and new creeds.

Returning to Golungo Alto, Livingstone found his men still footsore and some of their number suffering from fever, but full of pluck. Even when convalescent, their weak state for some time rendered slow marching imperative. Easy stages brought the party to Pungo Andongo, where the encouraging results of well-directed energy were remarkably exemplified. The owner, Colonel Pires, who came to the country as a mere cabin-boy, had, by his perseverance, raised himself to be the richest merchant in Angola and the success of his estate had given to the whole district a far-renowned name for prosperity. His butter, cheese, and wheat, proved him to be an admirable farmer, no less than his peaches, grapes, and figs, an expert fruit-grower. While staying with this gentleman, Livingstone heard of the loss, by the wreck of the steamer *Forerunner*—the first despatched by the African Steamship Company—of all his despatches and maps describing his journey from the Zambesi to Loanda. Though much

LIALUI PLAYING THE BERIMBA.
(From a Photograph taken for the Paris Society for Evangelical Missions.)

to be deplored, the information came at a place where, perhaps, best of all, he had the opportunity of rewriting in some degree of comfort. Setting to work with his accustomed perseverance, he re-wrote the whole, and was able to proceed onward on January 1st, 1855.

Pungo Andongo* is situated in the midst of a curious group of columnar rocks, each upwards of 300 feet in height. They are composed of a conglomerate of clay, shell, gneiss, mica, trap-rock, porphyry and sandstone schists embedded in a matrix of dark red sandstone. Like similar rocks met with in that part of Africa and on the spurs of the eastern slopes of the Andes and elsewhere, they are due to short-lived but heavy deluges of rain, which leave a hard cap, or point, and wash away the softer soil around it. In the same way, pebbles may sometimes be noticed on tiny hillocks of earth in England beneath a tree, whose overhanging boughs have caught and held fine rain, from which it descends in large, heavy drops. Another object of interest to Livingstone, ever keen in observing Nature, were the water-distilling insects, of which twenty species were observed here, frequenting trees of the fig family. Similar to the cuckoo-spit,† except that they congregate in little parties of seven or eight, they cluster round one of the smaller branches and keep up a constant distillation of a clear fluid, enough to form a little puddle on the ground below, which may amount to a quart in a single night. As the cuticle of the branch on which they rest is not punctured—and the flow of sap would be insufficient to produce such a discharge even if it were—it seems certain that the moisture must be derived from the air. Increased humidity in the air increases the power of distillation, which reaches a maximum in the morning, when everything is saturated with dew. A more noxious insect, forcing itself on the traveller's attention, is the red ant. Travelling in innumerable numbers, they stretch far across the country, like a dark-red band, two or three inches in width. They possess no fear and will attack anyone asleep with as great readiness as if he treads on them or disturbs their route. Ascending the legs of an ox, or the traveller's own, if he be on foot, they quickly attack every exposed part, biting the skin like sparks of fire, and increasing the size of the hole and the amount of pain by twisting themselves round, after their mandibles are inserted. Neither smaller animals nor insects are safe from attack, and even the python, if caught in the lethargic state to which it sinks after a heavy meal, may fall a victim to myriads of these tiny pertinacious assailants, which, it is asserted, it searches for to be sure of their absence, before indulging in a gorge.

Pungo Andongo.

Red ants.

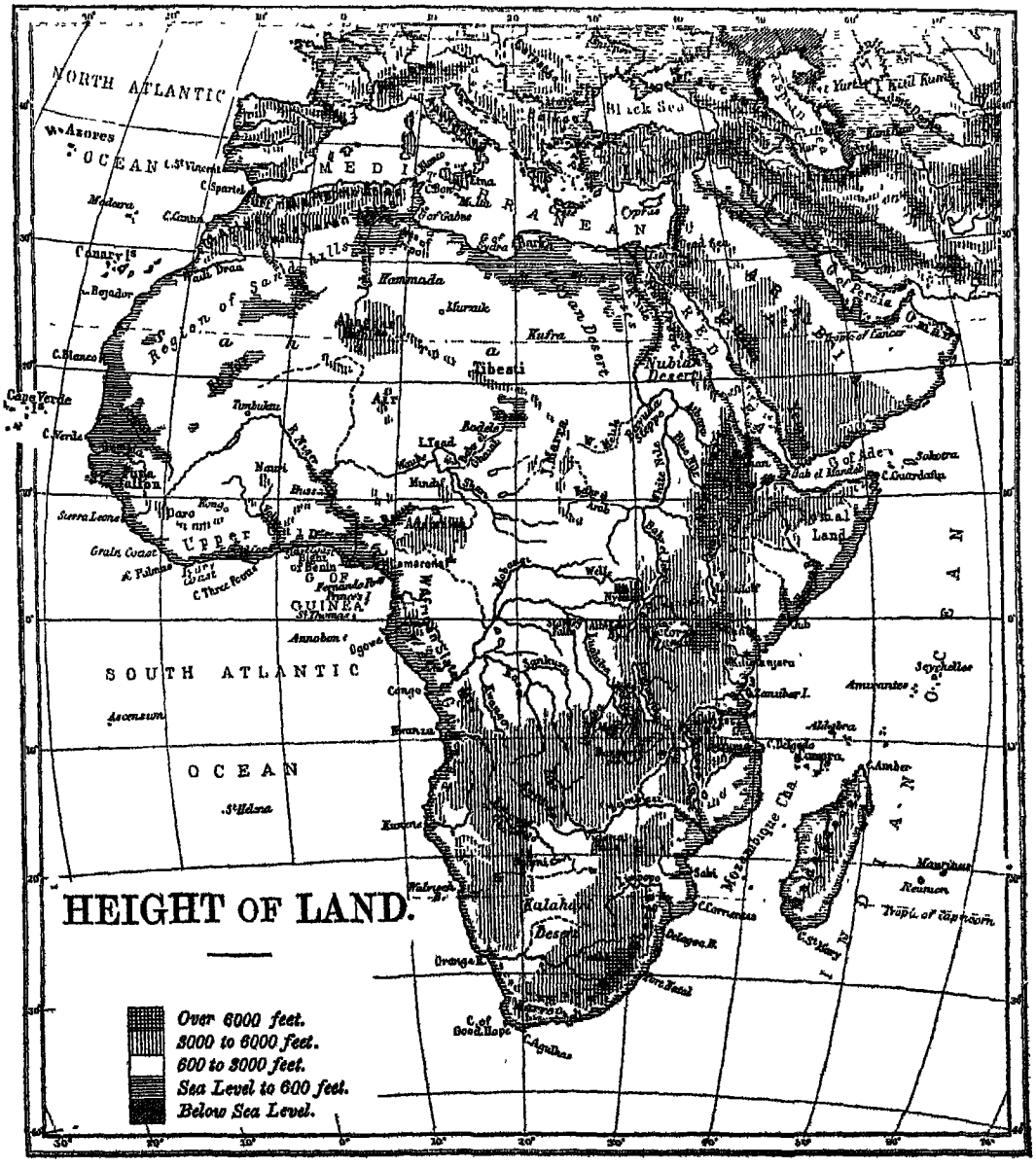
Passing onward, the edge of Portuguese jurisdiction was reached on February 28th, and the hospitable Cypriano revisited. The Kwango passed, the region of exorbitant dues was re-entered, but the Chiboque chiefs, awed by the well-armed party, now offered no obstacle. Unfortunately for their health, heavy rains became of daily occurrence and, although they safely surmounted the heights of Tala Mungongo, its chills, together with the all-prevailing moisture, entailed on Livingstone a severe attack of rheumatic fever, in which he was well nursed by a half-caste Portuguese, Senhor Pascoal, who fortunately came on the scene. For eight days before his arrival the traveller had been so ill as to be indifferent to his surroundings, but an application of some dozens of leeches relieved the intense pain and, in twenty days, he was able, though still a mere ghost, to move on. He was obliged to hurry, on account of a quarrel that had arisen between his own people and the villagers. In moving through a forest, the Chiboque commenced firing on the travellers from an ambush; but Livingstone, fortunately, encountered the chief and, though staggering from weakness, promptly brought him to his senses by presenting a revolver at close quarters. After a parley, as the chief

Entering the land of extortioners. The plains of Lunda.

* Lat. 9° 42′ 145″ S., long. 15° 30′ E.

† *Aphrophora spumaria.*

was afraid to move lest he should be shot in the back, Livingstone courageously took the detour northwards, the extensive plains of Lunda were traversed, where slave-traders had



MAP SHOWING THE HEIGHT OF LAND IN AFRICA. (*By E. G. Ravenstein.*)

initiative by mounting his ox and taking his departure, *en route* to Kabango. Nor was he further molested. Making a considerable seldom penetrated and where, in consequence, greater civility and timidity prevailed. There black dandyism takes the form of excessive

lubrication. The musically-inclined play solos from morn till far into the night, while others carry about singing birds in cages wherever they go. Those desirous of at least seeming warlike never appear but with a load of bows and arrows or with a gun, which is ornamented with a portion of the skin of each beast it has aided to bring down. The ladies wear their hair fantastically arranged: some with little plaits extending outwards to a hoop that encircles the head like a saint's halo; others mass it into representations of buffalo horns, or a single erection that rises over the forehead like the prow of a galley. Caps of hair and hide, ornamented with beads, in other cases surmount pendent locks as thick as a quill. They are fond of little lap-dogs, first to play with for amusement, but eventually to eat for food. The scarcity of animal and bird life is excessive and moles and mice are trapped with the utmost assiduity. Dwelling in thickly-scattered but small villages, in the forests for preference, their huts are encircled with banana and cotton trees and tobacco is grown around. To prevent their fowls from straying, comfortable baskets in which they may lay their eggs are inserted in the thatch. Attached to each hut is a drying stage for the manioc roots which provide the staple food.

At Kabango, finding that the paramount chief, Matiamoo, of the Balonda, whose town is one hundred and thirty-two miles north-east of Kabango, would probably require him to delay and not select his own route, Livingstone did not go farther northward, but turned in a south-easterly direction, until he reached Katema's on June 14th, where he was again received with hospitality. He was able to make fitting recompense for this and former kindness by the presents he had brought from the coast. This return journey, made in the winter, showed him how the cold season varies in different parts of South Africa. While the weather is severe and snow falls freely in the Cape Colony, away from the coast, in Bechuanaland, though still cold, the dryness of the winter makes that region proverbially healthy. In the Barotse valley, even with a southerly wind, the thermometer only sinks 42°, while on the high, flat, spongy watershed, giving birth to the southern tributaries of the Congo and the broad waters of the Zambesi, the rains, following the course of the sun, fall copiously in October and November, cease for two months, and recommence, with increased intensity, in February, March, and April.

At Katema's again. Difference between the winters in different parts of South Africa.

Not to be behind the Jesuits, Livingstone in returning brought back as far as Shinte's a variety of cuttings and, with equal prudence, his men had treasured up onions, garlic, and bird's-eye pepper in pannikins. These were largely accepted and much appreciated by the Balonda.

Descending the Liba the travellers were welcomed and blood friendships made by performing the ceremony of "Kasendi," in which, in pots of beer, each party drinks a few drops of the other's blood. On July 27th, Libonta was reached and the returning voyagers were met with the most extravagant demonstrations of joy; for, given over by the diviners, they were looked upon as men risen from the dead. The head Makololo traveller dilated on the kindness of the white men they had met and bore testimony to Livingstone's rectitude and fulfilment of promises in a set speech, and a day of thanksgiving was kept. Even the exhaustion of foods brought from the coast produced no diminution in the warmness of welcome all down the Barotse valley and the men remarked, "Though we return as poor as we went, we have not gone in vain," and began to collect tusks for another journey. On their arrival in the neighbourhood of their homes, they found in some cases their wives with young infants in their arms—a matter of no moment in their eyes—but they were rather savage at noting that new husbands had been living on their corn. Livingstone chaffed them by the remark that the loss of a wife or so, considering they had generally several, was of small moment. In approaching Sesheke, Livingstone heard of the arrival a

year before of goods and letters sent to him through the Matabele by Mr. Moffat, which, as he had no home news on his arrival at Loanda, must have given him great satisfaction. Going on to Linyanti he found his waggon and goods left in November, 1853, safe, and Sekeletu delighted at his return. To Livingstone it was doubtless a source of intense satisfaction to return his escort to their chief undiminished in numbers by the loss of a single life. The success of his journey to the west coast was so manifest, indeed, that they were anxious for another, while his treatment of them brought forward volunteers

THE VICTORIA FALLS OF THE ZAMBESI RIVER, FROM ABOVE.

to accompany him eastward into equally unknown lands. How profound was the effect may be judged by a "pincho," or assembly, being held soon after the return of the party, to debate whether a move should not be made by the tribe bodily to the Barotse valley, so as to be nearer the market. Sekeletu concluded the debate by stating that wherever Livingstone should decide to settle that should be his dwelling-place also. The missionary considered the only drawback against this part of the interior arose from fever, but realised, as has since been more fully demonstrated, that the experience of a traveller rendered him peculiarly liable to suffer. Sleeping on damp ground month after month, exposed to constant drenchings from rain and to the saturation inevitable in travelling in long grass, living almost continually in the sun, eating miserably poor and innutritious food, are all predisposing causes, from which a resident does not suffer to anything like the same extent as a traveller.

Arrives safely at Linyanti.

On November 3, 1855, the rainy season having commenced, Livingstone started for the east coast, better provided in many respects than when he left Linyanti bound westward. He had a horse and donkeys, and Sekeletu supplied him with a dozen oxen, trade goods, butter, and honey. As interpreter and guide he was lent a Matabele, Sekwebu, who had been up and down the Zambesi several times. Sekeletu, with a party of 200 of his people, accompanied him to Sesheke, whence, journeying partly in canoes and partly on land, the party went onward to the Zambesi. Before striking northeast away from the river, as advised by the guide, Livingstone stopped at an old kotla garnished with a number of skulls mounted on poles. Here Sekote, a noted chief, was buried in a grave surrounded with an ornamental fence made of seventy large elephants' tusks, while thirty more were placed over the resting-places of his relatives. From this point he took canoe to the place "where smoke sounds," as the Makololo named the falls, which Livingstone rechristened "The Victoria Falls." At twenty miles' distance five columns of vapour rising from the falls can be seen, their white bases shown up by the dark background of a wooded hill, and their summits mingling with the clouds. The scene is extremely beautiful when viewed at a distance to allow its details to be noted. The huge baobab, with its mighty trunk and massive arms—a very vegetable elephant—growing in characteristic magnitude, is half hidden by the long, gracefully-waving feathery forms of thin-stemmed palms. Spreading like a cedar of Lebanon, the mohonono contrasts its silvery foliage with the dark-leaved motsouri. Rich yellow autumn tints, or spring's ravishing blossoms decking the boughs with varied hues, alike make the scene beautiful at any season, and the diversity of sylvan luxuriance never fails to delight the eye. The red soil, where exposed on ridges, shows up the sombre greens of the forest trees, and rising 300 and 400 feet in height, the ground forms a natural frame for the lovely picture. Livingstone, whose graphic description is given with slight abbreviations, changed into a light canoe manned by skilled boatmen, to view the falls. They cautiously paddled down to "the very edge of the lip over which the water rolls. From the end of the island where we first landed, though it was within a few yards of the falls, yet no one could perceive where the vast body of water went; it seemed to lose itself in the earth, disappearing into a tranverse fissure only 80 feet wide. Creeping with awe to the extremity of the island, I peered down a large rent which had been made from bank to bank of the broad Zambesi, and saw that a stream 1,000 yards broad leaped down 100 feet, and then suddenly became compressed into a space of fifteen or twenty yards. In looking down into the fissure on the right of the island, nothing is visible but a dense white cloud, which, at the time we visited the spot, had two bright rainbows on it. From this cloud a great jet of vapour exactly like

Starts from Linyanti for the east coast.

The Victoria Falls of the Zambesi.

steam mounted up to a height of 200 or 300 feet, and then condensing changed its hue to that of dark smoke, and came back in a constant shower. From the left of the island the water at the bottom may be seen moving away in a white rolling mass to the prolongation of the fissure. The walls of this gigantic crack are perpendicular, and of a dark-brown colour. The edge of the side over which the water falls is worn off two or three feet, and pieces have fallen away, so as to give it a somewhat serrated appearance. The other edge is in a perfect state. On the left side of the island we had a good view of the mass of water which throws up one of the columns of vapour, as it leaps quite clear of the rock, and forms a thick, unbroken snow-white fleece all the way to the bottom. I can only compare the effect of these descending masses to the appearance of myriads of small comets rushing on in one direction, each dragging after it a long tail of foam. This was the period of low water in the Zambesi; but, as far as I could guess, it had a width of 500 or 600 yards of water, and a depth at the edge of the fall of at least three feet. I estimated the total width of the river above the falls at 1,000 yards, which is its ascertained width at Tete."

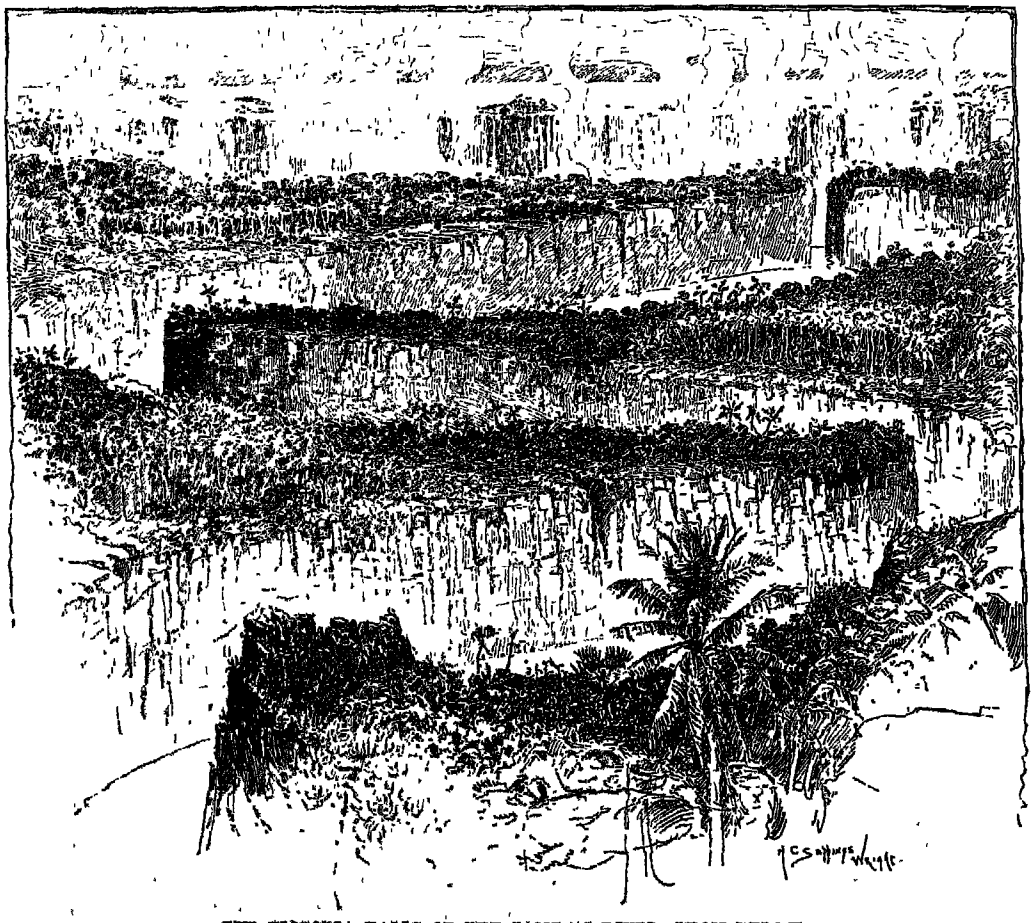
Later observers, particularly Serpa Pinto, have been able to give measurements that Livingstone could not give. "Beginning on the south bank," Johnston tells us, "there is first a fall of thirty-six yards in breadth, and, of course, uniform in depth of descent to the rest of the river. Then Boaruka, a small island, intervenes, and there is only a thin veil of water descending over the rock in front of it. Next comes a great fall, with a breadth of 573 yards: a projecting rock separates this from a second fall of 325 yards broad; farther east stands Garden Island; then comes a good deal of the bare rock of the river-bed, uncovered by a descent of water, and beyond that a score of narrow falls, which at the time of flood constitute one enormous cascade of nearly half a mile in breadth." The whole river plunges precipitously down the chasm to a depth of 360 feet, or counting the depth of the water, say 400 feet, and the entire volume of water rolls clear over quite unbroken. In comparison, the Niagara Falls may be mentioned as 375 and 700 yards wide, and 162 and 149 feet in height, on the American and Canadian sides respectively, and the width does not materially vary with the season. Similarly, the Gaisoppa Falls, from the Mysore plateau of Southern India, are 824 feet high, but their volume varies greatly with the time of year; though at all times considerable, they are audible at a distance of forty miles in the rainy season, while the amount of mist produced is so large as to quite hide their magnitude as they plunge into a horseshoe-shaped abyss.

After the Zambesi has descended into this gulf, its wonder does not cease. The cascade is divided by Garden Island, and the vapour-hidden waters, reuniting in a tremendous whirlpool, pass onward through a narrow fissure of only thirty yards, at right angles to the falls, situated towards the eastern extremity. Surging along in indescribable fury for 130 yards, they abruptly turn round a smooth, water-worn corner into a second chasm zigzagging away from the first. Rushing to the westward, they again return eastward after a course of 1,000 yards, turn again eastward for a similar distance, and then curving again, and for the last time westward, emerge into a gulf, which gradually straightens and widens into the main river (pp. 221, 224). The ground between these various bends is on the level with the upper bed of the Zambesi above the falls, over which, in undiminished width, the river at one time probably flowed. But the basaltic rock cracked, and in course of time the cracks widened into the fissures, which have been worn to their present size by the long-continued action of the river.

Sekeletu now returned, and Livingstone continued his perilous journey with 114 men. Leaving the north bank of the river, he struck off in a north-easterly direction on his guide's advice, to avoid the tsetse fly,

Along the Zambesi banks. The Batoka.

noting that he traversed the bed of an immense lake, which, like the Barotse valley and another area at Masiko, has been drained by the formation of fissures made in its sides by the upheaval of the country. Livingstone now entered the country once well peopled by the Batoka, who possessed enormous herds of cattle, but by the raids of the Makololo under Sebituane, and later by the Matabele, the cattle were carried off and the country became desolate and almost depopulated. The chief found consolation in noting in his hamlet the skulls of the Matabele his father overpowered when they were sick and starving. A tradition exists that, when flourishing, his people went to Zumbo to trade with the whites. Instead of filing their teeth the Batoka knock out the upper front teeth as a boy reaches man's estate, giving them an uncouth, old-man-like appearance, and causing their laugh to be hideous. They smoke hemp, which brings on so violent a fit of coughing that the enjoyment the use of this narcotic produces must indeed be great to counterbalance such unpleasantness. The mental effect varies in different individuals, in some producing frenzy, in others causing everything to appear magnified. There the moshuka tree, with which Livingstone had become acquainted at Tala Mungongo, is plentiful, and its abundant



THE VICTORIA FALLS OF THE ZAMBESI RIVER, FROM BELOW.

fruit almost kept his men for many days. The motsouri, manosho, and manéko trees assisted to give variety to the diet, and here alone throughout the journey were natives observed to plant trees—notably the motsikiri—for the purpose of enjoying their produce.

Some of the species of insects that are so noticeable in Africa may be mentioned here. Marching three or four abreast, the soldier ants, black in colour and half an inch *in length, may often be met with in their* thousands, following a few leaders, apparently leaving a scent on the ground by which the regiment may be guided: as, if water or earth be thrown down before the main body after the leaders have passed, they do not cross the obstruction, but run about in great perplexity until one, circling round the obstacle, hits off the scent, when, communicating the discovery to its friends, the march is resumed. The disturbance, from this or other cause, makes the ants utter a low hissing. The soldier ants may be called cannibals, as they have a particular liking for the white termite, but the termite only becomes attractive to the masses when the leader has comatised the victim with its acid-ejecting sting. It is then taken off to the barracks, after a *bonne bouche* of a leg or so has been eaten by the carrier, and often outside the nest quite a litter of discarded heads and legs may be observed.

Let a shower of rain fall and the air will be filled with a perfect din of insect voices. The cicada, with loud, shrill whistles, vie with the cricket, whose note, like the drone of the Scottish bag-pipe, tires the ear. Frogs croak in many ways, the little ones with constant repetition, while the bull-frogs seem to tell the time by a deep-voiced, bell-like note, which, starting in the distance, is taken up and passed on, as it were, by a line of watchmen, till, ere it dies away in the distance, another set start a new signal. Some tree-frogs are exceedingly beautiful, brightly marked, with vivid green backs, and intense scarlet soles to their feet, and the chameleon changes its tints to suit the shade of its temporary resting-place and escape detection. Its curiously arranged eyes allow it, while remaining motionless, to take note of insects approaching from any point of the compass within range of its deadly tongue.

Insect life.

Though hidden from casual observation, the termite—misnamed the white ant—seldom allows of its presence being forgotten in Africa, and in places its building gives a character to the landscape far exceeding what would be thought possible in so puny a builder. A queen termite, once married, lives a more secluded life than an Empress of China. Not able to leave her cell, her abdomen increases so enormously that she becomes several hundred times the bulk of her husband, and she does not feel her maternal duties discharged until she has laid some 30,000,000 eggs. These are carried away through apertures of the royal accouchement chamber by the workers, whose bodies can alone penetrate the small passages by which it is approached. Deposited in the nurseries, the eggs develop into mature males and females and neuters of both sexes. Of the latter, one per cent. become furnished with powerful jaws and a courage in the defence of the nest that knows no fear, and

The termite.

WILLIAM COTTON OSWELL.
(From a Photograph by Mudd and Son, Pleasant Pl., H.)

the remainder are workers. How they work may be seen by the nests, which are often twenty feet in height and a hundred feet in circumference, composed of clay so hard that a buffalo may mount them without fear of falling through. From these after a shower, a stream, apparently of smoke, may be seen to rise, but a near approach shows it to be winged ants, which emerge in millions, to the great delight of minahs, crows, sparrows, goat-suckers, and other insectivorous birds. The wings are thrown off as soon as the male overtakes the female, and, if they happily survive their numerous foes on earth, such as ants, spiders, and toads, and can crawl to a suitable spot, a new colony is established. In the pursuit of decaying vegetable matter, which is their *raison d'être*, the blind workers construct lengthy galleries of any substance at hand, cementing the particles together to form a tube about the size of a goose-quill. They construct this shield, under cover of which they work, at a great pace, and may be heard *marking time*, by beating the plaster as they lay it, in unison. They possess a marvellous instinct in removing all but the merest outside shell of the substances they attack, and many a strong-looking bough which they have demolished, though to all appearance uninjured, drops at the slightest extra strain. But for their incessant and wide-spreading labours, it may be safely asserted that many tropical and subtropical regions would be impassable and uninhabitable.

Passing through a country very rich in game, over much of which the report of a gun had never been heard, Livingstone had exceptional opportunities of studying the habits of the larger mammalia. His men, though proud of carrying guns, were too inexperienced in their use to be certain shots, so that much pot-hunting for the support of his large party fell to his lot. On one occasion he was a witness when his men killed an elephant—of which they seem to have seen immense numbers—without his assistance. Having killed an elephant the day before, he retired from the jubilant throng that were cutting it up, to take an observation, when he observed a cow and her calf at the end of a valley a couple of miles off. Presently he saw through his glass a string of his men circumventing them as, all unconscious of danger, the little one frisked around its mother as they bathed and wallowed in a pool. Their ablutions were interrupted by their assailants blowing into a tube and calling out—

A sportsman's paradise. Elephants, etc.

> O Chief! Chief! we have come to kill you;
> O Chief! Chief! many more will die beside you, etc.
> The gods have said it, etc. etc.

Slowly retreating, while her enemies approached to within a hundred yards, the mother kept on the danger side of her calf and comforted it with her proboscis, until she was obliged to cross a rivulet, when the delay of ascending the bank allowed the assailants to come within range and discharge their assegais at twenty yards' range. Leaving her young one, with sides streaming with blood, she fled for her life; but, finding her pace, when wounded, becoming too slow, she turned and charged back amongst the men. They avoided the charges again and again by scattering sideways at her approach, until, exhausted, she sank down dead. In narrating this incident Livingstone mentions an extraordinary escape of his friend Oswell, who, pursuing an elephant closely in a narrow pathway through thorny bushes, was suddenly startled by seeing the beast's head where, but a moment before, its tail had been. To get out of the way in time was impossible, and "in trying to dismount the hunter was thrown on the ground, with his face upwards to the elephant, which, being in full chase, went on. Mr. Oswell, seeing the huge fore foot of the animal about to descend on his legs, parted them, and drew in his breath, as if to resist the pressure of the other foot, which he expected would next descend on his body. He saw the whole length of the enormous brute pass over him, and escaped unhurt." The elephant in his wild haunts is a most dainty

feeder, and particularly fond of certain fruits and trees containing saccharine matter and gum, and he also relishes bulbs, tubers, roots, and branches, and except when grass is in seed (when he eats the tops) never touches it. From the tall Palmyra palm he shakes the seeds, and from other trees picks off their fruits one by one, and, considering his size, does little damage, though sometimes breaking down young trees to a foot or two from the ground to feed on the tender shoots.

From an inspection of old Roman coins, of Faustina Senior and Septimius Severus, struck A.D. 197, Livingstone was able to establish the interesting fact that, though in South Africa the elephant is never known now to be tamed, yet the Romans managed what modern civilisation has been unable to accomplish. The enormous size of the ear of the African elephant as compared with that of the Asiatic species is so clearly marked on these coins—one of which shows mahouts on the backs of a pair drawing a chariot—as to place the matter beyond a doubt. In their days it must be remembered that the elephant was found in Northern Africa to the seaward side of the Atlas; and in all likelihood the "towered elephants" of Hannibal and the Carthaginians were obtained from that part of the country. If African, they could, indeed, not be obtained from any other area of the continent, as it was then unknown south of the Sahara.*

Passing onwards without molestation and, indeed, with every assistance, through villages which, though numerous, were never large, so that, in the event of a raid, the population might the more readily escape, the kraal of Monze, the chief of the Batokas, was reached. Distributing medicine to the sick, and spreading the truths of Christianity around, Livingstone was a great source of attraction to the Batokas, whose men do not even wear the modest fig-leaf introduced by Adam, though the women are better clad than the Balonda belles. Their mode of salutation is singular. Throwing themselves on their backs on the ground, and rolling from side to side, they slap their thighs and utter the words, "Kina bomba." Semalembue was the next chief to be visited, and he was found to collect ivory, for which, from other chiefs farther coastways, he received English cotton goods from Mozambique. He dwelt on the banks of the Kefu,† a river there 200 yards broad and full of hippopotami. In his youth, when no larger than a terrier, the baby hippopotamus loves to sit on the neck of its dam, and, as it increases in size, on her withers. To protect the fields of grain from the ravages of these huge beasts, pitfalls were dug around. Never having heard a gun, they were found to be remarkably tame. Numbers of other animals showed equal tameness, and game generally existed here in larger numbers at the time of Livingstone's visit than he had seen anywhere else in Africa. Hundreds of buffaloes grazed in open spaces, and even trotted up to look at the oxen. They were accompanied by their chums, the Kala, or buffalo-bird,‡ which, when the buffalo is undisturbed, is seen searching for food on its friend's back, or on the ground. When the bird is alarmed, it communicates its fear to the less quick-sighted buffalo and, perching on its withers, is carried onwards as the buffalo rushes off to a place of greater safety. Zebras were equally common, and elephants had to be shouted at to get out of the way. One, however, accompanied by three young ones of different sizes—a most unusual occurrence—scattered the party right and left, as, seized with a sudden fright, she charged through the extended line.

Striking the Zambesi about eight miles below its confluence with the Kefu, the party journeyed through the Batonga country on the northern bank, while the southern is occupied by the Banyai—a timorous race, which now, thanks to the British South Africa

* The authorities for the African elephant being at one time a denizen of Barbary, and used for war and other purposes, are given in the "Bibliography of Morocco" (1893), by Sir R. Lambert Playfair and Dr. Robert Brown, under the titles "Hanno" and "Pliny the Elder."

† Lat. 15° 48′ 19″ S., long. 28° 22′ E.

‡ *Textor erythrorhynchus.*

ZEBRAS ON THE PLAINS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

Company, is relieved from extensive raiding, almost leading to their extermination, by the Matabele. The Batonga kill elephants by erecting stages among the high trees overhanging the paths frequented by them, from which they let fall enormous assegais, which sink into the animal's back, and also by poisoned spears attached to beams so suspended that when the animal's foot touches a spring the beam falls.

The women here adopt the singular custom of piercing the upper lip and gradually enlarging the orifice until they can insert a shell, which causes the lip to stick out beyond the nose. Raised cicatrices from the tip of the nose to the root of the hair of the forehead are thought a charm. They are a fine, muscular race, and both men and women cultivate the ground.

With the exception of a single disagreeable incident when coming out of the country over which the Makololo claim possession—when a fanatic had threatened Livingstone with an axe, but had been awed by his courageous coolness—the journey eastward had until now been comparatively unexciting. Now, arrived at Mburuma's country, they were regarded with grave suspicion, as an Italian named Sinoens had raided up the river with armed slaves and carried away a number of prisoners and much ivory, for which he had paid the penalty of his life. The women now fled and all the people met were terrified. A call was made to arms, but the headman of a succouring party interviewed Livingstone, and the mistake was explained, though suspicion was not quite allayed, and the latter crossed the Loangwa in fear of an attack, and came to Zomba. This was found to be a deserted station of the Portuguese, and the houses were rapidly falling to ruins. On the south bank of the Zambesi a fort had been built and a church erected at a central point formed by the right bank of the Loangwa and the left of the Zambesi. From this point the Portuguese had attempted to establish a trade with Casembe (p. 164); but, as on the last trial the people from this town had not been allowed

Mburuma's country. Among unfriendly people.

to trade with whom they pleased on their arrival at Tete to invite a return visit, the matter fell through. Zomba is now re-occupied, and is the boundary town between the British and Portuguese territories on the Zambesi

Here Livingstone had the last of his riding oxen break down through the hilly nature of the country and the effects of the tsetse fly, which had returned with the game since the Batoka country had been reduced to a state of wildness by the raids of Makololo and Matabele. He was also surprised by the visit of a man in jacket and hat, who came from Tete had no canoes and funds were low. Fortunately, his people were in good condition, partly from his young men's prowess in hunting, and partly from the spoils of Livingstone's gun, while recently, in return for teaching a new step-dance to the belles of the villages passed through, the privilege of tuition had been paid for in corn. Having unsuccessfully negotiated a passage, Livingstone marched on to M'pende's village, where, in the early morning, a surprise party came close to their encampment, uttered hideous screams, lighted a charmed fire, and returned to the main body mustering half a mile off. To keep up the courage of his men

IVORY STORE. (*From a Photograph by Mr Fred L. M. Moir, of the African Lakes Company*)

and informed him it was on the opposite bank of the Zambesi, and that for the last two years the Portuguese had been at war with the natives. This was awkward news, as the party at this critical juncture, Livingstone killed and roasted an ox, of which he handed a leg to a spy to give the chief, who then deigned to send to know who he was. On its being

ascertained by the chief and his counsellors that he was an Englishman, and a proof of his kindness of disposition to his black companions being shown in the purchase of a canoe for one of his men who was sick, the obstructionists veered round, and orders were given to assist the party to cross the river, here 1,200 yards wide and flowing nearly four miles an hour. Livingstone was naturally much relieved to be safely across the Zambesi and beyond the zone of warfare.

Striking off to reach Tete by a shorter route than following the main river, the Zingesi, a sand rivulet in flood, was crossed. In such a river the water digs the sand from under the feet very quickly, and any momentary stoppage means a greater difficulty in proceeding when a start is again made. Remembering that a stone has only about half the weight in water that it has in air, the readiness with which the sand moves can easily be accounted for. The motion causes such an attrition that in diving into the water of such a river the contact of the surfaces of the many faces of the stones as they are moved along can be clearly heard. About here tracks of the black rhinoceros were seen—a scarce animal north of the Zambesi. Like the buffalo, this savage beast has a bird which attaches itself to it, much as a dog finds companionship in a man. The rhinoceros is a nocturnal feeder, and the bird may be heard warning it with an acute cry in the early morning. The bird is also found amongst reeds where no rhinoceri exist; but its peculiarly sharp claws and forceps-like beak enable it, when associating with its huge companion, to hang on to its ear, whence it extracts parasites that no bird without such appliances could reach.

Livingstone anticipated finding silver in this region, but was unsuccessful; nor can the people distinguish the precious metal from tin. He heard for the first time a native word for gold, which in Angola was not distinguished by the people from brass, and that the metal was to be met with north of the river. The Mashonas with whom he came in contact did not apparently mention the extensive ancient workings since explored in their country, or the ruins of Zimbabye and other centres of an ancient civilisation associated with an old gold-mining population. He, however, discovered coal in the district of Chicova, which has assumed importance since the introduction of light-draught gunboats, whose stern-wheels stir up the waters of the Zambesi with novel motion. Another useful commodity found about here is salt and, as none had been obtainable by the party for a long time, it was most acceptable. It is no uncommon thing in journeying in Mashonaland to see children reject sugar and prefer to lick salt, which throughout that region is greatly in demand. About the country Livingstone was now traversing the hyæna appears to be singularly aggressive, and the huts are built on high stages, as a protection from this beast, no less than from lions and elephants. Though proverbially cowardly, it will attack sleeping men, inflicting ugly wounds, while it occasionally kills and carries off children. Its strength of jaw is terrific, and no more depressing sound can be heard by a sick man, tossing about with fever, than its ghoul-like laughter. It seems to remind the invalid how hopeless his case is, and mocks him as he lies awake, as though it found a fiendish glee in laughing, "As soon as you are a corpse, you will be my prey, as other carrion has been."

Resources of the Zambesi valley.

When in the Barotse valley Livingstone was regaled with a great dainty, as it was the time of "harvest" for the young of the linkololo,* a black, long-legged bird, somewhat larger than a crow, breeding gregariously amongst the reeds. Their haunts are preserved by the chiefs, who collect the young while still unfledged, but very fat. Now in the Banyai country it was the season for the young hornbills, or korwes, which, however, are not gregarious, and require closely searching for amongst the mapani trees. When the incubating season comes on, the female, having

*Anastomus lamelligerus.

chosen a fitting cleft in a tree, enters it, and the male plasters up the hole, excepting a narrow slit, through which he feeds his spouse. She then makes a nest of her own feathers, lays her eggs and hatches them, and remains a prisoner until the young are fully fledged, while the male continues to perform the duty of feeding her and her growing family. So emaciated does he become at the task, which lasts two or three months, that, if the weather becomes suddenly cold, he dies. The confined hen bird waxes the while proportionately fat, and a succulent morsel she is to the lucky Mashona who marks her retreat. She is said to hatch her eggs sometimes at two successive periods, in which event she leaves the nest when the first batch are self-supporting, and joins her husband in attending to the wants of the second brood of korwes.*

While the people on the western side of Africa make a large trade by keeping bees and selling the wax for export, the Mashonas simply consume alike wax, grubs, and honey when the honey-bird points out the position of a nest. The honey is generally of fairly good flavour and its abundance may be a reason why sugar is of so much less value than salt. In the season, too, large quantities of "sweet cane"† are grown, which is broken into convenient pieces and chewed to extract the saccharine juices. Although the Mashonas are skilled smelters and workers in iron, basket-work, and coarse cloth weaving, they have never soared to the height of making sugar.

Livingstone continued his journey towards Tete without any serious interruption. At one spot war-drums were beaten and a battle-dance was indulged in; but the appearance of the party was too formidable for hostilities to be lightly provoked. Guides were difficult to procure, as the wives are the masters in the Banyai country and object to their lords' absence; indeed, the importance of women in relation to men is greater here than is generally found. For courtship and marriage a suitor is obliged to live in his intended's village and propitiate in particular his future mother-in-law. If he wishes to return to his family, he must leave his children behind: they are the wife's. In the same way, the man must not accept work without the wife giving her approval. The women, however, are not exempt from the accusation of being witches and practising sorceries. If suspected of the art, they have to fast, while a potion, or "ordeal," is prepared by the witch-doctor The test of innocence is to vomit it: but if it acts as a purge they are judged to be guilty. The chiefs unite in a confederacy for common aims and a chief assumes the office by election. A nephew is chosen in preference to a son, but a member of another tribe may be appointed. On election, all the goods, wives, and children of the late chief become his, and sink into a low social vassalage, from which they are not likely again to rise to their former position. There are both freemen and slaves, and the former, while young, receive an education by living with a chief, who teaches them to avoid greediness at table and to respect their superiors.

On approaching Tete, Livingstone's party had to avoid all chiefs likely to impose dues similar to the extortions he had met with within the slave-raiding zone on the west coast. Through adopting circuitous routes, he avoided the chief kraals. He had on one occasion to buy off a party who threatened to inform against him for passing through the country without leave. However, he reached Tete on March 3, 1856, and in response to his letters of introduction, which he sent on in advance, he was met by some Portuguese officers and an escort, who brought a "machila" (p. 236) in which he might be carried, and, with equal thoughtfulness, the materials for a civilised breakfast. Major Sicard, in command at Tete, received the travellers with great kindness, and the Makololo were given a piece of land on which they might raise a kraal and cultivate whilst engaged in wood-cutting and

Arrival at Tete.

* *Tockus erythrorhynchus.*
† *Sorghum saccharatum.*

elephant-hunting, which enabled them to earn the wherewithal to return to Sekeletu. A few accompanied Livingstone to Quilimane when he went on there, only leaving him with the promise that he would return and lead them back to Linyanti, for which object they were quite prepared to wait. One, Sekwebu, actually accompanied Livingstone to Mauritius in a man-of-war, on which, it is sad to relate, his mind gave way under conditions so different from those he had been accustomed to, and he deliberately drowned himself by going hand over hand down the cable as the vessel lay at anchor. Livingstone remained some time at Tete in the hope of avoiding the most sickly season at Quilimane; but he suffered from an attack of fever there, though, thanks to quinine and his better equipment, he had not had an attack since leaving

THE ZAMBESI AT SHUPANGA.
(From a Photograph by Mr Fred L. M. Moir, of the Africa Lakes Company)

Linyanti. His detention at Tete enabled the great traveller to gain a good knowledge of the district and its neighbourhood. Coal, of which he had noticed but a single small seam, he now ascertained was known to outcrop in several places, covering a considerable area of ground. He was told of several extensive alluvial gold-fields, which were worked on a small scale, and the produce brought in quills to Tete, where it was exchanged for calico. Spots that dry most rapidly after an inundation has covered the river banks with a deposit of mud are supposed to be the most likely places to search for the precious metal, and if a flake be unearthed it is buried again under the extraordinary impression that it is the seed of the gold and, therefore, it is essential to restore it to secure another crop. The district of Manica, in after years so thoroughly exploited, was even then considered to be the Ophir of King Solomon; and Mashonaland and other districts were well known as gold-fields to the Portuguese. The magnificent malleable iron, of which assegais and hatchets are made by native smiths, and which is so much more useful than the modern cast and indifferent-quality wares, in that it can be straightened when cold between two stones is smelted from slightly magnetic ore, which

occurs abundantly in this district. But around Tete all industries, whether mining or agricultural, were then languishing, as the export of slaves to Brazil had stripped the country of its population, and the old story of the goose and the golden eggs repeated itself. Before this drain had begun slaves were employed in large numbers to wash gold and, as they had to be fed, they created a market for agricultural products, and so the industry benefited the chiefs in the interior. To such an extent had depopulation been carried, that the Portuguese were unable to support themselves and were leaving the country, until their Government passed a law to stop emigration. Rebellion then broke out, Tete was almost totally reduced to ruins, and for two years the Portuguese were shut up in the fort. It has of late years, however, recovered from the war, and is now fairly civilised. Major Sicard had only brought about a peace as Livingstone appeared on the scene. The first news of his approach was that "the Son of God had come, able to take the sun down from the heavens and place it under his arm," in allusion to his practice of using the sextant and artificial horizon.

NATIVE ROAD IN THE ZAMBESI DELTA. RAINY SEASON.
(From a Photograph by Mr. Lord & Mann, of the Yard Lot Company.)

The Jesuits, who had so indelibly impressed their mark on the west coast, had been less successful on the east. They amassed great riches in their traffic in ivory and exported large quantities of gold-dust to Goa, enclosed in images; but after the confiscation of their immense wealth by the State, as they had failed to secure the sympathies of the people, they seem to have faded out of history, and

no education survives from their teaching here as in Angola. While at Tete, amongst other important letters, Livingstone wrote to the King of Portugal, pointing out that, as slave-trading had become unremunerative, wholesale enterprise—especially road-making into the interior—could be then advantageously commenced with great promise of success. He was emboldened to make this communication from the kindness he had *received from His Majesty's subjects, from a* single-hearted desire for the development of what might be exceedingly rich colonies, and certainly from no design whatever of annexation to the British Crown.

Leaving Tete with a Portuguese officer on the 22nd of March, Livingstone again embarked on the waters of the Zambesi, now high with a fourth annual rise of its waters, and reached Sena on the 27th. So swift is the current, this distance may be traversed in less than twenty-four hours with the stream, while the upward journey takes twenty days. Livingstone found this station to be in an even more lamentable state than Tete, its inhabitants paying fines to a tribe who considered the Portuguese conquered. The traveller continued his journey by water as far as Mazaro, where the delta of the river commences as an immense flat, covered with high, coarse grass and reeds, with a few mango and cocoa-nut trees. Before it splits up to meander by several channels through this country to the sea the river presents a grand reach of water more than half a mile wide, unbroken by islands and bounded by banks covered with fine timber. At its entrance into the sea by the Kwa-Kwa mouth, the river has a width of five or six miles, but it has a shallow bar and no facilities for navigation, though through a smaller passage, the Tshinde, a vessel drawing 1 foot 8 inches can pass at all times.

Down the Zambesi to the sea.

Livingstone arrived at Quilimane on May 20, 1856, prostrated by fever, nearly four years after he had left Cape Town, and after traversing no less than eleven thousand miles. With the exception of the Pombeiros, in 1802–11 (p. 164), with the others mentioned (pp. 165–66), who went from the west coast to the east, there is no record up to the time of Livingstone's journey of anyone crossing Africa. He had been three years without tidings of his family and on his arrival he only heard of them indirectly. He found, however, that he was by no means forgotten and the captain of a man-of-war, calling in the hope of hearing *of him, had consideratoly* left wine and quinine for his use. He also learned, much to his regret, that the price of an inquiry for him had been the loss, through the upsetting of a boat on the bar, of two officers and five men of H.M.S. *Dart*. After waiting at Quilimane six weeks, H.M.S. *Frolic* arrived with abundant supplies and an offer from the Admiral of the station of a passage to Mauritius, which was gladly accepted. Thence he journeyed to London, arriving on December 9th, whence he at once proceeded to Southampton to meet his wife.

Livingstone had left home an unknown and obscure missionary in 1840. In sixteen years he had made a name for himself that will never die by showing he possessed every qualification necessary for an explorer of unknown lands. He had seized every opportunity of noting with keen eye and recording with accurate pen every main point of the geography, physical structure, and climatic conditions of the countries traversed, and won the highest encomiums from Sir Roderick Murchison and Professor (afterwards Sir Richard) Owen. The Astronomer-Royal gave unstinted praise to his unexampled achievements in making quick and accurate lunar observations by pronouncing those made on 'the course of the Zambesi "the finest specimens of sound geographical observation he had ever met with." As a naturalist, his constant notes on all points of the flora and fauna of Africa bear testimony to the care and accuracy with which he observed Nature in all her varied forms, whether in the huge mammals with which he was thrown so

Livingstone's merits as an explorer.

much in contact, or in insect life (which must have been only too frequently in evidence), or in noting the flowers, trees, and useful plants which his knowledge of botany and materia medica enabled him to understand and appreciate.

Alive to the importance of mercantile affairs, for which he possessed and exercised a keen capacity for the benefit of others, we find him on his return exhibiting at the Manchester Chamber of Commerce many kinds of fruits, dyes that had been kept secret by the natives, fibres hitherto unknown, and expatiating on the abundance of vegetable and mineral wealth where but sandy deserts had before been thought to exist.

His knowledge of men and his wonderful courage and patience in dealing with savages, whose language he did not always understand and whose motives were so different to his own, had been demonstrated over and over again; and as, through the force of circumstances, he could not return and make the Makololo country a settled scene of his labours, he arranged for his brother-in-law, Mr. John Moffat, to be their missionary, cheerfully giving up his first three years' salary, when made Consul, for the purpose. Though he had been an agent of the London Missionary Society for sixteen years, it was felt by him and them that the time had come when he would best serve the cause he held so dear by severing his connection with a body whose organisation was too restricted for the work for which he had proved himself so peculiarly fitted. Accordingly, after being received with great honour by the Society at a meeting at which Lord Shaftesbury presided, he resigned, and soon afterwards accepted the post of British Consul at Quilimane for the East Coast and the independent districts in the interior, and commander of an expedition for exploring Eastern and Central Africa, the results of which form the theme of the next chapter. Replying to one of the many protests this action called forth, Livingstone wrote: "Nowhere have I ever appeared as anything else but a servant of God, who has simply followed the leadings of His hand. My views of what is *missionary* duty are not so contracted as those whose ideal is a dumpy sort of man with a Bible under his arm. I have laboured in bricks and mortar, at the forge and carpenter's bench, as well as in preaching and medical practice. I feel that I am 'not my own.' I am serving Christ when shooting a buffalo for my men, or taking an astronomical observation, *or writing to one of His children, who* forget, during the little moment of penning a note, *that* charity which is eulogised as 'thinking no evil:' and after having, by His help, got information which I hope will lead to more abundant blessing being bestowed on Africa than heretofore, am I to hide the light under a bushel merely because some will consider it not sufficiently, or even at all, *missionary*?"

Soon after his arrival in England the Royal Geographical Society held a special meeting to welcome him. Sir Roderick Murchison was in the chair, and his fellow-travellers of years before, Colonel Steele and Mr. Oswell, were present to grasp again the hand of fellowship. The Society had already awarded him its Patron's gold medal, and this served as a fitting opportunity for its presentation. Livingstone received during his visit to Great Britain, amongst many other honours, the freedom of the City of London, of Hamilton, of Glasgow, and of Edinburgh. He was the "lion" of the season of 1857, was fêted at a meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science at Dublin, was welcomed by the Chamber of Commerce at Manchester, and at his native village was given a public reception, at which he advised the workingmen to trust their masters. Oxford conferred its degree of D.C.L., Glasgow made him LL.D., the Royal Society elected him a Fellow, and the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons gave him an honorary fellowship. At Cambridge his lectures bore fruit in starting the Universities' Mission to Central Africa, and Professor Sedgwick bears testimony to his getting a welcome before which those

of the great heroes of Napoleon's days paled. Before leaving England, he was received by Her Majesty and Prince Consort, an honour that afforded him much gratification, and last, but not least, at a farewell banquet held at the Freemason's Tavern, Sir Roderick Murchison wound up a eulogy by reminding his hearers of Livingstone's promise to his Makololo at Loanda, when, in spite of the temptation to come home to country and family, in spite of the perils of the way, he kept his word, and returned with them to their homes, "leaving for himself in that country a glorious name, and proving to the people of Africa what an English Christian is."

MACHILA AT QUILIMANE.

(From a Photograph by Mr. Fred I. M. Moir, of the Africa Lakes Company.)

SOUTH END OF TANGANYIKA FROM NIAMKOLO.
(From a Photograph by Mr. Frad L. M. Moir, of the Myasa Lakes Company.)

CHAPTER XII.

GREAT RIVERS AND GREAT LAKES: EIGHT YEARS OF DISCOVERY.

Livingstone's Zambesi Expedition—The Members of the Party—Its Manifold Misfortunes—The *Ma-Robert's* Infirmities The Portuguese—Ascent of the Zambesi and Shiré—Discovery of Lake Shirwa—Lake Nyassa Reached—Its Partial Exploration—Murder of Dr Roscher—A Fresh Battalion of Misfortunes—A Journey up the Zambesi with the Makololo—Sekeletu in Evil Case—The Beginning of the Break Up of the Makololo Empire—Arrival of the Universities' Mission, and its Evil Days—A Journey to Lake Nyassa—The Slave-Hunters—The Rovuma River—Arrival and Death of Mrs. Livingstone—A Voyage Up the Rovuma River—Another Journey to Lake Nyassa—Death of Thornton—Raids of Mariano the Slave-Hunter—The Crocodiles of the Shiré—Recall of the Expedition—Its Results—Disappointment in England A Third Expedition—Livingstone Sent Without White Colleagues—African Travellers and African Travel Up the Rovuma Valley to Lake Nyassa—A Bad Beginning—A "Moulting" of the Expedition's Bad Bargains—The Advantage of a Small Party—Roving Robbers—From Nyassa to Tanganyika—The Desertion of Moosa and the Johanna Men—On the Road Again with a Lightened Load—A Fair Land but a Treacherous Climate—Illness The Tshambezi—An Unfriendly Chief—A Jovial Host—Arab Friends—Tippoo Tib is Met With—At Cazembe's—Lakes Moero and Bangweolo—An Arab Caravan—Arrival at Ujiji.

THE enthusiasm aroused by Livingstone's important exploration, the longest, if not the greatest, in the history of African travel, determined the British Government to send him on another journey, this time under national auspices, the main object of which was the examination of the Zambesi River and of the lake in which it was believed one of its branches originated. This exploration, and those to which it gave rise, though they led to more than one tramp across Africa almost as epoch-making in the history of geography as Livingstone's, have little directly to do with the crossing of the continent; but, as a link with others still to be described, it is necessary to give a brief outline of the work in which the old missionary was occupied until death met him in the wilds of the land he loved so well.

The new expedition was equipped with little regard to cost, and the leader was accompanied by several companions, among the best-known of whom in after days were Dr. John Kirk* and Thomas Baines, the artist,

* Afterwards Sir John Kirk, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., Her Majesty's Consul-General and Political Agent at Zanzibar.

who had already had some experience of Africa, and many years afterwards gained considerable reputation as an explorer of the South African gold mines. But neither he nor Richard Thornton, who had been appointed geologist, managed to "hit it off" with the occasionally peevish and sometimes unreasonable commander,* who, moreover, was too frequently under the influence of his brother, Charles Livingstone, who accompanied the party, and seems, by all accounts, to have been a rather unamiable personage, with an opinion of his own importance altogether out of proportion to his merits. Before starting, Livingstone resigned, as we have seen, his connection with the London Missionary Society, and was appointed a salaried Consul, with nominal duties, for the country he was on the eve of exploring.

Almost from the first, everything went wrong with the expedition. It left England on the 10th of March, 1858, and reached the mouth of the Zambesi in the middle of the next month. Livingstone seemed to have expected, from certain promises, that the Portuguese Government of this region would render every assistance in his work, and complained that secret injunctions had been sent out in a contrary sense. How far this was true is not worth discussing; but, considering the fact that neither then, nor for many years afterwards, were the undoubted rights of Portugal to a large part of the Zambesi country recognised by Great Britain, could it be reasonably expected that the officials would favour an enterprise the avowed object of which was to open up the country to British commerce and, if possible, occupation?

However, the party ascended the river from the Kongoni mouth in a launch, the *Ma-Robert*,† to Tete, and the remainder of the year was spent in examining the Zambesi as far as the Kebrabasa Rapids (p. 240), which were found to be an effectual barrier against the navigation of the river at all seasons. Added to these growing troubles, which seemed to have an injurious effect on the leader's temper, the *Ma-Robert* was found so completely unfitted for its purpose that orders were sent to England to get another vessel built, if necessary, at Livingstone's own expense. He was, however, gratified by the warm reception he received from the Makololo whom he left at Tete to await his return, though of the hundred and odd men thirty had died of small-pox and six had been murdered by one of those villainous half-castes with which the Portuguese colonies swarm. Pending the arrival of the new steamer, the Shiré river, which falls into the Zambesi, was explored for 200 miles, until the now well-known rapids, which were named in honour of Sir Roderick Murchison, stopped all farther progress by water. They were now evidently in a country which had not been troubled by the Portuguese slave-traders. The Mañanja, the natives lower down, were reported to be very hostile on account of the usage they had received from these rascals. But their suspicion was appeased. Here, however, the people seemed so much inclined to be hostile on general principles that the party returned and determined to reach the lake, out of which they were sure the river flowed, by an overland journey.

The Zambesi expedition begins work.

This plan was carried out in March of the same year (1859), the Shiré being left at a place near the modern settlement of Katunga, or Blantyre Port, and the tramp in search of the lake undertaken with very vague reports as to its position for their guidance. The Nyassa was even less a "discovery" than had been Tanganyika and Victoria, if by this term is understood that the existence of the sheet had been hitherto

Lake Shirwa.

* Mr. Baines—whom the writer numbered among his early friends—was discharged for reasons now universally admitted not only to have been insufficient, but to have been actually to his credit. Thornton, for reasons not explained, met the same fate, and went to Kilimanjaro with Baron von der Decken, but was afterwards reinstated, and died in the service of the expedition.

† "Mother of Robert" (her eldest son), the name Mrs. Livingstone obtained from the Kaffirs.

unknown to civilised men. In reality, though Livingstone's labours dwarf into insignificance "the glory of each foreign brave," not only was the course of the Zambesi and Shiré roughly known to the Portuguese, who had colonised the region near the mouth of the former, but as early as the beginning of the seventeenth century Nyassa was familiar under the name of Zallan * or Maravi. In the light of Lacerda's, and other journeys (pp. 163-4), it is idle to pretend, as has been done of late years for the purpose of justifying by geographical discovery what Britain was perfectly entitled to by effective occupation, that "beyond the great and little swamps (on the Shiré river, and called Nyanza)," Portuguese knowledge did not extend. But by this time the existence—or, at all events, the exact position—of the lake had been forgotten, and it is certain that the travellers whose journeys across Africa we have already described did not see Nyassa; for though their fragmentary narratives contain allusions to such a lake, they never actually came upon it. Indeed, at the period when Livingstone and Kirk went in search of it, they were embarrassed by a multitude of counsels. They heard repeatedly of a "Nyanja-nakulu," or great sea, and found that every insignificant lake, or river, or marsh of any magnitude was called Nyanja, so that the number of spots bearing the name which they had expected to find applied to one only bewildered them. And, after all, when they did come upon a lake to the east of the Shiré Highlands it was comparatively small, brackish, and bitter, though containing fishes, crocodiles, and hippopotami, and therefore could not well be the traditional Nyassa out of which the Shiré flowed. It was Lake Shirwa. Returning to the steamer, which was found in a poorer condition than they had left her, and laying in fresh stores, another start was made to discover the lake which had so often eluded their eyes.

Taking to land at the same spot on the Shiré banks as before, Livingstone and three of his party, with thirty-six Makololo porters and two native guides, ascended the beautiful Shiré Highlands and the mountains on which Zomba, the residence of Her Majesty's Commissioner for Nyassaland, is now situated, and then, after leaving Lake Shirwa, struck the banks of the Shiré once more. After following this stream upwards for some days, they came to Lake Pamalombwe, into which it broadens soon after leaving Lake Nyassa What was their amazement when within a single day's journey of this long-sought-for sheet, as they afterwards found, to be told that no such lake existed; that the river extended so far that it would take two moons to reach the spot where it sprang from between perpendicular rocks so lofty that they almost touched the sky! But, in reality, the African chief who vouchsafed this extraordinary information was right according to his way of stating geographical information. It turned out that in this part of the river the word "Shiré"—which is said to be corrupt Portuguese—is not known, but the term "Nyanja" is used to express not only the lake but the river, which, in the natives' eyes, seems a continuation of it. Hence, in saying that the former was "two months" in length, the chief meant no more than that it would take about that length of time to tramp to the spot where it ended, close to the precipitous Livingstone or Ukinga Mountains. †

Lake Nyassa.

This was readily admitted when the natives were more closely questioned, and in a few hours the travellers arrived at "the broader Nyanja"—the Lake Nyassa on which there are now British steamers, fortified posts, mission settlements, and the trading establishments of a great commercial company. This was on the 16th September, 1859, and, unless the unsupported story that Candido da Costa

* Vicomte de Sá da Bandeira, "Notes sur les Fleuves Zambesé et Chire et quelques lacs de l'Afrique Oriental" (*Bull. de la Soc. de Géographie*, Sér. Vme, t. iii., p. 361, and t. iv., p. 390); see also "Correspondence Respecting the Action of Portugal in Mashonaland and in the Districts of the Shiré and Lake Nyassa" ("Blue Book," Africa, No. 2, 1890).

† Johnston, "Livingstone," p. 253.

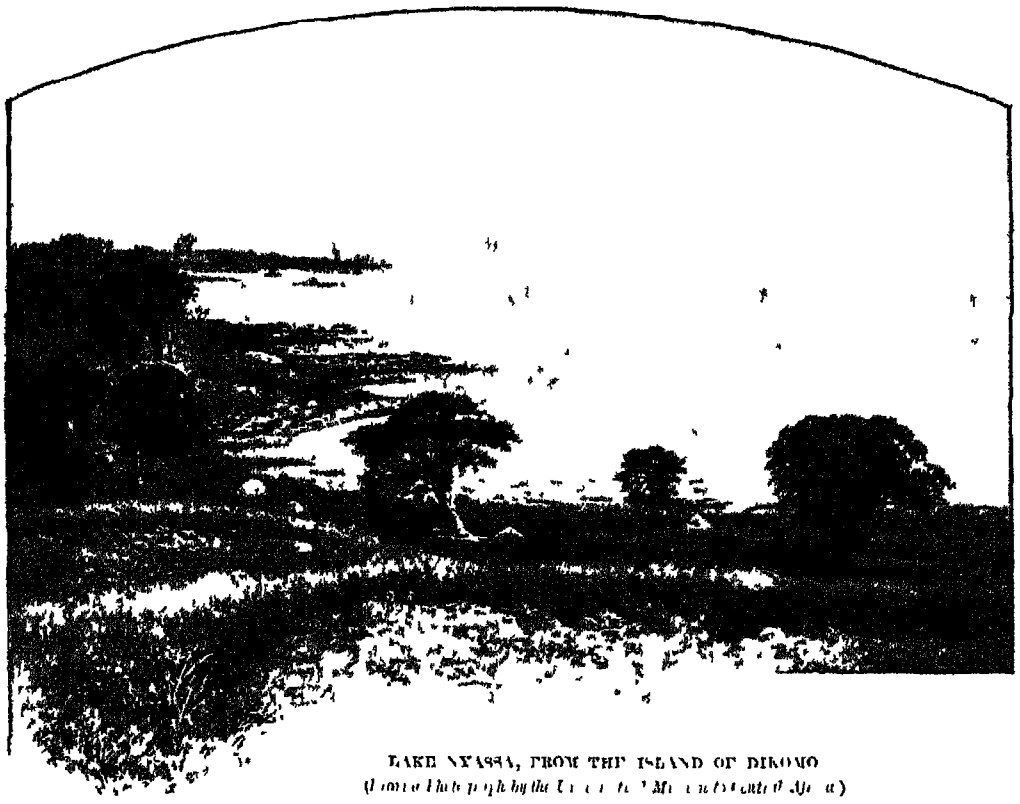
Cordoso told Livingstone of having reached the lake in 1846, is true, they were the first whites who had ever looked upon this sheet of water. At the same time, it is certain that it had been long known to the settlers, by name at least, and that half-caste native traders or "pombeiros" had seen it in the course of their rovings in search of ivory and slaves. Yet, except for the legends which they left behind them, their involuntary explorations were of little value to the men who deserve all the glory of discovering a lake which, in the near future, will form, with Tanganyika and Victoria Nyanza, a link in the land- and water-way through the African continent. But, as we have seen, Livingstone had this distinction almost snatched from him by Dr. Albert Roscher, who, starting from Kilwa, on the east coast, by the Arab slavers' route, reached the shores of the lake at a place called Lusewa,* only two months after Livingstone's visit (p. 66). He was, unfortunately, murdered by the Yao people before he had gone far on his return journey; though Mr. Johnston is perhaps right in his surmise that the people executed at Zanzibar as the culprits were merely slaves sent by the Yao chiefs to appease the wrath of the Sultan, who had undertaken to see the assassins of the German explorer punished.

Lake Nyassa on this visit did not, however, detain Livingstone long. He was anxious about those he had left on board the steamer at Tshibisa's village, which he reached on the 6th of October, all of his party worn out by the toil of the journey and the bad quality of the food which they had devoured. This heedlessness of the quality of his provisions and of the way they were cooked was, indeed, one of the mistakes Livingstone actually committed. Naturally a man of frugal regimen, accustomed in early life to no dainty diet, he fell in with the ways of the natives as soon as he had reached Africa, and in travelling about seemed to consider it effeminate to trouble himself about such sublunary matters as his meals.

A battalion of misfortunes.

KEBRABASA FALLS OF THE ZAMBESI.

* Livingstone calls it "Nusseewa," the exact position of which was unknown to him.



LAKE NYASSA, FROM THE ISLAND OF DIKOMO
(From a photograph by the Universities' Mission to Central Africa)

From this spot the *Ma-Robert* was again run down to the Kongoni mouth for repairs and to receive the supplies which had been sent out from England, while Dr. Kirk and Mr. Rae, the engineer, marched overland (in sore straits from the heat and the lack of water) to Tete on the Zambesi. Misfortunes seemed unending. The *Ma-Robert* was a misfortune in itself, always breaking down, always in need of repairs, her consumption of fuel something prodigious, and her new steel plates tending to wear into a semblance of sieves, so that the cabins were often flooded with the water that leaked in from below and the rain that poured in from the imperfect deck above; while, in addition to all her other imperfections, the *Asthmatic*, as Livingstone named her, from the wheezing sound her engines gave out, was so slow that on the river even a canoe could pass her.

At the Kongoni mouth a fresh mishap tried the temper of the commander. For, in crossing the bar, the boats containing the stores and the mails from England capsized in the breakers, so that the discomforts of a not very comfortable expedition were intensified by the necessity of being in exile without hearing from home for twenty months. However, there was nothing for it but to send the *Ma-Robert* wheezing up the river to Tete, where she arrived in February, 1860, after a passage divided between little spurts and many break-downs. Once more running down the river to Kongoni, Livingstone heard that his mail-bag had been washed ashore, carried to Quilimane, and thence to Sena, so that it must have passed him on its way to Tete. Meanwhile, Mr. Rae finding that his services on board the *Ma-Robert* could be of little further use to the expedition, was sent

to England for the purpose of advising the Admiralty as to the best kind of vessel they ought to send out to replace the useless craft he had quitted. With him were despatched five boxes of botanical specimens; but, as if to keep up the character which the fortune of this hapless adventure had acquired, from no blame of those concerned in it, these collections did not reach their destination for thirty years. All of this time they lay in some naval storehouse at Portsmouth, after which interval they were duly delivered at Kew, physically nothing much the worse, though, from a scientific point of view, stripped of the novelty which attached to them at the time they were collected.

Finally—though there was never any finality in Livingstone's moan over the bad quality of the tools, dead and alive, which had been placed at his disposal—the much-abused Portuguese were thwarting him, and actually building a fort and a custom-house at the Kongoni mouth, in order to make good their claims to that part of the delta which it had been the chief part of the expedition's work to explore as regards its commercial possibilities.

Yet when Livingstone, returning to Tete, and leaving two sailors in charge of his stores, began a journey up the Zambesi with the intention of returning the Makololo to their own country (p. 236), he found the Portuguese, as usual, his best friends. For they lent him a couple of donkeys and several porters to supply the place of the Makololo deserters. The truth was, that the people whom Livingstone was so anxious to restore to their country that he would have kept his word with them, even had not the Government sent him on this errand, were by no means anxious to return. They had married Tete wives; the babies were numerous, and in this comparatively civilised spot they found life so easy compared with what it was in their own savage villages, that a number of them refused to leave, and several others levanted after the first day's march.

After leaving the Kebrabasa Rapids, which are formed by the river forcing its way through the hills of the same name, the country widens out into the Chicova Plain, where the Zambesi is as broad as at Tete, so that navigation is impeded for only a short distance—a circumstance which has since then been utilised by steamers being placed on the river. Lions were, however, so numerous that care had to be taken against surprise in camp, and the natives were so little affected by civilisation that most of them had never before seen a white man, though nearly all of them had heard of Livingstone's former journey. Yet it must be admitted that the sight of the foreigners did not favourably impress them. Food and drink were sometimes sent by hospitable chiefs, with the remark that the strangers ought not to "sleep hungry." At other times, however, the black people, terrified at the approach of demons with skin of a different colour from that which they had always regarded as the normal hue, fled into a place of safety. Even the dogs turned tail in dismay, while the hens, abandoning their chickens, flew screaming to the roofs of the huts.

Up the Zambesi with the Makololo.

On the 20th of June they reached the spot where, on his previous journey, he had been menaced by the chief M'pende. Now his reception was widely different, gifts of provisions, invitations to visit them, and apologies for past incivility being the order of the day. After a second examination of the Victoria Falls (p. 222), the party reached in August, 1860, the new town of Sesheke, which had been built at a little distance from one which the traveller had visited on his former journey four years ago. In this interval the world and Sekeletu, the Makololo chief, had not been getting along on the best of terms. He had been stricken with leprosy and, believing himself to be bewitched, had, after the fashion of the Africans, so far fallen from grace as to put a number of suspected people to death, and lived in sulky retirement estranged from his people. Signs of national decay were everywhere apparent, and the disintegration which was in a

Sekeletu and the Makololo empire.

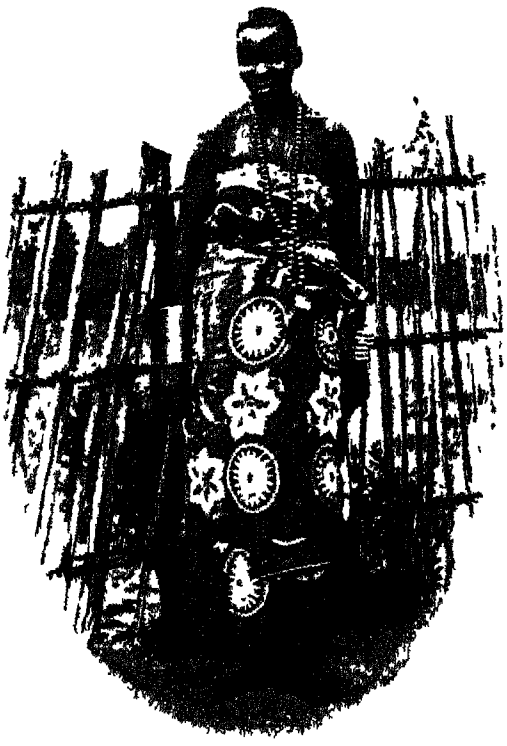
few years to break up the great empire founded by Sebituane and his Makololo braves had already begun. Tribe after tribe of the Barotse and Batoka had gained their independence. In four years after the time of which we speak Sekeletu died, and a civil war broke out which ended in the re-erection of a native Barotse kingdom, which remains to this day under the protection of the British flag, which has been extended over all of this region. Resisting Sekeletu's importunities to found a settlement in the Batoka Highlands, with Dr. Kirk as its ruler, the party, after an absence of six months, returned to Tete, accomplishing part of the journey in canoes on the river, though not without some perilous capsizes at the Kebrabasa Rapids. For a considerable part of the way they were accompanied by a Makololo escort, while two young chiefs of that nation went with them as far as Shiré, where one of them, named Ramakukane, established himself, and became a very powerful personage, and to the end of his life remained a fast friend of the British.

The Universities' Mission.

Early in January, 1861, Bishop Mackenzie and a party of missionaries arrived to settle the Universities' Mission on the Upper Shiré, and about the same time the eagerly-expected *Pioneer*, which was to replace the vessel that had been so long a heart-break to the expedition. The Portuguese had personally been very kind to Livingstone, but, unable or unwilling to develop the resources of the Zambesi themselves, or even to kill the game which swarmed in its marshy delta, they used all manner of means short of violence to prevent the English from doing so—the main obstruction being to forbid them to cut firewood. It was not till nearly thirty years later (1890) that the Zambesi, by international compact, was thrown open to the world. But even in 1861 Livingstone, conscious of the difficulties which would daily present themselves if it continued the only highway to Lake Nyassa and the healthy country in its vicinity, determined to employ his new steamer in the exploration of the Rovuma. This river accordingly he navigated for thirty miles, returning to take the missionaries to their destination on the Shiré, adding to his other duties on the return trip those of captain and engineer, both of these officers having been prostrated by malarious fever caught in the swamps at the mouth of the Rovuma. All the Upper Shiré country was found desolated by slaving parties of Arabs, who then—as they have continued up to a recent date to be—were the scourges of the entire region from the Nyassa to the headwaters of the Congo, the vicinity of the great lakes, and northward until the ground was occupied by their countrymen whose head-quarters were at Khartoum on the Nile (Map, p. 261). This was agony to Livingstone at the very outset; but fresh disappointments dogged his steps, the *Pioneer*, though a good vessel of its kind, drawing too much water for the river, and consequently being about as often aground as afloat in the shallow places. However, they duly reached Tshibisa's, close to Katunga—the head-quarters of the British gun-boats now on the Shiré—and explored the neighbouring highlands for a mission site, the fortunes of which we shall have occasion to follow in another volume. Meanwhile, news reached him of evil omen for the happiness of the new-comers. This was that the Wa-yao, a notoriously bad tribe (p. 238), were raiding the Manganja for the purpose of procuring slaves to sell to the Portuguese at Tete. This rumour was confirmed by a party of captives on their way to that destination, under the leadership of a man who was recognised as a "pombeiro" (p. 240) of a former commandant of the district in question. These slaves, to the number of eighty-four, were freed and attached to the mission as the nucleus of a colony. Other Tete-bound caravans were met with and treated in the same manner, the traders as soon as they saw the English bolting into the bush, leaving their rescuers to strike off the slaves' fetters. Mr. Johnston tells us that the descendants of these freed men are now living in the Shiré Highlands, where they form a civilised community. After seeing

Bishop Mackenzie and his companions settled in the Magomero Highlands to the south of Lake Shirwa, Livingstone spent the autumn in exploring Nyassa, by tramping along the shore while the boat sailed with stores towards the northern end of the lake. The results of

Lake Nyassa again.



MAÑANJA WOMAN.
(*From a Photograph by Mr. Consul Hawes.*)

this journey determined him more than ever to consecrate the best efforts of his life to rousing the world to the atrocities of the slave trade, which he found rampant all along the neighbourhood of the sheet which he had been exploring.

The end of January, 1862, found him again at the Zambesi mouth to welcome his wife, who had come from England, the ladies who were about to join the Universities' Mission, and a new river steamer, the *Lady Nyassa*, which he had ordered to be sent out in sections, entirely at his own expense. This self-sacrifice in the interests of his expedition swallowed up the profits he made out of his "Missionary Travels," and to this day the British Government has chosen to remain in the debt of him and his heirs.

Fortune did not, however, turn with the fresh departure. Soon the news reached him that Bishop Mackenzie and one of his clergy were dead of the fatal climate, and near the end of April the sorely-tried traveller was almost crushed by the death of the faithful wife who had so long shared his trials and anxieties. She sleeps under a baobab-tree at Shupanga (p. 245), where her grave is often visited by the many travellers who now pass through a region which was solitary enough when her heroic husband first penetrated it. Her death seems to have finally disgusted Livingstone with the Zambesi and its tributary. It had hitherto proved nothing but a vexation to all concerned and death to many of those dear to him. The *Lady Nyassa* was therefore transferred to the Rovuma, a river nearly 500 miles farther north, almost directly opposite Lake Nyassa. Up this stream they penetrated by land and by water for about 160 miles until progress was interrupted by rocks and the hostile behaviour of the natives. Since that date no attempts have been made to utilise it as the natural waterway to the lake. Mr. Joseph Thomson,* it is true, explored it in after years; but, as he failed to discover coal on its banks, the Sultan of Zanzibar, in whose service he was for the time being, soon lost interest in the subject, and, as the Rovuma is at present within the German sphere of influence, as a British highway to a British lake its possibilities are now gone.

The Rovuma river.

Livingstone would, no doubt, have carried out his intention of marching along its valley

* "Notes on the Rovuma Basin" (*Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society*, 1882, p. 65).

to Nyassa, had he not been anxious to visit once more the lake by the Shiré, now that he had to send to England his brother and Dr. Kirk, both broken down by the climate of the lowlands of the East African coast. This plan he duly carried into force, proceeding for

MRS. LIVINGSTONE'S GRAVE AT SHUPANGA.
(From a Photograph by Mr. Fred L. M. Moir, of the African Lakes Company.)

some distance by boat up the west side, and then north-west by land as far as the point where the Loangwa flows in one direction to the Zambesi, and the streams from the same watershed in another direction into the lake.

Returning, a succession of misfortunes befell the party. Thornton, who had rejoined them after a temporary withdrawal, died of the hardships he endured on an overland march; and all the country was being desolated by the slave-hunters,

Slavers and crocodiles.

under the direction of a Portuguese half-caste named Mariano. Doleful memorials of this ruffian's recklessness met them on every side in the shape of swollen corpses, whitened skeletons, burnt villages, and gaunt natives creeping out of their hiding-places only to die for lack of the food which the slave-hunters had stolen or destroyed. The Zambesi and the Shiré swarm with crocodiles; in the latter river the slaughter of the man-stealers had brought them up-stream in more than usual numbers. Their keen nostrils seemed to scent the carnage in the water borne down from above. If the corpse of a murdered negro floated past the ship a monstrous brute would rush at it with the speed of a greyhound, catch it, and shake it

as a terrier-dog does a rat. "Others dashed at the prey, each with his powerful tail causing the water to churn and froth as he furiously tore off a piece. In a few seconds it was all gone. The sight was frightful to behold." Yet, though as many as sixty or seventy could sometimes be counted on a single bank, the "cruell, craftie crocadiles" are not so fierce in the Shiré as "by the muddy shores of broad seven-mouthed Nile," though the women draw water in a place fenced round, or with a calabash attached to the end of a long pole, to obviate the risk of some lurking brute snatching at them. Sometimes the reptiles would have a battle-royal among themselves; one of those shot had a piece snapped off the end of his tail, and another had lost a fore-foot in fighting, while leeches were not infrequently seen between their teeth, as Herodotus mentions was the case with those of the Nile, though, on the Zambesi at all events, the plover was not witnessed in the act of picking them off.

The Shiré abounding with fish, the crocodiles have usually so ample a supply of food that it is only when a human being presents himself very convenient to its mouth that he runs an imminent peril of being seized. As a rule, the animal prefers a floating hippopotamus or a carcase in the last stage of decay. But when the river is flooded, and the fishes are driven from their usual haunts and no wild animals come down to the edge to drink, water being plentiful in the inland pools, then the crocodile, impelled by hunger, is unwontedly bold. At this season he lies in wait for the women coming to draw water, and every year numbers are carried off by them, though at no time is it safe to bathe or to stoop to drink when the bottom cannot be seen clearly, especially in the evening. "One of the Makololo," Livingstone tells us in illustration, "ran down in the dusk to the river; and as he was busy tossing the water to his mouth with his hand, in the manner peculiar to the natives, a crocodile rose suddenly from the bottom, and caught him by the hand. The limb of a tree was fortunately within reach, and he had the presence of mind to lay hold of it. Both tugged and pulled—the crocodile for his dinner, and the man for dear life. For a time it appeared doubtful whether a dinner or a life was to be sacrificed; but the man held on, and the monster let the hand go, leaving the deep mark of his ugly teeth in it."

Meanwhile, however, the expedition was recalled, and the excursion to the Nyassa, which we have noted (p. 244), undertaken in the interval between the receipt by Livingstone of the letter intimating that the Zambesi exploration must end and his actual obedience to that mandate. He would fain have postponed the inevitable a little longer; for, though fortune continued to cheat him to the last, the news that he was only ten days' journey from Lake Bemba or Bangweolo was a sore temptation. But as the men's pay ended with the last day of 1864, it was necessary to waste their time no longer on work that was more interesting to him than to them. Accordingly, at the end of April the expedition reached Zanzibar in the *Lady Nyassa*, and after an adventurous voyage of a month made by Livingstone to Bombay, with the object of selling the vessel, the remnants arrived in England towards the close of July.

The end of the Zambesi expedition: its results.

Personally the old traveller was received by his friends with all the warmth which his high character and earnestness merited; but it is undeniable that Government and the country at large were disappointed. He had accomplished so much in his former journeys with such slender resources that it was expected, not unnaturally, that with the ample means put at his disposal during the past six years he would have done something proportionately great. And there is no getting over the fact that Livingstone's infirmities of temper had caused some friction, which could not be kept secret, and proved clearly enough that, like many other travellers before and since, he was better fitted to work alone than with white comrades who had views regarding the respect due from man to man which could

not always be considered by a leader of Livingstone's antecedents.

In reality, though the geographical results of the expedition did not bulk so largely in the public eye as those of his former journeys, nor strike the imagination so keenly as travels less in touch with civilisation would have done, they were in some respects even greater, if we look at them in the light of what came out of his discoveries. He had brought to the knowledge of the world a fresh-water lake 1,570 feet above the sea-level, 350 miles long and, on an average, 40 in breadth, surrounded by a fertile country well fitted for the residence of Europeans. Even Shirwa, the brackish sheet which was among his earliest discoveries, though one of the smallest of the African lakes, is probably larger than all the lakes of Great Britain put together: with the splendid environment of mountains on three of its sides, "softened and distanced by perpetual summer haze, it reminds one somewhat of the Great Salt Lake simmering in a July sun."* However, though the people who were disappointed with the somewhat monotonous tale of Livingstone's experiences in this region little imagined it, he was, in the seemingly endless wanderings of these years, writing for his country the title-deeds of what is destined to be one of the most important of British possessions in Africa. For it was on the basis of these explorations that the missions and trading-stations were established on the Shiré and on the lake; that in the diplomatic controversy with Portugal more than a quarter of a century later, Great Britain obtained the freedom of navigating the Zambesi; and, lastly, but for Livingstone's expedition, which at the time was by many held to be a useless waste of money, Britain would not to-day have the undisputed ownership of Nyassaland.

However, in 1864 this was not foreseen. Africa was then considered only a field for exploration by laymen or a sickly land into which missionaries might be sent. The period when Europe should be scrambling for it had not come, and the shower if not more important discoveries of Tanganyika and the Nile lakes had for the moment turned men's minds in another direction.

* Drummond, "Equatorial Africa," p. 36; Johnston, *Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society*, 1890, p. 713; Sharpe, *Ibid.*, p. 744; Buchanan, *Ibid.*, 1881, p. 265, etc.

Livingstone's Last Expedition.

Accordingly, after Livingstone had completed his narrative,† he found himself with nothing to do. In vain his friends begged him to stay at home and leave Africa to the young men who had still their fame to win. He declared that, doomed to a state of inactivity, he would be fit for nothing but "keeping a 'pike." The polite attentions of the great world were never very enjoyable, and he knew enough of England to forecast the not distant period when even he would be deserted for a "lion" who roared louder or had been captured more recently. The nation, as represented by its Government, had evidently no intention of doing much for him. Dr. Kirk had been appointed medical officer to the Zanzibar Consulate, in which, after a few years, he was to rise to the highest post, and Charles Livingstone received, as had Denham and Burton before him, the post of Consul at Fernando Po, where he died in 1873. But for himself, Livingstone desired nothing, unless it was the opening up of the Zambesi to commerce and the suppression of the slave trade: and, though he had emerged from Africa richer than some of its explorers, he was not wealthy. Mr. Johnston has calculated the entire earnings of Livingstone, and of the bounties he received from Government and Societies, not including, however, the pittance

Livingstone returns to Africa.

† "Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and its Tributaries" (1865); "Extracts from the Despatches of Dr. David Livingstone," *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, 1861, pp. 257–296; "Dr Livingstone's Expedition to Lake Nyassa in 1861–63," *Ibid.*, pp. 271–276; Thornton, "Notes on the Zambesi and the Shiré," *Ibid.*, 1864, pp. 196–201; Kirk, "On a Few Fossil Bones from the Alluvial Strata of the Zambesi Delta," *Ibid.*, pp. 190–201; Murchison, "On the Antiquity of the Physical Geography of Inner Africa," *Ibid.*, pp. 201–205, etc.

paid him as a missionary, or the cost of his Zambesi expedition, at £21,000. The greater part of this sum was made up of the £11,000 or £12,000 received for his books, his £500 a year as Consul to the Zanzibar country, and some testimonials presented to him by friends at home. On the other hand, he had defrayed the cost of all his earlier journeys, and was out of pocket about £7,000* by the Zambesi expedition.

However, to Africa it was felt by Sir Roderick Murchison and by his friends he was bound to go. Livingstone was then fifty-three, and he had persuaded himself that he ought to remain at home for his own and his family's sake, but when the explorer suggested by him declined to undertake an African expedition without ample pecuniary reward, he agreed to go on a third journey without any more material compensation than the verbal promise of Murchison that "his interests should not be forgotten."† Government felt that they were treating him with unwonted generosity when to the £500 presented by the Royal Geographical Society they added a like sum, and the unsalaried post of Consul to Central Africa, with, however, the proviso that he was not to expect a pension. As for the titles which in a few years were to be so freely bestowed for a tithe of the discoveries he had made, and was yet to make, no such mark of the public esteem for an explorer had entered the bureaucratic mind of 1865. Even with the thousand pounds which his ever-faithful friend, the late Dr. Young, of paraffin fame, insisted on his taking—and it was only a small part of many other services offered or performed—the greatest of all African travellers started on his last journey slenderly equipped according to the somewhat liberal idea of latter-day explorers. By-and-by, when the national enthusiasm was again aroused on Livingstone's behalf, the Treasury granted a second subsidy to the extent of £1,000, though at that time the best part of his work had been accomplished. The main object of the new expedition was to examine the watershed between Tanganyika and the Nyassa Lakes, and, if possible, to ascertain the nature and extent of the former, which many still insisted on as being one of the Nile sources.

African travel From the Rovuma to Nyassa.

We cannot follow this journey in all its details. One African traveller's experience is not unlike that of his predecessor over the same ground; his adventures may be varied, but the nature of tramping and camping, and blackmailing, his fevers and worries and endless delays, bear a wonderful family likeness. So long as he keeps in a settled country and in decent health, he is not likely to suffer as much toil as he would in exploring the Australian bush or the still untrodden wilds of America, where every step has to be forced through uninhabited woods and thickets, and over streams and across swamps. Africa is, indeed, a land of villages, and every village is connected with the next one by a beaten track, so that, if the traveller is content to trudge on from one to another, he will eventually arrive at his destination, be it Loanda or Mombasa, without much pioneering in the way of path-finding.

Leaving the Rovuma marsh on the 5th of April, 1866, with thirteen native Indian soldiers or sepoys, two Johanna men—from the Comoro Islands—nine African lads from the Nassick school in Bombay, and four boys from the Shiré region, besides camels, buffaloes, mules, and donkeys, in the hope that, if they survived the tsetse fly, they would save him the worry and cost of porters, he made at last the journey to Nyassa which he had meditated when engaged in exploring this river valley. This point he attained on the

A bad beginning and a good ending.

* The *Lady Nyassa*, which had cost him £6,000, was sold for £2,300, which was invested in the shares of an Indian Bank that failed before long.

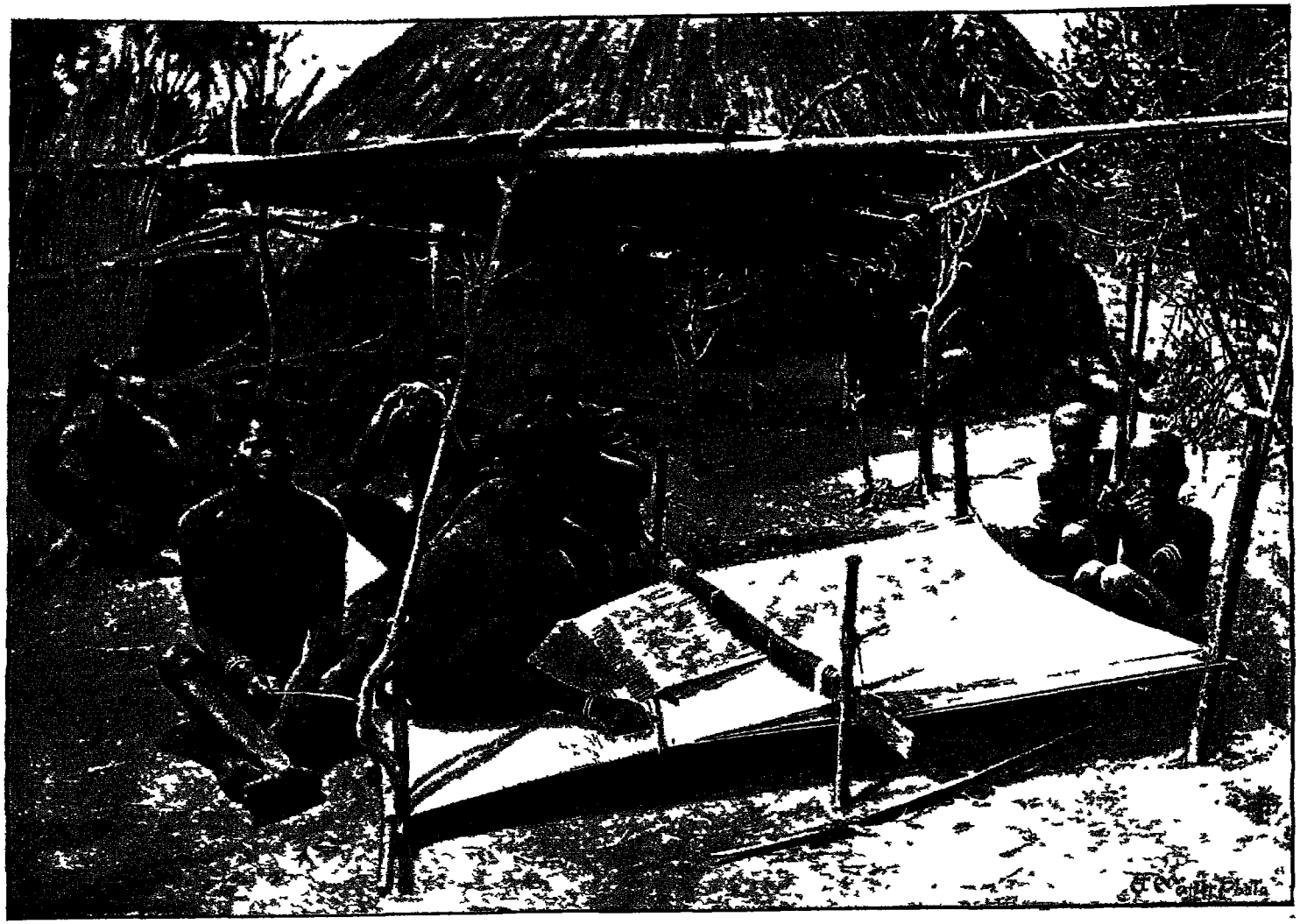
† "Never mind about pecuniary matters, my dear Livingstone: it shall be my task to look after that" This is what Livingstone told Stanley; but Sir Roderick, who had ample time to fulfil his promise, died without even mentioning him in his will, though some friends less deserving of his generosity received handsome legacies from the wealthy baronet, whose reputation was largely the reflection of that of Livingstone and other explorers with whom his name was associated.

SLAVE DHOW.

8th of August, without any special difficulty so far as the people and the country were concerned. But had the natives been unfriendly instead of the contrary, the entire expedition, scattered as it was sometimes over a large area of country, the commander far ahead, the men lagging in the rear, in any way they liked—robbing, lazying, and ill-using the animals—could have been exterminated with the utmost ease. The men, it is true, were utterly bad; but there is no denying that the skill with which Livingstone had kept his Makalolo in hand on his journey across the continent deserted him when he came to deal with people of a different type, whose language he did not understand, for whom he cared little, and whose regard for him was simply that of the wage-receiver for a temporary master. They were in no way concerned for the success of the expedition or for the honour of its leader. The buffaloes and camels were badly bitten by the tsetse fly, and all of them died, though in several cases they fell victims more to the abominable ill-usage of the sepoys whom he had brought from Bombay than from the poison of this venomous insect. By-and-by the donkeys and the mules died, too, though they seem to have passed scatheless through the tsetse belts, and the last buffalo was actually slain and eaten by some of the sepoys who had loitered far in the rear, though, calculating too much on the commander's ignorance of geography, they declared to him it had been killed by a tiger—an animal which, it is scarcely necessary to add, is not found in Africa. The Nassick boys were little better, and any good in them was before long thoroughly tainted by the bad example and foul conversation of the Indian soldiers. At last, disgusted with conduct which he does not seem to have seriously tried to keep in check—and which their havildar, or native sergeant, had no power to prevent—he arranged with some Arab slave-traders to take them back to the coast. The havildar, full of Oriental compliment, begged to be permitted to go on, though he afterwards deserted with the Johanna men (p. 254), until, what with death and dismissals, the imposing cavalcade with which Livingstone had left the Rovuma's mouth was reduced to four or five "boys." Then gradually, as his followers dwindled away, the explorer grew more like his old self. The truth had long been apparent to Livingstone's best friends that he was unfitted to pull together with white subordinates; like another of his countrymen, the good man was a "gaell to deal wi'," and for that reason he had been permitted to go on his third, as he had gone on his first, expedition with no other companions than the black people with whom he was supposed to get along so pleasantly. But even these were too many for him—they were not the tribes with whom he was best acquainted—he did not understand them, nor they him; and, as the result showed, he succeeded best when he did not require to call in those powers of control and organisation in which, latterly at least, his warmest admirers must admit he showed himself somewhat deficient. Like Mungo Park, he was a solitary traveller, and his last two journeys add force to the demonstration that the most successful of African expeditions have usually been the smallest. There are fewer tempers to consult, fewer loads to carry, less friction with the natives through the rascality or imprudence of irresponsible subordinates, more kindness shown when it costs less to show it, and, finally, there is an infinitely smaller chance of starving in a thinly-peopled country.

An ill-assorted company

And large areas of the region over which they were tramping were thinly peopled owing to the ravages of the Magwangwara, roving Zulu robbers, and the Wa-yao and Zanzibar Arab slave-raiders. Burnt villages and corpses marked the trail of these fiends. It was no unfrequent spectacle to come upon the body of a slave woman stabbed or shot through the body and left lying on the path because she was too feeble to keep with the caravan, or to find people still living, but dying with hunger, with the slave-stick (Vol. I., p. 65) still round their necks, who had been abandoned by the



18 WEAVER OF MAZITU OR ANGONILAND, SOUTH-WEST OF LAKE NYASSA.

(From a Photograph by Mr Fred L M Mow, of the African Lakes Company)

inhuman monsters because they seemed scarcely worth their keep.

From Nyassa to Tanganyika.

Aiming for the southern end of Tanganyika, discovered by Burton and Speke seven years before, and still very vaguely (and in part not at all) laid down on the maps, Livingstone now struck, after rounding the southern end of the lake, and crossing the Shiré at the entrance to its lake-like widening of Pamalombwe (p 239), in a north-westerly direction over a country the greater part of which had until then been unexplored. He had expected to meet in this region with Arabs to whom he had a letter of recommendation from the Sultan of Zanzibar; but, no dhow arriving, he concluded that his message had never been delivered, since from these polite men engaged in the most infamous of occupations the Christian traveller had nearly always received the utmost kindness. Mponda, a Mohammedan chief who had made himself king of the timid A-nyanja people, however, received him with the courtesy which is seldom lacking to the rudest African as soon as he adopts the faith of Islam. He was not, however, far on his way before alarming tidings reached them of the Angoni Zulus*—the Mazitu, as he calls them (Plate 18)—who were raiding the country ahead. This news terrified the Johanna men so much that, in spite of the assurances of Livingstone and the native chief that the story was greatly exaggerated, and that in any case they would not meet them on the road they were taking, these cowardly islanders, headed by their leader, Moosa, threw down their loads and walked away.

The desertion of Moosa and the Johanna men.

Their departure did not, however, occasion regret. For months past they had caused more trouble than their services repaid, being such inveterate thieves that they would sell the flints of the muskets to the villagers on the way, and, if left out of sight for an hour, were sure to pillage either the loads they were carrying or the property of the people on whose goodwill the safety of the expedition so largely depended. Free now from the evil elements which had up to that date done so much mischief, the explorer was left with the best of the Nassick boys, Susi, a Yao man, and Chumah, a native of the Zambesi, who, with the occasional help of porters picked up on the way, henceforward formed the staple of his expedition. We had almost forgotten to mention a follower who was faithful in every strait, until his career ended in the Tshimbwe marsh. This was Chitane, a poodle dog, who is about the only member of his party of whom Livingstone invariably speaks well. "He had more go in him than a hundred dogs of the country; took charge of the line of march: ran to see the front men in the line, and then back to the last, and barked to hasten them up; and then, when he knew what hut I occupied, would not let a country cur come in sight of it, and never stole anything himself." The Loangwa river was crossed in the middle of December. On Christmas Day he lost his four goats, and a few days later his medicine-chest was stolen, with other loads, by some levanting porters—a loss which he had reason to remember bitterly in the months of sickness that were before him. In the lowlands, which he passed after crossing Kirk's Range, and the lofty watershed of the Loangwa and the Nyassa tributaries, fever was his almost constant companion, followed by dysentery and ulcers, which, without the proper remedies to combat them, left him at times so feeble that it seemed as if his travels were soon to end for ever. The spring, which in Africa is always a pleasant season, had by this time arrived, and the land was gay with the flowers and the verdure which flourish after the vernal rains. "The country," he tells us, "now exhibits the extreme of leafiness, and the undulations are masses of green leaves; as far as the eye can reach with distinctness it rests on a mantle of that hue, and beyond the scene becomes dark blue. Near

* According to Mr. Commissioner H. H. Johnston, whose admirable "Livingstone and the Exploration of Central Africa" in the "Great Explorers" Series (1891) is an indispensable companion to every student of the great traveller's routes.

at hand many gay flowers peep out: here and there the scarlet martagon;* bright blue and yellow gingers,† red, orange, yellow, and pure white orchids; pale lobelias, etc.; but they do not mar the general greenness. As we ascended higher on the plateau, grasses, which have pink and reddish-brown seed-vessels,

GRANARY AT MWENZO, AND NATIVE PLAYING MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.
(*From a photograph by Mr. Joel T. M. Moir, of the Africa Lakes Company.*)

imparted different shades of their colours to the lawns and were grateful to the eye." The land was, however, more agreeable to the eye than to the tread. It seemed over wide tracts to be a vast sponge, "dripping forests and oozing bogs," owing to the incessant rain soaking into the mass of vegetation, which, decaying year after year, had made the ground as springy as a cushion.

Still, however, the party pushed on, and towards the close of January, 1866, the Tshambezi, which flows into Lake Bangweolo and may therefore be regarded as practically the source

The Tshambezi and its lakes.

* *Lilium chalcedonicum.* † *Amomum* sp.

of the Congo, was passed. After leaving this large sheet of water under the name of Luapula, it enters Lake Moero, and the overflow, which joins the Lualaba, is the upper part of the great river which, strengthened by a host of tributaries—many of them vast floods in themselves—flows into the Atlantic as the Congo. After staying about three weeks with Tshitapangwa, chief of the Babemba, during which he suffered much from his greed, and not a little from the ignorance and cowardice of his Nassick boys, who told each party what suited them best, he left for Tanganyika, which he reached on the 1st of April. The unfriendly conduct of the Babemba chief—at one time going as far as threatening to put obstacles in his way—was the first serious difficulty he had met with from the natives. Even this gave way to the emollient influence of Livingstone's upright conduct, and, before leaving, he was able to send to the coast a packet of letters with some Swahili slave-traders halting at the village, an opportunity which, had all gone well, should have resulted in a good supply of stores reaching him at Ujiji on the other side of Tanganyika. He was again in a land of plenty, though many of the chiefs seemed to live almost wholly on a kind of fermented gruel or beer made from millet. One of them, who kept a young wife specially to supply him with this liquid nourishment, he describes as "a big, stout, publichouse-looking person," jovial and intelligent, fond of asking questions, and liberal in his ideas of the duties of hospitality. At Pambete—not far from the place where the station of Niamkolo‡ is built (p. 237)—he was so ill that he had "pains in his chest," and during his paroxysms of fever, for a fortnight too ill to move, falling down at times in fits of insensibility, and occasionally suffering temporary paralysis in his limbs. Recovering sufficiently to travel, he crossed a high range of mountains to the valley of the Lofu, where

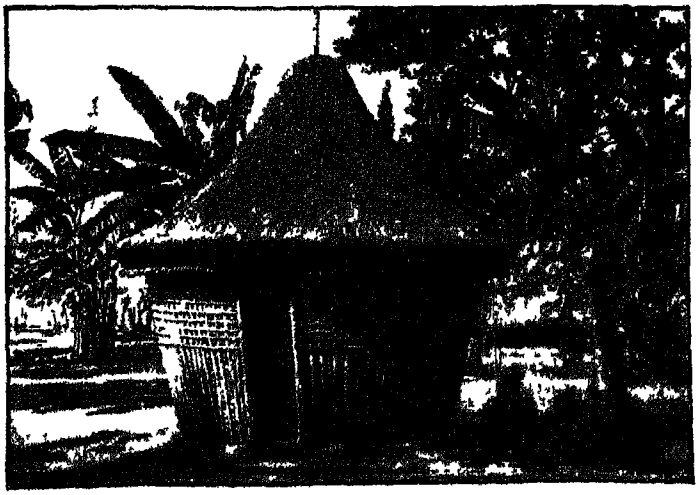
‡ This is stated on the authority of Mr. Commissioner Johnston, to whose published writings and manuscript contributions these pages have been, and will continue to be, under endless obligations.

he met a party of Arabs, among others Hamed bin Mohammed, who under his native nickname of Tippoo Tib—from the pop! pop! of musketry that generally attended his arrival on the scene of his slave-hunting operations—became a notorious personage in after years. All of them treated him with their customary hospitality during the long enforced stay he had to make at Tshitimbwa's town, owing to a war between them and a native chief farther on. With disinterested kindness—which, in spite of his hatred for their trade, Livingstone repeatedly acknowledges—they enabled him, after peace had been restored, to reach the shores of Lake Moero on the 8th of November, 1867, and from thence to visit the Cazembe, who had ceased to be the great personage which he was when the Portuguese sent embassies to his predecessors (p. 164). Nevertheless, with a diminution of power there had been little decrease of truculence. The Cazembe—no longer a lieutenant of the once extensive Lunda empire of the Muata Yanvo (p. 164), but a minor potentate alternately under the sway of the Arabs and the Babemba—seldom smiled, except at the antics of a dwarf at his petty court. Nor had his subjects any better reason for merriment: for among Livingstone's visitors was the state executioner, who carried a broad sword on his arm, and a scissor-like instrument for cropping ears. And apparently from the many "respectable" people who had clearly passed under his hand, this punishment was not infrequent. Arms bereft of hands were also disagreeable reminders of the Cazembe's rule, and, as happens all over this part of Africa, his gate was profusely decorated with human skulls.

At Cazembe's court: Lake Moero.

After another visit to Lake Moero, Livingstone, despite the refusal of his Nassick boys to accompany him, and the desertion of one of his Yaos—who, he admits, must have been as tired of tramping as he was himself—set out for the reported Lake Bemba, or Bangweolo, which he saw for the first time on the 18th of July, 1868. After examining this lake, which Mr. Johnston thinks is, like Nyassa, shrinking in extent—Lieutenant Giraud, fifteen years later, having found some of the islands laid down by Livingstone already peninsulas—he returned to Kabwabwata, where his Arab friends were encamped and his currish Nassick boys waiting their much too lenient master's return. The Arabs, never in a hurry, were, however, not ready to start—a delay which resulted in the Babembas attacking their encampment twice. At last, wearied in mind and body, fevered with wettings and wadings of rivers up to the waist, he was enabled to start. For part of the way along the western shore of Tanganyika he was, indeed, so ill that the Arabs had to carry him in a swinging cot made of boughs. Then canoes were obtained, and they crossed the lake on the 14th of March, 1869, to the settlement of Ujiji on its eastern shore.

Lake Bangweolo.



CHIEF'S HOUSE, MALEMBA TRIBE (NORTH END OF NYASSA), WITH NATIVE SMOKING BUBBLE-BUBBLE PIPE.

(From a Photograph by Mr. Joel T. M. Moir, of the African Lakes Company.)

CHAPTER XIII.

The Last of an Old Traveller, and the First of Two New Ones.

Ujiji—The Tale Told by Moosa, the Johanna Man—In the Manyema Country—Slave-Hunters—The East African Slave Trade—The Modern Slave Routes—Dr. Pruen's Testimony—The Coming of Stanley—His Relief of Livingstone—Exploration of the Northern End of Lake Tanganyika—Another Relief Expedition, which Broke Up before Starting—Stanley's Reception in England—The Last Travels and Death of David Livingstone—The Relief Expedition under Lieutenant Cameron—Its General Results Compared with what was Previously Known—Objects of the Expedition—Difficulties at the Outset—On the Mainland—Additions to the Party—The Start—To Rehenneko—Death of Moffat—Crossing the Coast Mountains—A Forbidding Country and a Forbidding People—In a Forest Land—In Unyanyembe—Fresh Anxieties—A Ghastly Meeting—Return of Dillon and Murphy—More Troubles from Deserters—Rumours of War and Illness—Difficulties of Livingstone's Men—Mistakes Corrected—Death of Dr. Dillon—Troubles between Arabs and Wagara—Illness Again—Lost—A Hungry March—Mountains of Kawendi—The Malagarazi—Mirambo's War—Exploration of Tanganyika—From Tanganyika to Nyangwe—Tippoo Tib—To Kasongo's—Discovery of Sources of Zambesi and the Congo Tributaries—From Bihé to the Sea—The End of some Native Celebrities.

Ujiji was then, as it is still to an even greater degree, the head-quarters of the Arabs who trade in ivory and steal men in the country around Lake Tanganyika; but whatever may be said of their business—and of its villainous character there cannot be two opinions—they are, whether pure breed or of a mixed stock, as most of them are, glossed with a veneer of civilisation which, in Central Africa, makes their settlements pleasant to arrive at after a long struggle with pagandom and the wilds in which it flourishes. Accordingly, at Ujiji Livingstone was among friends who were willing to do anything for him except to carry his letters to Zanzibar, lest these documents might contain awkward accounts of their proceedings in the Bemba country. However, the messengers he had sent from Nyassaland had kept their promises; for his letters had been duly delivered, and the stores he had then ordered were sent to Ujiji. Unfortunately, however, they had been plundered all the way up, so that only a fragment of the caravan had reached its destination. Nearly all of the beads had been stolen; and, of eighty pieces of cloth, only eighteen remained, so that it mattered very little that the buffaloes which had been despatched as beasts of burden had died, or been killed, or otherwise disposed of, on the way. A little tea and coffee still to the fore were, however, welcome; and the flannel which had not been made away with proved the best of gifts to the old traveller, whose cough (caught in the constant wettings he had suffered) was now extremely harassing. Nothing, therefore, was to be done but to send a statement of the straits he was in by some Arabs on their way to the coast, hoping that by the time the goods he possessed were expended more might have arrived; for it is as impossible to travel in Africa without funds as it is to pay the hotel bills of civilisation without money; and the money of Central Africa for which food and porters, camels and protection, and a welcome, are bartered, is the cloth, brass wire, beads, and so forth, which have so often appeared among the traveller's impedimenta mentioned in these pages.

The tale told by Moosa.

Meanwhile, unsuspected of Livingstone, all the world had been canvassing whether he was dead or alive; for the Johanna deserters led by Moosa, thanks to the prestige of their master's name, had arrived at the coast, and, by a cunningly-concocted story, persuaded the authorities at Zanzibar that their master had been attacked and killed by the wandering Mazitu, or Zulus, whom they had escaped by hiding in the dense bush. Though there

were discrepancies in this tale, Moosa stood cross-examination so well that most people believed what was only too likely to be true. Sir Roderick Murchison was, however, not one of these; nor was Mr. Edward Young, the former gunner of the *Pioneer*, with better reason, quite persuaded of the truth of the Johanna man's narrative; for, while the President of the Royal Geographical Society had nothing more than sentiment on his side, Mr. Young recognised in Moosa a notorious liar who had worked under him on the *Pioneer;* so that when the Rev. Horace Waller—one of Bishop Mackenzie's missionaries—pointed out the geographical difficulties of the tale, it was resolved to despatch Mr. Young to Lake Nyassa in order to ascertain what truth there might be in the Johanna men's legend. Leaving England in the middle of May, 1867, he performed this errand with such expedition that in eight months he was back again with ample proofs of the falseness of Moosa's story.* And for a time the friends of the lonely wanderer were again at peace.

Though still, as he expressed it, "a ruckle of bones," Livingstone, now that he had some of the sinews of travel at his disposal, determined to be off again in search of the head-waters of the Nile, which he believed would be found in the Lualaba. He left Ujiji in July, 1869, but it was not until the next March that he reached Nyangwe on the river in question. The natives—a people even then thoroughly imbued with the vices of the slave-hunters—opposed him so that he was forced, in order to accomplish anything, to follow the Arabs in their erratic courses. More frequently, he had to trudge through swamp and rain until the wonder is that he survived the journey. Nor were his own special attendants much better—the Nassick boys continually threatening to leave him, Chumah and Susi being alone faithful to him through every turn of fortune. He was, however, gladdened, when at an Arab settlement in *Bambare*, to be overtaken by a few porters with letters and stores from the coast, though it was clear that the correspondence he had entrusted to the caravan from Ujiji (p. 253) had never been delivered.

In the Manyema country.

The Manyema country is practically on the western side of the African watershed, and in the dense forest that extends from this point to the shores of the Atlantic. Here and there, clearings made by fire exist in the otherwise gloomy jungle, and in places where the trees have been burnt and the fertile ground not cultivated, gigantic grasses, mingled with stunted *Copaifera* shrubs, spring up, so that vast areas of West Africa present this aspect. Elephants and great man-like gorillas inhabit this wild land; and the human inhabitants, though cannibals, are a fine-looking people, who, since the Arabs have come among them, possess cattle, sheep, goats, dogs, pigs, and fowls, and cultivate tobacco, maize, ground-nuts, bananas, millet, durra (p. 108), coffee, and pine-apples. But all of these, in spite of their comparative advance in civilisation, are man-hunters, man-eaters, and savagely given to war and bloodshed. Their love of human flesh is a passion. It is not forced upon them by hunger, for their land yields abundantly all kinds of food. On conversing on the subject with Livingstone, his guides made no secret of their cannibalism. "Here," they would remark, "we killed a man and ate him;" and on another occasion, annoyed at the curiosity with which the Arabs and he watched them cooking human flesh with bananas, they cried—"Go on and let us feast alone." All this region is a slave-hunting ground, which, since Livingstone's day, has become so Arabised that the people form the bulk of the slave-hunters' forces with which the Aruwhimi and Lomami countries are raided by Tippoo Tib, and the other half-breed Zanzibaris who, until lately, were masters of the Upper Congo, and still hold sway in a region actually within the borders of the Free State.

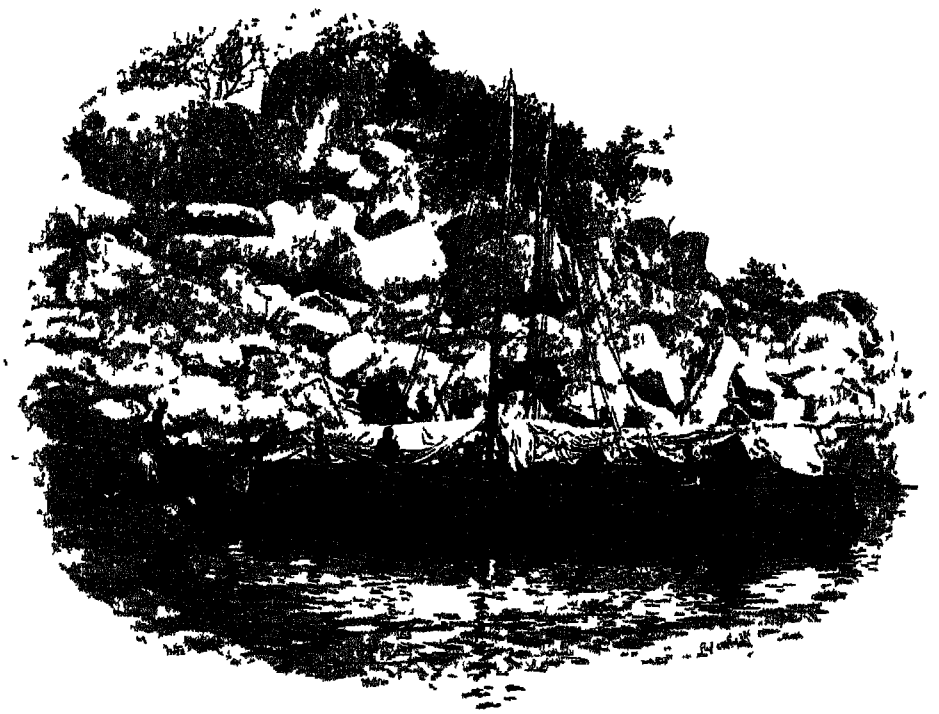
It was while at Nyangwe that a party of

* E. D. Young, "Report of the Livingstone Search Expedition" (*Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, Vol. XXXVIII., pp. 111–118).

Arabs, without warning, attacked the place, on the plea that they had been overreached in bargaining for a fowl. Unarmed Manyemas—men, women, and children—were shot down to the number of three or four hundred. Others, in trying to escape, were stabbed and drowned

The East African slave trade.

withdraw his countenance from the men who perpetrated them. But in the times of which we speak the slave-hunters raided all the region between the head-waters of the Congo and the East Coast, and as most of them were nominally subjects of the Sultan of Zanzibar, and at home in his capital, they

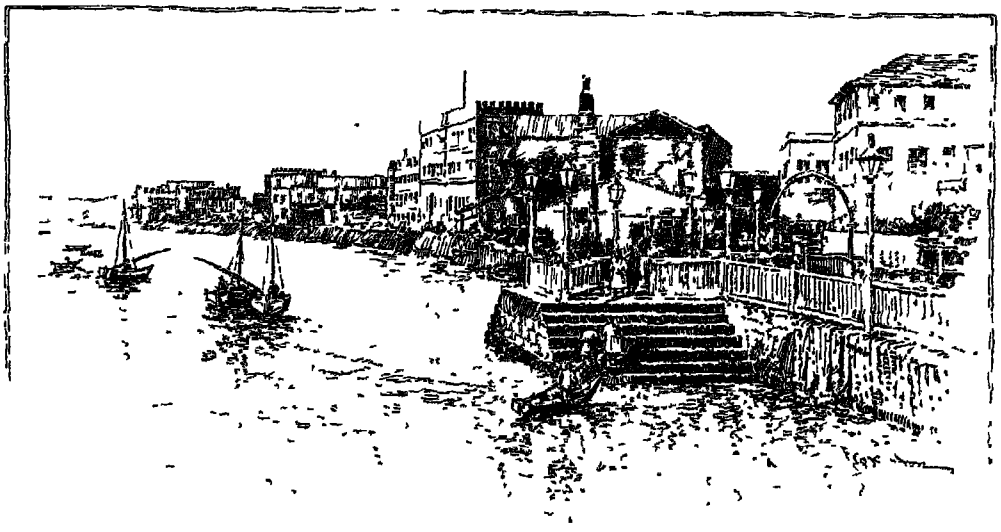


DHOWS ON THE SHORE OF LAKE TANGANYIKA
(From a Photograph by Mr. Fred L. M. Moir, of the Africa Tales Company)

by the Swahili under a scoundrel named Tagamoio, whom Livingstone was strongly tempted to kill, had not a friendly Moslem warned him against the danger of being embroiled in a blood feud. The account which the traveller—who, it must be remembered, was British Consul also—sent home of this diabolical scene did much to rouse the indignation of England against the traffic in which similar massacres were only too common, and in the end to force Government to "persuade" the Sultan of Zanzibar to

were known as the East African "traders." They also sold most of their captives in the Zanzibar slave-market, conveying them either quite openly by land to more northern marts, or, if they could escape the British cruisers, in dhows along the coast. A great many British subjects, in the shape of the Banians or Hindoo merchants from Bombay, were also secret partners with the Arabs, advancing money or goods to finance them, without anyone being able to say nay to them so long as they confined their operations

to a region out of range of the boats of the warships. The way they did their business was not unlike what we have already described as practised on the Upper Nile. The Arabs would arrive with a caravan of goods, build a village and plant gardens, bartering during a long time quite honestly for ivory, until suddenly they would fall upon the natives, murder all who resisted, and seize the others as porters, selling them when they reached the coast. To prevent the outraged tribes from combining against their enemies, it was—and is—necessary to keep them at loggerheads. This not only weakens their power of resistance, but enables the slavers to obtain a swarm of captives at a cheap rate. Usually, they burn the grass huts of the village before they depart, so that whole districts are depopulated, the few scared inhabitants who escape the massacre and kidnapping taking refuge in inaccessible places. Such scenes as this we have already depicted (pp. 70, 149). Indeed, so completely are regions devastated that it does not pay the slavers to raid them: they are "laid over" until the refugees have returned or the remnant of inhabitants have increased in number. At other times the Arab caravan-leader is ambitious. He will settle down with his followers, and, as Tippoo Tib has done, make himself the actual chief or sultan of the region, utilising, by means of the weapons he puts at their disposal, the depraved tribesmen as forces for preying on their neighbours. Many such slave-hunting centres exist in Africa. They are, however, always shifting, just as are the routes through which their human wares are taken to market and the tributary streams of captives brought in to swell the main caravan.* Nor must it be forgotten that the slave trade is also carried on by the natives themselves. Banditti roam about, snatching up people where they can, plundering small caravans, and even,



LANDING-PLACE ZANZIBAR.

*Mr. Ravenstein's map on p. 261 (for permission to use which, in a corrected form, we are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Stevenson, the founder of the African Lakes Company, and the originator of the Stevenson Road between Nyassa and Tanganyika) shows the principal districts so devastated. As the routes of the caravans have shifted since it was drawn, and are constantly varying, we have not thought it necessary to reproduce the lines denoting those existing at the date when it was compiled.

when in sufficient force, attacking villages, to bring their captives into some Arab trading centre, or waiting with them until an agent of the slave-dealers comes their way—while, as has always been the case in Africa, the stronger tribes make war on the weaker in order to obtain captives to sell to the Zanzibar and Muscat merchants, who are actually the ultimate purchasers and sellers of the wretched people thus torn from their homes.

By a treaty made with the Sultan of Zanzibar in 1829 he was allowed to import slaves for the domestic use of himself and his subjects, though he was not permitted to send any north of a certain limit. The result was that the slave trade became exceedingly prosperous; for if a dhow or native boat (p. 249) was captured by one of the preventive squadron that was kept on the East Coast, the chances were that it had on board "domestic slaves" only and must be let go. The slaves, therefore, brought from the interior passed through the custom-house of Bagamoyo, on the mainland opposite Zanzibar island and town, and paid a duty of two dollars to the Sultan; so that it was scarcely in the interest of that sovereign to be too severe on so important a source of revenue.

But these were only a moiety of those sold. Many were smuggled over to Zanzibar from different parts of the coast and many more were sent north, either by land or in swift dhows, which very frequently managed to outrun the slow steamers which, by some fatality, were usually selected for chasing these fast vessels, or contrived to elude observation altogether. In this way it has been calculated that in the palmy days of the East African slave trade fully 50,000 men and women were every year torn from the centre of Africa, or from the villages immediately outside the actual dominions of the Sultan of Zanzibar. Matters were thus so unsatisfactory that in 1873 Sir Bartle Frere framed a treaty with the then Sultan—who, it must be confessed, was a rather unwilling signatory—which, among other stipulations, enjoined that no more slaves should be imported into Zanzibar, and that everything should be done to suppress the traffic, an annual pension being allowed him as solatium for the loss of the head-money that flowed into his exchequer. Yet there were at the time Cassandras not slow in prophesying that the new treaty, though it might put out of sight the worst features of the old slave trade—and it certainly ended the open slave market of Zanzibar town—would, by compelling the dealers to conceal their operations from the eyes of the cruisers, really intensify the horrors of the business. Since that date Zanzibar has become a protectorate of Great Britain, and the mainland has been divided between different European Powers. Yet if anyone supposes that the slave trade is at an end he labours under one of those profound errors not uncommon with philanthropists who, after cleansing the outside of the platter, fancy that the inside also must be clean. "It flourishes to-day," writes Dr. Pruen, who was for two years a resident in one of the great slave regions of Central Africa, "almost as vigorously as it did in Livingstone's time. The hunting-ground of the half-caste Arab slave-dealer now, as then, is, roughly speaking, the whole of Africa north of the Zambesi, excluding a belt of coast-land varying from fifty to two hundred miles in width. The great majority of the slaves captured in this district are intended for export; and with the failure of facilities for export the traffic would cease to pay. At the beginning of this century caravans were taken southwards to the Cape, eastwards to Zanzibar and Madagascar, westwards to the Congo mouth and Gold Coast, and northwards to Morocco, Egypt, Abyssinia, and the lands between. There was free exit in every direction. Gradually matters altered; the Cape and the West Coast were closed early in the century, but until three years ago there were still outlets the whole length of the East Coast and northwards from Morocco to Abyssinia. At that date the Germans and the British took possession of the East Coast

Modern slave routes.

and commenced closing the ports. The Arabs, finding all other outlets denied them, were forced to move their caravans in a northerly direction across the Congo and past the great lakes. It is true that a few still managed to get their victims to the laxly-watched Portuguese East Coast, but these may be disregarded, as the British South Africa Company and the Africa Lakes Company at the back of this coast-land are rapidly closing the approaches to it. Then came the most important movement of all. The agents of the Congo Free State, pushing on their steamboats up the Congo River, have lately succeeded in dividing the great African hunting-ground into two portions, north and south, and in so doing have forced the slave caravans from the south farther and farther eastward, until to-day these giant streams of woe and misery that for ages have tortured and defiled the land are gathered into one mighty northward-streaming column, hemmed in by the Victoria Nyanza on one side and the ever-advancing Congo police on the other. This column, the product of all the many streams that formerly flowed east, west, north, and south, is now flowing along the only path left open to it, the one through Uganda and by the shores of the Albert Edward and Albert Nyanzas"*—Morocco, it may be added, receiving of late years (through the caravans from Timbuctoo), perhaps owing to the closure of the other outlets, a larger number than of old. Yet to this day slaves are sold in Zanzibar and in the European protectorates and territories, being smuggled thither in various disguises. The human merchandise is bartered under the very noses of the Consuls, who are too ignorant, or too timid of the after consequences, to take the means that would at once prevent an outrage so atrocious.

It has been said—and the information before me does not admit of the assertion being denied—that in most cases the slaves were treated fairly well on the march: it was to the interest of their owners to enable them to reach the coast in saleable condition. Yet this was only when the captives were well and stalwart. If any of the gang fell sick or feeble, they were often left to die, or were killed, lest the others might be tempted to malinger in order to obtain more consideration. The exceptions were, however, very numerous, and we have the best of authority† for saying that cargoes have reached the coast in such a state that "they were not worth paying the two dollars per head on them at the custom-house, and met the fate of all damaged goods, being allowed to go to waste."

It was in company such as this that Livingstone had to travel, and with like company that he returned from the Manyema country to Ujiji to be the guest of the Arabs of that settlement. Happily, however, he did not require to be long dependent on the slave-hunters' hospitality, for, on the 10th of November, 1871—less than a month after his return without finding stores or letters from Europe—the settlement was excited over the tale that a white man with a caravan, headed by the American flag, was in sight, and by-and-by it defiled into the settlement, to the wonder of the grave Arabs in their snowy robes. The meeting of the two travellers is now historical: it was characteristically British. "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" was the polite greeting of the leader, who, for lack of anyone else to do so, introduced himself as Henry Morton Stanley, correspondent of the *New York Herald* (p. 264). In those days the name conveyed little information to anyone, though the owner was, before many years elapsed, to win for himself a reputation among African explorers second only to that of Livingstone himself. By birth a

The coming of Stanley.

* Dr. Pruen's letter to the *Times* (London), December 14, 1892, and his "Arab and African," pp. 208–248.

† The Rev. Charles New, who resided for many years as a missionary on the coast, and was the author of "Life, Wanderings, and Labours in Eastern Africa" (1873). See also Mr. H. H. Johnston's "History of a Slave" (1890), for a most graphic—though avowedly fictitious—picture of slave life, especially in West Africa; Mr. Stanley, *Harper's Magazine*, March, 1893; and the "Blue Books" on the Slave Trade periodically presented to Parliament.

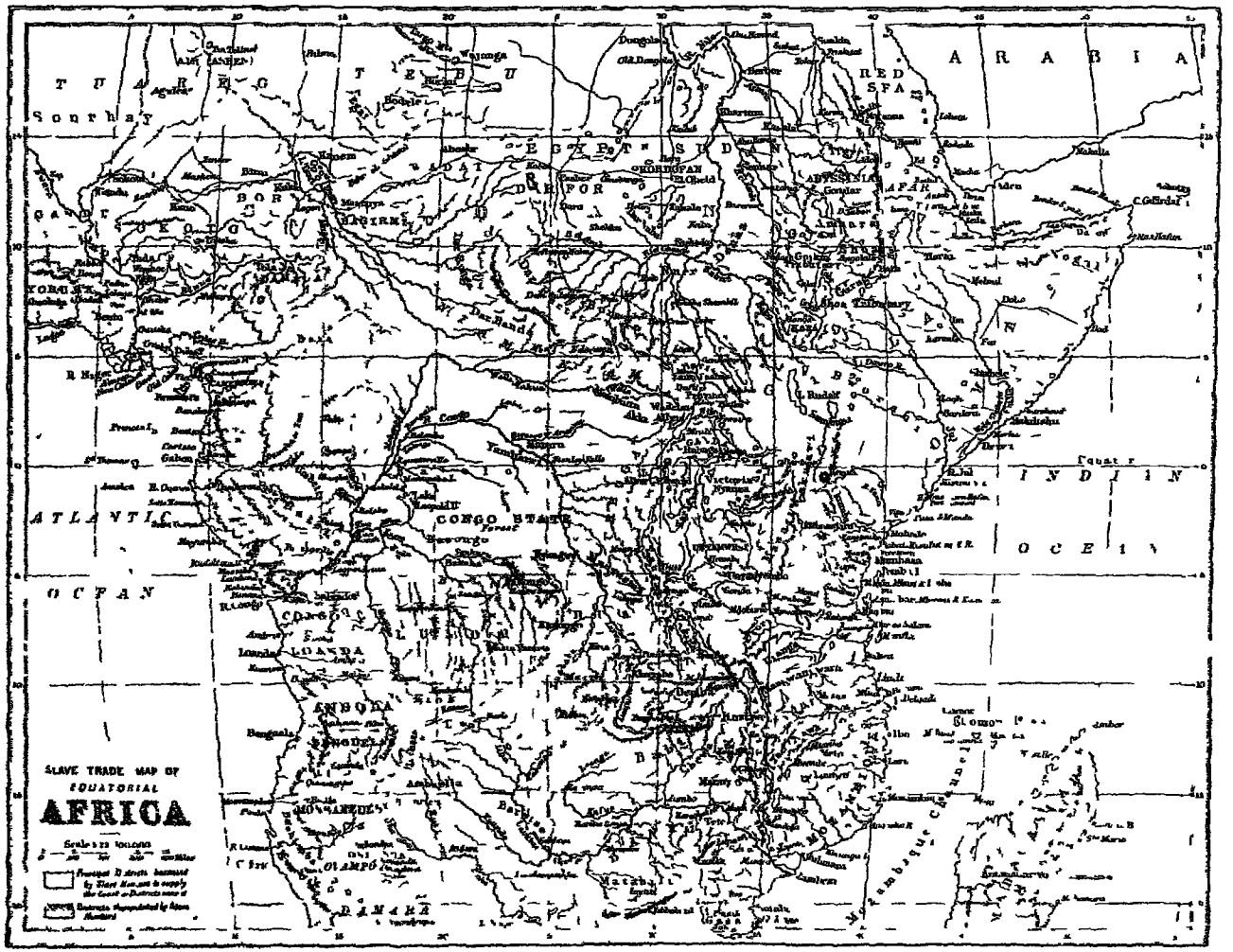
Welshman*—and his accent bewrayed him,—by nationality a citizen of the United States, he had been sailor and soldier—Confederate and Federal—store-keeper's clerk, and newspaper

UJIJI GENERAL VIEW.
(From a Photograph by Mr. Fred L. M. Moir, of the Africa Lakes Company)

reporter. In the latter capacity he had accompanied the British expeditions to Abyssinia and Ashanti, and was describing the Carlist War in Spain when he received from Mr. Gordon Bennett,† European manager of the newspaper which he served so well, the commission he had now completed to the letter He was to "find Livingstone," and he had "found" him. Livingstone, it is true, was not "lost." There was, perhaps, not a man in all Africa less in danger of that predicament, and the first place to obtain any news of him was, of

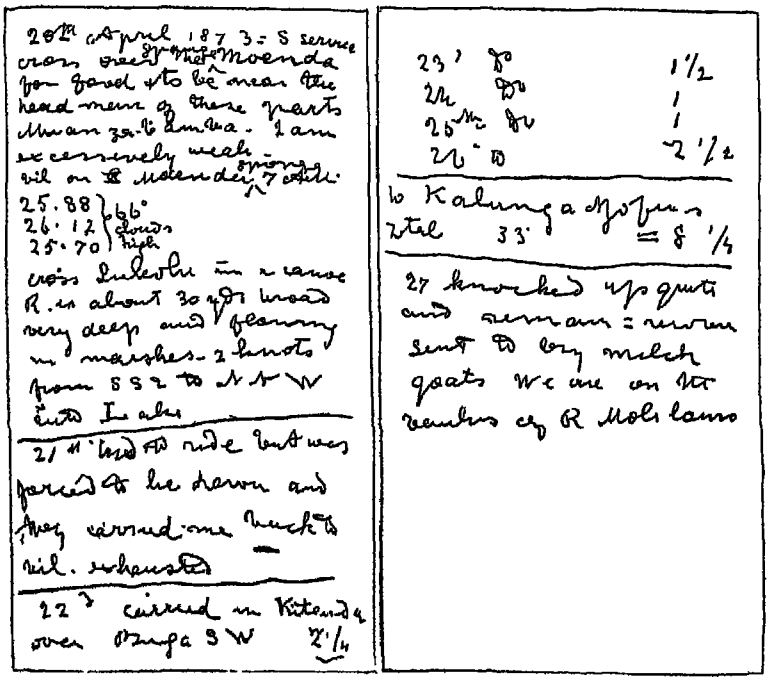
* John Rowlands—the name of Stanley being an adopted one—was born at Denbigh on January 28th, 1841. He resumed his British nationality in 1892.

† The elder Mr Gordon Bennett was then alive (he died in 1872); but his son despatched Mr. Stanley entirely on his own initiative.



SLAVE TRADE MAP OF EQUATORIAL AFRICA

course, Ujiji, where his stores and letters were sent, and to which his mail-bag—which Mr. Stanley found tossing about Bagamoyo, while the messengers were enjoying themselves on his plundered goods—was addressed. But, to all intents and purposes, the traveller had for a long time past been lost to the world; and, it is clear, had not the young Cymro-American reached him, he could not have continued his work, and even for the bare necessaries of existence must have been dependent on the men whose business it was the aim of his life to ruin.



LAST ENTRIES IN LIVINGSTONE'S DIARY (*p.* 264)

Nor must it be forgotten that, though many of the Arabs were well disposed towards him, the Governor of the settlement—Sheik Sydo ibn Selim—if he did not plunder Livingstone's stores himself, permitted, so the old traveller affirmed, the half-caste to whom they were entrusted to do so and invest the proceeds in slaves and ivory on his own account.* But besides the stores and letters which Mr. Stanley brought, he afforded, during his stay with the veteran traveller, the comfort of that companionship from which he had been so long cut off, and supplied the news of the big world from which he had, for the best part of seven years, been almost entirely isolated.

Mr. Stanley's march, though not over new ground, had not been accomplished with the comparative ease now possible. He had taken 236 days on the weary journey from Bagamoyo, losing by the way the two British seamen (Farquhar and Shaw) who had started with him; while the war between the Arabs of Tabora — the "Kazé" of former travellers (pp. 54, 59, 69, etc.)— and the Nyamwezi Chief Mirambo delayed him in Unyanyembe. But, even in those days, Mr. Stanley displayed the courage, resource, and energy which enabled him to accomplish so much in after years. Accordingly, avoiding the disturbed region by taking a circuitous route through the trackless forest before resuming his course, he was enabled to reach the point where we have left him.

After a few days' rest the old traveller and the young one, who was destined to take up the work which he dropped, set off to explore the northern end of Tanganyika. This

* Letter from Livingstone to Sir Roderick Murchison in Stanley's "How I Found Livingstone," p. xlix. In justice, however, to the Arab Governor, later information does not altogether justify these complaints; for it is admitted that Syde ibn Selim really did all in his power both for Livingstone and Stanley

voyage, which occupied less than a month, settled once and for all any doubts as to a river leaving the lake in that direction. For the Rusizi flowed in at, not out of, its terminal point. At Ujiji those fevers which are the bane of Africa attacked Stanley, so that it was not until the 14th of March that Livingstone bade him farewell in Unyanyembe, whither he had accompanied his friend, refusing to be persuaded into returning to England.

On reaching Zanzibar Mr. Stanley found another relief expedition preparing to start for the interior. It had been organised by the Royal Geographical Society, under Lieutenants Dawson and Henn of the Royal Navy, with whom were associated Livingstone's son Oswell (p. 264) and the Rev. Charles New.* No expense had been spared in fitting it out, the subscriptions from all sources amounting to over £6,858, of which more than £2,359 had been expended when the news of Stanley's success seemed, in the opinion of the naval officers, to render any further efforts on behalf of the old traveller unnecessary. They had been commissioned to relieve Livingstone and, with the exception of a few stores which, with some additional porters, Stanley was sending, this for the present had been done sufficiently well. For a time it was hoped that young Livingstone would go to his father. For reasons which it is not necessary to discuss he changed his mind; so that a young Arab was engaged to take charge of the returning caravan of several riding-donkeys, cows, and fifty-seven porters laden with some goods which Stanley had bought and others provided by the abortive relief expedition. Then after seeing these men on the way to Ujiji, the young "American," as he was called, returned to England with Livingstone's journals and letters. The undeserved coldness with which he was received in certain official quarters is now an old story. Sir Roderick Murchison was dead, and no successor of equal influence had arisen to take his place in the ranks of the explorer's friends. This critical attitude towards Mr Stanley was, however, not universal, nor in any quarter was it long continued. Part of it was, perhaps, due to chagrin at a private person doing—and doing so well—what more official people had been so laggard in attempting. But it must be admitted that the first flush of doubt as to the credit due to the young traveller was owing not a little to the language in which his message had been delivered and the uncalled-for secrecy with which he had surrounded his movements, even when so fast a friend of Livingstone as Sir John (then Dr.) Kirk was concerned.

Another relief expedition.

But as those who were least enthusiastic in 1873 have long ago made ample amends for the suspicion which Mr. Stanley so naturally resented—while the author of "How I Found Livingstone," by eliminating from the later editions of that volume certain passages to which exception was justly taken, has admitted that the faults of those days were not on one side alone—it is not necessary to rake up the almost dead embers of what was for a time a somewhat unseemly quarrel.

Geographically, Mr. Stanley's expedition was not of the first importance: nor was it claimed as such. But indirectly it was the beginning of great things, since he was then serving an apprenticeship to the work which, as Mr. Johnston has so aptly remarked, beginning in a tawdry chamber in a Paris hotel, ended—if the end is even yet—in the exploration of the Congo basin, the founding of the Congo State, and the intervention of Europe in the affairs of Africa, with, it is to be hoped, vast results in the interests of commerce and civilisation. Meanwhile, the porters and the stores with which Stanley had loaded them arrived at Unyanyembe, where Livingstone had been waiting for five months. It would have been well for himself, and little to the loss of geography, had the old traveller ended his explorations here. But he had for years past been possessed with

* New was the first traveller to ascend Kilimanjaro to the snow-line. He afterwards returned to the mountain, was robbed by the chief Mandora of all his goods, and died in 1875, Mr. Johnston declares, "of a broken heart."

W. OSWELL LIVINGSTONE AND H. M. STANLEY.
(From a Photograph by H. M. Stanley.)

one of those scientific theories which after a time grow into a kind of monomania. The one which afflicted him was that the Lualaba—a source, as we have seen, of the Congo—flowed into the Albert Nyanza, and was therefore the ultimate fountain-head of the Nile. At intervals the stories told by the Arabs almost compelled him to think that, as we now know to be the truth, his reasonings were wrong. But with eighty men at his disposal, and stores sufficient to support them for three years, it was now his intention to test this theory, which he had managed to persuade himself was the absolute reality. Accordingly, on the 2nd of August, 1872, he set off on the journey from which he was never to return. His aim was to reach Lake Bangweolo by a route along the eastern shore of Tanganyika. This point he attained in January, 1873,

The last travels of David Livingstone.

after long wanderings through Mpokwa, Ufipa, Uemba, Liemba, Marungu and Ulunda. But by this time dysentery had seized him among the jungles on the eastern side of that lake. Day after day the way was one long wade, while the rain made him so ill that he had to be carried in a rough litter. On the 29th of April he reached Chitambo's village, according to Thompson, not in Ilala but in Kalinde, on the southern shore of Bangweolo, and there he died. The last entry in his journal is on the 27th of April:—"Knocked up quite, and remain=recover. Sent to buy milch goats. We are on the

H. M. STANLEY IN THE DRESS HE WORE WHEN HE FOUND LIVINGSTONE.
(From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.)

LIVINGSTONE'S LAST JOURNEY (p. 284).

banks of the River Molilamo" (p. 262). On the morning of the 1st of May his attendants found him kneeling by his bed, dead. These faithful men—and Susi and Chuma deserve special notice—feeling that the countrymen of their "great master" would not be content for his remains to lie in alien soil, resolved to preserve his body as well as they could by sun-drying of the dead traveller's corpse that could not be taken with them. With the utmost care, and not without danger from the superstitious tribes through whose country they passed, these brave men bore their ghastly burden, with many books instruments, and papers, across three-fourths of Africa, until, on the 18th of April, 1874, "England's fretted roof of

GROUP OF RELICS, COMPRISING ARTICLES FORMERLY THE PROPERTY OF DR. LIVINGSTONE, WITH SUSI AND CHUMA, HIS FAITHFUL FOLLOWERS.

n the Table—The Journal from 1865 to March, 1872, brought home by Mr. Stanley; Bible and Prayer Book; Private Journal, Note Books, Bundles of Papers, sections of Maps; Pocket Case of Surgical Instruments, etc. *In the arch of the Tusk*—Rifle and Bullet; Consular Court Sword and Cap; Maps of Travels and Discoveries, and the Diary. *The Union Jack*, which covered the Coffin of the great traveller when landed at Southampton, was presented by Admiral Sir Wm. Hall to the Lamb

(*From a Photograph by Allen and Co., Nottingham.*)

it, Jacob Wainwright, a Nassick boy, who had been sent with Stanley's caravan, reading the service over the grave* which held the portion of the dead traveller's corpse that could not be taken with them. With the utmost care, and not without danger from the superstitious tribes through whose country they passed, these brave men bore their ghastly burden, with many books instruments, and papers, across three-fourths of Africa, until, on the 18th of April, 1874, "England's fretted roof of fame" relieved them of their sacred charge.† But at the end of 1872 nothing of this was known, nor, indeed, had much of it happened, when the Royal Geographical Society resolved

* Mr. Joseph Thomson, who, after experiences in the way of sickness and toil closely akin to those of his predecessors, reached, in 1890, the scene of Livingstone's death, informs us that the "Chitambo's" of to-day is not the place rendered memorable by this incident. Chitambo himself is dead, and his son reigns in his stead. But he has established his residence twenty miles to the west. The cedar tree, under which Livingstone's heart was buried, still spreads its protecting shade over the place, displaying, unharmed, the inscription cut deep into the bark by the great traveller's followers. A tablet now marks it.—*Geographical Journal*, 1893, p. 109.

† "The Last Journals of David Livingstone in Central Africa, from 1865 to his death," etc. Edited by the Rev. Horace Waller. 2 vols. (1874).

to utilise the £3,000 which remained over from the subscriptions for the former abortive expedition by despatching another for the succour of Livingstone. The command of it was entrusted to Verney Lovett Cameron, a lieutenant in the Royal Navy* (p. 270), who, during a distinguished professional career on the East Coast of Africa, had made himself familiar with the Swahili language and the habits of the natives. He had, indeed, volunteered for the relief party which had been so prematurely abandoned, and had formed plans for an exploration of the country by Kilimanjaro and Kenia to the Victoria Nyanza, and thence to the sea. But this project he at once cancelled in favour of the route laid out for him. This mission was conducted with a skill and a success which met with the applause of the world. The leader has, however, relieved us of the necessity of telling in a brief space the tale of his journey across Africa by relating it himself.

Cameron's Expedition.†

To write about my own journey in a work like the present is obviously a somewhat difficult task; for the balance has to be held between what necessarily bulks large in one's own memory—viz., the personal part of the work, and what were the results obtained from a scientific and geographical point of view. After reading the summary already given (p. 163), it may be safely asserted that before the journeys of Dr. Livingstone and myself no expedition "across Africa" had been made which could be regarded as having added to our actual or scientific acquaintance with the continent.

Dr. Livingstone's journey practically revealed to us the course of the Zambesi; but up to the time I left Zanzibar in the beginning of 1873 nothing was known of the area of the various river basins or of the watersheds between them. Even up to the day of his death, Dr. Livingstone, we have seen (p. 264), contended that the Lualaba was the Nile and not the Congo. The position of the Tanganyika in the water system of Africa was unknown, Sir Samuel Baker contending that the Tanganyika and Albert Nyanza were one and the same lake; while, as to tracing watersheds between the different river basins, it had not even been attempted. In the course of my journey I solved the question of the Tanganyika and its outlet.‡ I proved the Lualaba to be the Congo and not the Nile; and, by tracing the watersheds of Nile, Zambesi, and Congo, I was enabled on my return to Europe to define broadly the limits and areas of the principal hydrographic basins of Africa (p. 21). In addition, in my march southwards from Nyangwe (p. 272) I opened up, before even the ubiquitous Arab trader, a new and most interesting country, of great natural richness, which is already being successfully exploited by the Katanga Company.

General results of the expedition.

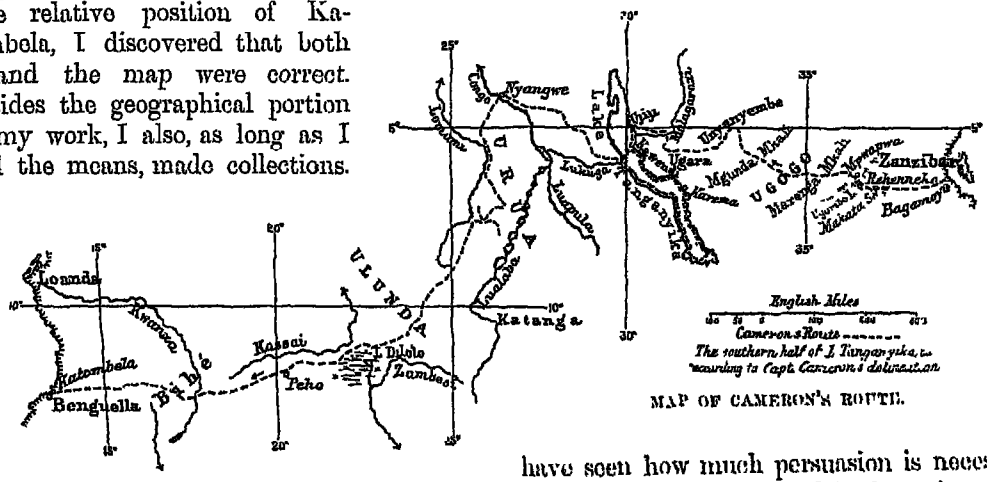
In addition to the greater facts determined by me as noticed above, I kept an accurate trace of my route and of the levels above the sea-level, so that I carried a section right across from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic. All my observations, astronomical and for level, were submitted to the ordeal of examination of the authorities at Greenwich, and emerged successfully from that test. How

* Born at Radipole, near Weymouth, on the 1st of July, 1814, he entered the Navy in 1857, serving in the course of the next fifteen years in the Mediterranean, the West Indies, the Red Sea (taking part in the Abyssinian expedition), and in the preventive squadron on the East Coast of Africa. Captain Cameron in later years travelled overland to India, to examine the feasibleness of a Constantinople-Bagdad Railway, and visited the "hinterland" of the Gold Coast with Sir Richard Burton. Afterwards he took an active part in developing the resources of the Congo State and of the Zambesi country.

† By Verney Lovett Cameron, C.B., D.C.L., Captain Royal Navy (retired), Gold Medallist of the Royal Geographical Society. The author is also indebted to Captain Cameron for many useful notes which have been incorporated in the earlier part of this chapter.

‡ For a fuller discussion of this question I must refer the reader to the one-volume edition of "Across Africa" (1885).

accurate I was may be judged from the fact that when approaching Katombela (p. 280), in Benguella, lying on the sea-shore a little to the north of that town, I understood from the description of the natives that Katombela lay some distance inland of Benguella on the same parallel of latitude. As we approached Katombela I got much puzzled by this: of my latitudes I was absolutely certain and practically so of my longitudes, and could not help suspecting that, by some mistake, Benguella, in the only map I had—and it was a very small-scale and imperfect one—was improperly laid down. When I found out the true relative position of Katombela, I discovered that both I and the map were correct. Besides the geographical portion of my work, I also, as long as I had the means, made collections.



MAP OF CAMERON'S ROUTE.

The only one which reached England was a botanical one sent back from the Tanganyika, which was spoken very highly of by the authorities at Kew. I, of course, made many notes on the political state of Africa and the various tribes with whom I had dealings during my journey, and threw much fresh light on many vexed questions. The conclusions I then formed I have seen no reason to modify since, and this in the face of the marvellous extension of our knowledge of Africa during the last sixteen years. That extension, great as it is, would have been far greater, and we should have been years further ahead in the development of Africa than we now are, if the advice I gave on my return to England had been followed and the suggestions I made adopted. Now at last, however, the work is going on apace, and no man can foretell what the condition of Africa in the year 1900 may be. The political difficulties have, as I said they would in 1876, proved much greater than the physical; and, while many have been removed, enough still remain to call for the exercise of much prudence, tact, and forbearance. It may be said that what I have written is too egotistic, but the date of my journey is now sufficiently far removed for me to view it in proper perspective. I know now where I made mistakes, and how they might have been avoided: I also have seen how much persuasion is necessary in order to interest men of business in a new country, and I can see how we should proceed in future.

I will now give a short sketch of my journey.

Objects of the expedition.

At the time I left England Dr. Livingstone was still alive, and it was known that after Mr. Stanley quitted him at Unyanyembe, he intended to go round the south end of Lake Tanganyika towards Lake Bangweolo, in which region he believed the sources of the Nile were to be found (p. 264). The object of the expedition under my command was to meet with the veteran explorer, and having given him letters, messages, and a few supplies, which were entrusted to me for that purpose, to ask him where, in his opinion, I could best serve

the cause of geographical science by taking up a line of independent exploration; but where this should lead me, or where I should emerge from Africa, neither I nor those who gave me my instructions had the faintest idea. As another expedition with the same object, the expenses of which were defrayed by Livingstone's friend Mr. Young, was to start from near the mouth of the Congo under the command of the brothers Grandy, Zanzibar, the starting-place of Burton, Speke and Grant, was chosen as my point of departure.

I left England accompanied by my old friend and messmate Dr. W. E. Dillon at the same time as the mission of Sir Bartle Frere to the Sultan of Zanzibar. To Sir Bartle Frere, as a member of the Council of the Royal Geographical Society, was entrusted the duty of giving me my final instructions, and it was fondly hoped that the prestige which my being informally attached to his mission would give me might prove of advantage to me in the fitting out of the expedition, the recruiting of porters, and in various other ways.

FRESH MEAT STALLS, UJIJI MARKET.
(From a Photograph by Mr. Fred L. M. Moir, of the Africa Lakes Company.)

Our journey out was uneventful; at Aden Lieutenant Cecil Murphy, R.A., volunteered to join the expedition, and was accepted under the condition that he obtained the permission of the Indian Government; after leaving Aden, Dillon and I had the advantage of the company on board the mail-steamer to Zanzibar (the mail service to Zanzibar having been just established) of Sir Lewis Pelly and a representative of the Rao of Kutch, both attached to Sir Bartle's mission (p. 258).

When we reached Zanzibar in February, 1873, we at once found that Sir Bartle Frere's presence, instead of being any assistance to us, was only a let and a hindrance. Firstly, we were deprived of the invaluable advice and assistance of Sir (then Dr.) John Kirk, from whom, or from whose predecessors, all expeditions from the time of Burton and Speke had received great help in the recruiting of men and advice as to the stores that had to be bought. As Sir John's time was fully occupied with the special work entailed by Sir Bartle's mission, he could do nothing more than officially note the names of the men we engaged as escort, but was perfectly unable to inquire into their character.

Difficulties at the outset.

I may remark here that all subsequent expeditions have had the advantage of being mainly manned by men whose names were kept on a register at the Consulate and concerning whom there was a certain guarantee as to their performing their duties properly. Secondly, the members of Sir Bartle's mission occupied all available lodgings in Zanzibar, except the English prison, where, accordingly, Dillon and I, with our belongings, were housed.

Thirdly, the Arabs, who looked upon Sir Bartle as being sent out to suppress the slave trade entirely, and regarded my expedition as part and parcel of his, in every way that lay in their power tried to thwart and hinder me. Against these disadvantages was to be set the presence of the British squadron, from the officers and men of which, and especially from my old friend and messmate, Captain John Fellows, C.B., A.D.C., we received much help and assistance.

As soon as possible, Dillon and I went over to the mainland, as enlistment of porters on the island of Zanzibar was impossible, and began painfully to scrape together the necessary men to carry our impedimenta. The good Fathers and Sisters of the French Mission gave us what assistance they could, and took charge of Murphy, who, having obtained the necessary permission, had joined us, but was soon attacked with fever. The first steamer from the Cape ports arriving (she was to meet the British India steamer from Aden, and thus establish steam communication between India and Natal and the Cape) brought up with her several Englishmen who were desirous of taking part in the opening of this part of Africa. Mr. Holmwood

VILLAGE IN MANYEMA.
(*From a Sk. tch by Captain Cameron.*)

and Captain Elton have both left their mark in Africa; but one of those who came up was Robert Moffat, a grandson of Dr. Moffat, and a nephew of Dr. Livingstone, a lad of eighteen or nineteen, who had sold all he had in the hopes of being able to join my expedition. While fully recognising his zeal and wish to be useful, I was afraid that his youth and the weakness of his constitution unfitted him for the rough work we had before us. Sir Bartle Frere, however, considered that it would be best to avail ourselves of his offer, and accordingly he also was added to our number.

As our numbers were now double those that had quitted England, I saw it was necessary to increase our number of porters; but, as I found that those I had already recruited were very apt to desert after they had received their advance and

The start.

CAPTAIN V. L. CAMERON, R.N.
(From a Photograph by Russell & Sons, Baker Street, W.)

been rationed for a few days, I decided to push on at once with Dillon to a place called Rehenneko, on the other side of the Makata swamp, and there await the arrival of Murphy and Moffat—giving the former time to recover from his fever, and the latter to arrange his outfit; for he had arrived without a single necessary for the journey.

Dillon and I had a most wearisome journey to Rehenneko; marching during the height of the rainy season, and having an especially bad crossing of the Makata, which was mostly under water. Some portions of the country we passed through were most beautiful as to scenery, and the whole was fertile; and before long, as law and order are established by the Germans, will become a profitable planting district.

At Rehenneko, Dillon was prostrated by dysentery, and I also was knocked up by the severity of the fatigues we had undergone; but we had both recovered, the rainy season had finished, and the Makata had dried up, long before we had any news of the companions we had left behind. At last we heard of them; and a day or two later we saw from the hill on which our camp was situated, a caravan winding across the grassy plain which had replaced the expanse of mud and water through which we had wearily waded some weeks before. Alas! when we met it, Murphy was the only European; and to my eager inquiry where Moffat was, the answer was, "Dead." My forebodings had been only too true, and after a few weeks of by no means excessive hardship or exposure he had succumbed. If his body had been equal to his spirit, his would have been one of the names most famous in African travel. Murphy, also, was ill, and not fit to travel. Moreover, my porters, who had been exemplary in their attendance at the daily roll-call when rations were served out, now began to disappear when the question of marching arose.

After some trouble and delay, we got under weigh again, and passed through the range of mountains which separates Central Africa from the coast; suffering much from thirst between Lake Ugumbo and Mpwapwa, and also in the Marenga Mkali—a sandy waste lying to the westward of them. These mountains, in my opinion, would well repay a careful mineralogical and geological survey, as from their formation it is more than probable that gold and other metals may be found there.

Crossing the coast mountains.

We now were in the dreaded land of Ugogo, peopled by a race as uninviting as their

country, which may be roughly described as two vast, bare plains separated by a steep ascent dividing the lower and eastern from the western and higher one. In the dry season all is burnt and arid, and the only things to break the view are the squalid habitations of the people, some thorny shrubs around a brackish pool, and gaunt, bare rocks standing up as if forming part of some antediluvian Stonehenge erected by a race of Titans. But this bare and arid country in the rainy season becomes green and fertile, and the people grow vast quantities of mtama (*Holcus Sorghum*), which they sell to passing caravans, and possess herds of cattle which seem to thrive upon its dry stalks, when there is nothing else visible for them to feed on. Indeed, in Ugogo, one is sure of feeding fairly well; and ofttimes in far fairer landscapes have we regretted the beef, milk, butter, and mtama of Ugogo. The people are, or rather, were, for their habits and manners are much modified now, a rugged, overbearing, and intractable race; and, knowing how dependent on them for supplies the caravans passing by were, used their power to extort excessive prices and extravagant hongo, hongo being a kind of tribute which here replaces the custom dues of more civilised lands.

Between Ugogo and Unyanyembe lay a large tract of forest country, in which the roads were ill defined, and the known watering-places were few and far apart—called the Mgunda Mkali. Through this we marched without any discomfort, save that arising from excessive thirst on a few occasions, when on arriving at our intended camping-places no water was to be found; and even when we pushed on, weary and footsore, we had sometimes, through sheer fatigue, to halt before water was reached.

A forest land.

Even when we passed through Mgunda Mkali, this condition of things was changing. Settlers from the north were clearing the forest, building villages, and cultivating the ground; springs and ponds were being discovered; and now the erst dreaded Mgunda Mkali is one of the best parts of Africa to travel in. Indeed, now, between Bagamoyo and Lake Tanganyika is a well-beaten high road, with camping-places at frequent intervals, where water and provisions can be procured, and, save for the fatigue entailed by marching, and the effects of the climate, travelling entails no serious difficulties.

At Unyanyembe we were hospitably received and welcomed by the Arabs of the better class; but we soon were all three stricken down by fevers of varying types. I myself was blind for six weeks from ophthalmia, Dillon suffered from atony of the optic nerve, and Murphy by constant fevers was reduced almost to a state of prostration.

Unyanyembe. Fresh anxieties.

To add to our difficulties, many traders of the baser sort induced our men to desert, pointing out that in front the road was barred by the redoubted Mirambo, and that it would be impossible for us to reach the Tanganyika, while the route to the coast was open and easy. Sometimes it seemed as if there was to be a chance of starting, and all was prepared, when the demon, fever, would again grip one in its clutches, and, on recovering sufficiently to move about once more, we would find that the men who had been painfully gathered together had disappeared, and the whole business had to be commenced *de novo*.

In a state of mental anxiety and worry, caused by the difficulties of our position, almost crippled by fever and an injury to my back, I was lying in my tent one day, when news was brought by Chuma, Livingstone's faithful servant, of his master's death, and that the rest of his men, conveying his corpse, would arrive in a day or two.

The death of Livingstone, of course, altered all our plans; the first thing to arrange was the safe transmission of his body to the coast, and next, in accordance with my instructions, to see in what way I could carry on some important geographical examination. When the caravan with Dr. Livingstone's body arrived, all the principal Arabs attended to show their respect for his memory, and it

was placed in safety in one of the rooms of the house which had been put at our disposal. On examining Dr. Livingstone's baggage, I found that many of his most important journals and papers had been left at Ujiji, in charge of an Arab trader there, and, of course, the recovery of these was a matter of prime importance.

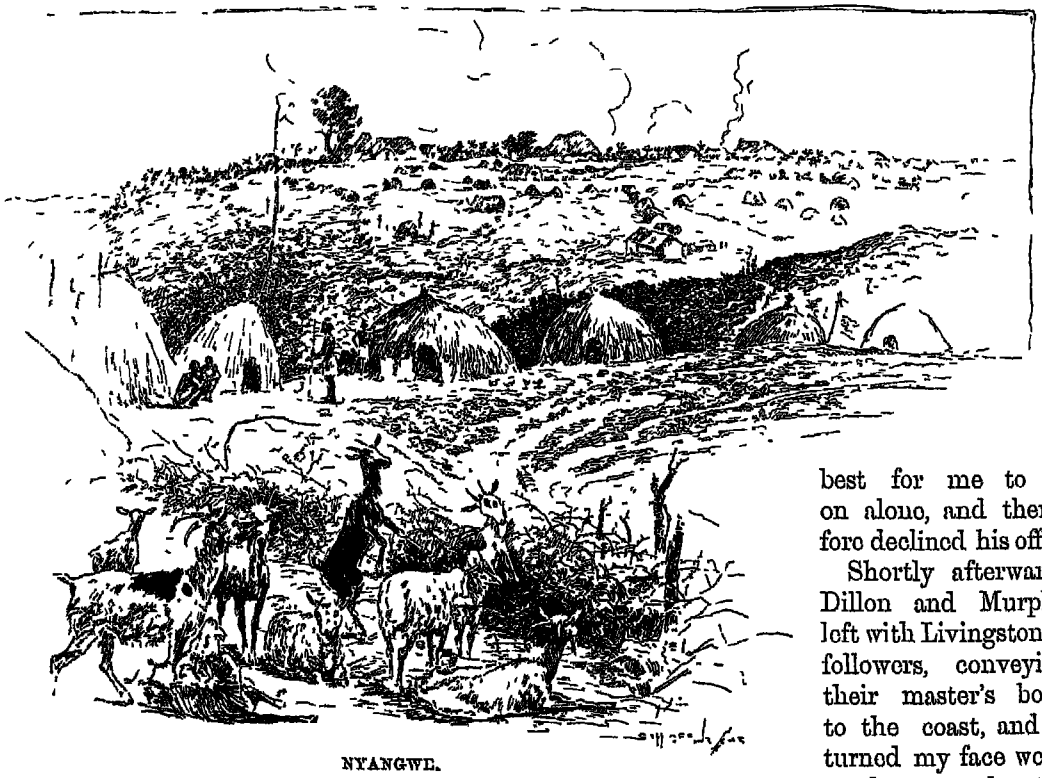
A sorrowful company.

Murphy, knowing that we were in a difficult position owing to the heavy expenses we had incurred, expenses entailed by the abnormal difficulties we had encountered, and the fact of the expedition having been fitted out for four Europeans instead of two, resigned, saying that now Livingstone was dead the expedition had no further *raison d'être*. I accepted his resignation, and requested him to watch over the conveyance of Livingstone's body to Zanzibar.

A few days afterwards, after much anxious consultation, Dillon, who was already totally blind in one eye and threatened with the loss of the other, consented to return with Murphy. Dillon was also suffering from other painful and dangerous illnesses. Murphy on hearing of this volunteered to remain with me, but, looking to the difficulty of transport and consequent expense, I decided it would be best for me to go on alone, and therefore declined his offer.

Return of Dillon and Murphy a solitary journey.

Shortly afterwards Dillon and Murphy left with Livingstone's followers, conveying their master's body to the coast, and I turned my face westwards towards the setting sun.



NYANGWE.
(*From a Sketch by Captain Cameron.*)

Difficulties, however, did not lessen; porters deserted from day to day, rumours of wars and fights, mostly baseless, frightened the bravest, while the dishonest ones, who wished to pocket their advance, knew that by joining any Arab caravan bound coastwards they were safe from pursuit. I was myself half blind, suffering severely from the effects of the many illnesses through which I had gone at Unyanyembe, and half paralysed from the effects of a fall, when I had lighted on my spine on a

piece of broken granite Nevertheless, I toiled on cheerfully, even although it took me a week to make a day's march, knowing that every mile I put between myself and Unyanyembe would lessen my difficulties

While I am speaking of this matter, I may as well speak frankly I have seen in print that I wished to bury Dr Livingstone's corpse in Africa, and that his men would not permit me to do so I was master of the

RECEPTION BY KASONGO, GREAT CHIEF OF URUA.
(From a Sketch by Captain Cameron)

My friends on leaving Unyanyembe also had their troubles Ill-luck seemed to dog their footsteps, and Livingstone's men without the assistance I gave them and the advice of one of my best men, Issa, the interpreter, whom I gave up for the purpose, would never have been able to accomplish their task

situation, and could have done what I chose I never mentioned the question of the burial of Dr Livingstone in Africa to his men I spoke to Dillon and Murphy of a letter or note in a journal in which Dr Livingstone, when speaking of the death and burial of his wife in Africa, expressed a wish that, when his

time, too, should come, he might be buried in the continent for which he had done so much. Some discussion took place on this, but the idea never took a concrete form. His remains are at Westminster now, after all these years. Though it matters not where a corpse rests, I believe if Livingstone could speak, he would say that he would far rather have been buried in Africa than in the Abbey.

Difficulties of Livingstone's men: an explanation.

As for other matters, unless they had thrown themselves on the charity of the Arabs, which, no doubt, would have been generously afforded, Livingstone's men would have been unable to proceed one step farther without the assistance I rendered them, and the whole cost of sending Livingstone's body and his men to the coast has always been saddled upon my expedition. Even with this and with other extra expenses, such as the purchase of a schooner at Loanda, and the payment of her master and crew, no journey in Africa has cost less, when the distance traversed and the results achieved are considered. I have also seen in print that I ransacked Dr. Livingstone's boxes and took his instruments, etc., from them. I acted in a perfectly proper manner in examining Dr. Livingstone's baggage, in order to ascertain what course I should pursue. I borrowed a watch belonging to him, which was forwarded to his family by the Royal Geographical Society on my return, and the instruments belonging to either the Society or the Government I took with me in order to be able to collate my own observations with Dr. Livingstone's with the result of establishing his accuracy. The papers I saw I sent home, as I did those I found at Ujiji, and I could wish that all those papers had been published with only a minimum of judicious editing.

Death of Dr. Dillon: a hungry march.

But enough of this digression. I was not long away from Unyanyembe when I heard of poor Dillon's severe illness, and sent to ask if I should come to him, though at the time I was almost incapable of movement myself; but before I could receive a reply the sad news arrived of his having shot himself in an access of delirium. The short march we accomplished the day that I heard this I performed as one almost insensible. A dear friend and messmate, a gentleman and scholar, my companion in sorrow and in happiness, was snatched from me, and I was never to hear his voice again, nor to feel the hearty grip of his hand. A few days after I met Murphy, who had been turned from his path by reports of robber bands infesting the country by which we had reached Unyanyembe, and from him I learned the details of the sad story. Next day I left Murphy, not to see or meet an European for a period of two years, and went on my way, hoping to make better progress, as I was now getting far enough away from Unyanyembe to render it difficult for my men to bolt there; but two days after I met some men from Ugara, who brought the news that until a difference between the Wagara and the Arabs was settled no man was to be permitted to pass through their country. I could easily have forced my way, but I, as ever, preferred peaceable measures, and sent on my servant with letters to the principal Arabs, urging them to come to terms with the Wagara messengers, and in this I was successful, though it entailed another delay of three weeks. This settled, for some time we got on well, but after a time I was lamed by a bite from a snake or some venomous insect, which rendered me perfectly incapable of moving, and I had to be carried, and could no longer direct the course we steered. In consequence, we lost our track, and for a fortnight we came across no villages or inhabitants, and had to endure severe privations, depending for our daily food mostly on lichens from trees, mushrooms, and some edible roots.

At last we came to the mountains of Kawendi, where we found people, who, however, either refused to sell us food or were too poverty-stricken themselves to be able to do so. Some days more of hardship and we struggled through these mountains, and arrived in the fertile and populous districts near the

Malagarazi, where my men soon forgot the hardships they had endured.

Here, however, we found that we had been right in taking the long and difficult route we had followed in order to avoid Mirambo (p. 262), for we found he was in the neighbourhood of the Malagarazi, burning and destroying, and from the strongly-fortified village where we stayed before crossing the river we could see the flames rising in all directions where he and his followers were carrying on their work of destruction.

From the Malagarazi to Tanganyika.

After the Malagarazi was crossed we had an uneventful march to the Tanganyika, but some idea may be formed of the illnesses and hardships I had undergone when I mention that my weight on arriving at Ujiji was only ninety-two pounds, instead of the normal hundred and fifty or so.

At Ujiji we found provisions in plenty, and my men would have been glad of a long halt, but work had still to be done. The longitude and level of the lake had to be determined, its form to be ascertained, as well as the position of its outlet, and, above all, the papers which Dr. Livingstone had left at Ujiji had to be secured.

The last was the first thing I set about, and, fortunately, found them safely in charge of Mohammed ibn Salih, to whom Livingstone had entrusted them. Next, while engaged in hiring boats for the circumnavigation of the as yet practically unknown southern half of the lake, I took careful observations for position and altitude, and my longitude proved to be the same as Speke's, while my altitudes above the sea were the same as those which Livingstone had obtained when he touched its southern extremity, and when, because of the difference between the levels obtained by him and those deduced by Speke from observations with imperfect instruments at Ujiji, he had considered it to be a different lake.

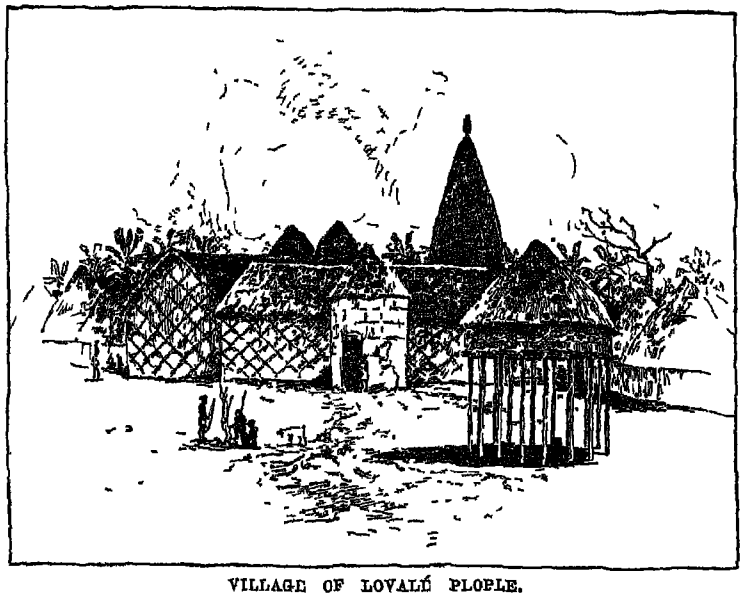
The belief in this error had been strengthened by all my predecessors on the Tanganyika having neglected the question of the variation of the compass when placing the Tanganyika on the map—all maps before mine making it run due north and south, instead of being considerably inclined to the meridian. This question of variation of the compass is one of great moment in the accurate delineation of the country travelled over. The lines of variation do not as at sea follow in regular curves, which have now been laid down and their change ascertained, but vary capriciously, owing to the form of the country, mineral deposits, etc.; and when one is moving, the variation should be observed two or three times a day in order to avoid error. To do this while in Africa I constructed a set of azimuth tables for varying latitudes and declinations, and therefore always had my course and bearings correct. When I arrived in England I found similar azimuth tables had been published during my absence.

My boats being ready "for sea," a base for the triangulation of the lake measured, and the men selected to accompany, I started from Ujiji determined not to return there until the true form of the southern end had been delineated and the question settled as to *whether it had an outlet or not (p. 267)*.

Exploration of the southern end of Tanganyika.

The cruise round the lake was in many ways pleasant, though I was several times prostrated by fever, at the extreme southern portion suffered severely from lack of provisions, and for much of the time was in great pain from sores and ulcers on my legs and feet, which at times quite prevented me from walking. Fortunately, walking was not required, and I was able to keep up my triangulation without missing a link, and to check it by astronomical observations—the result being to establish both Livingstone's and my own correctness, for I found his supposed separate lake to be identical in latitude, longitude, and level with the position I laid down for the extreme southern end. I note the lake has again been somewhat changed in its direction to the meridian, and my longitudes, except at Ujiji and Karema, in consequence altered, of course also altering

Livingstone's position of the south end. Karema was fixed a second time by a Belgian expedition, possessing more accurate instruments than I did, and they confirmed my observations During the many years that have elapsed since I left the Tanganyika I am not aware of any person having been there who was a better-qualified observer or surveyor than myself, and from the time taken to travel between the Lakes Tanganyika and Nyassa I have had ample corroborative proof that the form and position of the lake as laid down by me are correct, and not as given in most maps of recent date. This position of the south end of Lake Tanganyika is most important, and when I had first fixed it, and also, by applying correction for the variation of the compass to the direction in which the axis of Lake Nyassa was laid down, had seen that the Nyassa must be the lake at so many days' distance which I heard of on Tanganyika, then there flashed upon me the idea of the marvellous highway which nature, by the means of the rivers and lakes of Central Africa, had laid down from the Mozambique Channel to the Mediterranean Sea. Before my discoveries there was no reason for the idea, and when I had made my discoveries I published it. The notion of utilising this line was therefore mine before it was anyone else's People are fond now of saying that anyone must recognise the part this line must play in the future, and that, therefore, there is no credit in advocating it, and that it is Rhodes' idea, or Jones's idea, or Smith's idea; but by scientific exploration and reasoning I discovered the line, and made my knowledge public: anybody else who adopts the idea is only supporting what I have advocated for many years.



VILLAGE OF LOVALÉ PLOPLE.
(From a Sketch by Captain Cameron.)

In finding the outlet I was equally successful. The discussion which has arisen on this point is too long to refer to here.*

On my return to Ujiji I despatched all Livingstone's papers, copies of my journals, botanical collections, maps, etc., to the coast, under charge of my servant and some selected men; then, having given all who wished to leave me the option of doing so, I again crossed the lake with sixty-two or sixty-three men all told, with twenty guns, and marched for Nyangwe.

From Tanganyika to Nyangwe.

Except that some Arabs who clung to my skirts, being afraid to travel by themselves, got into trouble with the natives through the thievish propensities of their followers, there is nothing to relate in such a sketch as this On the occasion referred to I was able to make peace between the contending parties, and constrained the Arabs to release the prisoners they had made, whom they intended to keep as slaves.

* The question is fully discussed in the additional chapter to the second edition of "Across Africa."

Once arrived at Nyangwe I found that Livingstone's and my own observations agreed, and having with me the instruments which he had used, a more perfect collation than would have been otherwise obtainable was possible. He had not, however, measured the depth or breadth of the river, which I did with great care. Much against my will, I was forced to come to the conclusion that the Lualaba had nothing whatever to do with the Nile, but was, in very truth, the main stream of the mysterious Congo. To have traced this river to the sea would have been physically much easier and much quicker of performance than the toilsome journey I had yet to make before I beheld the Atlantic, but

CROSSING THE RIVER LOVOI, BETWEEN URUA AND USSAMBI, BY A FISHING-WEIR BRIDGE
(From a Sketch by Captain Cameron.)

in order to obtain the necessary canoes I should have had in some measure to countenance the buying and selling of slaves, and this I could not do.

Whilst I was still struggling to obtain canoes honestly, Hamed ibn Hamed, better known as Tipo Tipo, or Tippoo Tib (p. 257), came from his camp, lying some distance to the south, near the Lomami, in order to settle some troubles which had arisen between natives under his protection and the followers of some of the Wamrima (Zanzibar coast people), residing at Nyangwe. He told me if we came with him, I would be able to cross the Lomami, and make my way back to the Lualaba again; and so when he returned to his own place I accompanied him. Southwards from Nyangwe was a country of great richness, where no European had ever before set his foot.

But when I arrived at Tipo Tipo's station, I found that the tribes on the other side the Lomami refused to let me pass; so, true to my principle that one drop of blood unjustly or unnecessarily spilt would tarnish the greatest geographical triumph, I made my way still farther south, through a country where no Arab or other stranger had ever penetrated. During the time I was working through this, I found some of the natives suspicious, and there was difficulty in entering into friendly intercourse with them, but usually I was able to overcome their reluctance to have dealings with us. Sometimes, indeed, we were obliged to take food from the fields for our absolute wants, when the owners would not come near us; but in every instance beads or cloth, or wire, ample to repay them were left in exchange for what we took.

To Kasongo's.

Only on one occasion were we seriously attacked and had to defend ourselves, when, to the best of my knowledge, one native was killed. Afterwards we were able to explain we meant no harm, and found that slaving caravans from the west had been raiding the country in the neighbourhood, and, not unnaturally, as strangers coming from the unknown, we were suspected of being on the same errand. The delight of the people when they found how abhorrent slavery was to me needed to be witnessed to be described.

Soon after this I arrived at the headquarters of Kasongo, the great chief of Urua (p. 273), where I found Jumah Merikani, an Arab, whose kindness to myself could not have been greater if he had been my own brother, and a black from Bihé, named Alvez, who called himself a Portuguese.

Kasongo himself was absent when I arrived, and before he came back I made some short journeys of exploration in the neighbourhood. When he did arrive, I found that my getting away was a matter of great difficulty; and though the months I spent in his country were full of interest, owing to the many curious customs of his people, and the opportunities I had of studying their religious belief, still I was glad when at last I was able to steer westwards, although it was in company with Alvez and his caravan of slaves. Some day, perhaps, I may have leisure to write a monograph on Kasongo and his people the Warua as they were when still unaltered by contact with people from the outside world.

Our journey now lay through wooded Ulunda, and along the plains where runs the watershed between the Congo and Zambesi, which I traced for hundreds of miles, and discovered the sources of the Zambesi, and, practically, those of the Kassai and other rivers flowing northwards to the mighty Congo.

Ulunda, and the watershed of the Congo and Zambesi.

During this march we suffered much from fatigue and hunger, but more from being the unwilling witnesses of the sufferings of the poor slaves Alvez and his companions were driving westward. I did what I could to alleviate their agonies, but had often to refrain from interference owing to my fear that it would cause more harm than good.

At last we crossed the Kwanza, and a few days after arrived at Bihé, where I again met Europeans, not having seen an European face for a period of twenty-three months.

Senhor Gonçalvés, a Portuguese merchant,

entertained me hospitably (p. 281) and when we left Bihé for the coast, now only two hundred and forty geographical miles distant, we considered our journey was well-nigh ended; but before we had got half the distance my men began to collapse from fatigue, hunger, and sickness, and scurvy broke out among them, and it seemed as if we were to be shipwrecked almost within sight of port.

From Bihé to the sea.

I soon saw that something must be done; so, selecting two or three of the strongest men, and reducing my kit to a blanket, sextant and artificial horizon, I started by forced marches for the coast; and, with scarcely any food by the way, made good one hundred and twenty geographical miles, or (allowing for deviations) one hundred and sixty English miles, in four days, over rough country, and reaching the coast, sent back relief for my men, who, all save two, arrived safely a week later.

If I had been a day later, I should have lost my life; for the last day of my march I was suffering from scurvy, and eight hours after my arrival at Katombela—on the 28th November, 1875—I was unable to speak or move.

Thanks to my kind host, M. Cauchoix (p. 280) and the care of Dr. Calasso, who was in charge of the hospital at Benguella, I soon recovered. Of the men with whom I left Ujiji, some deserted before I arrived at Kasongo's, but all the rest, save two who succumbed to the suffering of the last few terrible days, fifty-four in number, arrived at the coast with me.

The journey was finished, the work was done. What had been considered an impossible feat had been accomplished; and the question arises, "*Cui bono?*" Apart from geographical and other knowledge obtained, the answer is, "*Much.*"

Civilisation and civilised commerce are permeating the whole African continent; and if for a time a check seems to be received, the ever-growing volume of enterprise overcomes it. I know what I am doing myself, and what others are doing; and am certain that the ultimate result of our labours will be a sufficient answer to the most carping of critics, the most determined of opponents. In time, with God's blessing, the darkest corners of Africa shall be as light as the day.

But before Lieutenant Cameron made preparations for returning to England, there to receive the honours which he had earned at the hands of the Royal Geographical Society, the University of Oxford, and Her Majesty's Government, he secured the safe return of his followers to Zanzibar, by purchasing a small vessel in which they might make the voyage, under the charge of Captain Carl Alexanderson, who, not unknown to geographers, happened just then to be in those parts. Among the Zanzibar contingent who had crossed Africa was "Bombay," or Mbarak Mombée, who must be familiar to the reader as the ever active, but not always sober, headman of Speke's "Faithfuls." In truth, Bombay does not invariably shine in that narrative. He was drunken, forward, and sometimes insolent, in Speke's day, and the indulgence which he had obtained from that traveller had not improved his moral qualities when Mr. Stanley fancied that in engaging him for his first expedition he had secured a prize. A character which is "touched up" in a successful book of travels manages to hold good for a long time. But Mr. Stanley was soon undeceived, and before long had to add to the fist-marks of Captain Speke's disfavour a similar testimony of his own exhausted patience with this Swahili Treasure. He did not, indeed, at first recognise in the grizzled, high-foreheaded, large-mouthed man of fifty the owner of the "woodeny head" and "alligator teeth" who so frequently figures in the Nile narrative. There was, nevertheless, plenty of time to learn that whatever had been Bombay's merits in days gone by, fidelity in the discharge of his duty was in 1871 not one of them. However, the chief "Faithful" helped to "find Livingstone," and returned to Zanzibar ready to be again secured as a prize by Lieut. Cameron, who also had to learn in

The last of some old friends.

the school of experience—and in Africa this is an even harder one than usual—that published characters are about as valuable as that class of domestic literature is generally. Not more honest than the freedman of Zanzibar is as a rule, roguery and old age had grown together so far as Bombay was concerned. He immediately took advantage of the inexperience of his new masters to manner to several people, including the kind-hearted Monsieur Cauchoix," it is not to be wondered at that Mbarak Mombéo disappears at last from the stories of African exploration.

Some other old friends also vanish from these pages. Among the attendants of Livingstone who were brought to England were Susi, Chuma, and Jacob Wainwright. All three were made rather more of than

ARRIVAL AT RESIDENCE OF M. CAUCHOIX AT KATOMBELA, AN OUTPOST OF BENGUELLA.
(From a Sketch by Captain Cameron.)

engage as members of the party, not the best men obtainable, but any rapscallions whom the Unfaithful found it his interest to rake together. He was, moreover, inclined to trade upon his ancient reputation, instead of trying to maintain it by renewed activity. Much grog and laziness had, moreover, robbed Bombay of the energy of former days; and as the last appearance of this Swahili hero in print was in "getting exceptionally drunk, and behaving in a most insolent and abusive was good for the black lads' heads. Accordingly, when the last-named returned to the missionaries in his native land, he was so often prone to inform his employers that they had not been presented to the Queen, and therefore, though white, were of an inferior grade to him, as to render it desirable for Jacob to seek another sphere of usefulness. This he found in the capacity of porter to a Zanzibar storekeeper; and, for all we know to the contrary, he still fills that unobtrusive situation,

unless, indeed, his head has again been turned by memories of the quondam greatness which well-intentioned people insisted on thrusting on the negro boy.

Chuma (p. 265) became a notable caravan-leader, and in this capacity accompanied Mr. Keith Johnston and Mr. Joseph Thomson on their expeditions. Unveracity, to use a euphemism, was his native drawback, and a tendency to play the big man at anybody's expense (his master's by preference) the negro's weakness whenever he could obtain an opportunity.

Susi (p. 265) fell into drinking habits, and though, in some respects, an even abler man than Chuma, was soon, owing to his debaucheries, reduced to a state of destitution. By-and-by, however, he rallied, and, as a trusted member of Mr. Stanley's Congo contingent, seems to have given satisfaction.* When we speak of "African travellers" we are apt to think of the traveller who has a white face and writes a book; but it is needless reminding the reader that the greatest explorers of the Dark Continent have been black men, who never dreamed of printer's ink, and whose very names have passed into oblivion. Before closing the last of the chapters dealing with the eventful travels of Livingstone, a few words may be added regarding the Grandy expedition (p. 268). It left England on the last day of November, 1872, and struck into the interior from Ambriz, on the west coast, with the intention of reaching Livingstone, or of succouring him should he endeavour to emerge from the continent in that direction. But after penetrating through the old Congo kingdom as far as Makuta, harassed by opposition on the part of the jealous natives and their chiefs, and the desertion of his men, Lieutenant Grandy, convinced that nothing could be done on the south side of the Congo, crossed the river below the Yellala Falls with better hopes, when the news of Livingstone's death reached him in April, 1874, and his expedition was thus no longer necessary.

* Thomson, "To the Central African Lakes and Back," Vol. I, pp. 33, 34.

ARRIVAL AT SENHOR GONÇALVÉS', BIHÉ.
(From a Sketch by Captain Cameron.)

CHAPTER XIV.

"Through the Dark Continent": The Exploration of the Congo.*

Stanley Starts on his Expedition—The Great Lake Reached—Previous Explorations Among the Lakes—Altitude of the Victoria Nyanza—Navigation of the Nyanza—Coast and Island Scenery—Friendly Natives—Flora and Fauna of the Victoria—Welcome to Uganda—M'tesa's Power and Greatness—Mulcy bin Salim—Stanley Teaches Christianity—Linant de Bellefonds and the Letter—Return Voyage—Hostilities at Bumbireh—Reunion—Second Voyage to Uganda—At Bumbireh Again; Natives Punished—Boundaries of Uganda—Climate—Population—Origin of the State—Line of Kings—M'tesa—Feudalism—General Council of State—Administration of Justice—Land Laws—Class Distinctions—Waganda Prowess—Character of People—Waganda Workmanship—The Fleet—Fishing and Hunting—War with the Wahuma—Defeat—Artifice—Victory—Stanley's Translation of the Scriptures—M'tesa Professes Christianity—Religious Beliefs of the Waganda—Stanley Leaves Uganda—Chief Sambuzi—Mount Gambaragara—A Lake Sighted—Ujiji—Stanley Explores Tanganyika—Natives Inhabiting the Lake Shores—Native Tradition of the Origin of the Lake—Yes or No; Heads or Tails?—Forwards—Through Virgin Forests—They Take to the River—Cannibals—Cataracts—Deadly Perils—Stanley Falls—Slaves of Fashion—Death of Kalulu—Frank Pocock Meets his Fate—The River Abandoned—Relief—The Ocean Reached—Results.

The years 1874 to 1877 were epoch-making years, and it is a sign of the times that the great African exploration which took place in them was due principally to the enterprise of the press; for the London *Daily Telegraph* and the *New York Herald* commissioned Mr. Stanley to undertake to complete as far as possible the task which Livingstone had set himself, and which he was striving to accomplish when his spirit departed on the shores of Lake Bangweolo. In this chapter an outline will be given of the adventures and results of Mr. Stanley's expedition, and a brief description will be included of the empire of Uganda, which later events brought so prominently into the forefront of Central African politics and of British enterprise in the Dark Continent.†

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† *See* in addition to the works already quoted: Speke, "What Led to the Discovery of the Sources of the Nile" (1864); Thomson, "To the Central African Lakes and Back" (1881); Stanley, "Through the Dark Continent" (1878); "Uganda and the Egyptian Soudan," by C. T. Wilson and R. W. Felkin (1882); Ashe, "Two Kings of Uganda" (1889); and "Life in Uganda" (1889); "The Waganda Tribe of Central Africa," by R. W. Felkin (*Proceedings Royal Society*, Edinburgh, Vol. XIII., p. 699); "Tanganyika," by Captain E. C. Hore, (1892), etc.

Stanley starts on his expedition.

Accompanied by Frederick Barker, Frank John Pocock, and his brother, Edward Pocock, three young Englishmen, Mr. Stanley left England with a large equipment on the 15th of August, 1874. At Zanzibar his caravan was quickly completed, and he arrived at Bagamoyo on the 13th of November of the same year, to commence a journey on the 17th which, after traversing 7,158 miles, brought him to the mouth of the Congo on August 12, 1877. During this remarkable journey Victoria Nyanza Lake, first discovered by Speke in 1858 (p. 63), was circumnavigated, and the empire of Uganda visited. Albert Edward Nyanza was sighted, Lake Tanganyika circumnavigated and mapped, and the great Congo River, which had always been a mystery, explored from its origin to its mouth at the Atlantic Ocean.

It is quite unnecessary to refer, except with the utmost brevity, to Mr. Stanley's route from Bagamoyo to Victoria Nyanza. It has been traversed many times and any description of it will naturally fall under another section of this work. Suffice it to say that after the usual hardships and difficulties experienced in African travel, he arrived at Kagehi, at the south of the lake, on February 27, 1875. Edward Pocock died on January 17, at Chiwyu, of typhus.

All the members of the expedition were indeed thankful that the first part of their journey had ended; and when viewing the lake stretching out "like a silvery plain far to the eastward, and away across to a boundary of dark blue hills and mountains," the porters struck up a song of triumph of which these verses may be given as a specimen—

The Great Lake reached.

"Sing, O friends, sing, the journey is ended:
Sing aloud, O friends, sing to the great Nyanza.
Sing all, sing aloud, O friends, sing to the great sea;
Give your last look to the lands behind and then turn to the sea.

"Long time ago you left your lands,
Your wives and children, your brothers and your friends;
Tell me, have you seen a sea like this
Since you left the great salt sea?

* * * * *

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

Chorus—

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

One hundred and three days had been occupied by Stanley in proceeding from the coast to the lake. The party had marched upon seventy days and halted on thirty-three, the average distance covered daily being about ten miles. The day after arriving at the lake a great levée was held; Prince Kaduma, whom Stanley describes as a true Central African "toper," and chief of the district, visited him, accompanied by his elders. This chief is depicted as a naturally amiable man, whose amiability was increased enormously when stimulated by endless supplies of pombé, or native beer. No business could be done with him until the pombé was produced. Stanley writes: "The great jar of froth-topped pombé is brought up by a naked youth of fourteen or fifteen years, who is exceedingly careful to plant the egg-bottomed jar firmly in the ground lest it should topple over. Beside it is conveniently placed Kaduma's favourite drinking-cup, as large as a quart measure and cut out of a symmetrically-shaped gourd. Kaduma is now seated on a favourite low stool and folds his greasy Sohari cloth about him, while the elders are seated on either side of him on wooden chips, or axe-handles, or rocks. The foamy jar is ready and the dusky Ganymede attentive. Kaduma stretches out his hand languidly—it is all affectation, for Kaduma is really thirsty—and Ganymede with both hands presents the cup kneeling. The pombé being broached, the valves of the 'shauri' are opened. During the hour devoted to the consumption of pombé Kaduma may be said to be rational, and even interested in business; withal he is gay, light-hearted, and pleasant in conversation. . . . But alas! the pombé is ended; Kaduma goes to sleep. At three o'clock he expands again into a creature of intelligence. Two or three pots are exhausted between three and six p.m., and finally Kaduma reels to his cot like the inebriated sot he really is." It was with such a man that Stanley had to deal at the lake, and a hard time he had of it, coaxing and threatening this well-meaning and well-disposed creature to grant him a site for a camp and to aid him in preparing for his voyage upon the lake. This is one of the drawbacks to African exploration. The ever-recurring "shauris," the lengthened discussions upon trivial topics, the apparent incapacity of the people to understand why a white man should think of performing strange, and to them incomprehensible, journeys, exhaust the patience of the traveller; but he succeeds best who with infinite patience manages to overcome these obstacles and utilises his time during the weary days of waiting to glean information as to the habits and customs of the natives, to reduce their language to writing, and to make those other scientific observations which have so greatly enriched the writings of many African explorers.

Stanley had brought with him from England a boat in sections—the *Lady Alice*. While we leave him to put it together and to arrange for the stay of the majority of his

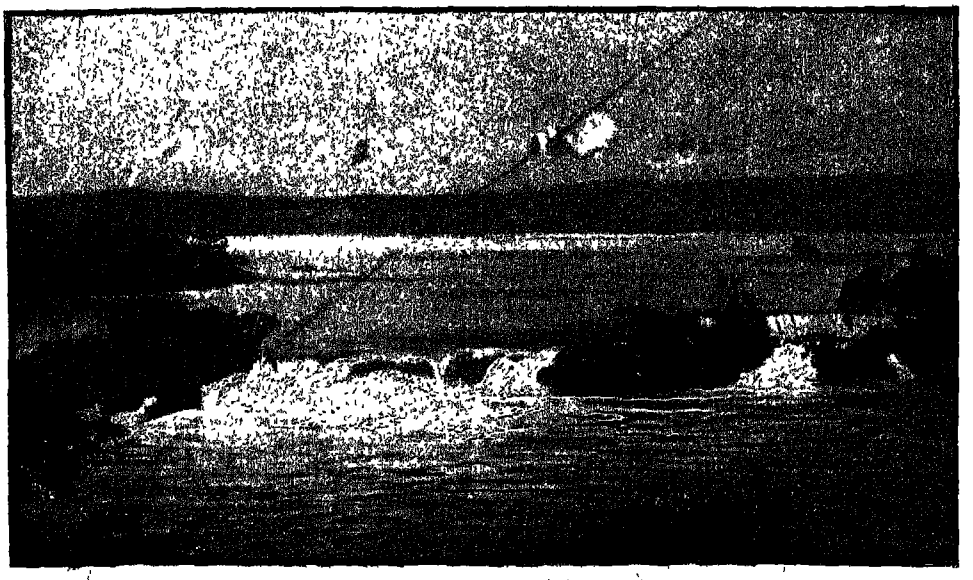
caravan at Kageli, it will be well to give a brief history of what was known of the Victoria Nyanza at that time, and then we will accompany him on his circumnavigation of the greatest of the Central African lakes, the one which proved to be the principal source of the Nile.

It is unnecessary to refer again to the knowledge possessed by the ancients with regard to the sources of the Nile, as this subject is dealt with in the introduction to the first volume of this work, and two ancient maps are given (Vol. I., pp. 3, 9) which indicate that information.

On the 13th of February, 1858, Burton and Speke—we have seen (p. 55)—had discovered Tanganyika. After exploring it, Speke, with Burton's consent, made a trip towards the north, and on the 30th of July, 1858, he arrived at the south end of a lake called by the Arabs Ukerewe, and by the Wanyamwesi Nyanza. In Speke's own words, "I no longer felt any doubt that the lake at my feet gave birth to that interesting river, the source of which has been the subject of so much speculation and the object of so many explorers." We have here the key-note to the subsequent adventures of many a brave chapter in the history of African exploration.

Previous explorations among the lakes.

Burton was not inclined to agree with Speke in his surmise; but the controversy which arose between them and which only ended with Speke's death is too painful to merit more than a passing notice (p. 65). The Royal Geographical Society sent out Speke, accompanied by Captain Grant, in 1860 to continue the exploration of the Victoria Nyanza. They skirted the western shores of the lake and after visiting M'tesa, the Emperor of Uganda, and discovering that fertile empire, they arrived at the Ripon Falls on the 28th of July, 1862, where they had the extreme satisfaction of seeing "old Father Nile" flowing from the lake (p. 97).



VIEW OF RIPON FALLS, UGANDA SIDE,
(From a Photograph by H. M. Stanley.)

On his first visit to Victoria Nyanza Speke estimated its altitude by boiling-point thermometer to be 3,740 feet above sea-level; on the occasion just referred to, at Ripon Falls, the

Altitude of the Victoria Nyanza.

THE KING'S LAKE, UGANDA, WITH THE HILLS OF RUBAGA AND MENGO.
(From a Sketch by the Rev. Frederick C. Smith.)

thermometers indicated an altitude of 3,308 ft. In order to avoid repetition, it may be mentioned here that Stanley gave the altitude as 4,058 ft., Pearson 4,002 ft., Shergold Smith 3,734 ft., Wilson 4,244 ft., and the altitude which has been adopted in the Royal Geographical Society's map is 4,000 ft. Although Speke and Grant thus settled the fact that in all probability Victoria Lake was the principal source of the Nile, yet they were not able to follow its course from the Ripon Falls to Gondokoro; and it remained for Sir Samuel Baker—who, on his way to search for Speke and Grant, found them at the latter place—to complete their work by discovering Albert Lake, which was then supposed to be much larger than was afterwards proved to be the fact, and which Baker and Livingstone at that time believed either to be Lake Tanganyika, or, at any rate, that the two lakes were intimately connected.

We must now return to Mr. Stanley and his great feat of circumnavigating this enormous inland lake, which has an area (exclusive of islands which are estimated at 14,000 square miles) of no less than 27,900 square miles. Now, although Speke gave the name of Victoria Nyanza to the lake, it has various native names. It is called Nyanza by Linant, Nzaa Bali by Baker, Luero Lo Ruta Nzige ("white with dead locusts") by Speke, and by the Swahili it is called either Bahara ya Pili ("second sea") or Bahari Ya Ukara.

The names of the Great Lake.

On the 8th of March, 1875, Stanley, accompanied by eleven natives, started upon his adventurous voyage, leaving his European companions in charge of his camp at Kagehi, under the protection and care of Prince Kaduma and Sungoro, an Arab trader in those parts.

The *Lady Alice* soon had to prove her sea-going powers, for Victoria Nyanza is a stormy lake; gales spring up with exceeding rapidity and it is by no means an easy task to navigate an open boat upon its storm-tossed billows. The native boatmen invariably hug the shores, even when by so doing they lengthen their voyage to an inordinate extent. Experience has taught them the danger of venturing across the numerous bays by which the shore is indented. The voyage skirting the eastern and northern shores of the lake occupied nearly a month and on several occasions the hardy travellers had difficulty in escaping the attacks of inhospitable natives. Their voyage was, however, of great interest. The scenery was varied in the extreme; islands, covered by luxuriant tropical vegetation, broke in many places the monotony of the water-way, whilst on the shores of the lake, boldly rising and wooded hills, as at Manassa, contrasted with groups of sterile hills, as at Shalishi. Sometimes the shores of the lake were low and arid, at other times rocky, and again virgin forest fringed the shore, presenting a wealth of foliage upon which to rest the eye. Here and there villages nestled, either by the water's edge or in the forest glades, opening out as they often do as the timber approaches the lake. As the travellers at times ventured in shore, fantastically-dressed natives were seen, and fishermen whom they encountered fell into ecstasies of laughter when they witnessed the peculiar manner in which the strangers propelled their craft. Varied indeed must have been the flora, for we read of wild pineapple, mimosas, acacias, thorns, gums, pines, mangroves, fantastic euphorbias, eschinomenæ, lianes, water-cane, and spear-grass flourishing in astonishing luxuriance. Crocodiles and hippopotami disported themselves in the lake and the water was alive with fish.

Navigation of Victoria Nyanza.

Coast and island scenery.

Natives friendly and unfriendly.

A great change came over the demeanour of the natives when the travellers arrived at Ukafu. Indeed, it caused Stanley to ask himself, "Could this be Central Africa wherein we find such perfect adepts in the art of deception? But two days ago the savagery of the land was intense and real, for every man's hand was raised in ferocity against the stranger; in the land next adjoining we find a people polite, agreeable, and professing the

warmest admiration for the stranger, but as inhospitable as any hotel-keeper in London or New York to a penniless guest." But fresh surprises were in store for Stanley, for when on the 5th of April he landed at Usavara, the port of Rubaga (Uganda), he was received by a motley crowd of finely-dressed men "arrayed in crimson and black and snowy white." Drums beat, flags waved, and several hundred guns volleyed forth a welcome to the strange white man, who was ceremoniously greeted by envoys from M'tesa, bidding him welcome to the most civilised state which exists in Central Africa.

Welcome to Uganda: M'tesa.

After undergoing a searching examination, which Stanley declares he passed with the honours of a senior wrangler, he was received by M'tesa in right regal style. It is not intended here to enter into a description of M'tesa or Uganda, as it will be best to finish Stanley's exploration of the lake first; but it will not be out of place, for reasons which will become obvious immediately, to quote Stanley's own account of his impression of M'tesa after five days' residence in his country.

"I see M'tesa is a powerful emperor, with great influence over his neighbours. I have to-day seen the turbulent Mankoronga, King of Usui, and Mirambo, that terrible phantom who disturbs men's minds in Unyamwezi, through their emissaries kneeling and tendering their tribute to him. I saw over 3,000 soldiers of M'tesa's, nearly half-civilised. I saw about 100 chiefs, who might be classed in the same scale as the men of Zanzibar and Oman, clad in as rich robes, and armed in the same fashion, and I have witnessed with astonishment such order and law as is obtainable in semi-civilised countries. All this is the result of a poor Muslim's labours; his name is Muley bin Salim. He it was who first began teaching here the doctrines of Islam. False and contemptible as these doctrines are, they are preferable to the ruthless instincts of a savage despot, whom Speke and Grant left wallowing in the blood of women, and I honour the memory of Muley bin Salim—Muslim and slave-trader though he be—the poor priest who has wrought this happy change. With a strong desire to improve still more the character of M'tesa, I shall begin building on the foundation-stones laid by Muley bin Salim. I shall destroy his belief in Islam and teach the doctrines of Jesus of Nazareth."

Muley bin Salim.

Stanley teaches Christianity: the famous letter.

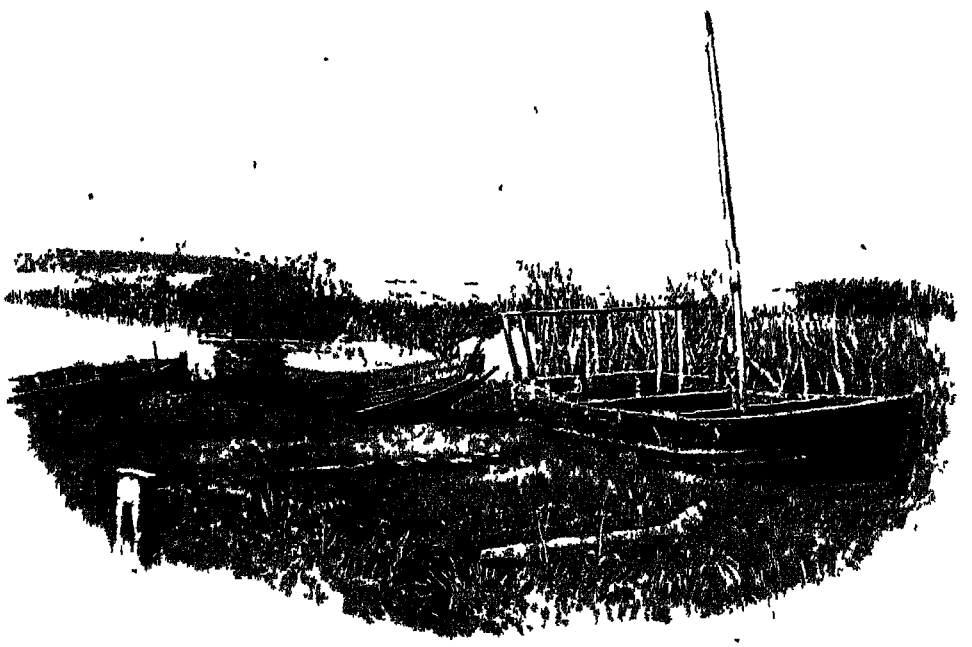
After making up his mind to a definite course of action, Stanley was not the man to delay in executing his intention, and he appears from the very first to have had most interesting religious conversations with M'tesa, who was greatly struck by what he heard and was all the more impressed with Stanley's views by the fact that they were confirmed by Linant de Bellefonds Bey, who arrived shortly after Stanley at M'tesa's court, an emissary from Gordon Pasha at Gondokoro. M. Linant was a Protestant and, when questioned by M'tesa as to Stanley's views, corroborated them and thus deepened the impression already made. It was by M. Linant that Stanley sent the letter pregnant with such important issues for Uganda and, indeed, for Central Africa—the letter which appealed to Great Britain to send missionaries to M'tesa's court. How strange it was that it ever reached its destination! Linant, leaving Uganda, was killed by the Bari on the 26th of August near Laboreh, and this letter, found in his high boot, was given to General Gordon and by him transmitted to England. One cannot say that chance led Stanley and Linant to clasp hands before that dusky monarch, nor was it chance that in such curious circumstances rescued the letter with Stanley's appeal from finding a last resting-place in Linant's grave. On the 17th of April the two friends parted, Stanley to complete the circumnavigation of the Lake, Linant to meet his early death.

Linant de Bellefonds.

If Stanley's voyage to Uganda had been adventurous, the return to his camp at the south end of the lake, skirting the western shores, proved infinitely more so. Sesse Island, or rather, group of islands as it proved to be, was passed,

Voyage back to camp.

where are to be found the celebrated ship-building yards of the Waganda and where the chief part of the Waganda navy is quartered. The river Katonga was discovered, 400 yards wide at its mouth, emptying its sluggish waters into the Great Lake; the manner, they suddenly seized the boat and dragged her high and dry upon the beach Hundreds of screaming black demons, as Stanley describes them, armed with spears or bows drawn taut, or with thick knotty clubs, jostled each other and struggled for room to



THE "LADY ALICE" AT THE LANDING-PLACE OF MSOSSI, UKEREWE.
(From a Photograph by H. M. Stanley)

Alexandra Nile, as Stanley named the river Kagera, was likewise visited, a deep, powerful stream of dark, iron-coloured water, which he regards as the largest affluent of Victoria Nyanza. It enters a crescent-shaped bay between Chawasimbo and Bugabu Points, at nearly one degree south of the equator, and forms the boundary-line between Uganda proper and Karagwe and Usongora.

After camping on Alice Island on April the 27th, Stanley arrived at the island of Bumbireh, where he and his companions were almost massacred. Although the inhabitants received them in an apparently friendly vent their fury. It was indeed a moment to try the nerve of the dauntless explorer himself, much more of his Zanzibari followers, who, however, in this dire crisis "bore the first outburst of the tempest of shrieking rage with almost sublime imperturbability." Stanley's calmness and the quiet attitude of his men gave them breathing time, but their oars were lost. The natives retired for consultation. All efforts to come to terms with them having failed, Stanley determined to make a rush for the water and escape. The infuriated savages saw the men moving the boat to the water's edge,

A critical moment.

so rushed forward; but, under cover of Stanley's shot-gun, the boat was flung into the water and, using the bottom boards as paddles, he and his men escaped. The natives of Bumbireh were, hereafter, to pay bitterly for this. Still hugging the shores of the lake and passing numerous islands on their route, the party completed their circumnavigation of the Victoria Nyanza on May the 6th.

Reunion

but Stanley's joy at reunion with the main body of his expedition was clouded by the news that Barker, a man who had rendered him intelligent and valuable service, had died twelve days before his arrival; six of his men also had died.

is, according to him, 300 miles long, making the entire length of the ancient river no less than 4,200 miles.

Space prevents a detailed account of Stanley's second voyage to Uganda, when he was accompanied by all his expedition, who were transported in canoes which M'tesa had sent for the purpose. They arrived at the island of Mahyiga on the 21st of July, and there were visited by envoys from Iroba, who informed them that the people of Bumbireh refused to let them pass on their journey. Stanley had learnt that if he would impress the natives he must act energetically. He therefore proceeded to Iroba, took the king and two chiefs

Second voyage to Uganda.

GRANITE ROCKS OF WEZI ISLAND, VICTORIA NYANZA.
(From a Photograph by H. M. Stanley.)

The dimensions of the great lake had now been ascertained and it had been established that only two important rivers emptied their waters into it. Stanley calculated that their combined volume almost equalled that of the Nile as it flowed from Ripon Falls out of the north end of the lake. The Shimeeyu, which forms the southern reach of the Nile waters,

prisoners as hostages and made them promise to catch Shekka, son of Antari, king of Bumbireh, and this, after Stanley had made blood-brotherhood with the King of Iroba, was accomplished. Immediately afterwards a small fleet of M'tesa's arrived searching for Stanley, as it had been reported that he had been massacred at Bumbireh. When Antari found that his son was captured, he sent messengers to say that he would make peace and a party of the Waganda were sent to the island in order to test the reality of his promise. No sooner had they landed, however, than a Waganda chief was killed and eight men severely wounded. This brought matters to a crisis and Stanley felt compelled to fight his way past Bumbireh. On the 4th of August his punitive expedition set off and, arriving at the island, found two or three thousand natives drawn up to resist their passing. Stanley offered to make peace with them, but they refused, so manœuvring his fleet of canoes in order to bring them within fifty yards of the shore, he anchored broadside on and raked their serried ranks with a well-directed rifle fire for the best part of an hour before their spirit was broken and they fled completely cowed.

Natives punished.

Thereafter all went favourably and the expedition arrived at Jinja, near Ripon Falls (p. 293), on October 23rd, to find M'tesa encamped with a large army at war with the Wahuma.

As before indicated, Uganda was first visited by Europeans in 1862, when Speke and Grant arrived in the country. It is situated to the north, north-west, and west of Victoria Nyanza. It is bounded on the north by the first degree of N. latitude, on the south by the river Kitangule, on the east by the Nile, and on the west by about the thirty-first degree of E. longitude. There is also a group of islands, 400 in number, called by the collective name of Sesse and situated on the north-western part of the lake, also belonging to the country.

Boundaries, etc., of Uganda.

The climate of Uganda is remarkably mild and the temperature very uniform throughout the year; probably the mean annual temperature is about 85° F. The rainfall is about fifty inches and thunderstorms are frequent.

The population of Uganda has been variously estimated at from two millions as the minimum to five millions as the maximum, the latter estimate being in all probability the more correct. The Waganda have a dark, chocolate-coloured skin. The men are tall, well-built, and have good features. The women, too, in their youth are good-looking, and all have delicately formed hands and feet. There is also a distinct tribe, numbering forty or fifty thousand, who live in Uganda, namely, the Wahuma; they are probably descended from the original inhabitants of Abyssinia, and the ancestors of the reigning family in Uganda were Wahuma.

There are many traditions concerning the founding of the state, some of which have already been referred to (p. 83). The generally accepted one now is that very many years ago a large number of the inhabitants of Abyssinia left that country and made their way towards Mombasa, on the east coast of Africa. They tried to settle there, but were driven back, and at length, reaching the Nile near Foweera, they crossed the river and founded the kingdom called Kittara. Afterwards, however, the kingdom split up into three parties; one party established themselves in Uganda, another in Karagwe, and the third in Unyoro. M'tesa professed to trace his descent to Kintu or Ham, and the following is the list of the kings mentioned by tradition:—Kintu, Chwa, Kalemale, Kimela, Rumaansi, Tembo, Kigala, Wampamba, Kaima, Nachibinge, Mrondo, Sekamanya, Jemba, Suna I., Chimbugwe, Katarega, Mtebe, Juko, Kaemba, Tibandeka, Ndaula, Kagura, Chikurwe, Mawaanda, Msanje, Namgaba, Chabagu, Jungu, Wasaga, Kamanya, Suna II., M'tesa, and Mwanga who is now reigning.

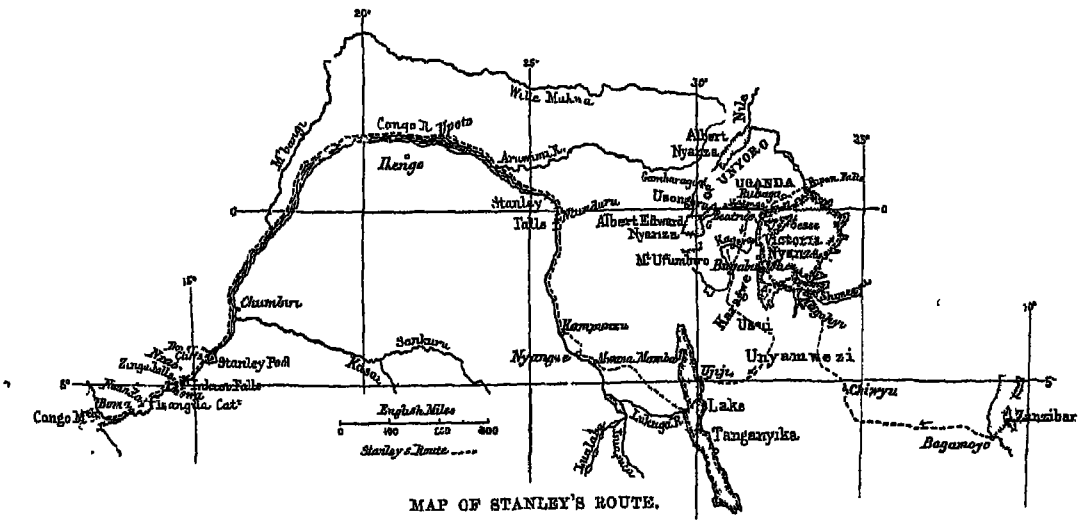
Origin of the state.

M'tesa, when visited by Speke, was a young man of about twenty-five, tall, good-looking, well-proportioned. He was dressed in bark cloth; with the exception of a ridge of hair in the centre of his head, which stood up like a

cock's comb, his scalp was shorn. His fingers and toes were adorned with brass and copper rings; he had pretty bead-work greaves, bracelets, and necklace; for a handkerchief he held a well-folded piece of bark and a piece of gold-embroidered silk, with which he constantly hid his large mouth when laughing, or wiped it after a drink of plantain wine, of which he took frequent and copious draughts from neat little gourd cups administered by his ladies-in-waiting, who were at once his sisters and wives. A white dog, spear, shield, and woman —the Uganda cognisance—were by his side.

The country was ruled on the feudal system; there were three hereditary chiefs who ruled the three provinces into which the country was divided—namely, Uddu in the south, Singo in the west, and Changwe in the east. Each of these provinces was divided into smaller districts, which were governed by Bakungu, and again smaller groups of villages were ruled by Batongoli. The king was the nominal head of the government, but his power was limited and he dared not act against the will of the hereditary chiefs. The privy council consisted of the katikiro or

Feudalism.



MAP OF STANLEY'S ROUTE.

He was in those days hot-headed, cruel and bloodthirsty. Before Stanley arrived, however, Mulai bin Salim, an Arab trader, had had so much influence with the king that the dog was banished and in many ways he had developed into a wiser ruler. Uganda was indeed an exception to all Central African states. The ceremonies at the court were remarkable for their dignity and order. All the people were clean and well dressed, mostly after the Arab fashion, though it was not considered bad form to wear either skin or bark-cloth dresses worn like the Roman toga, this being the ordinary native costume. After experiencing a residence amongst the undressed tribes, it was somewhat startling to find such different customs in Uganda.

prime minister, the three hereditary chiefs, one or two favourites of the king, and the king's sister. The general council of the state comprised all the Bakungu and Batongoli who were in residence at the capital, and the rule was that all must reside there in rotation for three months in the year. The other nine months they could live in their own districts unless required for war. The chief brewer and head cook to the king were also members of the great council and possessed much influence. The general council was in attendance daily at the palace from about 9 a.m. till noon; but it did not always have an audience with the king, only being summoned into his presence at his pleasure.

There was no real taxation in Uganda, but

all the people were compelled to render feudal service to their superiors. All kinds of produce might be requisitioned. Justice was administered in a very orderly manner and the people all had the right of appeal from the lowest sub-chief up to the king in council. The king had a regular corps of executioners, whose insignia consisted of a coil of rope worn as a turban, and a fringed mask. Small offences were punished by the stocks or flagellation; theft might cause the loss of nose, ears, or hand, and death was the usual punishment for either adultery or murder. Strangling and beheading were the most common modes of execution, but sometimes criminals were bled to death or burned.

Administration of justice, etc

KING M'TESA OF UGANDA,
(From a Painting by Mrs Stanley after a Photograph from life by H. M Stanley)

With regard to the land laws, although the chiefs possessed tracts of land in their several districts, anyone might acquire land either by purchase or by annexing a piece of unoccupied ground Even head slaves were not debarred this privilege. At a man's death the land descended to his sons, the eldest receiving the largest share; daughters did not inherit land, but there was no law preventing a woman from acquiring it.

Class distinctions in Uganda were very well marked. The lowest class consisted of the slave population, comprising prisoners taken in war and their descendants. In the second class were the Bachopi, who formed the mass of the population, the third class was that of the Batongoli, who were recruited from the Bachopi, but whose honours were not hereditary. They governed the provinces and were compelled to provide a certain number of men for war. The fourth, or highest class, consisted of the Bakungu, who nearly all belonged to the great council of state and were governors of large districts of land. The three hereditary chiefs belonged to this class. The prime minister was appointed by the king, being next in authority to him. It was not necessary that he should be a chief at his election to the office. M'tesa's katikiro had previously been his cook

Class distinctions.

The Waganda were very warlike and much dreaded by the surrounding tribes; they were armed with a large shield and two or three well-made spears. Guns had also been introduced into the country; they were mostly owned by chiefs, sub-chiefs, and the king's bodyguard. At the time of Stanley's visit

there were probably about 2,000 guns of all descriptions in the country. When the king decided to go to war, he chose a certain number of chiefs, who had to supply the requisite number of men. The king had a war-board, upon which pegs indicated the number of men at his disposal, and after the return of an army the killed were deducted

The Waganda are a light-hearted, merry people, courteous and kind as a rule; they are good musicians, first-class story-tellers, and if it had not been for the overbearing and proud demeanour of the chiefs, the country would have been almost an ideal state. But they are liars and proficient in the art. Human life is little respected, the people being valiant and not afraid to die. Although they are passionate, they are not revengeful. They take considerable care in educating their children and the aged men are respected and kindly treated, but the women occupy rather a low social scale on account of the universal polygamy which obtains. As agriculturists and handicraftsmen, the Waganda occupy a high position in Central Africa. Their gardens are well weeded and well kept, the various crops being carefully separated from one another by straight walks. The pottery and basket-work are very superior to those seen among the neighbouring tribes and the Waganda smiths are very clever and soon learn successfully to imitate European work. For instance, they can convert flint-lock guns into percussion guns, and they make brass cartridge-cases which are wonderfully true and smooth. Their bark cloth is made from a species of fig (*Ficus*

Character of people.

THE VICTORIA NILE, NORTH OF RIPON FALLS, FROM THE USOGA SIDE.
(From a Painting in the possession of H. M. Stanley.)

lutea) which grows abundantly throughout the country. The bark is taken from young trees; two incisions are made round the trunk, and the third, which is vertical, joins the other two. The bark is then stripped off and the outer surface carefully removed; it is laid on a smooth, square block of wood, and rapidly beaten, in time to a low chant, with heavy wooden mallets having circular grooved heads, which give to the bark a ribbed appearance like corduroy. The bark is then dried and, when new, has a yellowish-brown tint resembling freshly tanned leather.

Uganda wood-work is well and neatly made. Drums, drum-sticks, axe handles, and paddles, as well as walking-sticks, are made out of a hard white wood, and all are beautifully rounded and polished. Their leather-work, too, is of a superior quality, and they much pride themselves on this art and laugh at the unsuccessful efforts of others to compete with them. It was mentioned before that the boat-building yards of the Waganda are at Sesse.

At the time of Stanley's visit, M'tesa could float a force of from 16,000 to 20,000 men for the purpose of war. There are three classes of war canoes; the largest measure 72 feet in length, 7 feet 3 inches in breadth, and 4 feet deep within. Sixty-four paddlers propel each of these boats. A second class of boats are about 50 feet long, and the third class vary from 18 feet to 30 feet. In war the large boats carry from sixty to one hundred men, exclusive of their crews. The canoes are thus made:—A tree, with a straight trunk of the required length, is taken to construct the bottom. It is shaped with an axe and tapered at both ends. Along the edges holes are bored with a red-hot iron every two or three inches, and then the sides of the boat are built up of planks, each firmly sewn with root fibres woven into strong cord. The seams are caulked with plantain fibre and the outside of the vessel is painted a light red. The boat is finished by adding a curved prow, often rising to a height of four to five feet above the bow, and ornamented with antelope horns, feathers, or giraffes' tails.

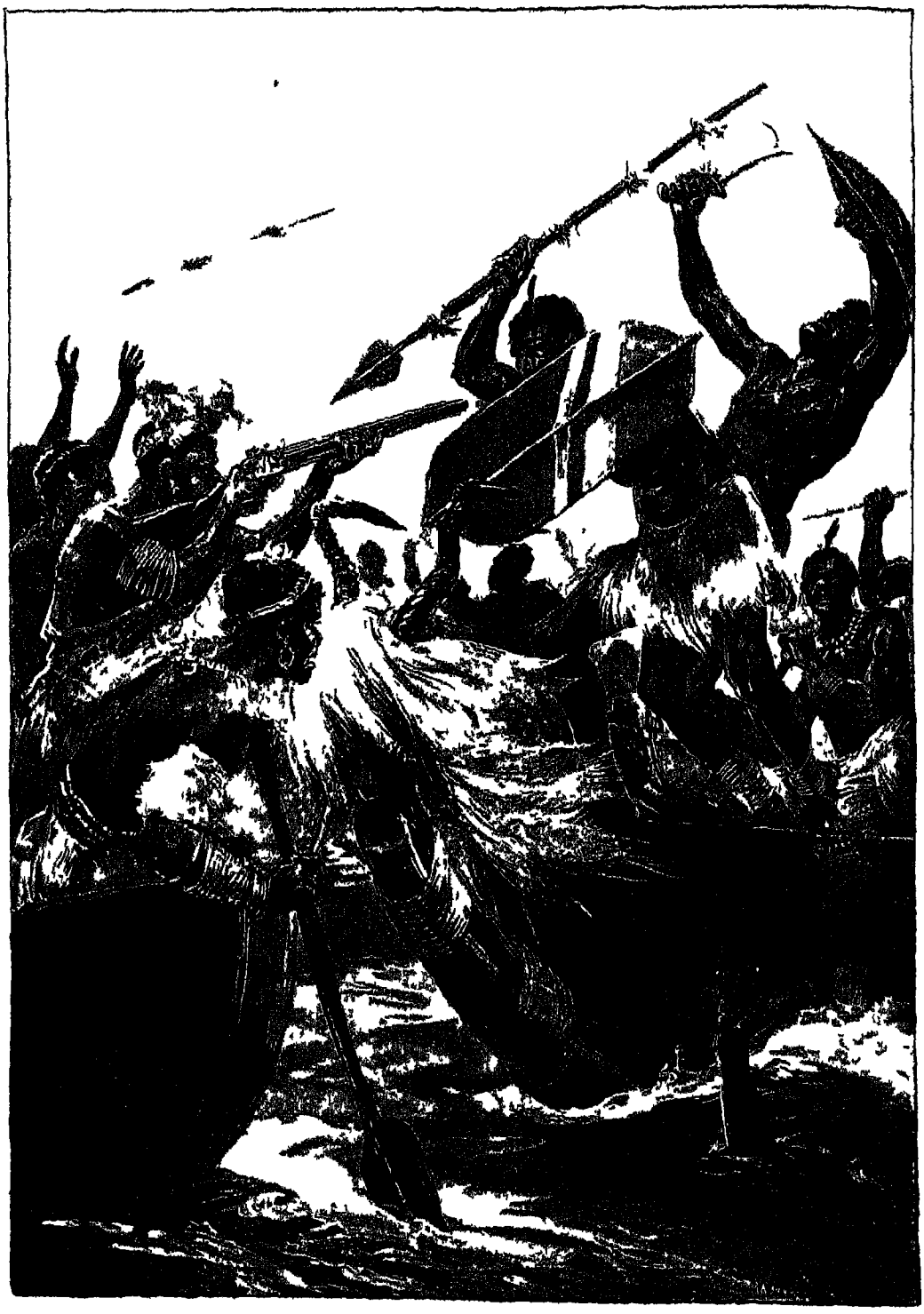
The fleet.

The Waganda that live on the borders of the lake are expert fishermen. They use both the rod and line, baiting with fresh-water shrimps or earth-worms. Night-lines are also employed, some being as long as 400 feet. Spearing fish is now widely practised, but wickerwork traps are much used.

Fishing and hunting.

The Waganda are expert hunters, too, some being so by profession. They employ all the usual African methods for trapping game, but a detailed description is unnecessary at this place.

The Waganda are celebrated for their beer and brewing is extensively carried on. Almost everyone knows how to manufacture some kind of drink, and men and women, boys and girls, are proficient in the art. The chief drink is called Mubisi, and it is made in the following manner:—A large hole having been constructed in the ground, it is neatly lined with banana leaves rendered supple by being held over glowing embers. This receptacle is then filled with green bananas and covered over until such time as the fruit is perfectly ripe. A large boat-shaped wooden trough with a funnel at the end is next prepared, in which the ripe bananas, having been peeled, are mashed with fine dried grass, a little water being added. This mash is then covered with banana leaves and permitted to stand for an hour or two. It is then taken out and the liquor strained through sieves made of grass into bottle-gourds, when it is ready for use. It forms a sweet, non-intoxicating, pleasant drink. If a stronger drink is needed, the above-mentioned decoction is set aside for three days, and, fermenting, it becomes a slightly acid and refreshing drink, but very intoxicating. By preference a Waganda would never drink anything but beer. On the march the liquor is carried in small gourds hung round the neck, the mouths being stopped with banana leaves, and, in order to enable the individual to drink whilst marching, a



20 NAVAL BATTLE BETWEEN THE WAGANDA AND THE WAVUMA (p 295).

tube is inserted through the cork and by this means the beer is imbibed.

Amongst all classes of the Waganda meals are served in an identical manner. The peasants—men, women, and children—eat together, but in the upper classes the sexes are divided, the master alone with a few of his wives being the only exception to this rule. The hands are washed before eating, either with water or with circular napkins cut out of the succulent stem of the banana tree. Wherever the meals are served, whether in the hut or courtyard (depending upon the weather), a table-cloth of banana leaves is neatly arranged upon the floor, upon which the food is placed in wooden bowls or wicker baskets. On the way from the cooking-place to the table the food is protected by covers, made of neatly-plaited grass, to shield it from the evil eye. The people eat with their fingers, and it is not customary to drink until the meal is finished, at which time, however, the hands are washed and plantain wine is handed round. The dishes do not follow one another in any definite order. As a rule, everything is placed upon the table at once. After the head of the household has commenced to eat all fall to. If large joints of meat happen to be served, they are cut into small pieces by a slave, either with a knife or a tiger-grass splinter. After the evening meal at a chief's house, dancing, singing, wrestling or kicking matches often wile away the time

Having thus given a general idea of the people with whom Stanley came into contact, we must return to his experiences of personal converse with the king, and a short account of the war he witnessed will be of interest.

War with the Wavuma.

On Stanley's arrival, M'tesa moved his camp to Nakaranga, a point of land lying within 700 yards of Ingira, the Wavuma head-quarters His army numbered, Stanley estimated, 150,000 men. There were also some 50,000 women and 50,000 slaves and children. The troops were commanded by 13 generals and 131 sub-chiefs and M'tesa's bodyguard could not be numbered at less than 3,000. On rushing to battle the men under each chief shouted the full title of their respective chiefs, repeating the last syllables thus:—

"Mukavya, kavya, kavya."
"Chamburango, ango, ango"
"Mkwenda, kwenda, kwenda."
"Skibobo, bobo, bobo."
"Kitunzi, tunzi, tunzi."

In camp each chief took up a definite position and in a day the army was comfortably housed by some 30,000 dome-like huts, the chiefs' temporary residences being indicated by huts of a conical shape and taller than the rest. The fleet, which consisted of 325 canoes of various sizes, was under Gabunga, the commander, and two vice-admirals, Jumba and Chikwata.

The first naval battle resulted in a defeat of the Waganda. Three hundred and twenty-five canoes were paddled in a compact mass towards the island. In the centre of the channel one hundred Wavuma canoes disputed the passage and, opening their line to the right and left, permitted their foe to pass them. "The Waganda, encouraged by this sign, began to cheer, but scarcely had the first sounds of self-gratulation escaped them, when the Wavuma paddles were seen to strike the water with foam, and lo! in the midst of the mass from either flank the gallant islanders dashed, sending dismay and consternation into the whole Uganda army." The Wavuma captured fourteen canoes and retreated. M'tesa explained to Stanley that his soldiers who occupied the canoes were afraid of the water, as they were from the inland district and could not swim, and he said, "It is my opinion that we must be clever, and make head-work take that island." Stanley was willing to advise him, and replied, "You have men, women, and children here in this camp as numerous as grass. Command every soul able to walk to take up a stone and cast it into the water, and you will make a great difference in its depth, but if each person carries fifty stones a day, I will warrant you that in a few days you will walk on dry land to Ingira" The idea was taken up with spirit,

but soon the novelty wore off and, after about half the distance had been accomplished, M'tesa lost patience and there followed four desperate fights, in which, however, the Wavuma were always successful. The wizards

WAGANDA MODE OF DRESSING IN BARK FABRICS.
(*From a Photograph by E. Buchta.*)

and witches were invoked and they chanted their incantations and exhibited their medicines on high before the foe, but all with no avail. A climax was reached one day when M'tesa caught an old Wavuma chief and intended to burn him. Stanley was called to see the sight. He roundly lectured M'tesa and finally got him to desist from his purpose, but, seeing that he must do something to end the war, Stanley hit upon a strange but successful expedient. He got three of the strongest-built canoes, each seventy feet long. Laying them parallel upon the shore, he constructed a platform upon them, and round the platform he had a wickerwork wall made, seven feet high, upon which were placed numerous flags. When this structure was completed it was launched, and in it were placed sixty paddlers and one hundred and fifty musketeers. It rode the waves of the lake easily and safely.

Stanley's clever expedient.

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

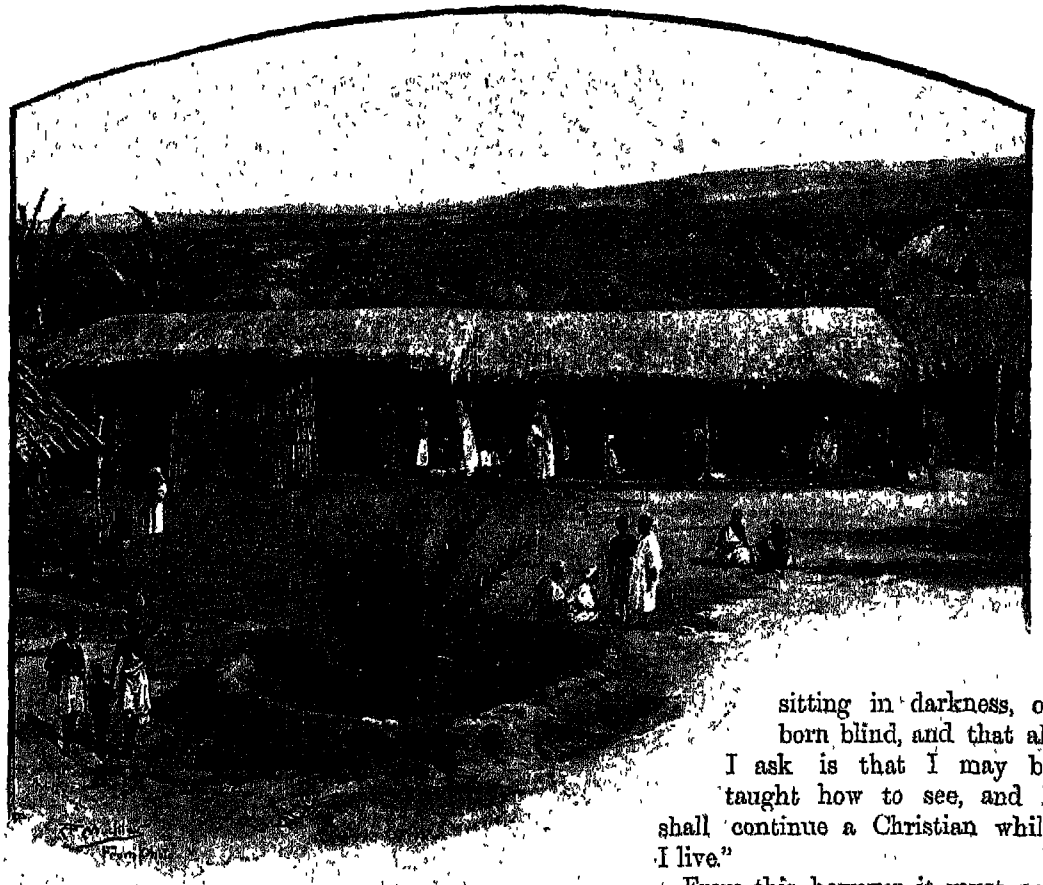
Rounds of applause from the army rewarded the inventor, and the strange structure was well calculated, propelled as it was by hidden forces, to strike terror into the Wavumas' hearts. It was moved to within fifty yards of the island and the brave Wavuma were commanded to surrender. Thinking that it was a spirit and that "it might contain some devilish awful thing, something similar to the evil spirits which in their hours of melancholy and gloom their imagination invoked," the Wavuma were cowed, and replied: "Enough; let M'tesa be satisfied. We will collect the tribute to-day, and will come to M'tesa. Return, oh spirit: the war is ended." This was done; the camp was evacuated, the army dispersed, and M'tesa, accompanied by Stanley, returned to his capital.

During the intervals of war and afterwards at the capital, Stanley had many interesting conversations with the king and the chiefs. Of the nature of these talks a brief indication will suffice. Whilst M'tesa and his chiefs supplied Stanley with information concerning the people, the country, their legends and traditions, Stanley appears to have set himself the task of making a convert of M'tesa. He showed the king his Bible and his Prayer-book, and in leisure hours, with the help of Dallington, a pupil of the Universities' Mission at Zanzibar, he translated an abstract of the Holy Scriptures. The translations were copied by a writer called Idi and, when completed, M'tesa possessed an abridged Protestant Bible in Kiswahili, "embracing all the principal

Stanley's conversations with M'tesa: the choice of a religion.

events from the Creation to the crucifixion of Christ." St. Luke's Gospel was translated almost entire, as giving the most complete history of the life of Jesus.

In process of time M'tesa called all his chiefs together and made a speech to them, telling how he had been a heathen, as were his fathers before him, how afterwards he had learnt from the Arab priest who had weaned him from his heathen faith, and how he had accepted the creed of Islam. Now, a white man had come to Uganda with a book older than the Koran, and the white man said Mohammed was a liar, and so he asked the chiefs what he should do. Should they believe in Isa (Jesus) and Musa (Moses), or in Mohammed? The feeling of the meeting was that they should accept what was best, and the final decision was to accept the white man's book. M'tesa formally renounced Islamism and professed himself a convert to the Christian faith, promised to build a church, and to do all he could to induce his people to accept Christianity, and Stanley, proud of his convert, left Dallington with M'tesa to act as Bible-reader until missionaries could be sent. When they parted M'tesa said, "Stanley, say to the white people when you write to them, that I am like a man sitting in darkness, or born blind, and that all I ask is that I may be taught how to see, and I shall continue a Christian while I live."



COURTYARD OF GOVERNOR'S TEMBE, UJIJI.
(From a Photograph by Mr. Fred L. M. Moir, of the Africa Lakes Company.)

From this, however, it must not be thought that the Waganda are idolaters. Far from it; they have no images or outward symbols of their gods; they do not think that death means annihilation, and

Religious beliefs of the Waganda.

they certainly have an idea that the future state is influenced by the life a man leads upon this earth. They believe that the Creator of the world was a great spirit called Katonga, who, having created the world, was well pleased with it, but was too great a spirit to take further interest in it. They therefore do not worship him, but lesser spirits, to whom they believe he relinquished the rule of the world. They have, therefore, various gods—Mukasa, a kind of Neptune, who is supposed to rule the waters of the lake, two gods of war—Chiwuka and Nenda, a god of small-pox, who is supposed to live on the snow-capped summit of Mount Gambaragara, a god of thunder and lightning, and various lesser spirits. Offerings are made to these gods at places which they are supposed to visit. The Waganda also think that the former kings are now spirits, and both to them and to various river deities, human sacrifices are offered when the king or any of the three hereditary chiefs dreams of them.

The Waganda have many myths and fables, such as that of Kintu, the blameless priest, supposed to have been the first ruler of the country, who, grieved at the quarrelling and bloodshed, vanished, and has never been seen again; of Kibaga, a warrior, who was supposed to have the power of flying; and many others to which further reference need not here be made.

The following stories will show that the Waganda are not destitute of humour: a collection of them would be of the greatest interest. One can, indeed, trace in them many of the same ideas that are to be met with in the classical fairy tales of the world.

"One night a man was returning to his home from a feast at which he had eaten largely and drunk much muengo. He was very tired and sat down to rest. He fell asleep and when he awoke he found that his torch had gone out, and, it being very dark, he could not find his way. As he wandered hither and thither in the forest a jackal met him and asked him where he was going. 'I am trying to find my way home,' said he. The jackal offered to run on before and show him the right path. He accepted the offer, and they went a considerable distance together. The man then asked the jackal if he were near home. 'Yes,' was the reply, 'you will soon be home; you have feasted, and now we will feast.' Having said this, he called out 'Lion, lion!' and with a loud roar a lion sprang on the man and killed him; so the lion and jackal got a good meal."

"Two men once had a dispute as to which was the most successful liar. The one proposed that they should each tell lies, and that the one who told the best should be acknowledged by the other to be the most clever. His friend agreed and asked him to begin, so he told a number of outrageous lies, and then said to his friend, 'Now, how do you propose to beat me?' 'Easily,' said he. 'Everything that you have said is true. Now, that is the biggest lie.' Then they both burst out laughing."

The children are sometimes amused by having tales told them on their fingers. The following string of words, for instance, is told off on the five fingers:—mkazi, nyumba, mulongo, toki, mwengi. This is probably intended to illustrate the five wants of a Waganda, for it means—a woman, a hut, twine, bananas and wine.

The Waganda are decidedly musical; they have soft, clear, melodious voices of considerable range. Their orchestral dance and vocal music have distinct characteristics. They prefer accompanied songs; they have solos and choruses, and many of their musicians improvise readily. Their bands are led by conductors, and some of them number forty or fifty performers. The musical instruments are numerous; harmonicons, rattles, drums, horns, whistles, flutes, and harps being employed, and the effect produced by sixty or seventy of the above various instruments is fantastical and weird.

Sufficient has probably been said, however, to show that the Waganda occupy a unique position in Africa, and to have awakened an

interest in this remarkable land. As to the result of Stanley's efforts in Uganda and the outcome of M'tesa's profession of faith, reference must be made to other chapters of this work, where the progress of Uganda from Stanley's time will be detailed.

Sir Samuel Baker's discovery of Albert Lake, or Mwutan Nzige, has been already described.

Stanley leaves Uganda.

It had not then been circumnavigated, as it was by Gessi in 1876 (p. 137), and therefore it was still thought that it was as large as estimated by Baker, and in order to clear up the mystery of this lake Stanley determined to explore it. He obtained permission from M'tesa to do so, and, proceeding himself with his party to Dumo, he was to march from there to Kawanga, on the Kitonga river, and there meet M'tesa's chief, Sambuzi, with a large escort. After some delay, the parties joined, when Stanley was much disappointed to find that Sambuzi had greatly changed in demeanour, and from an assiduous friend had turned into an overacted imitation of M'tesa, without the monarch's courtliness of manner. He gave Stanley distinctly to understand that Sambuzi, his former friend, was now Sambuzi the general of M'tesa's army. The total force of the expedition at this time was 2,290 fighting men. It was now that Mount Gambaragara was discovered, an enormous blunted cone about 14,000 feet high, reputed to be inhabited by light-complexioned, regular-featured people of a distinct stock. Tradition says that at one time they were all perfectly white. On New Year's Day, 1876, the march was commenced, and on the 11th of January Uzimba was reached. The village stood upon the edge of a plateau about 1,500 feet above a lake, which Stanley at that time naturally thought to be the Albert Lake, and the bay which he overlooked he called Beatrice Gulf. The natives were hostile. Sambuzi and the rest of M'tesa's chiefs showed the white feather and, to Stanley's infinite disappointment, it was impossible for him to do any exploration of the lake and he was obliged to break camp and retreat with his cowardly escort. It was many long years before Stanley saw this lake again, when he named it Albert Edward Nyanza, and found that, although distinct from Albert Lake, it was connected with it by a river (Semliki). The party marched together until the 27th, when they arrived at Kisossi, where the Waganda escort returned, and from this place Stanley sent one of his men to M'tesa to tell him of the result of the expedition. M'tesa was, or pretended to be, greatly incensed and offered Stanley another escort, which he refused and continued his march to the south, crossing the Alexandra Nile at Ndongo. He summarised the lesson he had learnt as follows: Henceforth the expedition should be governed by one will only and guided by a single man, who was resolved no more to subject himself or his time to any other man's caprice, power, or favour.

A lake sighted.

Visiting the venerable Rumanika, King of Karagwe, *en route*, passing the mountains of Ufumbiro and the hot springs of Mtaga, making blood-brotherhood with Mirambo, and undergoing many varied adventures, the weary travellers arrived at Ujiji on the 27th of May, 1876, a place which called up many varied feelings in Stanley's mind, for it was here that in November, 1871, he had found David Livingstone (p. 259).

Arrival at Ujiji.

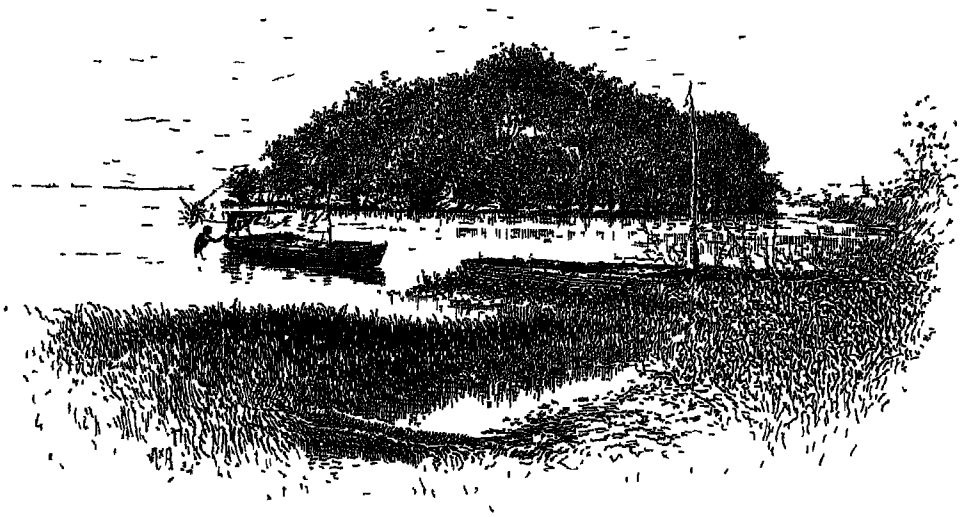
Since Burton and Speke discovered Tanganyika in 1858, this remarkable lake has always been an interesting problem. Was it connected with the Nile, the Congo, or the Zambesi? All these theories had strong advocates. It was not until Stanley's visit, which is now to be described, that its mystery was satisfactorily solved.

Ujiji, the Arab settlement on Lake Tanganyika, is probably the most civilised of the Arab colonies in Central Africa. The town is divided into two parts, one occupied by the Arabs, the other by the Wangwana slaves and natives. Stanley estimated the market-place at about 1,200 square yards, and there a lively trade is carried on in sweet potatoes, yams,

ground nuts, sugar-cane, pomegranates, plantains, pawpaws, palm oil and wine, as well as butter. Grain, fowls, goats, sheep, and oxen, many varieties of fish, slaves and ivory, besides other things too numerous to mention, are bartered there. Upon the shores of the lake a veritable fleet of canoes is seen drawn up. The Arabs do not appear to keep the peace amongst each other, and constant feuds obtain, due to the jealousy existing between the traders.

Stanley borrowed from Muini Kheri, Governor of Ujiji, a large canoe to accompany the

Livingstone was so convinced that Tanganyika belonged to the Nile system that when he and Stanley had explored the north end of the lake and found no outlet, he put forward the theory that the lake must empty itself towards the north by subterranean channels. Cameron, visiting the lake in 1875 (p. 275), was fortunate in finding the river Lukuga, and he believed that he had thus found the exit from the lake, and that it was connected with the Lualaba. Stanley, visiting the lake a year afterwards, was in doubt as to whether its waters really flowed to the west.



THE SPIRIT ISLAND, TANGANYIKA.
(*From a Photograph by H. M. Stanley*)

Lady Alice on the exploration of the lake. No one thought that the *Lady Alice* would be able to withstand the stormy waters of Tanganyika, and therefore, when the expedition set sail, a more than usually impressive leave-taking took place. "There was much handshaking, many cries of 'Take care of yourselves'"; then both the boat and canoe were launched, their sails hoisted and their bows headed towards the south, saluted by the farewell cries of the multitudes assembled on the beach. But Stanley's men were confident of success after their experiences on the great Victoria Lake.

although he believed they did, and it was only in 1879 that Captain Hore and Mr Joseph Thomson satisfactorily and indisputably settled the matter by seeing the stream indubitably flowing to the west It would appear that the water-level of Tanganyika varies considerably from time to time. For instance, when Stanley visited the lake on the occasion we are at present dealing with, he found that the water was at a much higher level than when he and Livingstone were there together in 1871. Stanley's present exploration proved that Tanganyika had a length of 329

Tanganyika: Stanley explores it.

geographical miles, that its breadth varied from 10 to 45 miles, averaging about 28 miles; he estimated its entire coast-line at 930 miles, and its area is accepted by geographers as 12,650 square miles, and its altitude 2,700 high cliffs overshadow the waters. The character of the inhabitants may be almost told by a glance at their villages. Some are fortified by strong stockades, others nestle unfortified beside the numerous bays, showing

STANLEY'S EXPEDITION BESET BY CANNIBALS AT A CATARACT ON THE CONGO (*p.* 306).

feet With 1,280 feet of cord, Stanley could find no bottom in mid-lake. Fifty-one days were occupied in circumnavigating the lake Twelve different tribes reside upon its border, and the scenery is varied and beautiful. Curious mountains are seen, such as Mirumbi and Mtombwi Urungu, and in many places that the inhabitants are peaceable and fear no foes. The lake swarms with hippopotami and crocodiles; ducks, geese, ibis, crested cranes, kingfishers, and many other aquatic birds vary the scene, whilst beautiful cascades fall at intervals into the Lake over the almost perpendicular rocks which bound it in so

many parts Fierce squalls, often shifting in direction, arising suddenly, make the navigation of the lake dangerous, but Stanley carried out his exploration without mishap. The evaporation from the lake is very great and rare indeed it is that the traveller can see across its waters. The climate, however, appears to be far from unhealthy.

Native tradition of origin of the lake.

The native tradition as to the origin of Lake Tanganyika is interesting and may be briefly related, the account being condensed from Mr. Stanley's. Years and years ago Lake Tanganyika was a plain inhabited by many tribes. In one of the towns dwelt a man and his wife, who possessed a deep well from which water bubbled up and supplied a beautiful little stream. This well contained countless fish, but their possession of these treasures depended upon the secrecy which they preserved respecting them. No one outside their family circle knew anything of them. The tradition was handed down for ages through the family from father to son, that on the day they showed the well to strangers they would be ruined and destroyed. Unfortunately the woman had a lover, and one day, when her husband had undertaken a journey, she revealed the secret to him. The spirit of the well was angry, the world cracked asunder, the plain sank down and down and down, the fountain filled the great gap made by the earthquake and Lake Tanganyika was formed.

"Yes" or "no?"—"Heads" or "tails"?

Leaving Ujiji on the 15th of August, 1876, Stanley arrived at Mwana Mamba in October, and there he met the famous Hamed bin Mohammed — alias Tippoo Tib (pp. 253, 278). Stanley's description of Tippoo Tib will be of interest to the reader, as he has played such an important rôle in so many Central African expeditions, and, a few years later, caused Stanley much difficulty and loss on his expedition to the relief of Emin Pasha. "He was," says Stanley, "a tall, black-bearded man of negroid complexion, in the prime of life, straight and quick in his movements, a picture of energy and strength. He had a fine, intelligent face, with a nervous twitching of the eyes and gleaming white and perfectly-formed teeth. He was attended by a large retinue of young Arabs, who looked up to him as chief, and a score of Wangwana and Wanyamwezi followers whom he had led over thousands of miles through Africa. With the air of a well-bred Arab, and almost courtier-like in his manner, he welcomed me to Mwana Mambás village, and, his slaves being ready at hand with mat and bolster, he reclined *vis-à-vis*, while a buzz of admiration of his style was perceptible from the onlookers. After regarding him for a few minutes, I came to the conclusion that this Arab was a remarkable man—the most remarkable man I had met among Arabs, Waswahili, and half-castes in Africa. He was neat in his person, his clothes were of a spotless white, his fez cap bran new, his waist was encircled by a rich dowlé, his dagger was splendid with silver filigree, and his *tout ensemble* was that of an Arab gentleman in very comfortable circumstances." Tippoo Tib it was who had escorted Cameron across the Lualaba, and from him Stanley hoped to find out why Cameron had turned to the south-west from Nyangwé. He ascertained that both Livingstone and Cameron had failed to induce Muini Dugumbi to provide them with canoes. Stanley was here in a critical position; he had followed for 220 miles to its confluence one of the sources of what he termed the Livingstone river (the Congo) and before him lay the mighty river itself. The task he set himself was to follow it to the ocean. All his inquiries as to the direction in which the river flowed ended in a tedious reiteration of "To the north, to the north, to the north," and the Arabs dilated upon the dangers of the way, the fiendish dwarfs, the cannibals to be encountered, and expatiated upon their own expeditions and their bloody fights. Indeed, the horrors to be faced, according to their account, were well fitted to daunt all but the bravest. Finally, however, Stanley managed

to come to an arrangement with Tippoo Tib to escort him sixty days' journey towards the north, and to help him to procure canoes in order to carry out his determination of following the river to the sea. One would like to have been present on the momentous evening when Stanley and Frank Pocock had their celebrated conversation and, finally, at Pocock's suggestion, tossed up to decide whither to go. "I say, sir, let us toss up; best two out of three to decide it."

"Toss away, here is a rupee."

"Heads for the north and the Lualaba, tails for the south and Katanga."

They tossed, and, as tails won six times running, they tried straws, and the straws also decided against their project to the north; but Stanley said, "It is of no use, Frank. We'll face our destiny, despite the rupee and the straws. With your help, my dear fellow, we will follow the river."

Forwards!

Next day the contract was signed with Tippoo Tib, and on the 24th of October, 1876, the expedition left Mwana Mamba in high spirits. They were soon, however, to learn how much reliance was to be placed upon Tippoo Tib's promises of good faith.

Nyangwé, already known to us from the visits of Livingstone, Cameron, and other travellers, where Stanley arrived on the 27th of October, is the most westerly depôt of the Zanzibar traders. It is situated on the eastern bank of the Lualaba, 26° 16′ E., and 4° 15′ S. The town is divided into two parts, the northern part ruled in those days by Muini Dugumbi, the southern by Sheik Abed bin Salim, between whom great jealousy existed. There is a good market, where not only barter goods are sold, but where slaves are constantly changing hands. Stanley's list of the commodities for sale is extensive and from it one may see that all articles for a passable existence might be obtained there. Stanley ascertained that during the months from April to the beginning of July the river overflows its bank and is from 4,000 to 5,000 yards wide opposite the town.

On the 5th of November the march was resumed: the expedition numbered 152, of whom forty were thoroughly trustworthy men, and their adventures must now be followed through hunger, disease and native hostility, and the difficulties which Nature herself put in their road, before they finally emerged triumphant at the mighty Congo's mouth.

In Stanley's words, "the object of the *desperate journey is to flash a torch of light* across the western half of the Dark Continent." Four hundred of Tippoo Tib's men were to accompany the expedition for sixty days' march. They soon entered the primeval forest, but on they had to struggle, through dark forest glades, where an everlasting twilight reigned, sometimes compelled to fight their way through tangled brushwood, hanging creepers, and obstructing fallen trees. No easy task this to men unencumbered; but a heavily-laden caravan finds it almost impossible, except by the most strenuous exertion, to cut and push their way through the almost impenetrable natural barriers—a miracle of vegetation. Even by the 16th of November Tippoo Tib tried to dissolve his contract; but, fortunately, Stanley managed to overcome his scruples for the time.

Through virgin forests.

At Kampunzu the river was 1,200 yards wide, and it was here that Stanley decided to take to the water, which he trusted would carry him without more difficulty to his destination.

What faith Stanley's men must have had in him when he came to this decision, and they agreed to follow him! Their minds were naturally filled by the stories, of the wild cannibal tribes through which they would have to pass, that had been told them by Tippoo Tib's hordes. They had already gone through many conflicts with the natives, they had often suffered hunger, and day after day they had been weary with carrying their heavy loads, and yet when Stanley addressed them and told them that the voice of fate had reserved for them the work of elucidating the mystery of the ages, when he said, "To-day I

shall launch my boat on that stream, and it shall never leave it until I finish my work; I swear it," thirty-eight of his men at once agreed to stand by him to the death and the others soon followed their example. It will be impossible to describe in detail the the greatest difficulty in procuring food, as the natives ran away before the approach of the expedition and for a long time Stanley prevented his men from touching their produce. After two or three fights, however,

They take to the river and meet with cannibals.

VILLAGE ON THE UPPER CONGO.
(From a Photograph by H. M. Stanley)

adventurous voyage, but a few of the difficulties which had to be overcome will be related in order to give the reader some idea of an almost superhuman task.

The *Lady Alice* was soon on the water and until the 28th of December the boat floated down the stream, carrying thirty-eight of the party, the rest marched on land. They had he was compelled to permit them to seize food, as all efforts at making friends with the natives were futile Tippoo Tib parted with Stanley's expedition at this time and, having procured boats, the latter trusted himself and all his men to the river. They were incessantly harassed by the natives trying to obstruct their progress; all efforts to obtain a

SCENE IN THE CATARACT REGION OF THE LOWER CONGO
(From a Photograph supplied by H M Stanley)

peaceful passage down the river were useless, and time after time they were greeted by a chorus from the cannibals, "Meat; ah, we shall have meat to-day; meat, meat, meat. Bo-bo-bo-bo; Bo-bo-bo-bo-bo-o-o." Their guns, however, soon made short work of the obstructing natives, whom it seemed impossible to teach that bullets were a match for spears and arrows (p. 301).

By the 5th of January, 1877, four cataracts were passed, and round these cataracts they had first to cut a road and then to haul their boats and carry all their impedimenta until they arrived at the smooth water beneath. When it is remembered that this work often had to be undertaken under fire, a proper estimate may be obtained of the difficulties they had to encounter and the hardships which were endured. An incident may be here related which shows vividly to what dangers they were exposed.

A canoe was caught in the rapids opposite the south end of Ntunduru Island. The steersman lost his presence of mind, the boat was upset and all but one man, Zaidi, swam ashore; he clung to the canoe. In the centre of the fall there was one single-pointed rock and on to this the canoe was driven; it split into two, one side got jammed in the rocks and tilted upwards, the man clinging to it, and below him were fifty yards of falling water. An endeavour was made to save him; ropes were attached to a canoe in which two men were drifted down towards him, but just as they reached him the ropes broke; the two men, however, managed to catch upon the jutting rock and, night falling, they had to remain there until the next day, when by means of new cables they were all three reached, dragged through the seething waters and rescued from the terrible position in which for hours they had been imperilled.

Deadly perils.

A description of the Seventh Cataract, Stanley Falls, must be given in Stanley's own words, as all the cataracts cannot be described and the account of one will suffice. "The Livingstone, from the right bank across the island to the left bank, is about 1,300 yards broad, of which width 40 yards is occupied by the right branch, 760 yards by the island of the Wenya, 500 yards by the great river. Contracted to this narrow space between the rocky and perpendicular bluffs of the island and the steep banks opposite, the uproar, as may be imagined, is very great. As the calm river, which is 1,300 yards wide one mile above the Falls, becomes narrowed, the current quickens and rushes with resistless speed for a few hundred yards, and then falls about ten feet into a boiling and tumultuous gulf wherein are lines of brown waves six feet high, leaping with terrific bounds, and hurling themselves against each other in dreadful fury. Until I realised the extent of the volume that was here precipitated, I could hardly believe that it was indeed a vast river that was passing before me through the narrowed channel. I have seen many waterfalls during my travels in various parts of the world, but here was a stupendous river flung in full volume over a waterfall only 500 yards across. The Ripon Falls at the Victoria Lake outlet compared to this swift descent and furious onrush were languid. . . . The Livingstone, with over ten times the volume of the Victoria Nile, though only occupying the same breadth of bed, conveys to the sense the character of irresistible force and unites great depth with a tumultuous rush."

Stanley Falls.

It took the expedition twenty-two days to pass the Stanley Falls, beset during the whole time by perverse cannibals.

On February the 1st the confluence of the Aruwhimi was passed and again a terrible fight with the natives took place. The expedition had by this time begun to feel an intense hate against the "filthy vulturous ghouls" and they were inspired with a suspicion of everything bearing the least resemblance of man.

This fight at the confluence of the Aruwhimi was remarkable. The river was nearly 2,000 yards wide at its mouth, and here the expedition met an innumerable crowd of canoes,

gigantic in size, bearing down upon them. They eclipsed in number anything they had previously encountered. The canoe-men were erect in posture, their horns were blowing, and the natives yelling, thinking that they had an easy prey. Seeing the terrible odds he had to encounter, Stanley ordered his men to drop anchor, and he formed a line of eleven double canoes anchored ten yards apart. They were attacked by fifty-four monster canoes manned as follows:—"Two rows of upstanding paddlers, forty men on a side, their bodies bending and swaying in unison, as with a swelling barbarous chorus they drive her down towards us. In the bow, standing on what appears to be a platform, are ten prime young warriors, their heads gay with feathers of the parrot, crimson and grey; at the stern, eight men with long paddles, whose tops are decorated with ivory balls, guide the monster vessel; and dancing up and down from stem to stern are ten men, who appear to be chiefs. The crashing sound of large drums, a hundred blasts from ivory horns, and a thrilling chant from two thousand human throats do not tend to soothe our nerves or to increase our confidence. However, it is 'neck or nothing'; we have no time to pray or to take sentimental looks at the savage world, or even to breathe a sad farewell to it, so many other things have to be done speedily and well." The canoes came rushing down, the muskets of Stanley's men rang out, and a hot ten minutes passed. The enemy was driven off, the sorely-tried travellers lifted their anchors, pursued them up-stream, and, landing, continued the fight amongst the village streets. The enemy was hunted into the woods, when at length Stanley sounded the retreat, having returned the daring cannibals the compliment of a visit. How many lives were lost in this encounter the historian sayeth not, but we do not read of any casualties on the explorers' side. Before re-embarking, after the punishment of the natives, Stanley visited a "Meskiti," or church, an ivory temple which consisted of a circular roof, supported by thirty-three tusks of ivory, overshadowing an idol four feet high, painted with camwood dye a bright vermilion, with black eyes and beard and hair. The figure was very rude, still it was an unmistakable likeness of a man. This, however, should not be taken to mean that the natives are idolaters, because, so far as we know, those so-called "idols" are simply symbols, which to the natives are no more than the cross to the Christian, or the crescent to the Mohammedan.

After all this fighting, it is quite pleasant to find that at Chunbiri they met with a cordial reception, plenty of food was given them and the king made them welcome. The king's women were worth seeing; they were pretty, large-eyed, and finely formed. Slaves of fashion, they wore brass collars, two inches in diameter, and Stanley estimated that the king's wives bore about their necks until death at least 800 lbs. of brass, his daughters—he had six—120 lbs., and his favourite slaves about 200 lbs. Stanley asked what he did with the brass on the neck of a dead wife. He regarded him benevolently, as though he loved him for the searching question, and significantly drew his finger across his throat.

Slaves of fashion.

To relieve the darker passages in the expedition's history, a ridiculous incident may now be related. Some of the Mowa people came to Stanley armed, and apparently wishing to fight. He asked them why they should fight; were they not friends? They told him, however, that they had seen that he made marks upon some "tara-tara" paper—in fact, that he had made notes in his note-book. This they considered very bad, and imagined that he was making "medicine." They said that in consequence of this their country would waste, their goats would die, their bananas would rot, and that, in fact, they believed the white man was trying to cast a spell over their whole country. Why should this be done? They explained that they had sold the expedition food, they had brought them wine each day, they had permitted them to wander to and fro wherever they listed; why, therefore, should the white

man be so wicked as to wish to return evil for good, and they concluded by saying that

CONGO (IKENGO) CHIEF AND ONE OF HIS WIVES WEARING SOLID BRASS COLLAR.
(From a Photograph by Rev. A. Billington, of the American Baptist Missionary Union.)

either Stanley must burn his "tara-tara" before their eyes or fight. If he would burn it, they would be friends as heretofore. Naturally enough, Stanley did not wish to burn his note-book, which contained the invaluable results of his observations, and therefore, in order to gain time, he told them, with a sweet smile and calming gestures, to wait a little, and going to his hut he cogitated deeply as to how to save his notes and yet to appease the people. Turning over his books, he came across a well-worn copy of Shakespeare. "To be, or not to be, that was the question." It was the same size and bound as was his note-book; it must be sacrificed, and so, though loath to part with so cherished a companion, he returned to the natives and, showing them the volume, he asked them whether that was the fetish which they wished him to burn. It was, they said, but they would not touch it, and he himself was obliged to cast the volume upon the nearest fire, and to heap upon it fuel; thus peace was re-established between the white man and the credulous natives.

It was at this time that Stanley had to construct canoes to carry his party conveniently onwards. He, with several of his men, at Nzabi, searched the forest and fixed upon two trees out of which to construct canoes. One was a gum frankincense tree, ten feet round the waist, with forty feet of branchless

STANLEY POOL AND THE GARDENS OF LEOPOLDVILLE.
(From a Photograph by H. M. Stanley.)

stem When cut down the log measured thirty-seven feet five inches by two feet eight inches, and out of this they carved the *Stanley* canoe in place of the boat recently lost, it was finished in eight days The other canoe they made measured forty-five feet long, two feet two inches beam, and eighteen inches draft Uledi, Stanley's celebrated coxswain, proved the best workman of the expedition, although many of the boat's crew were transformed for the time being into boat-builders The natives were astonished at seeing men working in such an enthusiastic manner, and one may be sure that the lesson thus taught them would not be thrown away In Central Africa a traveller must be a "Jack of all trades"

On March the 12th Stanley Pool and Dover Cliffs were discovered and, passing them, fresh cataracts were reached and fresh portages necessitated. It was near here that their canoe, the *Crocodile*, was carried over a fall, and Stanley's favourite boy, Kalulu, and five other men, were drowned

Death of Kalulu and Frank Pocock

AT ISANGILA.
(From a Photograph supplied by H M Stanley)

The next great difficulty encountered was at the Inkisi, or the Charm Falls, where the river is forced through a chasm only 500 yards wide It is flanked by curling waves of destructive fury, which meet in the centre, overlap and strike each other, while below is an absolute chaos of mad waters, leaping waves, deep troughs, contending watery ridges, tumbling and tossing for a distance of two miles Here the expedition had to transport their boats over a mountain 1,200 feet high,

and Stanley had to engage 600 natives to assist in hauling up the monster canoes, weighing over three tons. They then had to pass over three miles of ground and then lower the canoes again to the level of the river. It was at this time that Frank Pocock began to suffer from ulcers of the legs and was compelled to be transported in a canoe. On the 3rd of June the Zinga Fall was reached. Stanley went on to fix upon a camp. Pocock, who was a first-class swimmer, appears to have chafed at the delay, and urged his men in the canoe to shoot the Falls, not wishing to undergo the indignity of being carried by land around them. Doubtless the pain he suffered irritated him and the honest, good-natured fellow lost his temper and commenced to jeer at the men who tried to dissuade him from attempting the dangerous task. They, put on their mettle, told him they were not afraid to die and pushed off. The greasy, slippery water carried them broadside over the Falls; they plunged headlong amidst the waves and spray, into the abyss, the whirling waters closing over them. Two of the men escaped; three, including Pocock, were drowned. It is supposed that either the bandages on his legs prevented him from striking out, or else that his head struck the boat and he was stunned. A veil must be drawn over Stanley's grief at losing the last of his white companions.

On the 31st of July Stanley decided to abandon the river and march the rest of the way. The *Lady Alice*, after a journey of 7,000 miles, was consigned to her resting-place above the Isangila Cataract. The wayworn, feeble, suffering caravan, including forty on the sick list, commenced a weary march. The natives would not supply them with food, and on the 4th of August, almost famished by hunger, and despairing of ever seeing the sea which they had struggled so hard to reach, dispirited, at their wits' end, they arrived at the village of Nsanda, unable to proceed farther.

The river abandoned.

It is hard to imagine the feelings of either Stanley or his men at this point. Stanley knew that they were within a few days of the coast. His men, however, although they had been so long with him, had become utterly depressed. The natives clamoured for rum. How could an expedition coming from the east coast of the continent satisfy their demands? Stanley's men were incensed by the utter callousness of the natives; their sufferings were not regarded, and they were told to wait until the next market took place. For men, famished as they were, it was intolerable that, although they offered to pay for what they wanted, they were not allowed to buy until the market-day arrived. Small wonder, then, that they were difficult to restrain, and that, had their leader permitted it, they would have tried by force to compel the unfeeling natives to supply their demands. Stanley knew, however, that in the weakened condition in which they were, and with their diminished supply of ammunition, fighting against such odds was impossible; but what a task to restrain this hungry, famished band! and yet it was accomplished. The natives spoke of the Europeans at the coast. Pots and pans, guns and gunpowder, broken demijohns, and many a sign of approaching civilisation, were tantalisingly apparent, and yet they were still some days from the coast. What must be done?

Stanley determined to try to communicate with the factories he understood were situated at Boma. Uledi, his coxswain, Kachéché, Muini Pembé, and Robert, a boy who could speak some English, tightened their waistbelts, and, procuring with the utmost difficulty two guides, set off for the coast. On the 6th of August they returned with a caravan of stores sent by the Europeans at Boma, and the exhausted people were delighted by the food they had not tasted for months and by a sure knowledge that only a few more weary miles lay between them and the conclusion of their journey. On the 999th day after leaving Zanzibar they marched into Boma, and experienced the

The ocean reached and the Congo traced to its mouth.

hospitality of the Europeans who were settled at that place, and, on the 12th of August, embarking on the English boat, the *Kabinda*, they took a farewell glance at the mighty river they had endured so much to reach.

This is not the place to give detailed information respecting the Congo, which Stanley had practically traversed from its origin in the Lualaba to the sea. A few general facts, however, may be stated, which will illustrate the great achievement he had accomplished. For no less than three centuries had geographers speculated as to this river, and numerous expeditions had tried from the west coast to solve a problem, which he, coming from the east, laid bare in this one memorable expedition, of which a sketch has just been given.

The Congo may be said to drain, according to Leon Metchinikov, a little over 1,600,000 square miles, an area inhabited (to strike an average between various estimates) by twenty-five million people. Its head-streams arise some 420 miles in a direct line from the Indian Ocean, at a height of nearly 6,000 feet These streamlets flow into Lake Bangweolo or Bemba, upon the southern shores of which Livingstone died (p. 253). This lake has, in the wet season (according to Thomson) an altitude of 3,750 feet, and an area of 7,600 square miles. Leaving it, the river flows to the north as the Luapula, and enters Lake Moero, situated at an altitude of about 3,400 feet, and bidding farewell to it near Mpweto, where Livingstone saw the river in March, 1868, it flows on as the Lualaba, receiving in its course the periodical and intermittent overflow from Lake Tanganyika. The true Congo may be said to be formed after the convergence of the western Lualaba and the Lukugu from Tanganyika. In order to show what an immense extent of country the Congo drains, it may be noticed here that the Welle-Makwa-Mbangi, which flows into it from the north-east, receives its head-waters from the mountainous region to the north-west of Albert Lake; and, again, that the Kasai-Sankuru arm of the Congo drains the northern slopes of the south-central African plateau. At its estuary, between Banana and Sharp Point, the Congo discharges over one million tons of water per second, and the reddish-yellow coloured waters exert an influence at no less a distance than 300 miles from the western shores of Africa. It is almost astounding to find that the waterway of the Congo is about 3,000 statute miles in length. But the navigable waters of its tributaries amount to nearer 6,000 miles. The only practical difficulty in opening up this vast area to navigation is the existence of the rapids between Matadi and Stanley Pool. A railway, however, is being constructed, so that this obstacle to transport by water will eventually be overcome and the benefit which will be thereby conferred, not only upon the natives, but upon European commerce, it is almost impossible to estimate.

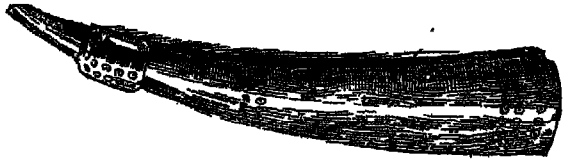
It has just been mentioned that the waters of the Congo colour to an appreciable extent the ocean to a considerable distance. Chavanne has estimated that the yearly quantity of sedimentary matter brought down by the Congo is 11,250,000,000 cubic feet, which would build an island 1,000 feet high and half a mile square at the base. The Congo exceeds in volume all the rivers in the world except the Amazon, the only other river that opens navigable highways to anything like equal extent.

The whole of the Congo basin has approximately the same climatic conditions; even in the hottest months, January to April, the thermometer seldom rises above 90° F., and it is the humidity of the district, not the heat, which causes its enervating influence upon Europeans. Vegetable and animal life are remarkably uniform. The ethnology of the Congo would be out of place here, for although the Congo populations possess linguistic unity, they differ greatly in their physical appearance and social usages, and their peculiarities and characteristics will be described in another chapter.

From these few remarks concerning the broad outlines of the Congo river system, it will be seen what an immense area Stanley's exploration opened up. It is well to specify this here, because otherwise the reader might be tempted, when perusing the accounts of later explorations and investigations, to undervalue the results of Stanley's explorations detailed in the present chapter.

Of the entire expedition 108 survived; 173 had been lost on the road, 58 being killed in war, 14 drowned, and the rest having succumbed to the climate. Stanley escorted his brave followers, *viâ* Loanda and the Cape, to Zanzibar, where they arrived on the 26th of November, 1877.

It has been almost impossible, in the space which could be devoted to this expedition, to detail as fully as might be wished the terrible sufferings of the gallant band of explorers, and the reader's imagination must fill in the gaps. What seemed to have been an impossible task was accomplished, and the chief features of Central African geography, the main outlines of its system of lakes and rivers, had been finally and satisfactorily ascertained. The centre of Africa was no longer a white patch upon the map, and the whole of the civilised world joined in congratulations on the heroic feats that had been performed. The future alone can estimate their full value, but the results of this great undertaking will be referred to frequently in later chapters. It stimulated the nations to further exploration, and Great Britain vied with Germany, France with Italy and Portugal, to add to a knowledge of the Dark Continent. The Congo Free State has arisen and penetrated to Stanley Falls; a British Protectorate has been proclaimed over the Nyassa district, and now it seems probable that Uganda and the vast regions to the north of the Victoria Lake will come under British rule; whilst the Germans have annexed the land from the coast opposite Zanzibar to the south of Victoria Nyanza, and along the whole of the eastern shore of Tanganyika. European nations have thus undertaken a mighty work, professedly in the interests of philanthropy, of civilisation and of the slaves. If they carry out their intentions in a righteous spirit, Stanley's adventurous voyage will have done untold good and the lives sacrificed in its accomplishment will not have been laid down in vain.



WAR HORN OF THE ARUWHIMI DISTRICT.

END OF VOL. II.

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