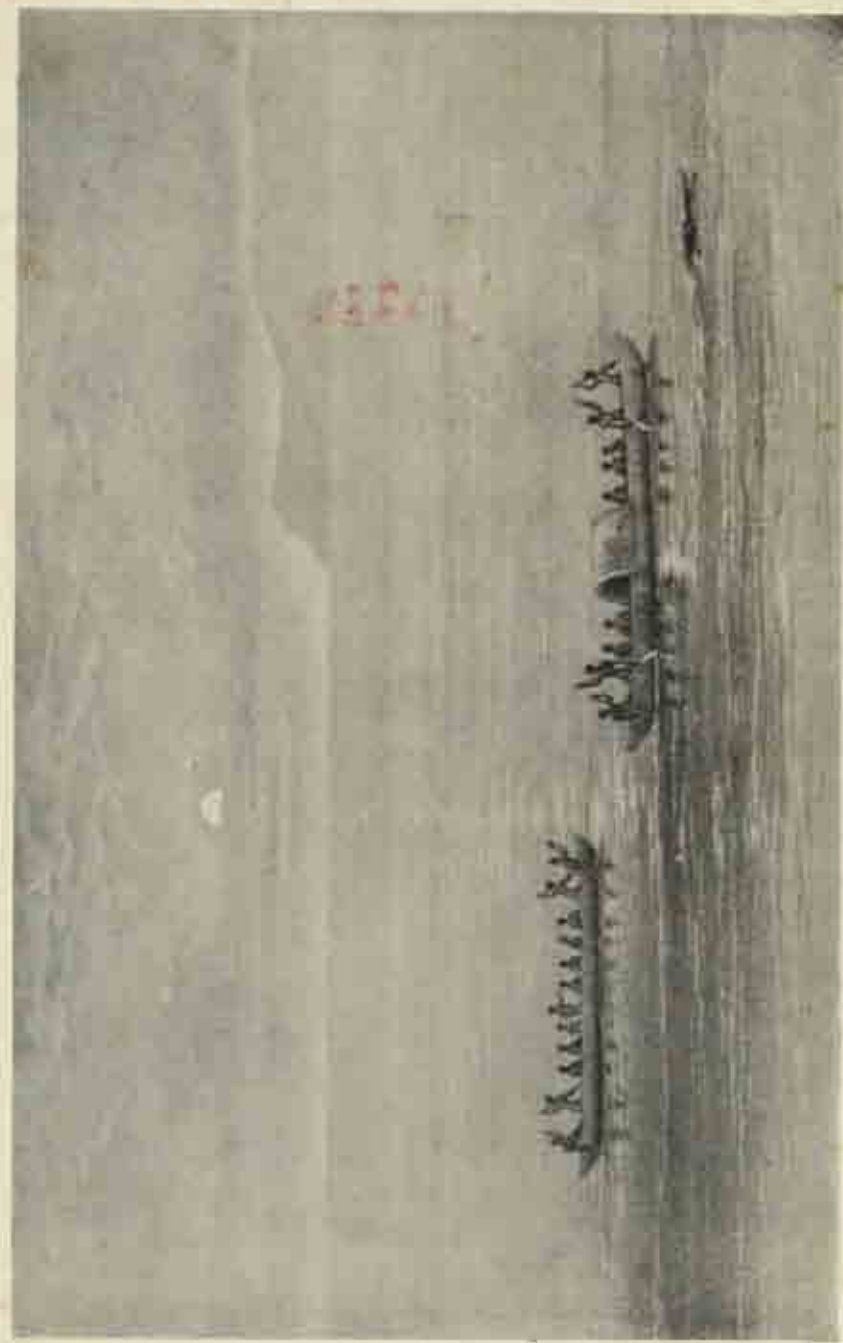


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THE ALBERT N'YANZA



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THE
ALBERT N'YANZA

36718

GREAT BASIN OF THE NILE
AND
EXPLORATIONS OF THE NILE SOURCES

by
SAMUEL WHITE BAKER

WITH MAPS, ILLUSTRATIONS AND PORTRAITS

VOLUME II



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CHAPTER IX

THE TURKS ATTACK KAYALA

On the 30th May, about an hour before daybreak, I was awoke by a rattle of musketry, which continued sometimes in irregular volleys, and subsided into a well-sustained and steady fire in single shots. On leaving my hut, I found the camp of Koorshid's people almost empty, while my own men were climbing on the roofs of their huts to obtain a view towards the west. Nothing was in sight, although the firing still continued at a distance of about a mile, apparently on the other side of a belt of trees. I now heard that Koorshid's people had started at between three and four o'clock that morning, by Commoro's request, to attack a neighbouring town that had been somewhat rebellious. The firing continued for about two hours, when it suddenly ceased, and I shortly saw with a telescope the Turks' red ensign emerge from the forest, and we heard the roll of their drum, mingled with the lowing of oxen and the bleating of sheep. Upon nearer approach, I remarked a considerable body of men, and a large herd of cattle and sheep driven by a number of Latookas, while a knot of Turks carried something heavy in their arms. They soon arrived, with about 2,000 head of cattle and sheep; but they had lost one of their men, killed in the fight, and his body they carried home for interment. It happened to be about the best man of the party; really a very civil fellow, and altogether rather a pleasant robber. At Commoro's instigation, the Turks had attacked the town of Kayala;

but the Latookas had fought so well, that the Turks found it impossible to capture the town, which was, as usual, protected by iron-wood palisades, upon which their bullets harmlessly flattened. Not only the Latooka men had fought well, but their women broke up their grinding-stones and defended the entrance by pelting their assailants with the fragments; several of the Turks were wounded by the stones thrown with such force by these brawny Amazons that some of the gun-barrels were indented. Many of these brave women had been shot by the dastardly Turks, and one was in the act of being carried off by the "pleasant robber," when a native, running to her rescue, drove his spear through his chest and killed him on the spot. Unfortunately for the Latookas, some of their cattle had left the town to pasture just before the attack took place; these were captured by the Turks, but not one hostile foot had been able to penetrate their town.

On the following day the party were busily engaged in dividing the spoil, one third belonging to the men as a bonus, while the remainder were the property of the traders' establishment, or "Meri" (government), as they term the proprietor. This portion was to be sent to Obbo as a place of security and good pasturage, and the men were to engage in other razzias in Latooka, and to collect a large number of cattle to be driven south to exchange for ivory. Koorshid's camp was a scene of continual uproar, the men quarrelling over the division of the spoil.

Journal—June 2d.—The Turks are now busy buying and selling, each man disposing of his share of the stolen cattle according to his wants: one exchanges a cow to the natives for corn and meat; another slaughters an ox, and retails small portions for merissa (beer), fowls, &c., the natives flocking to the camp like vultures scenting flesh; others reserve their cattle for the purpose of purchasing the

daughters of the natives for slaves under the name of wives, whom they will eventually sell in Khartoum for from twenty to thirty dollars each. My men look on in dismay at the happiness of their neighbours: like

"A Peri weeping at the gate
Of Eden, stood disconsolate,"

so may they be seen regarding the adjoining paradise, where meat is in profusion, sweetened by being stolen; but, alas! their cruel master does not permit them these innocent enjoyments.

Everything may be obtained for cattle as payment in this country. The natives are now hard at work making zareebas (kraals) for the cattle stolen from their own tribe and immediate neighbours, for the sake of two or three bullocks as remuneration to be divided among more than a hundred men. They are not deserving of sympathy; they are worse than vultures, being devoid of harmony even in the same tribe. The chiefs have no real control; and a small district, containing four or five towns, club together and pillage the neighbouring province. It is not surprising that the robber traders of the Nile turn this spirit of discord to their own advantage, and league themselves with one chief to rob another, whom they eventually plunder in his turn. The natives say that sixty-five men and women were killed in the attack upon Kayala. All the Latookas consider it a great disgrace that the Turks fired upon women. Among all tribes, from Gondokoro to Obbo, a woman is respected, even in time of war. Thus, they are employed as spies, and become exceedingly dangerous; nevertheless, there is a general understanding that no woman shall be killed. The origin of this humane distinction arises, I imagine, from their scarcity. Where polygamy is in force, women should be too dear to kill; the

price of a girl being from five to ten cows, her death is equal to the actual loss of that number.

Fortunately for my party, who were not cattle lifters, there was the usual abundance of game, and I could always supply myself and people with delicious wild ducks and geese. We never were tired of this light food, as we varied their preparation. Sometimes I was able to procure a goat, on which occasion a grand dish was made, the paunch being arranged as a Scotch "haggis" of wild fowls' livers and flesh minced, with the usual additions. My garden was flourishing; we had onions, beans, melons, yams, lettuce, and radishes, which had quickly responded to several invigorating showers; the temperature was 85° in the shade during the hottest hours of the day, and 72° at night.

Salt is not procurable in Latooka; the natives seldom use it, as it is excessively difficult to make it in any quantity from the only two sources that will produce it; the best is made from goat's-dung; this is reduced to ashes, and saturated; the water is then strained off, and evaporated by boiling. Another quality is made of a peculiar grass, with a thick fleshy stem, something like a sugar-cane; the ashes of this produce salt, but by no means pure. The chief of Latooka would eat a handful of salt greedily that I gave him from my large supply, and I could purchase supplies with this article better than with beads.

On the 4th of June, Ibrahim and eighty-five men started for Obbo in charge of about 400 cows and 1,000 goats.

Shortly after their departure, a violent thunderstorm, attended with a deluge of rain, swept over the country, and flooded the Latooka river and the various pools that formed my game-preserves.

I looked forward to good duck-shooting on the morrow,

as a heavy storm was certain to be followed by large arrivals.

On the morning of the 5th, I was out at an early hour, and in a very short time I killed eight ducks and geese. There was a certain pool surrounded by a small marsh within half a mile of my camp, that formed the greatest attraction to the wild fowl. There were two hegleek trees in this marsh; and it was merely necessary to stand beneath the shelter of either to insure good sport, as the ducks continually arrived at the pool.

I was just entering into the sport with all my heart, when I heard a shot fired in the Turks' camp, followed by loud yells, and I observed a crowd of Latookas rushing from the camp towards their town. In a few moments later, I heard the Turks' drum, and I saw people running to and fro, and the Latookas assembling from the neighbourhood with lances and shields, as though preparing for a fray. I had only two men with me, and being nearly half a mile from camp, I thought it advisable to hasten towards the spot, lest some *contretemps* should take place before my arrival. Accordingly I hurried over the open plain, and shortly reached my camp. I found my wife arranging the men at their posts, fearing a disturbance. They had seen me hastening towards them, and I now went to the Turks' camp, that was close by, and inquired the cause of alarm.

Never was I more disgusted. Already the vultures were swooping in circles above some object outside the camp. It appeared that a native of Kayala (the town lately attacked by the Turks) had visited Tarrangollé to inquire after a missing cow. The chiefs, Moy and Commoro, brought him to the Turks' camp, merely to prove that he had no evil intention. No sooner was it announced that he was a native of Kayala than the Turks declared he was a spy, and condemned him to be shot. The two chiefs,

Moy and Commoro, feeling themselves compromised by having brought the man into such danger unwittingly, threw themselves before him, and declared that no harm should befall him, as he belonged to them. Tearing them away by the combined force of many men, the prisoner was immediately bound, and led forth by his bloodthirsty murderers to death. "Shoot the spy!" was hardly pronounced, when a villain stepped forward, and placing the muzzle of his musket close to his left breast, he fired. The man dropped dead, thus murdered in cold blood. The natives rushed in crowds from the spot, naturally supposing that a general massacre would follow so unprovoked an outrage. The body was dragged by the heels a few paces outside the camp, and the vultures were its sextons within a few minutes of the death.

It was with difficulty that I could restrain my temper under such revolting circumstances. I felt that at an unlooked-for moment I might be compromised in some serious outbreak of the natives, caused by the brutal acts of the traders. Already it was declared unsafe to venture out shooting without ten or twelve armed men as escort.

A mixture of cowardice and brutality, the traders' party became exceedingly timid, as a report was current that the inhabitants of Kayala intended to ally themselves to those of Tarrangollé, and to attack the Turks in their camp. I accordingly strengthened my position by building a tower of palisades, that entirely commanded all approaches to my zareeba.

Latooka was already spoiled by the Turks: it was now difficult to procure flour and milk for beads, as the traders' people, since the attack on Kayala, had commenced the system of purchasing all supplies with either goats, or beef, which having been stolen, was their cheapest medium of exchange. Although rich in beads and copper, I was

actually poor, as I could not obtain supplies. Accordingly I allowed my men two pounds of beads monthly, and they went to distant villages and purchased their own provisions independently of me.

On the 11th June, at 7.20 A.M., there was a curious phenomenon; the sky was perfectly clear, but we were startled by a noise like the sudden explosion of a mine, or the roar of heavy cannon, almost immediately repeated. It appeared to have originated among the mountains, about sixteen miles distant due south of my camp. I could only account for this occurrence by the supposition that an immense mass of granite rock might have detached itself from a high mountain, and, in falling to the valley, it might have bounded from a projection on the mountain's side, and thus have caused a double report.

June 13.—I shot ten ducks and geese before breakfast, including one of the large black and white geese with the crimson head and neck. On my return to camp I weighed this—exactly eleven pounds; this goose has on either pinion-joint a sharp, horny spur, an inch in length.

During my morning stroll I met hundreds of natives running excitedly with shields and spears towards Adda's village: they were going to steal the cattle from a village about four miles distant; thus there will be a fight in the course of the day. The Latooka stream is now full, and has the appearance of a permanent river carrying a considerable body of water to the Sobat.

I met with two thieves while duck-shooting this morning—the one an eagle, and the other a native. The beautiful white-throated fish-eagle may generally be seen perched upon a bough overhanging the stream, ready for any prey that may offer. This morning I shot two ducks right and left as they flew down the course of the river—one fell dead in the water, but the other, badly hit, fluttered along the

surface for some distance, and was immediately chased and seized by a fish-eagle which, quite reckless of the gun, had been watching the sport from a high tree, and evinced a desire to share the results. My men, not to be done out of their breakfast, gave chase, shouting and yelling to frighten the eagle, and one of them having a gun loaded with buckshot, fired, and the whirr of the charge induced the eagle to drop the duck, which was triumphantly seized by the man.

The other thief was a native. I fired a long shot at a drake; the bird flew a considerable distance and towered, falling about a quarter of a mile distant. A Latooka was hoeing close to where it fell, and we distinctly saw him pick up the bird and rush to a bush, in which he hid it; upon our arrival he continued his work as though nothing had happened, and denied all knowledge of it: he was accordingly led by the ear to the bush, where we found the duck carefully secreted.

June 14.—The natives lost one man killed in the fight yesterday, therefore the night was passed in singing and dancing.

The country is drying up; although the stream is full there is no rain in Latooka, the water in the river being the eastern drainage of the Obbo mountains, where it rains daily.

Ibrahimawa, the Bornu man, alias "Sinbad the Sailor," the great traveller, amuses and bores me daily with his long and wonderful stories of his travels. The style of his narratives may be conjectured from the following extracts: "There was a country adjoining Bornu, where the king was so fat and heavy that he could not walk, until the doctors *opened his belly and cut the fat out*, which operation was repeated annually."

He described another country as a perfect Paradise,

where no one ever drank anything so inferior as water. This country was so wealthy that the poorest man could drink merissa (beer). He illustrated the general intoxication by saying, that "after 3 P.M. no one was sober throughout the country, and from that hour the cows, goats, and fowls *were all drunk*, as they drank the merissa left in the jars by their owners, who were all asleep."

He knew all about England, having been a servant on a Turkish frigate that was sent to Gravesend. He described an evening entertainment most vividly. He had been to a ball at an "English Pasha's in *Blackwall*," and had succeeded wonderfully with some charming English ladies excessively "*décolleté*," upon whom he felt sure he had left a lasting impression, as several had fallen in love with him on the spot, supposing him to be a Pasha.

Such were instances of life and recollections of Ibrahimawa, the Bornu.

On June 16, Koorshid's people returned from Obbo. Ibrahim and a few men had remained there, and distrusting the warlike spirit of the Latookas, he now recalled the entire establishment from Tarrangollé, intending to make a station at the more peaceful country of Obbo. An extract from my journal on that day explains my feelings: "This is most annoying; I had arranged my camp and garden, &c. for the wet season, and I must now leave everything, as it is impossible to remain in this country with my small force alone; the natives have become so bad (since the cattle razzia) that a considerable armed party is obliged to go to the stream for water. It is remarkably pleasant travelling in the vicinity of the traders; they convert every country into a wasp's nest; they have neither plan of action nor determination, and I, being unfortunately dependent upon their movements, am more like a donkey than an explorer, that is saddled and ridden away

at a moment's notice. About sixty natives of Obbo accompanied the men sent by Ibrahim to carry the effects; I require at least fifty, as so many of my transport animals are dead." Nothing can exceed the laziness and dogged indolence of my men; I have only four who are worth having—Richarn, Hamed, Sali, and Taher.

All the men in either camp were discontented at the order to move, as they had made themselves comfortable expecting to remain in Latooka during the wet season. The two chiefs, Moy and Commoro, found themselves in a dilemma, as they had allied themselves with the Turks in the attack upon the neighbouring town, depending upon them for future support; they were now left in the lurch, and felt themselves hardly a match for their enemies.

A few extracts from my journal will close our sojourn at Latooka:

"June 18th.—The white ants are a curse upon the country; although the hut is swept daily and their galleries destroyed, they rebuild everything during the night, scaling the supports to the roof and entering the thatch. Articles of leather or wool are the first devoured. The rapidity with which they repair their galleries is wonderful; all their work is carried on with cement; the earth is contained in their stomachs, and this being mixed with some glutinous matter they deposit it as bees do their wax. Although the earth of this country if tempered for house-building will crumble in the rain, the hills of the white ant remain solid and waterproof, owing to the glue in the cement. I have seen three varieties of white ants—the largest about the size of a small wasp: this does not attack dwellings, but subsists upon fallen trees. The second variety is not so large; this species seldom enters buildings. The third is the greatest pest: this is the smallest, but thick and juicy; the earth is literally alive with them, nor is

there one square foot of ground free from them in Latooka.

"June 19th.—Had a bad attack of fever yesterday that has been hanging about me for some days. Weighed all the luggage and packed the stores in loads of fifty pounds each for the natives to carry.

"June 20th.—Busy making new ropes from the bark of a mimosa; all hands at work, as we start the day after to-morrow. My loss in animals makes a difference of twenty-three porters' loads. I shall take forty natives, as the bad road will necessitate light loads for the donkeys. I have now only fourteen donkeys; these are in good condition, and would thrive, were not the birds so destructive by pecking sores upon their backs. These sores would heal quickly by the application of gunpowder, but the birds irritate and enlarge them until the animal is rendered useless. I have lost two donkeys simply from the attacks of these birds; the only remaining camel and some of the donkeys I have covered with jackets made of tent-cloth.

"June 21st.—Nil.

"June 22d.—We were awoke last night by a report from the sentry that natives were prowling around the camp; I accordingly posted three additional guards. At a little after 2 A.M. a shot was fired, followed by two others in quick succession, and a sound as of many feet running quickly was heard passing the entrance of the camp. I was up in a moment, and my men were quickly under arms: the Turks' drum beat, and their camp (that was contiguous to mine) was alive with men, but all was darkness. I lighted my policeman's lantern, that was always kept ready trimmed, and I soon arrived at the spot where the shot had been fired. The natives had been endeavouring to steal the cattle from the Turks' kraal, and favoured by the darkness they had commenced burrowing with the inten-

tion of removing the thorn bushes that formed the fence. Unfortunately for the thieves, they were unaware that there were watchers in the kraal among the cattle: it was a pitch dark night, and nothing could be distinguished; but the attention of one of the sentries was attracted by the snorting and stamping of the goats, that evidently denoted the presence of something uncommon. He then perceived close to him, on the other side the hedge, a dark object crouching, and others standing, and he heard the bushes moving as though some one was at work to remove them. He immediately fired; and the sound of a rush of men in retreat induced both him and the other sentry to repeat the shot. By the light of the lantern we now searched the place, and discovered the body of a native lying close to the fence just above a considerable hole that he had scraped beneath the thorns, in order to extract the stems that were buried in the ground, and thus by drawing away the bushes he would have effected an entrance. He had commenced operations exactly opposite the sentry, and the musket being loaded with mould-shot, he had received the contents at close quarters. Although he had tempted fate and met with deserved misfortune, it was most disgusting to witness the brutality of the Turks, who, tying ropes to the ankles, dragged the body to the entrance of their camp, and wished for amusement to drive their bayonets through the chest. Although dying, the man was not dead: a shot had entered one eye, knocking it out; several had entered the face, chest, and thighs, as he was in a stooping position when the gun was fired. I would not allow him to be mutilated, and after groaning in agony for some time, he died. The traders' people immediately amputated the hands at the wrists to detach the copper bracelets, while others cut off his helmet of beads, and the body was very considerably dragged close to the entrance of my camp.

June 22d.—Finding that the disgusting Turks had deposited the dead body almost at my door, I had it removed a couple of hundred yards to leeward. The various birds of prey immediately collected—buzzards, vultures, crows, and the great Marabou stork. I observed a great bare-necked vulture almost succeed in turning the body over by pulling at the flesh of the arm at the opposite side to that where it stood. I have noticed that birds of prey invariably commence their attack upon the eyes, inner portions of the thighs, and beneath the arms, before they devour the coarser portions. In a few hours a well-picked skeleton was all that was left of the Latooka."

We were to start on the following day. My wife was dangerously ill with bilious fever, and was unable to stand, and I endeavoured to persuade the traders' party to postpone their departure for a few days. They would not hear of such a proposal; they had so irritated the Latookas that they feared an attack, and their captain, or vakeel, Ibrahim, had ordered them immediately to vacate the country. This was a most awkward position for me. The traders had induced the hostility of the country, and I should bear the brunt of it should I remain behind alone. Without their presence I should be unable to procure porters as the natives would not accompany my feeble party, especially as I could offer them no other payment but beads or copper. The rains had commenced within the last few days at Latooka, and on the route towards Obbo we should encounter continual storms. We were to march by a long and circuitous route to avoid the rocky passes that would be dangerous in the present spirit of the country, especially as the traders possessed large herds that must accompany the party. They allowed five days' march for the distance to Obbo by the intended route. This was not an alluring programme for the week's entertainment, with my wife

almost in a dying state! However, I set to work, and fitted an angarep with arched hoops from end to end, so as to form a frame like the cap of a wagon. This I covered with two waterproof Abyssinian tanned hides securely strapped; and lashing two long poles parallel to the sides of the angarep, I formed an excellent palanquin. In this she was assisted, and we started on 23d June.

Our joint parties consisted of about three hundred men. On arrival at the base of the mountains, instead of crossing them as before, we skirted the chain to the north-west, and then rounding through a natural gap, we ascended gradually towards the south.

On the fifth day we were, at 5 P.M., within twelve miles of Obbo, and we bivouacked on a huge mass of granite on the side of a hill, forming an inclining plateau of about an acre. The natives who accompanied us were immediately ordered to clear the grass from the interstices of the rocks, and hardly had they commenced when a slight disturbance, among some loose stones that were being removed, showed that something was wrong. In an instant lances and stones were hurled at some object by the crowd, and upon my arrival I saw the most horrid monster that I have ever experienced. I immediately pinned his head to the ground and severed it at one blow with my hunting-knife, damaging the keen edge of my favourite weapon upon the hard rock. It was a puff adder of the most extraordinary dimensions. I immediately fetched my measuring-tape from the game-bag, in which it was always at hand. Although the snake was only 5 ft. 4 in. in length, it was slightly above 15 inches in girth. The tail was, as usual in poisonous snakes, extremely blunt, and the head perfectly flat, and about 2½ inches broad, but unfortunately during my short absence to fetch the measure the natives had crushed it with a rock. They had thus destroyed it as

a specimen, and had broken three of the teeth, but I counted eight, and secured five poison-fangs, the two most prominent being nearly an inch in length. The poison-fangs of snakes are artfully contrived by some diabolical freak of nature as pointed tubes, through which the poison is injected into the base of the wound inflicted. The extreme point of the fang is solid, and is so finely sharpened that beneath a powerful microscope it is perfectly smooth, although the point of the finest needle is rough. A short distance above the solid point of the fang the surface of the tube appears as though cut away, like the first cut of a quill in forming a pen: through this aperture the poison is injected.

Hardly had I secured the fangs, when a tremendous clap of thunder shook the earth and echoed from rock to rock among the high mountains, that rose abruptly on our left within a mile. Again the lightning flashed, and, almost simultaneously, a deafening peal roared from the black cloud above us, just as I was kneeling over the arch-enemy to skin him. He looked so Satanic with his flat head, and minute cold grey eye, and scaly hide, with the lightning flashing and the thunder roaring around him; I felt like St. Dunstan with the devil, and skinned him. The natives and also my men were horrified, as they would not touch any portion of such a snake with their hands: even its skin was supposed by these people to be noxious.

Down came the rain; I believe it could not have rained harder. Mrs. Baker in the palanquin was fortunately like a snail in her shell; but I had nothing for protection except an ox-hide: throwing myself upon my angarep I drew it over me. The natives had already lighted prodigious fires, and all crowded around the blaze; but what would have been the Great Fire of London in that storm? In half an hour the fire was out; such a deluge fell that the ravine that

was dry when we first bivouacked, was now an impassable torrent. My ox-hide had become tripe, and my angarep being covered with a mat, was some inches deep in water. Throwing away the mat, the pond escaped through the sieve-like network, but left me drenched. Throughout the night it poured. We had been wet through every day during the journey from Latooka, but the nights had been fine; this was superlative misery for all. At length it ceased—morning dawned; we could not procure fire, as everything was saturated, and we started on our march through forest and high reeking grass. By this circuitous route from Latooka we avoided all difficult passes, as the ground on the west side of the chain of mountains ascended rapidly but regularly to Obbo.

On arrival at my former hut I found a great change; the grass was at least ten feet high, and my little camp was concealed in the rank vegetation. Old Katchiba came to meet us, but brought nothing, as he said the Turks had eaten up the country. An extract from my journal, dated July 1, explains the misery of our position.

"This Obbo country is now a land of starvation. The natives refuse to supply provision for beads; nor will they barter anything unless in exchange for flesh. This is the curse that the Turks have brought upon the country by stealing cattle and throwing them away wholesale. We have literally nothing to eat except tullaboon, a small bitter grain used in lieu of corn by the natives: there is no game; if it existed, shooting would be impossible, as the grass is impenetrable. I hear that the Turks intend to make a razzia on the Shoggo country near Farājoke; thus they will stir up a wasp's nest for me wherever I go, and render it impossible for my small party to proceed alone, or even to remain in peace. I shall be truly thankful to quit this abominable land; in my experience I never saw such

scoundrels as Africa produces—the natives of the Soudan being worse than all. It is impossible to make a servant of any of these people; the apathy, indolence, dishonesty combined with dirtiness, are beyond description; and their abhorrence of anything like order increases their natural dislike to Europeans. I have not one man even approaching to a servant; the animals are neglected, therefore they die. And were I to die they would rejoice, as they would immediately join Koorshid's people in cattle stealing and slave hunting; charming followers in the time of danger! Such men destroy all pleasure, and render exploration a mere toil. No one can imagine the hardships and annoyances to which we are subject, with the additional disgust of being somewhat dependent upon the traders' band of robbers. For this miserable situation my vakeel is entirely responsible: had my original escort been faithful, I should have been entirely independent, and could with my transport animals have penetrated far south before the commencement of the rainy season. Altogether I am thoroughly sick of this expedition, but I shall plod onwards with dogged obstinacy; God only knows the end. I shall be grateful should the day ever arrive once more to see Old England."

Both my wife and I were excessively ill with bilious fever, and neither could assist the other. The old chief, Katchiba, hearing that we were dying, came to charm us with some magic spell. He found us lying helpless, and he immediately procured a small branch of a tree, and filling his mouth with water, he squirted it over the leaves and about the floor of the hut; he then waved the branch around my wife's head, also around mine, and completed the ceremony by sticking it in the thatch above the doorway; he told us we should now get better, and perfectly satisfied, he took his leave. The hut was swarming with rats and white ants,

the former racing over our bodies during the night, and burrowing through the floor, filling our only room with mounds like mole-hills. As fast as we stopped the holes, others were made with determined perseverance. Having a supply of arsenic, I gave them an entertainment, the effect being disagreeable to all parties, as the rats died in their holes, and created a horrible effluvium, while fresh hosts took the place of the departed. Now and then a snake would be seen gliding within the thatch, having taken shelter from the pouring rain.

The smallpox was raging throughout the country, and the natives were dying like flies in winter. The country was extremely unhealthy, owing to the constant rain and the rank herbage, which prevented a free circulation of air, and from the extreme damp induced fevers. The temperature was 65° Fahr. at night, and 72° during the day; dense clouds obscured the sun for many days, and the air was reeking with moisture. In the evening it was always necessary to keep a blazing fire within the hut, as the floor and walls were wet and chilly.

The wet herbage disagreed with my baggage animals. Innumerable flies appeared, including the Tsetse, and in a few weeks the donkeys had no hair left, either on their ears or legs; they drooped and died one by one. It was in vain that I erected sheds, and lighted fires; nothing would protect them from the flies. The moment the fires were lit, the animals would rush wildly into the smoke, from which nothing would drive them, and in the clouds of imaginary protection they would remain all day, refusing food. On the 16th of July my last horse, Mouse, died; he had a very long tail, for which I obtained a cow in exchange. Nothing was prized so highly as a horse's tail, the hairs being used for stringing beads, and also for making tufts as ornaments, to be suspended from the elbows. It



THE OBHO WAR DANCE

was highly fashionable in Obbo for the men to wear such tufts, formed of the bushy ends of cows'-tails. It was also "the thing" to wear six or eight polished rings of iron, fastened so tightly round the throat, as to almost choke the wearer, somewhat resembling dog-collars.

On 18th July, the natives held a great consultation, and ended with a war-dance; they were all painted in various patterns, with red ochre and white pipe-clay; their heads adorned with very tasteful ornaments of cowrie-shells, surmounted by plumes of ostrich-feathers, which drooped over the back of the neck. After the dance, the old chief addressed them in a long and vehement speech; he was followed by several other speakers, all of whom were remarkably fluent, and the resolution of the meeting was declared "that the nogaras were to be beaten, and men collected to accompany the Turks on a razzia in the Madi country."

Ibrahim started with 120 armed men and a mass of Obbo people on the marauding expedition.

On the following day Katchiba came to see us, bringing a present of flour. I gave him a tin plate, a wooden spoon, the last of the tea-cups, and a tinsel paper of mother-of-pearl shirt buttons, which took his fancy so immensely, that my wife was begged to suspend it from his neck like a medal. He was really a very good old fellow—by far the best I have seen in Africa. He was very suspicious of the Turks, who, he said, would ultimately ruin him, as, by attacking the Madi tribe, they would become his enemies, and invade Obbo when the Turks should leave. Cattle were of very little use in his country, as the flies would kill them; he had tried all his magic art, but it was of no avail against the flies; my donkeys would all assuredly die. He said that the losses inflicted upon the various tribes by the Turks were ruinous, as their chief means of subsistence was

destroyed; without cattle they could procure no wives; milk, their principal diet, was denied them, and they were driven to despair; thus they would fight for their cattle, although they would allow their families to be carried off without resistance; cattle would procure another family, but if the animals were stolen, there would be no remedy.

Flies by day, rats and innumerable bugs by night, heavy dew, daily rain, and impenetrable reeking grass, rendered Obbo a prison about as disagreeable as could exist.

The many months of tiresome inaction that I was forced to remain in this position, I will not venture to inflict upon the reader, but I will content myself with extracts from my journal from time to time, that will exhibit the general character of the situation.

"Aug. 2d.—Several of my men have fever; the boy Saat, upon receiving a dose of calomel, asked, 'whether he was to swallow the paper in which it was wrapped?' This is not the first time that I have been asked the same question by my men. Saat feels the ennui of Obbo, and finds it difficult to amuse himself; he has accordingly become so far scientific, that he has investigated the machinery of two of my watches, both of which he has destroyed. I am now reduced to one watch, the solitary survivor of four that formed my original family of timekeepers. Having commenced as a drummer, Saat feels the loss of his drum that was smashed by the camel; he accordingly keeps his hand in by practising upon anything that he can adapt to that purpose, the sacred kettle inverted, and a tin cup having been drummed until the one became leaky, and the bottom of the other disappeared.

"Saat and the black woman are, unfortunately, enemies, and the monotony of the establishment is sometimes broken by a stand-up fight between him and his vicious antagonist,

Gaddum Her. The latter has received a practical proof that the boy is growing strong, as I found him the other day improving her style of beauty by sitting astride upon her stomach and punching her eyes with his fists, as she lay upon the ground furrowing Saat's fat cheeks with her very dirty nails. It is only fair to the boy to say that Gaddum Her is always the aggressor.

"It is absurd to see the self-importance of the miserable cut-throats belonging to Koorshid's party, who, far too great to act as common soldiers, swagger about with little slave boys in attendance, who carry their muskets. I often compare the hard lot of our honest poor in England with that of these scoundrels, whose courage consists in plundering and murdering defenceless natives, while the robbers fatten on the spoil. I am most anxious to see whether the English Government will take active notice of the White Nile trade, or whether diplomacy will confine them to simple protest and correspondence, to be silenced by a promise from the Egyptian Government to put a stop to the present atrocities. The Egyptian Government will, of course, promise, and, as usual with Turks, will never perform. On the other hand, the savages are themselves bad; one tribe welcomes the Turks as allies against their neighbours, and sees no crime in murder, provided the result be 'cattle.' This, of course, produces general confusion.

"*Aug. 6th.*—The difficulties of procuring provisions are most serious: the only method of purchasing flour is as follows. The natives will not sell it for anything but flesh; to purchase an ox, I required molotes (hoes): to obtain molotes I must sell my clothes and shoes to the traders' men. The ox is then driven to a distant village, and is there slaughtered, and the flesh being divided into about a hundred small portions, my men sit upon the ground with three large baskets, into which are emptied minute baskets

of flour as the natives produce them, one in exchange for each parcel of meat. This tedious process is a specimen of Central African difficulties in the simple act of purchasing flour. The Obbo natives are similar to the Bari in some of their habits. I have had great difficulty in breaking my cow-keeper of his disgusting custom of washing the milk-bowl with cow's urine, and even mixing some with the milk; he declares that unless he washes his hands with such water before milking, the cow will lose her milk. This filthy custom is unaccountable. The Obbo natives wash out their mouths with their own urine. This habit may have originated in the total absence of salt in their country. The Latookas, on the contrary, are very clean, and milk could be purchased in their own vessels without fear."

"*Aug. 8th.*—Having killed a fat ox, the men are busily engaged in boiling down the fat. Care should be taken to sprinkle a few drops of water in the pot when the fat is supposed to be sufficiently boiled; should it hiss, as though poured upon melted lead, it is ready; but if it be silent, the fat is not sufficiently boiled, and it will not keep.

"Three runaway female slaves were captured by Koorshid's people this morning, two of whom were brutally treated. On the whole the female slaves are well kept when very young, but well thrashed when the black bloom of youth has passed."

"*Aug. 11th.*—At this season immense beetles are at work in vast numbers, walking off with every species of dung, by forming it into balls as large as small apples, and rolling them away with their hind-legs, while they walk backwards by means of the fore-legs. Should a ball of dung roll into a deep rut, I have frequently seen another beetle come to the assistance of the proprietor of the ball, and quarrel for its possession after their joint labours have raised it to the level.

"This species was the holy scarabæus of the ancient Egyptians; it appears shortly after the commencement of the wet season, its labours continuing until the cessation of the rains, at which time it disappears. Was it not worshipped by the ancients as the harbinger of the high Nile? The existence of Lower Egypt depending upon the annual inundation, the rise of the river was observed with general anxiety. The beetle appears at the commencement of the rise in the river level, and from its great size and extraordinary activity in clearing the earth from all kinds of ordure, its presence is remarkable. Appearing at the season of the flood, may not the ancients have imagined some connexion between the beetle and the river, and have considered it sacred as the *harbinger* of the inundation?

"There is a wild bean in this country, the blossom of which has a delicious perfume of violets. I regret that I have not a supply of paper for botanical specimens, as many beautiful flowers appeared at the commencement of the rains. Few thorns and no gums form a strong contrast to the Soudan, where nearly every tree and shrub is armed."

"*Aug. 13th.*—I had a long examination of a slave woman, Bacheeta, belonging to one of Koorshid's men. She had been sent two years ago by the king, Kamrasi, from Unyoro, as a spy among the traders, with orders to attract them to the country if appearances were favourable, but to return with a report should they be dangerous people.

"On her arrival at Faloro, Debono's people captured her, and she was eventually sold to her present owner. She speaks Arabic, having learnt it from the traders' people. She declares that Magungo, the place of which I have heard so much, is only four days' hard marching for a native, direct from Faloro, but eight days' for the Turks; and that

it is equi-distant from Faloro and from Kamrasi's capital in Unyoro. She had heard of the Luta N'zigé, as reported to Speke, but she knew it only by the name of 'Kara-wootan-N'zigé.'

"She corroborated the accounts I had formerly received, of large boats arriving with Arabs at Magungo, and she described the lake as a 'white sheet as far as the eye could reach.' She particularized it as a peculiar water, that was unlike other waters, as it would 'come up to a water-jar, if put upon the shore, and carry it away and break it.' By this description I understood 'waves.' She also described the 'Gondokoro river,' or White Nile, as flowing into and out of the lake, and she spoke of a 'great roar of water, that fell from the sky.'

"I trust I may succeed in reaching this lake: if not, my entire time, labour, and expenditure will have been wasted, as I throw sport entirely aside for the sake of this exploration. Were I to think of shooting in preference to exploring, I could have excellent sport on the Atabbi river during the dry season, as also on the Kanieti, in the vicinity of Wakkala; but I must neglect all but the great object, and push on to Kamrasi's capital, and from thence to the lake. My great anxiety lies in the conduct of Koorshid's party; should they make razzias south, I shall be ruined, as my men will be afraid to advance through a disturbed country. I *must* keep on good terms with the chief of the party, as I depend upon him for an interpreter and porters.

"My plan is to prevail on Ibrahim to commence an ivory trade in Kamrasi's country that might be legitimately conducted, instead of the present atrocious system of robbery and murder. I like Koorshid, as he is a bold-spoken robber instead of acting the hypocrite like the other traders of Khartoum; thus, as he was the only man that

was civil to me, I would do him a good turn could I establish an honest trade between Kamrasi and himself; at the same time, I should have the advantage of his party as escort to the desired country. The case commercially lies as follows:

"Kamrasi's country, Unyoro, is a virgin land, where beads are hardly known, and where the king is the despotic ruler, whose word is law. All trade would be conducted through him alone, in the shape of presents, he giving elephants' tusks, while, in return, Koorshid would send him beads and various articles annually. Koorshid would thus be the sole trader with Kamrasi according to White Nile rules, and the abominable system of cattle robbery would be avoided.

"The great difficulty attending trade in a distant country is the want of means of transport, one tribe, being generally hostile to the adjoining, fears to afford porters beyond the frontier. If I can prove that the Lake Luta N'zigé is one source of the Nile with a navigable junction, I can at once do away with the great difficulty, and open up a direct trade for Koorshid. The Lake is in Kamrasi's own dominions; thus he will have no fear in supplying porters to deliver the ivory at a depôt that might be established, either on the lake or at its junction with the Nile. A vessel should be built upon the lake, to trade with the surrounding coasts, and to receive the ivory from the depôt. This vessel would then descend from the lake to the White Nile to the head of the cataracts, where a camp should be formed, from which, in a few days' march, the ivory would reach Gondokoro.

"A large trade might thus be established, as not only Unyoro would supply ivory, but the lake would open the navigation to the very heart of Africa. The advantage of dealing with Kamrasi direct would be great, as he is not a

mere savage, demanding beads and bracelets; but he would receive printed cottons, and goods of various kinds, by which means the ivory would be obtained at a merely nominal rate. The *depôt* on the Luta N'zigé should be a general store, at which the vessel ascending from the station above the cataracts would deliver the various goods from Gondokoro, and from this store the goods would be disseminated throughout the countries bordering the lake by means of vessels.

"The only drawback to this honest trade would be the general hatred of anything honest by the Khartoumers; the charms of cattle razzias and slave-hunting, with the attendant murders, attract these villainous cut-throats to the White Nile expeditions, and I fear it would be difficult to raise the number of armed men required for safety, were legitimate trade the sole object of the ivory hunter.

"Even in Obbo, I believe that printed calicoes, red woollen shirts, blankets, &c. would purchase ivory. The elevation of this country being upwards of 3,600 feet, the nights are cold, and even the day is cold during the wet season, thus clothing is required; this we see in the first rudiments of covering, the skins of beasts used by the natives; the Obbo people being the first tribe that adopts a particle of clothing from the Shillook country (lat. 10°) throughout the entire course of the White Nile to this latitude ($4^{\circ} 02'$). Kamrasi's tribe are well covered, and farther south, towards Zanzibar, all tribes are clothed more or less; thus Obbo is the clothing frontier, where the climate has first prompted the savage to cover himself, while in the hot lowlands he remains in a state of nakedness. Where clothing is required, English manufacturers would find a market in exchange for ivory; thus from this point a fair trade might be commenced.

"From Farājoke, in the Sooli country, lat. $3^{\circ} 33'$, up to

this date the most southern limit of my explorations, the lake is about nine or ten days' march in a direct course; but such a route is impossible, owing to Debono's establishment occupying the intervening country, and the rules of the traders forbid a trespass upon their assumed territory. Koorshid's men would refuse to advance by that route; my men, if alone, will be afraid to travel, and will find some excuse for not proceeding; from the very outset they have been an absolute burthen upon me, receiving a monthly allowance of two pounds of beads per head for doing literally nothing, after having ruined the independence of my expedition by their mutiny at Gondokoro."

"*Aug. 23d.*—My last camel died to-day; thus all my horses and camels are dead, and only eight donkeys remain out of twenty-one; most of these will die, if not all. There can be no doubt that the excessive wet in all the food, owing to the constant rain and dew, is the principal cause of disease. The camels, horses, and donkeys of the Soudan, all thrive in the hot dry air of that country, and are unsuited for this damp climate.

"Had I been without transport animals, my expedition could not have left Gondokoro, as there was no possibility of procuring porters. I had always expected that my animals would die, but I had hoped they would have carried me to the equator: this they would have accomplished during the two months of comparative dry weather following my arrival at Gondokoro, had not the mutiny thwarted all my plans, and thrown me into the wet season. My animals have delivered me at Obbo, and have died in inaction, instead of wearing out upon the road. Had I been able to start direct from Gondokoro, as I had intended, my animals would have delivered me in Kamrasi's country before the arrival of the heavy rains.

"There is an excellent species of gourd in Obbo; it is pear-shaped, about ten inches long, and seven in diameter, with a white skin, and warts upon the surface; this is the most delicate and the best-flavoured that I have ever eaten.

"There are two varieties of castor-oil plant in this country—one with a purple stem and bright red veins in the leaves, that is remarkably handsome. Also a wild plantain, with a crimson stem to the leaf; this does not grow to the height of the common plantain, but is simply a plume of leaves springing from the ground without a parent stem."

"*Aug. 30th.*—Mrs. Baker and I made a morning call for the first time upon old Katchiba by his express desire. His courtyard was cemented and clean, about a hundred feet in diameter, surrounded by palisades, which were overgrown with gourds and the climbing yam, Collololo. There were several large huts in the enclosure, belonging to his wives; he received us very politely, and begged us to enter his principal residence; it was simply arranged, being the usual circular hut, but about twenty-five feet in diameter. Creeping on all fours through the narrow doorway, we found ourselves in the presence of one of his wives, who was preparing merissa. The furniture of the apartment was practical, and quite in accordance with the taste of the old chief, as the whole establishment appeared to be devoted to brewing merissa. There were several immense jars capable of holding about thirty gallons: some of these were devoted to beer, while one was reserved to contain little presents that he had received from ourselves and the Turks, including a much-esteemed red flannel shirt; these *recherché* objects were packed in the jar, and covered by a smaller vessel inverted on the mouth to protect them from rats and white ants. Two or three well-prepared ox-hides

were spread upon the ground; and he requested Mrs. Baker to sit on his right hand, while I sat upon the left. Thus satisfactorily arranged, he called for some merissa, which his wife immediately brought in an immense gourd-shell, and both my wife and I having drunk, he took a long draught, and finished the gourd. The delightful old sorcerer, determined to entertain us, called for his rababa: a species of harp was handed to him; this was formed of a hollow base and an upright piece of wood, from which descended eight strings. Some time was expended in carefully tuning his instrument, which, being completed, he asked, 'if he should sing?' Fully prepared for something comic, we begged him to begin. He sang a most plaintive and remarkably wild, but pleasing air, accompanying himself perfectly on his harp, producing the best music that I had ever heard among savages. In fact, music and dancing were old Katchiba's delight, especially if combined with deep potations. His song over, he rose from his seat and departed, but presently reappeared, leading a sheep by a string, which he begged us to accept. I thanked him for his attention, but I assured him that we had not paid him a visit with the expectation of receiving a present, and that we could not think of accepting it, as we had simply called upon him as friends; he accordingly handed the sheep to his wife, and shortly after we rose to depart. Having effected an exit by creeping through the doorway, he led us both by the hand in a most friendly way for about a hundred yards on our path, and took leave most gracefully, expressing a hope that we should frequently come to see him.

"On our return home we found the sheep waiting for us; determined not to be refused, he had sent it on before us. I accordingly returned him a most gorgeous necklace of the most valuable beads, and gave the native who had brought

the sheep a present for himself and wife; thus all parties were satisfied, and the sheep was immediately killed for dinner.

"The following morning Katchiba appeared at my door with a large red flag, made of a piece of cotton cloth that the Turks had given him; he was accompanied by two men beating large drums, and a third playing a kind of clarinet: this playing at soldiers was an imitation of the Turks. He was in great spirits, being perfectly delighted with the necklace I had sent him."

"Oct. 6th.—I have examined my only remaining donkey! he is a picture of misery—eyes and nose running, coat staring, and he is about to start to join his departed comrades; he has packed up for his last journey. With his loose skin hanging to his withered frame he looked like the British lion on the shield over the door of the Khartoum consulate. In that artistic effort the lion was equally lean and ragged, having perhaps been thus represented by the artist as a pictorial allusion to the smallness of the Consul's pay; the illustration over the shabby gateway utters, 'Behold my leanness! 150*l.* per annum!'

"I feel a touch of the poetic stealing over me when I look at my departing donkey. 'I never loved a dear gazelle,' &c.; but the practical question, 'Who is to carry the portmanteau?' remains unanswered. I do not believe the Turks have any intention of going to Kamrasi's country; they are afraid, as they have heard that he is a powerful king, and they fear the restrictions that power will place upon their felonious propensities. In that case I shall go on without them; but they have deceived me, by borrowing 165 lbs. of beads which they cannot repay; this puts me to much inconvenience. The Asua river is still impassable according to native reports; this will prevent a general advance south. Should the rains cease,

the river will fall rapidly, and I shall make a forward move and escape this prison of high grass and inaction."

"Oct. 11th.—Lions roaring every night, but not visible. I set my men to work to construct a fortified camp, a simple oblong of palisades with two flanking projections at opposite angles to command all approaches; the lazy scoundrels are sulky in consequence. Their daily occupation is drinking merissa, sleeping, and strumming on the rababa, while that of the black women is quarrelling—one ebony sister insulting the other by telling her that she is as 'black as the kettle,' and recommending her 'to eat poison.'"

"Oct. 17th.—I expect an attack of fever to-morrow or next day, as I understand from constant and painful experiences every step of this insidious disease. For some days one feels a certain uneasiness of spirits difficult to explain; no peculiar symptom is observed until a day or two before the attack, when great lassitude is felt, with a desire to sleep. Rheumatic pains in the loins, back, and joints of the limbs are accompanied by a sense of great weakness. A cold fit comes on very quickly; this is so severe that it almost immediately affects the stomach, producing painful vomiting with severe retching. The eyes are heavy and painful, the head hot and aching, the extremities pale and cold, pulse very weak, and about fifty-six beats per minute; the action of the heart distressingly weak, with total prostration of strength. This shivering and vomiting continues for about two hours, attended with great difficulty of breathing. The hot stage then comes on, the retching still continuing, with the difficulty of breathing, intense weakness and restlessness for about an hour and a half, which, should the remedies be successful, terminate in profuse perspiration and sleep. The attack ends, leaving the stomach in a dreadful state of

weakness. The fever is remittent, the attack returning almost at the same hour every two days, and reducing the patient rapidly to a mere skeleton; the stomach refuses to act, and death ensues. Any severe action of the mind, such as grief or anger, is almost certain to be succeeded by fever in this country. My stock of quinine is reduced to a few grains, and my work lies before me; my cattle are all dead. We are both weakened by repeated fever, and travelling must be on foot."

CHAPTER X

LIFE AT OBBO

FOR months we dragged on a miserable existence at Obbo, wrecked by fever; the quinine exhausted; thus the disease worried me almost to death, returning at intervals of a few days. Fortunately my wife did not suffer so much as I did. I had nevertheless prepared for the journey south; and as travelling on foot would have been impossible in our weak state, I had purchased and trained three oxen in lieu of horses. They were named "Beef," "Steaks," and "Suet." "Beef" was a magnificent animal, but having been bitten by the flies, he so lost his condition that I changed his name to "Bones." We were ready to start, and the natives reported that early in January the Asua would be fordable. I had arranged with Ibrahim that he should supply me with porters for payment in copper bracelets, and that he should accompany me with one hundred men to Kamrasi's country (Unyoro), on condition that he would restrain his people from all misdemeanours, and that they should be entirely subservient to me. It was the month of December, and during the nine months that I had been in correspondence with his party I had succeeded in acquiring an extraordinary influence. Although my camp was nearly three-quarters of a mile from their zareeba, I had been besieged daily for many months for everything that was wanted; my camp was a kind of general store that appeared to be inexhaustible. I gave all that I had with a good grace, and thereby gained the goodwill of the robbers, especially

as my large medicine-chest contained a supply of drugs that rendered me in their eyes a physician of the first importance. I had been very successful with my patients; and the medicines that I generally used being those which produced a very decided effect, both the Turks and natives considered them with perfect faith. There was seldom any difficulty in prognosticating the effect of tartar emetic, and this became the favourite drug that was almost daily applied for; a dose of three grains enchanting the patient, who always advertised my fame by saying, "He told me I should be sick, and, by Allah! there was no mistake about it." Accordingly there was a great run upon the tartar emetic. Many people in Debono's camp had died, including several of my deserters who had joined them. News was brought that, in three separate fights with the natives, my deserters had been killed on every occasion, and my men and those of Ibrahim unhesitatingly declared that it was the "hand of God." None of Ibrahim's men had died since we left Latooka. One man, who had been badly wounded by a lance thrust through his abdomen, I had successfully treated; and the trading party, who would at one time gladly have exterminated me, now exclaimed, "What shall we do when the Sowar (traveller) leaves the country?" Mrs. Baker had been exceedingly kind to the women and children of both the traders and natives, and together we had created so favourable an impression that we were always referred to as umpires in every dispute. My own men, although indolent, were so completely disciplined that they would not have dared to disobey an order, and they looked back upon their former mutinous conduct with surprise at their own audacity, and declared that they feared to return to Khartoum, as they were sure that I should not forgive them.

I had promised Ibrahim that I would use my influence

with the King of Unyoro to procure him the ivory of that country;—I had a good supply of beads, while Ibrahim had none; thus he was dependent upon me for opening the road. Everything looked fair, and had I been strong and well I should have enjoyed the future prospect, but I was weak and almost useless, and weighed down with anxiety lest I might die and my wife would be left alone.

The rains had ceased, and the wild grapes were ripe; the natives brought them in great quantities in exchange for a few beads. They were in extremely large bunches, invariably black, and of a good size, but not juicy—the flavour was good, and they were most refreshing, and certainly benefited my health. I pressed about two hundred pounds of grapes in the large sponging bath, but procured so little juice, and that so thick, that wine-making proved a failure; it fermented, and we drank it, but it was not wine. One day, hearing a great noise of voices and blowing of horns in the direction of Katchiba's residence, I sent to inquire the cause. The old chief himself appeared, very angry and excited. He said, that his people were very bad, that they had been making a great noise and finding fault with him because he had not supplied them with a few showers, as they wanted to sow their crop of tullaboon. There had been no rain for about a fortnight.

"Well," I replied, "you are the rainmaker; why don't you give your people rain?" "Give my people rain!" said Katchiba. "I give them rain if they don't give me goats? You don't know my people; if I am fool enough to give them rain before they give me the goats, they would let me starve! No, no! let them wait—if they don't bring me supplies of corn, goats, fowls, yams, merissa, and all that I require, not one drop of rain shall ever fall again in Obbo! Impudent brutes are my people! Do you know, they have positively threatened to kill me unless I bring the rain?"

They shan't have a drop; I will wither the crops, and bring a plague upon their flocks. I'll teach these rascals to insult me!"

With all this bluster, I saw that old Katchiba was in a great dilemma, and that he would give anything for a shower, but that he did not know how to get out of the scrape. It was a common freak of the tribes to sacrifice their rainmaker, should he be unsuccessful. He suddenly altered his tone, and asked, "Have you any rain in your country?" I replied that we had, every now and then. "How do you bring it? Are you a rainmaker?" I told him that no one believed in rainmakers in our country, but that we understood how to bottle lightning (meaning electricity). "I don't keep mine in bottles, but I have a houseful of thunder and lightning," he most coolly replied; "but if you can bottle lightning you must understand rainmaking. What do you think of the weather today?" I immediately saw the drift of the cunning old Katchiba; he wanted professional advice. I replied, that he must know all about it, as he was a regular rainmaker. "Of course I do," he answered, "but I want to know what *you* think of it." "Well," I said, "I don't think we shall have any steady rain, but I think we may have a heavy shower in about four days (I said this as I had observed fleecy clouds gathering daily in the afternoon). "Just my opinion!" said Katchiba, delighted; "in four or perhaps in five days I intend to give them one shower; just one shower; yes, I'll just step down to them now and tell the rascals, that if they will bring me some goats by this evening, and some corn to-morrow morning, I will give them in four or five days just one shower." To give effect to his declaration he gave several toots upon his magic whistle. "Do you use whistles in your country?" inquired Katchiba. I only replied by giving so shrill and deafening a whistle on my fingers that Katchiba stopped

his ears; and relapsing into a smile of admiration he took a glance at the sky from the doorway to see if any sudden effect had been produced. "Whistle again," he said; and once more I performed like the whistle of a locomotive. "That will do, we shall have it," said the cunning old rainmaker; and proud of having so knowingly obtained "counsel's opinion" on his case, he toddled off to his impatient subjects.

In a few days a sudden storm of rain and violent thunder added to Katchiba's renown, and after the shower, horns were blowing and nogaras were beating in honour of their chief. *Entre nous*, my whistle was considered infallible.

The natives were busy sowing the new crop just as the last crop was ripening. It did not appear likely that they would reap much for their labour, as the elephants, having an accurate knowledge of the season, visited their fields nightly, and devoured and trampled the greater portion. I had been too ill to think of shooting, as there was no other method than to watch in the tullaboon fields at night; the high grass in which the elephants harboured being impenetrable. Feeling a little better I took my men to the field about a mile from the village, and dug a hole in which I intended to watch.

That night I took Richarn, and we sat together in our narrow grave. There was no sound throughout the night. I was well wrapped up in a Scotch plaid, but an attack of ague came on, and I shivered as though in Lapland. I had several rifles in the grave; among others the "Baby," that carried a half-pound explosive shell. At about 4 A.M. I heard the distant trumpet of an elephant, and I immediately ordered Richarn to watch, and to report to me their arrival. It was extremely dark, but Richarn presently sank slowly down, and whispered, "Here they are!"

Taking the "Baby," I quietly rose, and listening

attentively, I could distinctly hear the elephants tearing off the heads of the tullaboon, and crunching the crisp grain. I could distinguish the dark forms of the herd about thirty paces from me, but much too indistinct for a shot. I stood with my elbows resting on the edge of the hole, and the heavy rifle balanced, waiting for an opportunity. I had a paper-sight arranged for night shooting, and I several times tried to get the line of an elephant's shoulder, but to no purpose; I could distinguish the sight clearly, but not the elephant. As I was watching the herd, I suddenly heard a trumpet close to my left, and I perceived an elephant quickly walking exactly towards my grave. I waited with the rifle at my shoulder until he was within about twelve paces; I then whistled, and he stopped and turned quickly, exposing his side. Taking the line of the fore-leg, I fired at the shoulder. The tremendous flash and smoke of ten drachms of powder completely blinded me, and the sudden reaction of darkness increased the obscurity. I could distinguish nothing; but I heard a heavy fall, and a few moments after I could hear a rustling in the grass as the herd of elephants retreated into the grass jungles. Richarn declared that the elephant had fallen; but I again heard a rustling in the high grass jungle within eighty yards of me, and this sound continued in the same place. I accordingly concluded that the elephant was very badly wounded, and that he could not move from the spot. Nothing could be seen.

At length the birds began to chirp, and the "blacksmith" (as I named one of the first to wake, whose two sharp ringing notes exactly resemble the blows of a hammer upon an anvil) told me that it was nearly daybreak. The grey of morning had just appeared when I heard voices, and I saw Mrs. Baker coming along the field with a party of men, whom she had brought down from the village with knives

and axes. She had heard the roar of the heavy rifle, and knowing the "Baby's" scream, and the usual fatal effects, she had considered the elephant as bagged. The natives had also heard the report, and people began to accumulate from all quarters for the sake of the flesh. The elephant was not dead, but was standing about ten yards within the grass jungle; however, in a short time a heavy fall sounded his knell, and the crowd rushed in. He was a fine bull, and before I allowed him to be cut up, I sent for the measuring-tape; the result being as follows:

	Feet.	Inches.
From tip of trunk to fleshy end of tail	26	$\frac{1}{2}$
Height from shoulder to fore-foot in a perpendicular line	10	$6\frac{1}{2}$
Girth of fore-foot	4	$10\frac{1}{2}$
Length of one tusk in the curve	6	6
Ditto of fellow tusk (el Hadam, the servant)	5	11
Weight of tusks, 80 lbs. and 69 lbs. = 149 lbs.		

The ridiculous accounts that I have read, stating that the height of elephants attains *fifteen* feet, is simply laughable ignorance. A difference of a foot in an elephant's height is enormous; he appears a giant among his lesser comrades. Observe the difference between a horse sixteen hands high and a pony of thirteen hands, and the difference of a foot in the height of a quadruped is exemplified.

The word being given, the crowd rushed upon the elephant, and about three hundred people were attacking the carcase with knives and lances. About a dozen men were working inside as though in a tunnel; they had chosen this locality as being near to the fat, which was greatly coveted.

A few days later I attempted to set fire to the grass jungle, but it would not burn thoroughly, leaving scorched stems that were rendered still tougher by the fire. On the following evening I took a stroll over the burnt ground to

look for game. No elephants had visited the spot; but as I was walking along expecting nothing, up jumped a wild boar and sow from the entrance of a large hole of the Manis, or great scaled ant-eater. Being thus taken by surprise, the boar very imprudently charged me, and was immediately knocked over dead by a shot through the spine from the little Fletcher rifle, while the left-hand barrel rolled over his companion, who almost immediately recovered and disappeared in the grass jungle; however, there was pork for those who liked it, and I went to the camp and sent a number of natives to bring it home. The Obbo people were delighted, as it was their favourite game, but none of my people would touch the unclean animal. The wild pigs of this country live underground; they take possession of the holes made by the Manis, these they enlarge and form cool and secure retreats.

A bad attack of fever laid me up until the 31st of December. On the first day of January, 1864, I was hardly able to stand, and was nearly worn out at the very time that I required my strength, as we were to start south in a few days.

Although my quinine had been long since exhausted, I had reserved ten grains to enable me to start in case the fever should attack me at the time of departure. I now swallowed my last dose, and on 3rd January, I find the following note in my journal: "All ready for a start tomorrow. I trust the year 1864 will bring better luck than the past, that having been the most annoying that I have ever experienced, and full of fever. I hope now to reach Kamrasi's country in a fortnight, and to obtain guides from him direct to the lake. My Latooka, to whom I have been very kind, has absconded: there is no difference in any of these savages; if hungry, they will fawn upon you, and when filled, they will desert. I believe that ten years'

residence in the Soudan and this country would spoil an Angel, and would turn the best heart to stone."

It was difficult to procure porters, therefore I left all my effects at my camp in charge of two of my men, and I determined to travel light, without the tent, and to take little beyond ammunition and cooking utensils. Ibrahim left forty-five men in his zareeba, and on the 5th of January we started. Mrs. Baker rode her ox, but my animal being very shy, I ordered him to be driven for about a mile with the others to accustom him to the crowd: not approving of the expedition, he bolted into the high grass with my English saddle, and I never saw him again. In my weak state I had to walk. We had not gone far when a large fly fastened upon Mrs. Baker's ox, just by his tail, the effect of which was to produce so sudden a kick and plunge, that he threw her to the ground and hurt her considerably; she accordingly changed the animal, and rode a splendid ox that Ibrahim very civilly offered. I had to walk to the Atabbi, about eighteen miles, which, although a pleasant stroll when in good health, I found rather fatiguing. We bivouacked on the south bank of the Atabbi.

The next morning, after a walk of about eight miles, I purchased of one of the Turks the best ox that I have ever ridden, at the price of a double-barrelled gun—it was a great relief to be well mounted, as I was quite unfit for a journey on foot.

At 4.30 P.M. we arrived at one of the villages of Farājoke. The character of the country had entirely changed; instead of the rank and superabundant vegetation of Obbo, we were in a beautiful open country, naturally drained by its undulating character, and abounding in most beautiful low pasturage. Vast herds of cattle belonged to the different villages, but these had all been driven to concealment, as the report had been received that the Turks were approaching.

The country was thickly populated, but the natives appeared very mistrustful; the Turks immediately entered the villages and ransacked the granaries for corn, digging up the yams and helping themselves to everything as though quite at home. I was on a beautiful grass sward on the gentle slope of a hill: here I arranged to bivouack for the night.

In three days' march from this point through beautiful park-like country, we arrived at the Asua river. The entire route from Farājoke had been a gentle descent, and I found this point of the Asua in lat. N. $3^{\circ} 12'$ to be 2,875 feet above the sea level, 1,091 feet lower than Farājoke. The river was a hundred and twenty paces broad, and from the bed to the top of the perpendicular banks was about fifteen feet. At this season it was almost dry, and a narrow channel of about six inches deep flowed through the centre of the otherwise exhausted river. The bed was much obstructed by rocks, and the inclination was so rapid that I could readily conceive the impossibility of crossing it during the rains. It forms the great drain of the country, all its waters flowing to the Nile, but during the dry months it was most insignificant. The country between Farājoke and the Asua, although lovely, was very thinly populated, and the only villages that I saw were built upon low hills of bare granite, which lay in huge piles of disjointed fragments.

On arrival at the river, while the men were washing in the clear stream, I took a rifle and strolled along the margin: I shortly observed a herd of the beautiful Mehedéhet antelopes feeding upon the rich but low grass of a sandbank in the very centre of the river. Stalking them to within a hundred and twenty paces they obtained my wind, and, ceasing to graze, they gazed intently at me. I was on the high bank among the bushes, and I immediately picked out the biggest, and fired, missing my mark. All dashed

away except the animal at which I fired, who stood in uncertainty for a few moments, when the second barrel of the Fletcher 24 rifle knocked him over, striking him through the neck. Hearing the quick double shot, my people came running to the spot, accompanied by a number of the native porters, and were rejoiced to find a good supply of meat: the antelope weighed about five hundred



Mehedéhet Antelope

pounds, and was sufficient to afford a good dinner for the whole party.

The Mehedéhet is about 13 hands high, with rough brown hair like the Samber deer of India.

Our resting-place was on the dry, rocky bed of the river, close to the edge of the shallow but clear stream that rippled over the uneven surface. Some beautiful tamarind trees afforded a most agreeable shade, and altogether it was a charming place to bivouack. Although at Obbo the

grass was not sufficiently dry to burn, in this country it was reduced to a crisp straw, and I immediately set fire to the prairies; the wind was strong, and we had a grand blaze, the flames crackling and leaping about thirty feet high, and sweeping along with so mad a fury that within an hour the entire country was a continuous line of fire. Not a trace of vegetation remained behind; the country appeared as though covered with a pall of black velvet. Returning from my work, I found my camping-place well arranged—beds prepared, and a good dinner ready of antelope-soup and cutlets.

On waking the next morning, I found that the Turks had all disappeared during the night, and that I was alone with my people. It was shortly explained that they had departed to attack some village, to which they were guided by some natives who had accompanied them from Farājoke.

I accordingly took my rifle and strolled along the margin of the river to look for game, accompanied by two of my porters. Although it was a most likely country, being a natural park well timbered, with a river flowing through the midst, there was a great scarcity of wild animals. At length, in crossing a ravine that had stopped the progress of the fire, an antelope (water-buck) jumped out of a hollow, and, rushing through the high grass, he exposed himself for an instant in crossing the summit of a bare knoll, and received a ball from the little Fletcher in the hind-quarters. Although badly wounded, he was too nimble for my natives, who chased him with their spears for about a quarter of a mile. These fellows tracked him beautifully, and we at length found him hiding in a deep pool in the river, and he was immediately despatched.

After a long walk, during which I did not obtain another shot, I returned to my resting-place, and, refreshed by a

bathe in the cool river, I slept as sound as though in the most luxurious bed in England. On the following morning I went out early, and shot a small species of antelope; and shortly after my return to breakfast, the Turks' party arrived, bringing with them about three hundred head of cattle that they had captured from the Madi tribe. They did not seem at all in good spirits, and I shortly heard that they had lost their standard-bearer, killed in the fight, and that the flag had been in great peril, and had been saved by the courage of a young Bari slave. The ensign was separated from the main party, and was attacked by four natives, who killed the bearer, and snatched away the flag: this would inevitably have been lost, had not the Bari boy of about fifteen shot the foremost native dead with a pistol, and, snatching the flag from his hands, ran with it towards the Turks, some of whom coming up at that instant, the natives did not think it wise to pursue their advantage. A number of slaves had been captured; among others, several young children, one of whom was an infant. These unfortunate women and children, excepting the infant, were all tied by the neck with a long leathern thong, so as to form a living chain, and guards were set over them to prevent escape. The Bari natives would make good soldiers, as they are far more courageous than most of the savage tribes. The best men among the party of Ibrahim are Baris; among them is a boy named Arnout; he is the drummer, and he once saved his master in a fight by suddenly presenting his drumstick like a pistol at several natives, who had attacked him while unloaded. The natives, seeing the determined attitude of the boy, and thinking that the drumstick was a firearm, ran off. We started at daybreak on 13th January, and, ascending the whole way, we reached Shooa, in latitude $3^{\circ} 4'$. The route throughout had been of the same park-like character,

interspersed with occasional hills of fine granite, piled in the enormous blocks so characteristic of that stone.

Shooa was a lovely place. A fine granite mountain ascended in one block in a sheer precipice for about 800 feet from its base, perfectly abrupt on the eastern side, while the other portions of the mountain were covered with fine forest trees, and picturesquely dotted over with villages. This country formed a natural park, remarkably well watered by numerous rivulets, ornamented with fine timber, and interspersed with numerous high rocks of granite, which from a distance produced the effect of ruined castles.

The pasturage was of a superior quality, and of the same description as that of Farājoke. The country being undulating, there was a small brook in every valley that formed a natural drain. Accordingly, the more elevated land was remarkably dry and healthy. On arrival at the foot of the abrupt mountain, we camped beneath an immense india-rubber tree, that afforded a delightful shade, from which elevated spot we had a superb view of the surrounding country, and could see the position of Debono's camp, about twenty-five miles to the west by north, at the foot of the Faloro hills.

By Casella's thermometer, I determined the altitude of Shooa to be 3,877 feet—1,002 feet above the Asua river, and 89 feet lower than Farājoke. These observations of the thermometer agreed with the natural appearance of the country, the Asua river forming the main drain in a deep valley, into which innumerable rivulets convey the drainage from both north and south. Accordingly, the Asua, receiving the Atabbi river, which is the main drain of the western face of the Madi mountains, and the entire drainage of the Madi and Shooa countries, together with that of extensive countries to the east of Shooa, including the rivers Chombi and Udāt, from Lira and Umiro, it becomes

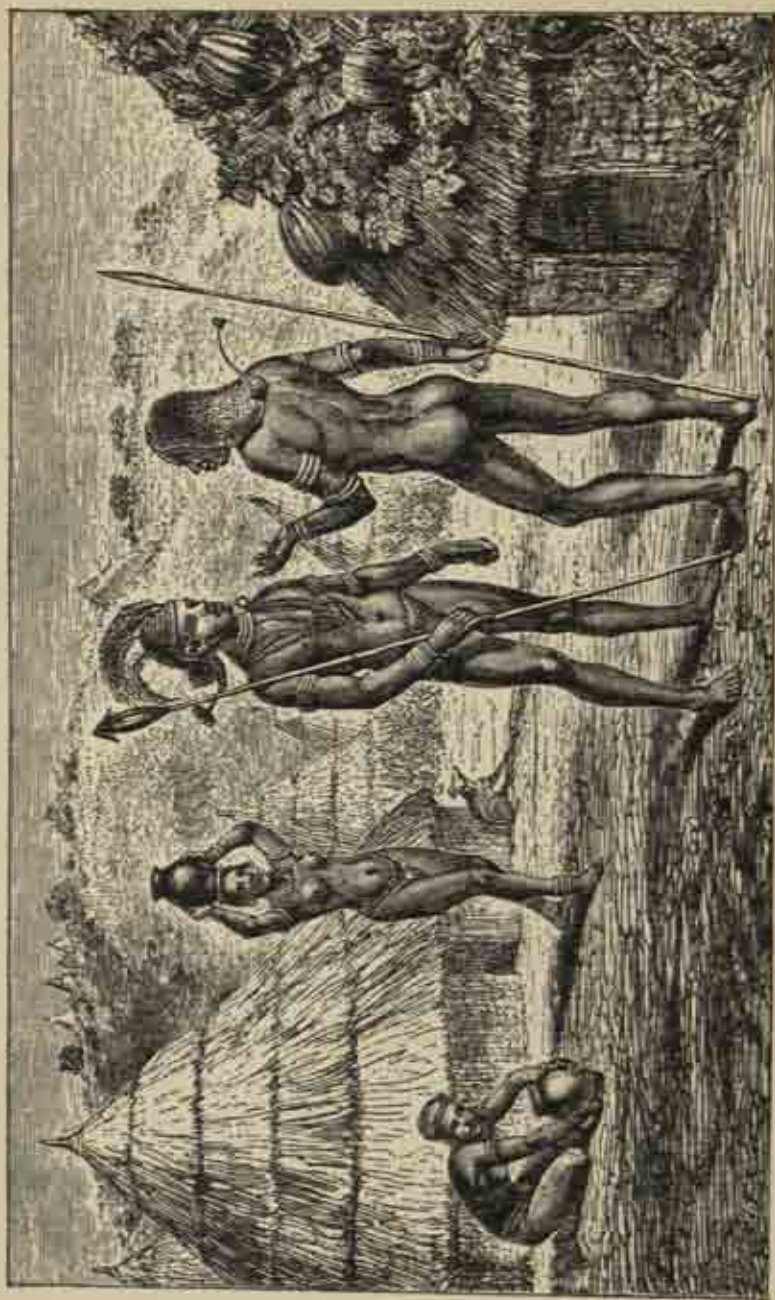
a tremendous torrent so long as the rains continue, and conveys a grand volume of water to the Nile; but the inclination of all these countries tending rapidly to the north-west, the bed of the Asua river partakes of the general incline, and so quickly empties after the cessation of the rains that it becomes *nîl* as a river. By the mean of several observations I determined the latitude of Shooa $3^{\circ} 04'$, longitude $32^{\circ} 04'$, E. We were now about twelve miles south of Debono's outpost, Faloro. The whole of the Shooa country was assumed to belong to Mahommed Wat-el-Mek, the vakeel of Debono, and we had passed the ashes of several villages that had been burnt and plundered by these people between Farājoke and this point; the entire country had been laid waste.

There was no great chief at Shooa; each village had a separate headman; formerly the population had occupied the lower ground, but since the Turks had been established at Faloro and had plundered the neighbouring tribes, the natives had forsaken their villages and located themselves among the mountains for security. It was the intention of Ibrahim to break through the rules accepted by the White Nile traders, and to establish himself at Shooa, which, although claimed by Debono's people, would form an excellent *point d'appui* for operations towards the unknown south.

Shooa was "flowing with milk and honey;" fowls, butter, goats, were in abundance and ridiculously cheap; beads were of great value, as few had ever reached that country. The women flocked to see Mrs. Baker, bringing presents of milk and flour, and receiving beads and bracelets in return. The people were precisely the same as those of Obbo and Farājoke in language and appearance, exceedingly mild in their manner, and anxious to be on good terms.

The cultivation in this country was superior to anything that I had seen farther north; large quantities of sesamé were grown and carefully harvested, the crop being gathered and arranged in oblong frames about twenty feet long by twelve high. These were inclined at an angle of about sixty—the pods of the sesamé plants on one face, so that the frames resembled enormous brushes. In this manner the crop was dried previous to being stored in the granaries. Of the latter there were two kinds—the wicker-work smeared with cow-dung, supported on four posts, with a thatched roof; and a simple contrivance by fixing a stout pole about twenty feet long perpendicularly in the earth. About four feet from the ground a bundle of strong and long reeds are tied tightly round the pole; hoops of wicker-work are then bound round them at intervals until they assume the form of an inverted umbrella half expanded; this being filled with grain, fresh reeds are added, until the work has extended to within a few feet of the top of the pole; the whole is then capped with reeds securely strapped: the entire granary has the appearance of a cigar, but thicker in proportion about the middle.

Two days after our arrival at Shooa, the whole of our Obbo porters absconded: they had heard that we were bound for Kamrasi's country, and having received exaggerated accounts of his power from the Shooa people, they had determined upon retreat: thus we were at once unable to proceed, unless we could procure porters from Shooa. This was exceedingly difficult, as Kamrasi was well known here, and was not loved. His country was known as "Quānda," and I at once recognised the corruption of Speke's "Ugānda." The slave woman, "Bacheeta," who had formerly given me in Obbo so much information concerning Kamrasi's country, was to be our interpreter; but we also had the luck to discover a lad who had formerly



NATIVES OF LIRA (1) AND MADI (2) IN THE CAMP AT SHOOA

been employed by Mahommed in Faloro, who also spoke the language of Quānda, and had learnt a little Arabic. I now discovered that the slave woman Bacheeta had formerly been in the service of a chief named Sali, who had been killed by Kamrasi. Sali was a friend of Rionga (Kamrasi's greatest enemy), and I had been warned by Speke not to set foot upon Rionga's territory, or all travelling in Unyoro would be cut off. I plainly saw that Bacheeta was in favour of Rionga, as a friend of the murdered Sali, by whom she had had two children, and that she would most likely tamper with the guide, and that we should be led to Rionga instead of to Kamrasi. There were "wheels within wheels." It was now reported that in the past year, immediately after the departure of Speke and Grant from Gondokoro, when Debono's people had left me in the manner already described, they had marched direct to Rionga, allied themselves to him, crossed the Nile with his people, and had attacked Kamrasi's country, killing about three hundred of his men, and capturing many slaves. I now understood why they had deceived me at Gondokoro: they had obtained the information of the country from Speke's people, and had made use of it by immediately attacking Kamrasi in conjunction with Rionga.

This would be a pleasant introduction for me on entering Unyoro, as almost immediately after the departure of Speke and Grant, Kamrasi had been invaded by the very people into whose hands his messengers had delivered them, when they were guided from Unyoro to the Turks' station at Faloro; he would naturally have considered that the Turks had been sent by Speke to attack him; thus the road appeared closed to all exploration, through the atrocities of Debono's people.

Many of Ibrahim's men, at hearing this intelligence, refused to proceed to Unyoro. Fortunately for me,

Ibrahim had been extremely unlucky in procuring ivory; the year had almost passed away, and he had a mere nothing with which to return to Gondokoro. I impressed upon him how enraged Koorshid would be should he return with such a trifle; already his own men declared that he was neglecting razzias, because he was to receive a present from me if we reached Unyoro; this they would report to his master (Koorshid), and it would be believed should he fail in securing ivory. I guaranteed him 100 cantars (10,000 lbs.) if he would push on at all hazards with me to Kamrasi, and secure me porters from Shooa. Ibrahim behaved remarkably well. For some time past I had acquired a great influence over him, and he depended so thoroughly upon my opinion that he declared himself ready to do all that I suggested. Accordingly I desired him to call his men together, and to leave in Shooa all those who were disinclined to follow us.

At once I arranged for a start, lest some fresh idea should enter the ever suspicious brains of our followers, and mar the expedition.

It was difficult to procure porters, and I abandoned all that was not indispensable—our last few pounds of rice and coffee, and even the great sponging-bath, that emblem of civilization that had been clung to even when the tent had been left behind.

On the 18th January, 1864, we left Shooa. The pure air of that country had invigorated us, and I was so improved in strength, that I enjoyed the excitement of the launch into unknown lands. The Turks knew nothing of the route south, and I accordingly took the lead of the entire party. I had come to a distinct understanding with Ibrahim that Kamrasi's country should belong to *me*; not an act of felony would be permitted; all were to be under my government, and I would insure him at least 100 cantars of tusks.

Eight miles of agreeable march through the usual park-like country brought us to the village of Fatiko, situated upon a splendid plateau of rock upon elevated ground, with beautiful granite cliffs, bordering a level table-land of fine grass that would have formed a race-course. The high rocks were covered with natives, perched upon the outline like a flock of ravens.

We halted to rest under some fine trees growing among large isolated blocks of granite and gneiss.

In a short time the natives assembled around us: they were wonderfully friendly, and insisted upon a personal introduction to both myself and Mrs. Baker. We were thus compelled to hold a levee; not the passive and cold ceremony of Europe, but a most active undertaking, as each native that was introduced performed the salaam of his country, by seizing both my hands and raising my arms three times to their full stretch above my head. After about one hundred Fatikos had been thus gratified by our submission to this infliction, and our arms had been subjected to at least three hundred stretches each, I gave the order to saddle the oxen immediately, and we escaped a further proof of Fatiko affection that was already preparing, as masses of natives were streaming down the rocks hurrying to be introduced. Notwithstanding the fatigue of the ceremony, I took a great fancy to these poor people; they had prepared a quantity of merissa and a sheep for our lunch, which they begged us to remain and enjoy before we started; but the pumping action of half a village not yet gratified by a presentation was too much; and mounting our oxen, with aching shoulders we bade adieu to Fatiko.

Descending the picturesque rocky hill of Fatiko, we entered upon a totally distinct country. We had now before us an interminable sea of prairies, covering to the horizon a series of gentle undulations inclining from east to

west. There were no trees except the dolape palms; these were scattered at long intervals in the bright yellow surface of high grass. The path was narrow, but good, and after an hour's march we halted for the night on the banks of a deep and clear stream, the Un-y-amé; this stream is perennial, and receiving many rivulets from Shooa, it forms a considerable torrent during the rainy season, and joins the Nile in N. lat. $3^{\circ} 32'$ at the limit reached by Signor Miani, 1859, the first traveller who ever attained a point so far south in Nile explorations from Egypt. There was no wood for fires, neither dung of animals; thus without fuel we went supperless to bed. Although the sun was painfully hot during the day, the nights were so cold (about 55° Fahr.) that we could hardly sleep.

For two days we marched through high dry grass, (about ten feet), when a clear night allowed an observation, and the meridian altitude of Capella gave latitude $2^{\circ} 45' 37''$. In this interminable sea of prairie it was interesting to watch our progress south.

On the following day our guide lost the road; a large herd of elephants had obscured it by trampling hundreds of paths in all directions. The wind was strong from the north, and I proposed to clear the country to the south by firing the prairies. There were numerous deep swamps in the bottoms between the undulations, and upon arrival at one of these green dells we fired the grass on the opposite side. In a few minutes it roared before us, and we enjoyed the grand sight of the boundless prairies blazing like infernal regions, and rapidly clearing a path south. Flocks of buzzards and the beautiful varieties of fly-catchers thronged to the dense smoke to prey upon the innumerable insects that endeavoured to escape from the approaching fire.

In about an hour we marched over the black and smoking ground, every now and then meeting dead stumps

of palm trees blazing; until we at length reached another swamp. There the fire had terminated in its course south, being stopped by the high green reeds, and it was raging to the east and west. Again the tedious operation had to be performed, and the grass was fired in many places on the opposite side of the swamp, while we waited until the cleared way was sufficiently cool to allow the march. We were perfectly black, as the wind brought showers of ashes that fell like snow, but turned us into Ethiopians. I had led the way on foot from the hour we left Fatiko, as, the country being uninhabited for five days' march between that place and Kamrasi's, the men had more faith in my steering by the compass than they had in the native guide. I felt sure that we were being deceived, and that the woman Bacheeta had directed the guide to take us to Rionga's. Accordingly that night, when Canopus was in the meridian, I asked our conductor to point by a star the direction of Karuma Falls. He immediately pointed to Canopus, which I knew by Speke's map should be the direction of Rionga's islands, and I charged him with the deceit. He appeared very much astonished, and asked me "why I wanted a guide if I knew the way?" confessing that Karuma Falls were "a little to the east of the star." I thanked Speke and Grant at that moment, and upon many other occasions, for the map they had so generously given me! It has been my greatest satisfaction to have completed their great discovery, and to bear testimony to the correctness of their map and general observations.

The march was exceedingly fatiguing: there was a swamp at least every half hour during the day, at each of which we had the greatest difficulty in driving the oxen, who were above the girths in mud. One swamp was so deep that we had to carry the luggage piecemeal on an angarep by about twelve men, and my wife being subjected

to the same operation was too heavy, and the people returned with her as impracticable. I accordingly volunteered for service, and carried her on my back; but when in the middle of the swamp, the tenacious bottom gave way, and I sank, and remained immoveably fixed, while she floundered frog-like in the muddy water. I was extricated by the united efforts of several men, and she was landed by being dragged through the swamp. We marched for upwards of ten hours per day, so great were the delays in crossing the morasses and in clearing off the grass jungle by burning.

On the fourth day we left the prairies, and entered a noble forest; this was also so choked with high grass that it was impossible to proceed without burning the country in advance. There had been no semblance of a path for some time; and the only signs of game that we had seen were the tracks of elephants and a large herd of buffaloes, the fire having scared all wild animals from the neighbourhood. An attack of fever seized me suddenly, and I was obliged to lie down for four or five hours under a tree until the fit had passed away, when, weak and good for nothing, I again mounted my ox and rode on.

On the 22nd January, from an elevated position in the forest at sunrise, we saw a cloud of fog hanging in a distant valley, which betokened the presence of the Somerset river. The guide assured us that we should reach the river that day. I extract the note from my journal on that occasion:

"Marched, 6h. 20m., reaching the Somerset river, or Victoria White Nile. I never made so tedious a journey, owing to the delays of grass, streams, and deep swamps, but since we gained the forest these obstacles were not so numerous. Many tracks of elephants, rhinoceros, and buffaloes; but we saw nothing. Halted about eighty feet above the river; altitude above sea-level, by observation,

3,864 ft. I went to the river to see if the other side was inhabited; saw two villages on an island; the natives came across in a canoe, bringing the *brother of Rionga* with them; the guide, as I had feared during the journey, has deceived us, and taken us direct to Rionga's country. On the north side the river all is uninhabited forest, full of buffalo and elephant pitfalls, into which three of our cattle have already fallen, including my beautiful riding ox, which is thus so sprained as to be rendered useless.

"The natives at first supposed we were Mahommed Wat-el-Mek's people, but finding their mistake they would give no information, merely saying that the lake was not far from here. They said, 'they were friends of Mahommed's people who attacked Kamrasi, and Rionga being his enemy became their ally.' I must now be very careful, lest the news should reach Kamrasi that I am in Rionga's country, which would cut off all chance of travelling in Unyoro.

"The slave woman, Bacheeta, secretly instructed the guide to lead us to Rionga instead of to Kamrasi, precisely as I had suspected. The Karuma Falls are a day's march east of this, at which point we must cross the river. Obtained a clear observation of Capella, meridian altitude showing latitude $2^{\circ} 18'$, N."

We could get no supplies from Rionga's people, who returned to their island after their conference with Bacheeta, promising to send us some plantains and a basket of flour; but upon gaining their secure retreat they shouted, "That we might go to Kamrasi if we liked, but that we should receive no assistance from them."

Early in the morning we started for Karuma. This part of the forest was perfectly open, as the grass had been burnt by the natives about three weeks ago, and the young shoots of the vines were appearing from the scorched roots; among

other plants was an abundance of the prickly asparagus, of which I collected a basketful. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the march. Our course through the noble forest was parallel with the river, that roared beneath us on our right in a succession of rapids and falls between high cliffs covered with groves of bananas and varieties of palms, including the graceful wild date—the certain sign of either marsh or river. The Victoria Nile or Somerset river was about 150 yards wide; the cliffs on the south side were higher than those upon the north, being about 150 feet above the river. These heights were thronged with natives, who had collected from the numerous villages that ornamented the cliffs situated among groves of plantains; they were armed with spears and shields; the population ran parallel to our line of march, shouting and gesticulating as though daring us to cross the river.

After a most enjoyable march through the exciting scene of the glorious river crashing over innumerable falls—and in many places ornamented with rocky islands, upon which were villages and plantain groves—we at length approached the Karuma Falls close to the village of Atāda above the ferry. The heights were crowded with natives, and a canoe was sent across to within parleying distance of our side, as the roar of the rapids prevented our voices from being heard except at a short distance. Bacheeta now explained, that "*Speke's brother* had arrived from his country to pay Kamrasi a visit, and had brought him valuable presents."

"Why has he brought so many men with him?" inquired the people from the canoe.

"There are so many presents for the M'Kamma (king) that he has many men to carry them," shouted Bacheeta.

"Let us look at him," cried the headman in the boat; having prepared for the introduction by changing my

clothes in a grove of plantains for my dressing-room, and altering my costume to a tweed suit, something similar to that worn by Speke, I climbed up a high and almost perpendicular rock that formed a natural pinnacle on the face of the cliff, and, waving my cap to the crowd on the opposite side, I looked almost as imposing as Nelson in Trafalgar Square.

I instructed Bacheeta, who climbed up the giddy height after me, to shout to the people that an English lady, my wife, had also arrived, and that we wished immediately to be presented to the king and his family, as we had come to thank him for his kind treatment of Speke and Grant, who had arrived safe in their own country. Upon this being explained and repeated several times, the canoe approached the shore.

I ordered all our people to retire, and to conceal themselves among the plantains, that the natives might not be startled by so imposing a force, while Mrs. Baker and I advanced alone to meet Kamrasi's people, who were men of some importance. Upon landing through the high reeds, they immediately recognised the similarity of my beard and general complexion to that of Speke; and their welcome was at once displayed by the most extravagant dancing and gesticulating with lances and shields, as though intending to attack, rushing at me with the points of their lances thrust close to my face, and shouting and singing in great excitement.

I made each of them a present of a bead necklace, and explained to them my wish that there should be no delay in my presentation to Kamrasi, as Speke had complained that he had been kept waiting fifteen days before the king had condescended to see him; that, if this occurred, no Englishman would ever visit him, as such a reception would be considered an insult. . . . The headman replied that he

could be made. They returned to Atāda, leaving the whole party, including Ibrahim, exceedingly disconcerted—having nothing to eat, an impassable river before them, and five days' march of uninhabited wilderness in their rear.

Karuma Falls were about three hundred yards to our left as we faced Atāda; they were very insignificant, not exceeding five feet in height, but curiously regular, as a ridge of rock over which they fell extended like a wall across the river. The falls were exactly at the bend of the river, which, from that point, turned suddenly to the west.

The whole day passed in shouting and gesticulating our peaceful intentions to the crowd assembled on the heights on the opposite side of the river, but the boat did not return until long after the time appointed; even then the natives would only approach sufficiently near to be heard, but nothing would induce them to land. They explained, that there was a division of opinion among the people on the other side; some were in favour of receiving us, but the greater number were of opinion that we intended hostilities; therefore we must wait until orders could be sent from the king.

To assure the people of our peaceful intentions, I begged them to take Mrs. Baker and myself ALONE, and to leave the armed party on this side the river until a reply should be received from Kamrasi. At this suggestion the boat immediately returned to the other side.

The day passed away, and as the sun set we perceived the canoe again paddling across the river: this time it approached direct, and the same people landed that had received the necklaces in the morning. They said that they had held a conference with the headman, and that they had agreed to receive my wife and myself, but no other person. I replied, that my servants must accompany us, as we were quite as great personages as Kamrasi, and could not

possibly travel without attendants. To this they demurred; therefore I dropped the subject, and proposed to load the canoe with all the presents intended for Kamrasi. There was no objection to this, and I ordered Richarn, Saat, and Ibrahim to get into the canoe to stow away the luggage as it should be handed to them, but on no account to leave the boat. I had already prepared everything in readiness, and a bundle of rifles tied up in a large blanket, and 500 rounds of ball cartridge, were unconsciously received on board as *presents*. I had instructed Ibrahim to accompany us as my servant, as he was better than most of the men in the event of a row; and I had given orders, that in case of a preconcerted signal being given, the whole force should swim the river, supporting themselves and guns upon bundles of papyrus rush. The men thought us perfectly mad, and declared that we should be murdered immediately when on the other side; however, they prepared for crossing the river in case of treachery.

At the last moment, when the boat was about to leave the shore, two of the best men jumped in with their guns; however, the natives positively refused to start; therefore to avoid suspicion, I ordered them to retire, but I left word that on the morrow I would send the canoe across with supplies, and that one or two men should endeavour to accompany the boat to our side on every trip.

It was quite dark when we started: the canoe was formed of a large hollow tree, capable of holding twenty people, and the natives paddled us across the rapid current just below the falls. A large fire was blazing upon the opposite shore, on a level with the river, to guide us to the landing place. Gliding through a narrow passage in the reeds, we touched the shore and landed upon a slippery rock close to the fire, amidst a crowd of people, who immediately struck up a deafening welcome with horns and flageolets, and

marched us up the steep face of the rocky cliff through a dark grove of bananas. Torches led the way, followed by a long pile of spearmen; then came the noisy band and ourselves—I towing my wife up the precipitous path, while my few attendants followed behind with a number of natives who had volunteered to carry the luggage.

On arrival at the top of the cliff we were about 180 feet above the river, and after a walk of about a quarter of a mile we were triumphantly led into the heart of the village, and halted in a small courtyard in front of the headman's residence.

Keedja waited to receive us by a blazing fire. Not having had anything to eat, we were uncommonly hungry, and to our great delight a basketful of ripe plantains was presented to us; these were the first that I had seen for many years. A gourd bottle of plantain wine was offered, and immediately emptied; it resembled extremely poor cider. We were now surrounded by a mass of natives, no longer the naked savages to whom we had been accustomed, but well-dressed men wearing robes of bark cloth arranged in various fashions, generally like the Arab "tope," or the Roman toga. Several of the headmen now explained to us the atrocious treachery of Debono's men, who had been welcomed as friends of Speke and Grant, but who had repaid the hospitality by plundering and massacring their hosts. I assured them that no one would be more wroth than Speke when I should make him aware of the manner in which his name had been used, and that I should make a point of reporting the circumstance to the British Government. At the same time I advised them not to trust any but white people, should others arrive in my name, or in those of Speke and Grant. I upheld their character as that of Englishmen, and I begged them to state "if ever they had deceived them?" They replied, that "there could not

be better men." I answered, "You *must* trust me, as I trust entirely in you, and have placed myself in your hands; but if you have ever had cause to mistrust a white man, kill me at once!—either kill me, or trust in me, but let there be no suspicions."

They seemed much pleased with the conversation, and a man stepped forward and showed me a small string of blue beads that Speke had given him for ferrying him across the river. This little souvenir of my old friend was most interesting; after a year's wandering and many difficulties, this was the first time that I had actually come upon his track. Many people told me that they had known Speke and Grant; the former bore the name of "Molleggé" (the bearded one), while Grant had been named "Masanga" (the elephant's tusk), owing to his height. The latter had been wounded at Lucknow during the Indian mutiny, and I spoke to the people of the loss of his finger; this crowned my success, as they knew without doubt that I had seen him. It was late, therefore I begged the crowd to depart, but to send a messenger the first thing in the morning to inform Kamrasi who we were, and to beg him to permit us to visit him without loss of time.

A bundle of straw was laid on the ground for Mrs. Baker and myself, and in lieu of other beds, the ground was our resting-place.

It was bitterly cold that night, as the guns were packed up in the large blanket, and not wishing to expose them, we were contented with a Scotch plaid each. Ibrahim, Saat, and Richarn watched by turns. On the following morning an immense crowd of natives thronged to see us. There was a very beautiful tree about a hundred yards from the village, capable of shading upwards of a thousand men, and I proposed that we should sit beneath this protection and hold a conference. The headman of the village gave us

a large hut with a grand doorway of about seven feet high, of which my wife took possession, while I joined the crowd at the tree. There were about six hundred men seated respectfully on the ground around me, while I sat with my back to the huge knotty trunk, with Ibrahim and Richarn at a few paces distant.

The subject of conversation was merely a repetition of that of the preceding night, with the simple addition of some questions respecting the lake. Not a man would give the slightest information; the only reply, upon my forcing the question, was the pantomime already described by passing the forefinger across the throat, and exclaiming, "Kamrasi!" The entire population was tongue-locked. I tried the children; to no purpose, they were all dumb. White-headed old men I questioned as to the distance of the lake from this point; they replied, "We are children, ask the old people who know the country." Never was freemasonry more secret than the land of Unyoro. It was useless to persevere. I therefore changed the subject by saying that our people were starving on the other side, and that provisions must be sent immediately. In all savage countries the most trifling demand requires much talking. They said that provisions were scarce, and that until Kamrasi should give the order, they could give no supplies. Understanding most thoroughly the natural instincts of the natives, I told them that I must send the canoe across to fetch three oxen that I wished to slaughter. The bait took at once, and several men ran for the canoe, and we sent one of our black women across with a message to the people that three men, with their guns and ammunition, were to accompany the canoe and guide three oxen across by swimming them with ropes tied to their horns. These were the riding oxen of some of the men that it was necessary to slaughter, to exchange the flesh for flour and other supplies.

Hardly had the few boatmen departed, than some one shouted suddenly, and the entire crowd sprang to their feet and rushed towards the hut where I had left Mrs. Baker. For the moment I thought that the hut was on fire, and I joined the crowd and arrived at the doorway, where I found a tremendous press to see some extraordinary sight. Every one was squeezing for the best place; and, driving them on one side, I found the wonder that had excited their curiosity. The hut being very dark, my wife had employed her solitude during my conference with the natives in dressing her hair at the doorway, which, being very long and blonde, was suddenly noticed by some natives—a shout was given, the rush described had taken place, and the hut was literally mobbed by the crowd of savages eager to see the extraordinary novelty. The Gorilla would not make a greater stir in London streets than we appeared to create at Atāda.

The oxen shortly arrived; one was immediately killed, and the flesh divided into numerous small portions arranged upon the hide.

Blonde hair and white people immediately lost their attractions, and the crowd turned their attention to beef—we gave them to understand that we required flour, beans, and sweet potatoes in exchange.

The market soon went briskly, and whole rows of girls and women arrived, bringing baskets filled with the desired provisions. The women were neatly dressed in short petticoats with a double skirt—many exposed the bosom, while others wore a piece of bark cloth arranged as a plaid across the chest and shoulders. This cloth is the produce of a species of fig-tree, the bark of which is stripped off in large pieces and then soaked in water and beaten with a mallet: in appearance it much resembles corduroy, and is the colour of tanned leather; the finer qualities are pecu-

liarly soft to the touch, as though of woven cotton. Every garden is full of this species of tree, as their cultivation is necessary for the supply of clothing; when a man takes a wife he plants a certain number of trees, that are to be the tailors of the expected family.

The market being closed, the canoe was laden with provisions, and sent across to our hungry people on the other side the river.

The difference between the Unyoro people and the tribes we had hitherto seen was most striking. On the north side of the river the natives were either stark naked, or wore a mere apology for clothing in the shape of a skin slung across their shoulders: the river appeared to be the limit of utter savagedom, and the people of Unyoro considered the indecency of nakedness precisely in the same light as among Europeans.

The northern district of Unyoro at Karuma is called Chopi, the language being the same as the Madi, and different to the southern and central portions of the kingdom. The people are distinct in their type, but they have the woolly hair of negroes, like all other tribes of the White Nile.

By astronomical observation I determined the latitude of Atāda at Karuma Falls, $2^{\circ} 15'$; and by Casella's thermometer, the altitude of the river level above the sea 3,996 feet.

After the disgusting naked tribes that we had been travelling amongst for more than twelve months, it was a delightful change to find ourselves in comparative civilization: this was evinced not only in the decency of clothing, but also in the manufactures of the country. The blacksmiths were exceedingly clever, and used iron hammers instead of stone; they drew fine wire from the thick copper and brass wire that they received from Zanzibar; their

bellows were the same as those used by the more savage tribes—but the greatest proof of their superior civilization was exhibited in their pottery.

Nearly all savages have some idea of earthenware; but the scale of advancement of a country between savagedom and civilization may generally be determined by the example of its pottery. The Chinese, who were as civilized as they are at the present day at a period when the English were barbarians, were ever celebrated for the manufacture of porcelain, and the difference between savages and civilized countries is always thus exemplified; the savage makes earthenware, but the civilized make porcelain—thus the gradations from the rudest earthenware will mark the improvement in the scale of civilization. The prime utensil of the African savage is the gourd; the shell of which is the bowl presented to him by nature as the first idea from which he is to model. Nature, adapting herself to the requirements of animals and man, appears in these savage countries to yield abundantly much that savage man can want. Gourds with exceedingly strong shells not only grow wild, which if divided in halves afford bowls, but great and quaint varieties form natural bottles of all sizes, from the tiny phial to the demi-john containing five gallons. The most savage tribes content themselves with the productions of nature, confining their manufacture to a coarse and half-baked jar for carrying water; but the semi-savage, like those of Unyoro, affords an example of the first step towards manufacturing art, by the fact of *copying from nature*: the utter savage makes use of nature—the gourd is his utensil; and the more advanced natives of Unyoro adopt it as the model for their pottery. They make a fine quality of jet black earthenware, producing excellent tobacco-pipes most finely worked in imitation of the small egg-shaped gourd; of the same earthenware they make

extremely pretty bowls, and also bottles copied from the varieties of the bottle gourds: thus, in this humble art, we see the first effort of the human mind in manufactures, in taking nature for a model; precisely as the beautiful Corinthian capital originated in a design from a basket of flowers.

A few extracts from my journal will describe the delay at Atāda:

"*Jan. 26th, 1864.*—The huts are very large, about 20 feet in diameter, made entirely of reeds and straw, and very lofty, looking in the interior like huge inverted baskets, bee-hive shaped, very different to the dog-kennels of the more northern tribes. We received a message to-day that we were not to expect Kamrasi, as 'great men were never in a hurry to pay visits.' None of the principal chiefs have yet appeared. Kidgwigā is expected to-day; but the people are flocking in from the country to see the white lady. It is very trying to the patience to wait here until it pleases these almighty niggers to permit our people to cross the river."

"*Jan. 27th.*—Time passing fruitlessly while every day is valuable. The rains will, I fear, commence before my work is completed; and the Asua river, if flooded, will cut off my return to Gondokoro. In this district there is a large population and extensive cultivation. There are many trees resembling the *Vacoua* of Mauritius, but the leaves are of a different texture, producing a species of flax. Every day there is a report that the headman, sent by Kamrasi, is on the road; but I see no signs of him."

"*Jan. 28th.*—Reports brought that Kamrasi has sent his headman with a large force, including some of Speke's deserters. They are to inspect me, and report whether I am really a white man and an Englishman. If so, I believe we are to proceed; if not, I suppose we are to be

exterminated. Lest there should be any mistake I have taken all necessary precautions; but, having only eight men on this side the river, I shall be certain to lose my baggage in the event of a disturbance, as no one could transport it to the canoe."

"*Jan. 29th.*—Plantains, sweet potatoes, and eggs supplied in great quantities. The natives are much amused at our trying the eggs in water before purchase. Plantains, three for one small bead. The headman is expected to-day. A polite message arrived last night from Kamrasi inviting us to his capital, and apologizing for being unable to come in person. This morning the force, sent by Kamrasi, is reported to be within an hour's march of Atāda.

"In mid-day the headman arrived with a great number of men, accompanied by three of Speke's deserters, one of whom has been created a chief by Kamrasi, and presented with two wives.

"I received them standing; and after thorough inspection I was pronounced to be 'Speke's own brother,' and all were satisfied. However, the business was not yet over: plenty of talk, and another delay of four days, was declared necessary until the king should reply to the satisfactory message about to be sent. Losing all patience, I stormed, declaring Kamrasi to be mere dust; while a white man was a king in comparison. I ordered all my luggage to be conveyed immediately to the canoe, and declared that I would return immediately to my own country; that I did not wish to see any one so utterly devoid of manners as Kamrasi, and that no other white man would ever visit his kingdom.

"The effect was magical! I rose hastily to depart. The chiefs implored, declaring that Kamrasi would kill them all if I retreated: to prevent which misfortune they secretly instructed the canoe to be removed. I was in a great rage;



MY EXAMINATION BY THE CHIEFS ON ENTERING URYORO. RESOLVED, THAT I AM "EPEKK'S BROTHER."

and about 400 natives, who were present, scattered in all quarters, thinking that there would be a serious quarrel. I told the chiefs that nothing should stop me, and that I would seize the canoe by force unless my whole party should be brought over from the opposite side that instant. This was agreed upon. One of Ibrahim's men exchanged and drank blood from the arm of Speke's deserter, who was Kamrasi's representative; and peace thus firmly established, several canoes were at once employed, and sixty of our men were brought across the river before sunset. The natives had nevertheless taken the precaution to send all their women away from the village."

"*Jan. 30th.*—This morning all remaining men and baggage were brought across the river, and supplies were brought in large quantities for sale. We are to march to-morrow direct to Kamrasi's capital; they say he will give me a guide to the lake.

"The natives of this country are particularly neat in all they do; they never bring anything to sell unless carefully packed in the neatest parcels, generally formed of the bark of the plantain, and sometimes of the inner portions of reeds stripped into snow-white stalks, which are bound round the parcels with the utmost care. Should the plantain cider, 'maroua,' be brought in a jar, the mouth is neatly covered with a fringe-like mat of these clean white rushes split into shreds. Not even tobacco is brought for sale unless most carefully packed. During a journey, a pretty, bottle-shaped, long-necked gourd is carried with a store of plantain cider; the mouth of the bottle is stopped with a bundle of the white rush shreds, through which a reed is inserted that reaches to the bottom: thus the drink can be sucked up during the march without the necessity of halting; nor is it possible to spill it by the movement of walking.

"The natives prepare the skins of goats very beautifully, making them as soft as chamois leather; these they cut into squares, and sew them together as neatly as would be effected by a European tailor, converting them into mantles, which are prized far more highly than bark cloth, on account of their durability: they manufacture their own needles, not by boring the eye, but by sharpening the end into a fine point and turning it over, the extremity being hammered into a small cut in the body of the needle to prevent it from catching.

"Clothes of all kinds are in great demand here, and would be accepted to any amount in exchange for ivory. Beads are extremely valuable, and would purchase ivory in large quantities, but the country would, in a few years, become overstocked. Clothes being perishable articles would always be in demand to supply those worn out; but beads, being imperishable, very soon glut the market. Here is, as I had always anticipated, an opportunity for commencing legitimate trade."

"*Jan. 31st.*—Throngs of natives arrived to carry our luggage *gratis* by the king's orders. Started at 7 A.M. and marched ten miles and a half parallel with the Nile, south; the country thickly populated, and much cultivated with sesamé, sweet potatoes, beans, tullaboon, dhurra, Indian corn, and plantains.

"The native porters relieved each other at every village, fresh men being always in readiness on the road. The river is here on a level with the country, having no high banks; thus there is a great fall from Karuma towards the west. Halted in a grove of plantains near a village. The plantains of this country are much higher than those of Ceylon, and the stems are black, rising to 25 or 30 feet. The chief of the district came to meet us, and insisted upon our remaining at his village to-day and to-morrow to eat and

drink,' or Kamrasi would kill him; thus we are delayed when time is precious. The chief's name is 'Matta-Goomi.' There is now no secret about the lake. Both he and all the natives say that the Luta N'zigé is larger than the Victoria N'yanza, and that both lakes are fed by rivers from the great mountain Bartooma. Is that mountain the M'fumbiro of Speke? the difference of name being local. According to the position of the mountain pointed out by the chief, it bears from this spot S. 45° W. Latitude of this place by meridian altitude of Capella, 2° 5' 32". F. (my wife) taken seriously ill with bilious fever."

"Feb. 1st.—F. dreadfully ill; all the natives have turned out of their villages, leaving their huts and gardens at our disposal. This is the custom of the country should the king give orders that a visitor is to be conducted through his dominions.

"The natives of Unyoro have a very superior implement to the molote used among the northern tribes; it is an extremely powerful hoe, fitted upon a handle, similar to those used on the sugar estates in the West Indies, but the blade is heart-shaped: with these they cultivate the ground very deep for their beds of sweet potatoes. The temperature during the day ranges from 80° to 84°, and at night it is cold, 56° to 58° Fahr. It is very unhealthy, owing to the proximity of the river."

"Feb. 2d.—Marched five miles. F. carried in a litter, very ill. I fell ill likewise. Halted."

"Feb. 3d.—F. very ill. Carried her four miles and halted."

"Feb. 4th.—F. most seriously ill. Started at 7.30 A.M. she being carried in a litter; but I also fell ill upon the road, and having been held on my ox by two men for some time, I at length fell in their arms, and was laid under a tree for about five hours: getting better, I rode for two hours,

course south. Mountains in view to south and south-east, about ten miles distant. The country, forest interspersed with villages: the Somerset generally parallel to the route. There are no tamarinds in this neighbourhood, nor any other acid fruit; thus one is sorely pressed in the hours of fever. One of the black women servants, Fadeela, is dying of fever."

"*Feb. 5th.*—F. (Mrs. Baker) so ill, that even the litter is too much for her. Heaven help us in this country! The altitude of the river level above the sea at this point is 4,056 feet."

"*Feb. 6th.*—F. slightly better. Started at 7 A.M. The country the same as usual. Halted at a village after a short march of three miles and a half. Here we are detained for a day while a message is sent to Kamrasi. To-morrow, I believe, we are to arrive at the capital of the tyrant. He sent me a message to-day, that the houses he had prepared for me had been destroyed by fire, and to beg me to wait until he should have completed others. The truth is, he is afraid of our large party, and he delays us in every manner possible, in order to receive daily reports of our behaviour on the road. Latitude by observation at this point, $1^{\circ} 50' 47''$ N."

"*Feb. 7th.*—Detained here for a day. I never saw natives so filthy in their dwellings as the people of Unyoro. Goats and fowls share the hut with the owner, which, being littered down with straw, is a mere cattle-shed, redolent of man and beast. The natives sleep upon a mass of straw, upon a raised platform, this at night being covered with a dressed skin. Yesterday the natives brought coffee in small quantities to sell. They have no idea of using it as a drink, but simply chew it raw as a stimulant. It is a small and finely-shaped grain, with a good flavour. It is brought from the country of Utumbi, about a degree south of this spot."

"Feb. 8th.—Marched eight miles due south. The river makes a long bend to E.N.E., and this morning's march formed the chord of the arc. Halted; again delayed for the day, as we are not far from the capital, and a messenger must be sent to the king for instructions before we proceed. I never saw such abject cowardice as the redoubted Kamrasi exhibits. Debono's vakeel having made a razzia upon his frontier has so cowed him, that he has now left his residence, and retreated to the other side of a river, from which point he sends false messages to delay our advance as much as possible. There is a total absence of dignity in his behaviour; no great man is sent to parley, but the king receives contradictory reports from the many-tongued natives that have utterly perplexed him. He is told by some that we are the same people that came with Ras-Galla (Debono's captain), and he has neither the courage to repel or to receive us. Our force of 112 armed men could eat the country in the event of a fight, provided that a large supply of ammunition were at hand. The present store is sixty rounds for each man, which would not be sufficient."

"Feb. 9th.—After endless discussions and repeated messages exchanged with the king, he at length sent word that I was to come *alone*. To this I objected; and, upon my starting with my men, the guide refused to proceed. I at once turned back, and told the chief (our guide) that I no longer wished to see Kamrasi, who must be a mere fool, and I should return to my country. This created a great stir, and messengers were at once despatched to the king, who returned an answer that I might bring all my men, but that only five of the Turks could be allowed with Ibrahim. The woman Bacheeta had told the natives that we were separate parties.

"A severe attack of fever prevented me from starting.

This terrible complaint worries me sadly, as I have no quinine."

"Feb. 10th.—The woman Fadeela died of fever. I am rather better, and the chief is already here to escort us to Kamrasi. After a quick march of three hours through immense woods, we reached the capital—a large village of grass huts, situated on a barren slope. We were ferried across a river in large canoes, capable of carrying fifty men, but formed of a single tree upwards of four feet wide. Kamrasi was reported to be in his residence on the opposite side; but, upon our arrival at the south bank, we found ourselves thoroughly deceived. We were upon a miserable flat, level with the river, and in the wet season forming a marsh at the junction with the Kafoor river with the Somerset. The latter river bounded the flat on the east, very wide and sluggish, and much overgrown with papyrus and lotus. The river we had just crossed was the Kafoor; it was perfectly dead water, and about eighty yards wide, including the beds of papyrus on either side. We were shown some filthy huts that were to form our camp. The spot was swarming with mosquitoes, and we had nothing to eat except a few fowls that I had brought with me. Kamrasi was on the *other side of the river*: they had cunningly separated us from him, and had returned with the canoes. Thus we were prisoners upon the swamp. This was our welcome from the King of Unyoro! I now heard that Speke and Grant had been lodged in this same spot."

"Feb. 10th.—Ibrahim was extremely nervous, as were also my men; they declared that treachery was intended, as the boats had been withdrawn, and they proposed that we should swim the river and march back to our main party, who had been left three hours in the rear. I was ill with fever, also my wife, and the unwholesome air of the marsh

aggravated the disease. Our luggage had been left at our last station, as this was a condition stipulated by Kamrasi: thus we had to sleep upon the damp ground of the marsh in the filthy hut, as the heavy dew at night necessitated shelter. With great difficulty I accompanied Ibrahim and a few men to the bank of the river where we had landed yesterday, and climbing upon a white ant hill to obtain a view over the high reeds I scanned the village with a telescope. The scene was rather exciting; crowds of people were rushing about in all directions and gathering from all quarters towards the river: the slope from the river to the town M'rooli was black with natives, and I saw about a dozen large canoes preparing to transport them to our side. I returned from my elevated observatory to Ibrahim, who on the low ground only a few yards distant could not see the opposite side of the river owing to the high grass and reeds. Without saying more, I merely begged him to mount upon the ant-hill and look towards M'rooli. Hardly had he cast a glance at the scene described, than he jumped down from his stand, and cried, 'They are going to attack us!' 'Let us retreat to the camp and prepare for a fight!' 'Let us fire at them from here as they cross in the canoes,' cried others; 'the buckshot will clear them off when packed in the boats.' This my panic-stricken followers would have done, had I not been present.

" 'Fools!' I said, 'do you not see that the natives have no shields with them, but merely lances?—would they commence an attack without their shields? Kamrasi is coming in state to visit us.' This idea was by no means accepted by my people, and we reached our little camp, and for the sake of precaution we stationed the men in positions behind a hedge of thorns. Ibrahim had managed to bring twelve picked men instead of five as stipulated; thus we were a party of twenty-four. I was of very little use, as

the fever was so strong upon me that I lay helpless on the ground."

In a short time the canoes arrived, and for about an hour they were employed in crossing and re-crossing, and landing great numbers of men, until they at length advanced and took possession of some huts about 200 yards from our camp. They now hallooed out that Kamrasi had arrived! and seeing some oxen with the party, I felt sure they had no evil intentions. I ordered my men to carry me in their arms to the king, and to accompany me with the presents, as I was determined to have a personal interview, although only fit for a hospital.

Upon my approach, the crowd gave way, and I was shortly laid on a mat at the king's feet. He was a fine-looking man, but with a peculiar expression of countenance, owing to his extremely prominent eyes; he was about six feet high, beautifully clean, and was dressed in a long robe of bark-cloth most gracefully folded. The nails of his hands and feet were carefully attended, and his complexion was about as dark a brown as that of an Abyssinian. He sat upon a copper stool placed upon a carpet of leopard skins, and he was surrounded by about ten of his principal chiefs.

Our interpreter, Bacheeta, now informed him who I was, and what were my intentions. He said that he was sorry I had been so long on the road, but that he had been obliged to be cautious, having been deceived by Debono's people. I replied, that I was an Englishman, a friend of Speke and Grant—that they had described the reception they had met with from him, and that I had come to thank him, and to offer him a few presents in return for his kindness, and to request him to give me a guide to the Lake Luta N'zigé. He laughed at the name, and repeated it several times with his chiefs—he then said, it was not *Luta*,

but *M-wootan* N'zigé—but that it was *six months'* journey from M'rooli, and that in my weak condition I could not possibly reach it; that I should die upon the road, and that the king of my country would perhaps imagine that I had been murdered, and might invade his territory. I replied, that I was weak with the toil of years in the hot countries of Africa, but that I was in search of the great lake, and should not return until I had succeeded; that I had no king, but a powerful Queen who watched over all her subjects, and that no Englishman could be murdered with impunity; therefore he should send me to the lake without delay, and there would be the lesser chance of my dying in his country.

I explained that the river Nile flowed for a distance of two years' journey through wonderful countries, and reached the sea, from which many valuable articles would be sent to him in exchange for ivory, could I only discover the great lake. As a proof of this, I had brought him a few curiosities that I trusted he would accept, and I regretted that the impossibility of procuring porters had necessitated the abandonment of others that had been intended for him.

I ordered the men to unpack the Persian carpet, which was spread upon the ground before him. I then gave him an Abbía (large white Cashmere mantle), a red silk netted sash, a pair of scarlet Turkish shoes, several pairs of socks, a double-barrelled gun and ammunition, and a great heap of first-class beads made up into gorgeous necklaces and girdles. He took very little notice of the presents, but requested that the gun might be fired off. This was done, to the utter confusion of the crowd, who rushed away in such haste, that they tumbled over each other like so many rabbits; this delighted the king, who, although himself startled, now roared with laughter. He told me that I must be hungry and thirsty, therefore he hoped I would accept something to eat and drink: accordingly he presented me

with seventeen cows, twenty pots of sour plantain cider, and many loads of unripe plantains. I inquired whether Speke had left a medicine-chest with him. He replied that it was a very feverish country, and that he and his people had used all the medicine. Thus my last hope of quinine was cut off. I had always trusted to obtain a supply from the king, as Speke had told me that he had left a bottle with him. It was quite impossible to obtain any information from him, and I was carried back to my hut, where I found Mrs. Baker lying down with fever, and neither could render assistance to the other.

On the following morning the king again appeared. I was better, and I had a long interview. He did not appear to heed my questions, but he at once requested that I would ally myself with him, and attack his enemy, Rionga. I told him that I could not embroil myself in such quarrels, but that I had only one object, which was the lake; I requested that he would give Ibrahim a large quantity of ivory, and that on his return from Gondokoro he would bring him most valuable articles in exchange. He said that he was not sure whether "my belly was black or white"—by this he intended to express "evil or good intentions;" but that if it were white I should of course have no objection to exchange blood with him, as a proof of friendship and sincerity. This was rather too strong a dose! I replied that it would be impossible, as in my country the shedding of blood was considered a proof of hostility; therefore he must accept Ibrahim as my substitute. Accordingly the arms were bared and pricked; as the blood flowed, it was licked by either party, and an alliance was concluded. Ibrahim agreed to act with him against all his enemies. It was arranged that Ibrahim now belonged to Kamrasi, and that henceforth our parties should be entirely separate.

It rained in torrents, and our hut became so damp from

the absorption of the marsh soil, that my feet sank in the muddy floor. I had fever daily at about 3 P.M. and lay perfectly helpless for five or six hours, until the attack passed off; this reduced me to extreme weakness. My wife suffered quite as acutely. It was a position of abject misery, which will be better explained by a few rough extracts from my journal:

"Feb. 16th.—*All my porters have deserted*, having heard that the lake is so far distant; I have not one man left to carry my luggage. Should we not be able to cross the Asua river before the flood, we shall be nailed for another year to this abominable country, ill with fever, and without medicine, clothes, or supplies."

"Feb. 17th.—Fever last night; rain, as usual, with mud accompaniment. One of Kamrasi's headmen, whose tongue I have loosened by presents, tells me that he has been to the lake in ten days to purchase salt, and that a man loaded with salt can return in fifteen days. God knows the truth! and I am pressed for time, while Kamrasi delays me in the most annoying manner.

"Kamrasi came to-day; as usual, he wanted all that I had, and insisted upon a present of my sword, watch, and compass, all of which I positively refused. I told him that he had deceived me by saying that the lake was so distant as six months' journey, as I knew that it was only ten days. He rudely answered, 'Go, if you like; but don't blame me if you can't get back; it is twenty days' march; you may believe it or not, as you choose.' To my question as to the means of procuring porters, he gave no reply, except by asking for my sword, and for my beautiful little Fletcher rifle."

"I retired to my hut in disgust. This afternoon a messenger arrived from the king with twenty-four small pieces of straw, cut into lengths of about four inches.

These he laid carefully in a row, and explained that Speke had given that number of presents, whereas I had only given ten, the latter figure being carefully exemplified by ten pieces of straw; he wished to know 'why I did not give him the same number as he had received from Speke?' This miserable, grasping, lying coward, is nevertheless a king, and the success of my expedition depends upon him."

"*Feb. 20th.*—Cloudy as usual; neither sun, moon, nor stars will show themselves. Fortunately milk can be procured here. I live upon butter-milk. Kamrasi came, and gave twenty elephants' tusks as a present to Ibrahim. There is a report that Debono's people, under the command of Ras-Galla, are once more at Rionga's; this has frightened him awfully."

"*Feb. 21st.*—This morning Kamrasi was civil enough to allow us to quit the marsh, the mosquito-nest and fever-bed where we have been in durance, and we crossed to the other side of the Kafoor river, and quartered in M'rooli. I went to see him, and after a long consultation, he promised to send me to the lake to-morrow. I immediately took off my sword and belt, and presented them to him, explaining that, as I was now convinced of his friendship, I had a pleasure in offering my sword as a proof of my amicable feeling, as I thus placed the weapon of self-defence in his hand, and I should trust to his protection. As a proof of the temper of the blade I offered to cut through the strongest shield he could produce. This delighted him amazingly. I now trust to be able to reach the junction of the Somerset with the M-wootan N'zigé at Magungo, and from thence to overtake Ibrahim at Shooa, and to hurry on to Gondokoro, where a boat will be waiting for me from Khartoum.

"Ibrahim and his men marched this morning on their return to Karuma, leaving me here with my little party of thirteen men.

"Should I succeed in discovering the lake I shall thank God most sincerely. The toil, anxiety, the biting annoyances I have daily been obliged to put up with in my association with the Turks, added to our now constant ill-health, are enough to break down the constitution of an elephant. Every day I must *give!*—to the Turks, *give!*—to the natives, *give!* If I lend anything to the Turks, it is an insult should I ask for its return. One hasty word might have upset my boat; and now, for twelve months, I have had to talk, to explain, to manage, and to lead the brutes in this direction, like a coachman driving jibbing horses. Hosts of presents to Ibrahim, combined with a vivid description of the advantages that he would secure by opening a trade with Kamrasi, at length led him to this country, which I could not have reached without his aid, as it would have been impossible for me to have procured porters without cattle. The porters I have always received from him as far as Karuma for a payment of six copper rings per head for every journey. I have now arranged that he shall leave for me thirty head of cattle at Shooa; thus, should he have started for Gondokoro before my arrival at Shooa, I shall be able to procure porters, and arrive in time for the expected boat.

"Up to this day astronomical observations have been impossible, a thick coat of slate colour obscuring the heavens. To-night I obtained a good observation of Canopus, giving latitude $1^{\circ} 38' N$. By Casella's thermometer I made the altitude of the Somerset at M'rooli 4,061 feet above the sea, showing a fall of 65 feet between this point and below the falls at Karuma in a distance of 37 miles of latitude.

"Just as Ibrahim was leaving this morning I was obliged to secure the slave Bacheeta as interpreter, at the price of three double-barrelled guns to purchase her freedom. I explained to her that she was now free, and that I wished

her to act as interpreter during my stay in Unyoro; and that I would then leave her in her own country, Chopi, on my return from the lake. Far from being pleased at the change, she regretted the loss of the Turks, and became excessively sulky, although my wife decked her out with beads, and gave her a new petticoat to put her in a good humour."

"Feb. 22d.—Kamrasi promised to send me porters, and that we should start for the lake to-day, but there is no sign of preparation; thus am I delayed when every day is so precious. Added to this trouble, the woman that I have as an interpreter *will not speak*, being the most sulky individual I ever encountered. In the evening Kamrasi sent to say he would give a guide and porters to-morrow morning. It is impossible to depend upon him."

After some delay we were at length honoured by a visit from Kamrasi, accompanied by a number of his people, and he promised that we should start on the following day. He pointed out a chief and a guide who were to have us in their charge, and who were to see that we obtained all that we should require. He concluded, as usual, by asking for my watch and for a number of beads; the latter I gave him, together with a quantity of ammunition for his guns. He showed me a beautiful double-barrelled rifle by "Blissett," that Speke had given him. I wished to secure this to give to Speke on my return to England, as he had told me, when at Gondokoro, how he had been obliged to part with that and many other articles sorely against his will. I therefore offered to give him three common double-barrelled guns in exchange for the rifle. This he declined, as he was quite aware of the difference in quality. He then produced a large silver chronometer that he had received from Speke. "It was *dead*," he said, "and he wished me to repair it." This I declared to be impossible. He then confessed to

having explained its construction, and the cause of the "ticking," to his people, by the aid of a needle, and that it had never ticked since that occasion. I regretted to see such "pearls cast before swine," as the rifle and chronometer in the hands of Kamrasi. Thus he had plundered Speke and Grant of all they possessed before he would allow them to proceed.

It is the rapacity of the chiefs of the various tribes that renders African exploration so difficult. Each tribe wishes to monopolize your entire stock of valuables, without which the traveller would be utterly helpless. The difficulty of procuring porters limits the amount of baggage: thus a given supply must carry you through a certain period of time; if your supply should fail, the expedition terminates with your power of giving. It is thus extremely difficult to arrange the expenditure so as to satisfy all parties, and still to retain a sufficient balance. Being utterly cut off from all communication with the world, there is no possibility of receiving assistance. The traveller depends entirely upon himself, under Providence, and must adapt himself and his means to circumstances.

CHAPTER XI

THE START FOR THE LAKE

THE day of starting at length arrived; the chief and guide appeared, and we were led to the Kafoor river, where canoes were in readiness to transport us to the south side. This was to our old quarters on the marsh! The direct course to the lake was west, and I fully expected some deception, as it was impossible to trust Kamrasi. I complained to the guide, and insisted upon his pointing out the direction of the lake, which he did, in its real position, west; but he explained that we must follow the south bank of the Kafoor river for some days, as there was an impassable morass that precluded a direct course. This did not appear satisfactory, and the whole affair looked suspicious, as we had formerly been deceived by being led across the river in the same spot, and not allowed to return. We were now led along the banks of the Kafoor for about a mile, until we arrived at a cluster of huts; here we were to wait for Kamrasi, who had promised to take leave of us. The sun was overpowering, and we dismounted from our oxen, and took shelter in a blacksmith's shed. In about an hour Kamrasi arrived, attended by a considerable number of men, and took his seat in our shed. I felt convinced that his visit was simply intended to peel the last skin from the onion. I had already given him nearly all that I had, but he hoped to extract the whole before I should depart.

He almost immediately commenced the conversation by asking for a pretty yellow muslin Turkish handkerchief

fringed with silver drops that Mrs. Baker wore upon her head: one of these had already been given to him, and I explained that this was the last remaining, and that she required it. . . . He "must" have it. . . . It was given. He then demanded other handkerchiefs. We had literally nothing but a few most ragged towels; he would accept no excuse, and insisted upon a portmanteau being unpacked, that he might satisfy himself by actual inspection. The luggage, all ready for the journey, had to be unstrapped and examined, and the rags were displayed in succession; but so wretched and uninviting was the exhibition of the family linen, that he simply returned them, and said "they did not suit him." Beads he must have, or I was "his enemy." A selection of the best opal beads was immediately given him. I rose from the stone upon which I was sitting, and declared that we must start immediately. "Don't be in a hurry," he replied, "you have plenty of time; but you have not given me that watch you promised me." . . . This was my only watch that he had begged for, and had been refused every day during my stay at M'rooli. So pertinacious a beggar I had never seen. I explained to him that, without the watch, my journey would be useless, but that I would give him all that I had except the watch when the exploration should be completed, as I should require nothing on my direct return to Gondokoro. At the same time, I repeated to him the arrangement for the journey that he had promised, begging him not to deceive me, as my wife and I should both die if we were compelled to remain another year in this country by losing the annual boats in Gondokoro. The understanding was this: he was to give me porters to the lake, where I was to be furnished with canoes to take me to Magungo, which was situated at the junction of the Somerset. From Magungo he told me that I should see the Nile issuing from the lake close to the spot

where the Somerset entered, and that the canoes should take me down the river, and porters should carry my effects from the nearest point to Shooa, and deliver me at my old station without delay. Should he be faithful to this engagement, I trusted to procure porters from Shooa, and to reach Gondokoro in time for the annual boats. I had arranged that a boat should be sent from Khartoum to await me at Gondokoro early in this year, 1864; but I felt sure that should I be long delayed, the boat would return without me, as the people would be afraid to remain alone at Gondokoro after the other boats had quitted.

In our present weak state another year of Central Africa without quinine appeared to warrant death; it was a race against time, all was untrodden ground before us, and the distance quite uncertain. I trembled for my wife, and weighed the risk of another year in this horrible country should we lose the boats. With the self-sacrificing devotion that she had shown in every trial, she implored me not to think of any risks on her account, but to push forward and discover the lake—that she had determined not to return until she had herself reached the “M’wootan N’zigé.”

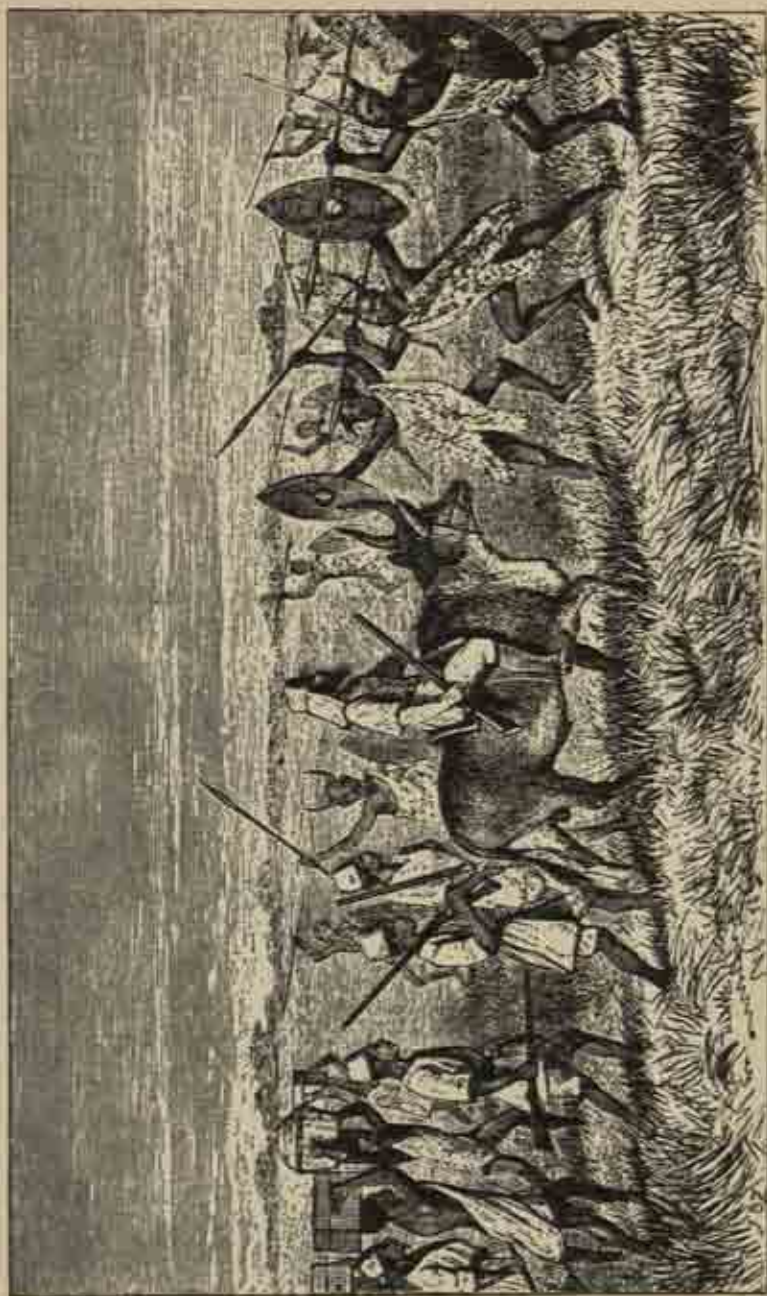
I now requested Kamrasi to allow us to take leave, as we had not an hour to lose. In the coolest manner he replied: “I will send you to the lake and to Shooa, as I have promised; but, *you must leave your wife with me!*”

At that moment we were surrounded by a great number of natives, and my suspicions of treachery at having been led across the Kafoor river appeared confirmed by this insolent demand. If this were to be the end of the expedition I resolved that it should also be the end of Kamrasi, and, drawing my revolver quietly, I held it within two feet of his chest, and looking at him with undisguised contempt, I told him, that if I touched the trigger, not all his men

could save him: and that if he dared to repeat the insult I would shoot him on the spot. At the same time I explained to him that in my country such insolence would entail bloodshed, and that I looked upon him as an ignorant ox who knew no better, and that this excuse alone could save him. My wife, naturally indignant, had risen from her seat, and maddened with the excitement of the moment, she made him a little speech in Arabic (not a word of which he understood), with a countenance almost as amiable as the head of Medusa. Altogether the *mise en scène* utterly astonished him; the woman Bacheeta, although savage, had appropriated the insult to her mistress, and she also fearlessly let fly at Kamrasi, translating as nearly as she could the complimentary address that "Medusa" had just delivered.

Whether this little *coup de théâtre* had so impressed Kamrasi with British female independence that he wished to be off his bargain, I cannot say, but with an air of complete astonishment, he said, "Don't be angry! I had no intention of offending you by asking for your wife; I will give you a wife, if you want one, and I thought you might have no objection to give me yours; it is my custom to give my visitors pretty wives, and I thought you might exchange. Don't make a fuss about it; if you don't like it, there's an end of it; I will never mention it again." This very practical apology I received very sternly, and merely insisted upon starting. He seemed rather confused at having committed himself, and to make amends he called his people and ordered them to carry our loads. His men ordered a number of women who had assembled out of curiosity, to shoulder the luggage and to carry it to the next village where they would be relieved. I assisted my wife upon her ox, and with a very cold adieu to Kamrasi, I turned my back most gladly on M'rooli.

The country was a vast flat of grass land interspersed with small villages and patches of sweet potatoes; these were very inferior, owing to the want of drainage. For about two miles we continued on the bank of the Kafoor river; the women who carried the luggage were straggling in disorder, and my few men were much scattered in their endeavours to collect them. We approached a considerable village; but just as we were nearing it, out rushed about six hundred men with lances and shields, screaming and yelling like so many demons. For the moment, I thought it was an attack, but almost immediately I noticed that women and children were mingled with the men. My men had not taken so cool a view of the excited throng that was now approaching us at full speed, brandishing their spears, and engaging with each other in mock combat. "There's a fight! there's a fight!" my men exclaimed; "we are attacked! fire at them, Hawaga." However, in a few seconds, I persuaded them that it was a mere parade, and that there was no danger. With a rush, like a cloud of locusts, the natives closed around us, dancing, gesticulating, and yelling before my ox, feinting to attack us with spears and shields, then engaging in sham fights with each other, and behaving like so many madmen. A very tall chief accompanied them; and one of their men was suddenly knocked down, and attacked by the crowd with sticks and lances, and lay on the ground covered with blood: what his offence had been I did not hear. The entire crowd were most grotesquely got up, being dressed in either leopard or white monkey skins, with cows' tails strapped on behind, and antelopes' horns fitted upon their heads, while their chins were ornamented with false beards, made of the bushy ends of cows' tails sewed together. Altogether, I never saw a more unearthly set of creatures; they were perfect illustrations of my childish ideas of devils—horns,



THE START FROM THE M'ROOLI FOR THE LAKE WITH KARRASI'S SATANIC ESCORT

tails, and all, excepting the hoofs; they were our escort! furnished by Kamrasi to accompany us to the lake. Fortunately for all parties the Turks were not with us on that occasion, or the satanic escort would certainly have been received with a volley when they so rashly advanced to compliment us by their absurd performances.

We marched till 7 P.M. over flat, uninteresting country, and then halted at a miserable village which the people had deserted, as they expected our arrival. The following morning I found much difficulty in getting our escort together, as they had been foraging throughout the neighbourhood; these "devil's own" were a portion of Kamrasi's troops, who considered themselves entitled to plunder *ad libitum* throughout the march; however, after some delay, they collected, and their tall chief approached me, and begged that a gun might be fired as a curiosity. The escort had crowded around us, and as the boy Saat was close to me, I ordered him to fire his gun. This was Saat's greatest delight, and bang went one barrel unexpectedly close to the tall chief's ear. The effect was charming. The tall chief, thinking himself injured, clasped his head with both hands, and bolted through the crowd, which, struck with a sudden panic, rushed away in all directions, the "devil's own" tumbling over each other, and utterly scattered by the second barrel which Saat exultingly fired in derision as Kamrasi's warlike regiment dissolved before a sound. I felt quite sure, that in the event of a fight, one scream from the "baby," with its charge of forty small bullets, would win the battle, if well delivered into a crowd of Kamrasi's troops.

That afternoon, after a march through a most beautiful forest of large mimosas in full blossom, we arrived at the morass that had necessitated this great *détour* from our direct course to the lake. It was nearly three-quarters of

a mile broad, and so deep, that in many places the oxen were obliged to swim; both Mrs. Baker and I were carried across on our angareps by twelve men with the greatest difficulty; the guide, who waded before us to show the way, suddenly disappeared in a deep hole, and his bundle that he had carried on his head, being of light substance, was seen floating like a buoy upon the surface; after a thorough sousing, the guide reappeared, and scrambled out, and we made a circuit, the men toiling frequently up to their necks through mud and water. On arrival at the opposite side we continued through the same beautiful forest, and slept that night at a deserted village, M'Bazé. I obtained two observations; one of Capella, giving lat. $1^{\circ} 24' 47''$, N. and of Canopus $1^{\circ} 23' 29''$.

The next day we were much annoyed by our native escort; instead of attending to us, they employed their time in capering and dancing about, screaming, and gesticulating, and suddenly rushing off in advance whenever we approached a village, which they plundered before we could arrive. In this manner every place was stripped; nor could we procure anything to eat unless by purchasing it for beads from the native escort. We slept at Karché, lat. $1^{\circ} 19' 31''$, N.

We were both ill, but were obliged to ride through the hottest hours of the sun, as our followers were never ready to start at an early hour in the morning. The native escort were perfectly independent, and so utterly wild and savage in their manner, that they appeared more dangerous than the general inhabitants of the country. My wife was extremely anxious, since the occasion of Kamrasi's "proposal," as she was suspicious that so large an escort as three hundred men had been given for some treacherous purpose, and that I should perhaps be waylaid to enable them to steal her for the king. I had not the slightest fear

of such an occurrence, as sentries were always on guard during the night, and I was well prepared during the day.

On the following morning we had the usual difficulty in collecting porters, those of the preceding day having absconded, and the others were recruited from distant villages by the native escort, who enjoyed the excuse of hunting for porters, as it gave them an opportunity of foraging throughout the neighbourhood. During this time we had to wait until the sun was high; and we thus lost the cool hours of morning and increased our fatigue. Having at length started, we arrived in the afternoon at the Kafoor river, at a bend from the south where it was necessary to cross over in our westerly course. The stream was in the centre of a marsh, and although deep, it was so covered with thickly-matted water-grass and other aquatic plants, that a natural floating-bridge was established by a carpet of weeds about two feet thick: upon this waving and unsteady surface the men ran quickly across, sinking merely to the ankles, although beneath the tough vegetation there was deep water. It was equally impossible to ride or to be carried over this treacherous surface; thus I led the way, and begged Mrs. Baker to follow me on foot as quickly as possible, precisely in my track. The river was about eighty yards wide, and I had scarcely completed a fourth of the distance and looked back to see if my wife followed close to me, when I was horrified to see her standing in one spot, and sinking gradually through the weeds, while her face was distorted and perfectly purple. Almost as soon as I perceived her, she fell, as though shot dead. In an instant I was by her side; and with the assistance of eight or ten of my men, who were fortunately close to me, I dragged her like a corpse through the yielding vegetation, and up to our waists we scrambled across to the other side,



just keeping her head above the water: to have carried her would have been impossible, as we should all have sunk together through the weeds. I laid her under a tree, and bathed her head and face with water, as for the moment I thought she had fainted; but she lay perfectly insensible as though dead, with teeth and hands firmly clenched, and her eyes open, but fixed. It was a *coup de soleil*.

Many of the porters had gone on ahead with the baggage; and I started off a man in haste to recall an angarep upon which to carry her, and also for a bag with a change of clothes, as we had dragged her through the river. It was in vain that I rubbed her heart, and the black women rubbed her feet, to endeavour to restore animation. At length the litter came, and after changing her clothes, she was carried mournfully forward as a corpse. Constantly we had to halt and support her head, as a painful rattling in the throat betokened suffocation. At length we reached a village, and halted for the night.

I laid her carefully in a miserable hut, and watched beside her. I opened her clenched teeth with a small wooden wedge, and inserted a wet rag, upon which I dropped water to moisten her tongue, which was dry as fur. The unfeeling brutes that composed the native escort were yelling and dancing as though all were well; and I ordered their chief at once to return with them to Kamrasi, as I would travel with them no longer. At first they refused to return; until at length I vowed that I would fire into them should they accompany us on the following morning. Day broke, and it was a relief to have got rid of the brutal escort. They had departed, and I had now my own men, and the guides supplied by Kamrasi.

There was nothing to eat in this spot. My wife had never stirred since she fell by the *coup de soleil*, and merely respired about five times in a minute. It was impossible

to remain; the people would have starved. She was laid gently upon her litter, and we started forward on our funeral course. I was ill and broken-hearted, and I followed by her side through the long day's march over wild park-lands and streams, with thick forest and deep marshy bottoms; over undulating hills, and through valleys of tall papyrus rushes, which, as we brushed through them on our melancholy way, waved over the litter like the black plumes of a hearse. We halted at a village, and again the night was passed in watching. I was wet, and coated with mud from the swampy marsh, and shivered with ague; but the cold within was greater than all. No change had taken place; she had never moved. I had plenty of fat, and I made four balls of about half a pound, each of which would burn for three hours. A piece of a broken water-jar formed a lamp, several pieces of rag serving for wicks. So in solitude the still calm night passed away as I sat by her side and watched. In the drawn and distorted features that lay before me I could hardly trace the same face that for years had been my comfort through all the difficulties and dangers of my path. Was she to die? Was so terrible a sacrifice to be the result of my selfish exile?

Again the night passed away. Once more the march. Though weak and ill, and for two nights without a moment's sleep, I felt no fatigue, but mechanically followed by the side of the litter as though in a dream. The same wild country diversified with marsh and forest. Again we halted. The night came, and I sat by her side in a miserable hut, with the feeble lamp flickering while she lay, as in death. She had never moved a muscle since she fell. My people slept. I was alone, and no sound broke the stillness of the night. The ears ached at the utter silence, till the sudden wild cry of a hyena made me shudder as the horrible

thought rushed through my brain, that, should she be buried in this lonely spot, the hyena would . . . disturb her rest.

The morning was not far distant; it was past four o'clock. I had passed the night in replacing wet cloths upon her head and moistening her lips, as she lay apparently lifeless on her litter. I could do nothing more; in solitude and abject misery in that dark hour, in a country of savage heathens, thousands of miles away from a Christian land, I beseeched an aid above all human, trusting alone to Him.

The morning broke; my lamp had just burnt out, and, cramped with the night's watching, I rose from my low seat, and seeing that she lay in the same unaltered state, I went to the door of the hut to breathe one gasp of the fresh morning air. I was watching the first red streak that heralded the rising sun, when I was startled by the words, "Thank God," faintly uttered behind me. Suddenly she had awoke from her torpor, and with a heart overflowing I went to her bedside. Her eyes were full of madness! She spoke, but the brain was gone!

I will not inflict a description of the terrible trial of seven days of brain fever, with its attendant horrors. The rain poured in torrents, and day after day we were forced to travel for want of provisions, not being able to remain in one position. Every now and then we shot a few guinea-fowl, but rarely; there was no game, although the country was most favourable. In the forests we procured wild honey, but the deserted villages contained no supplies, as we were on the frontier of Uganda, and M'tesé's people had plundered the district. For seven nights I had not slept, and although as weak as a reed, I had marched by the side of her litter. Nature could resist no longer. We reached a village one evening; she had been in violent convulsions

successively—it was all but over. I laid her down on her litter within a hut; covered her with a Scotch plaid, and I fell upon my mat insensible, worn out with sorrow and fatigue. My men put a new handle to the pickaxe that evening, and sought for a dry spot to dig her grave!

CHAPTER XII.

RECOVERED

THE sun had risen when I woke. I had slept, and, horrified as the idea flashed upon me that she must be dead, and that I had not been with her, I started up. She lay upon her bed, pale as marble, and with that calm serenity that the features assume when the cares of life no longer act upon the mind, and the body rests in death. The dreadful thought bowed me down; but as I gazed upon her in fear, her chest gently heaved, not with the convulsive throbs of fever, but naturally. She was asleep; and when at a sudden noise she opened her eyes, they were calm and clear. She was saved! When not a ray of hope remained, God alone knows what helped us. The gratitude of that moment I will not attempt to describe.

Fortunately there were many fowls in this village; we found several nests of fresh eggs in the straw which littered the hut; these were most acceptable after our hard fare, and produced a good supply of soup.

Having rested for two days, we again moved forward, Mrs. Baker being carried on a litter. We now continued on elevated ground, on the north side of a valley running from west to east, about sixteen miles broad, and exceedingly swampy. The rocks composing the ridge upon which we travelled due west were all gneiss and quartz, with occasional breaks, forming narrow valleys, all of which were swamps choked with immense papyrus rushes, that made the march very fatiguing. In one of these muddy bottoms

one of my riding oxen that was ill, stuck fast, and we were obliged to abandon it, intending to send a number of natives to drag it out with ropes. On arrival at a village, our guide started about fifty men for this purpose, while we continued our journey.

That evening we reached a village belonging to a headman, and very superior to most that we had passed on the route from M'rooli: large sugar-canes of the blue variety were growing in the fields, and I had seen coffee growing wild in the forest in the vicinity. I was sitting at the door of the hut about two hours after sunset, smoking a pipe of excellent tobacco, when I suddenly heard a great singing in chorus advancing rapidly from a distance towards the entrance of the courtyard. At first I imagined that the natives intended dancing, which was an infliction that I wished to avoid, as I was tired and feverish; but in a few minutes the boy Saat introduced a headman, who told me that the riding ox had died in the swamp where he had stuck fast in the morning, and that the natives had brought his body to me. "What!" I replied, "brought his body, the entire ox, to me?" "The entire ox as he died is delivered at your door," answered the headman; "I could not allow any of your property to be lost upon the road. Had the body of the ox not been delivered to you, we might have been suspected of having stolen it." I went to the entrance of the courtyard, and amidst a crowd of natives I found the entire ox exactly as he had died. They had carried him about eight miles on a litter, which they had constructed of two immensely long posts with cross-pieces of bamboo, upon which they had laid the body. They would not eat the flesh, and seemed quite disgusted at the idea, as they replied that "it had died."

It is a curious distinction of the Unyoro people, that they are peculiarly clean feeders, and will not touch either the

flesh of animals that have died, neither of those that are sick; nor will they eat the crocodile. They asked for no remuneration for bringing their heavy load so great a distance; and they departed in good humour as a matter of course.

Never were such contradictory people as these creatures; they had troubled us dreadfully during the journey, as they would suddenly exclaim against the weight of their loads, and throw them down, and bolt into the high grass; yet now they had of their own free will delivered to me a whole dead ox from a distance of eight miles, precisely as though it had been an object of the greatest value.

The name of this village was Parkāni. For several days past our guides had told us that we were very near to the lake, and we were now assured that we should reach it on the morrow. I had noticed a lofty range of mountains at an immense distance west, and I had imagined that the lake lay on the other side of this chain; but I was now informed that those mountains formed the western frontier of the M'wootan N'zigé, and that the lake was actually within a march of Parkāni. I could not believe it possible that we were so near the object of our search. The guide Rabonga now appeared, and declared that if we started early on the following morning we should be able to wash in the lake by noon!

That night I hardly slept. For years I had striven to reach the "sources of the Nile." In my nightly dreams during that arduous voyage I had always failed, but after so much hard work and perseverance the cup was at my very lips, and I was to *drink* at the mysterious fountain before another sun should set—at that great reservoir of Nature that ever since creation had baffled all discovery.

I had hoped, and prayed, and striven through all kinds of difficulties, in sickness, starvation, and fatigue, to reach

that hidden source; and when it had appeared impossible, we had both determined to die upon the road rather than return defeated. Was it possible that it was so near, and that to-morrow we could say, "the work is accomplished"?

The 14th March.—The sun had not risen when I was spurring my ox after the guide, who, having been promised a double handful of beads on arrival at the lake, had caught the enthusiasm of the moment. The day broke beautifully clear, and having crossed a deep valley between the hills, we toiled up the opposite slope. I hurried to the summit. The glory of our prize burst suddenly upon me! There, like a sea of quicksilver, lay far beneath the grand expanse of water—a boundless sea horizon on the south and south-west, glittering in the noon-day sun; and on the west, at fifty or sixty miles' distance, blue mountains rose from the bosom of the lake to a height of about 7,000 feet above its level.

It is impossible to describe the triumph of that moment; here was the reward for all our labour—for the years of tenacity with which we had toiled through Africa. England had won the sources of the Nile! Long before I reached this spot, I had arranged to give three cheers with all our men in English style in honour of the discovery, but now that I looked down upon the great inland sea lying nestled in the very heart of Africa, and thought how vainly mankind had sought these sources throughout so many ages, and reflected that I had been the humble instrument permitted to unravel this portion of the great mystery when so many greater than I had failed, I felt too serious to vent my feelings in vain cheers for victory, and I sincerely thanked God for having guided and supported us through all dangers to the good end. I was about 1,500 feet above the lake, and I looked down from the steep granite cliff upon those welcome waters—upon that vast reservoir which

nourished Egypt and brought fertility where all was wilderness—upon that great source so long hidden from mankind; that source of bounty and of blessings to millions of human beings; and as one of the greatest objects in nature, I determined to honour it with a great name. As an imperishable memorial of one loved and mourned by our gracious Queen and deplored by every Englishman, I called this great lake "the Albert N'yanza." The Victoria and the Albert lakes are the two sources of the Nile.

The zigzag path to descend to the lake was so steep and dangerous that we were forced to leave our oxen with a guide, who was to take them to Magungo and wait for our arrival. We commenced the descent of the steep pass on foot. I led the way, grasping a stout bamboo. My wife in extreme weakness tottered down the pass, supporting herself upon my shoulder, and stopping to rest every twenty paces. After a toilsome descent of about two hours, weak with years of fever, but for the moment strengthened by success, we gained the level plain below the cliff. A walk of about a mile through flat sandy meadows of fine turf interspersed with trees and bush, brought us to the water's edge. The waves were rolling upon a white pebbly beach: I rushed into the lake, and thirsty with heat and fatigue, with a heart full of gratitude, I drank deeply from the Sources of the Nile. Within a quarter of a mile of the lake was a fishing village named Vacovia, in which we now established ourselves. Everything smelt of fish—and everything looked like fishing; not the "gentle art" of England with rod and fly, but harpoons were leaning against the huts, and lines almost as thick as the little finger were hanging up to dry, to which were attached iron hooks of a size that said much for the monsters of the Albert lake. On entering the hut I found a prodigious quantity of tackle; the lines were beautifully made of the fibre of the plantain

stem, and were exceedingly elastic, and well adapted to withstand the first rush of a heavy fish; the hooks were very coarse, but well barbed, and varied in size from two to six inches. A number of harpoons and floats for hippopotami were arranged in good order, and the *tout ensemble* of the hut showed that the owner was a sportsman.

The harpoons for hippopotami were precisely the same pattern as those used by the Hamran Arabs on the Taka frontier of Abyssinia, having a narrow blade of three-quarters of an inch in width, with only one barb. The rope fitted to the harpoon was beautifully made of plantain fibre, and the float was a huge piece of ambatch-wood about fifteen inches in diameter. They speared the hippopotamus from canoes, and these large floats were necessary to be easily distinguished in the rough waters of the lake.

My men were perfectly astounded at the appearance of the lake. The journey had been so long, and "hope deferred" had so completely sickened their hearts, that they had long since disbelieved in the existence of the lake, and they were persuaded that I was leading them to the sea. They now looked at the lake with amazement—two of them had already seen the sea at Alexandria, and they unhesitatingly declared that this was the sea, but that it was not salt.

Vacovia was a miserable place, and the soil was so impregnated with salt, that no cultivation was possible. Salt was the natural product of the country, and the population were employed in its manufacture, which constituted the business of the lake shores—being exchanged for supplies from the interior. I went to examine the pits: these were about six feet deep, from which was dug a black sandy mud that was placed in large earthenware jars; these were supported upon frames, and mixed with water, which filtering rapidly through small holes in the bottom was received in jars beneath: this water was again used with

fresh mud until it became a strong brine, when it was boiled and evaporated. The salt was white, but very bitter. I imagine that it has been formed by the decay of aquatic plants that have been washed ashore by the waves; decomposing, they have formed a mud deposit, and much potash is combined with the salt. The flat sandy meadow that extends from the lake for about a mile to the foot of the precipitous cliffs of 1,500 feet, appears to have formed at one period the bottom of the lake—in fact, the flat land of Vacovia looks like a bay, as the mountain cliffs about five miles south and north descend abruptly to the water, and the flat is the bottom of a horseshoe formed by the cliffs. Were the level of the lake fifteen feet higher, this flat would be flooded to the base of the hills.

I procured a couple of kids from the chief of the village for some blue beads, and having received an ox as a present from the headman of Parkāni in return for a number of beads and bracelets, I gave my men a grand feast in honour of the discovery; I made them an address, explaining to them how much trouble we should have been saved had my whole party behaved well from the first commencement and trusted to my guidance, as we should have arrived here twelve months ago; at the same time I told them, that it was a greater honour to have achieved the task with so small a force as thirteen men, and that as the lake was thus happily reached, and Mrs. Baker was restored to health after so terrible a danger, I should forgive them past offences and wipe out all that had been noted against them in my journal. This delighted my people, who ejaculated "El hamd el Illah!" (thank God!) and fell to immediately at their beef.

At sunrise on the following morning I took the compass, and accompanied by the chief of the village, my guide Rabonga, and the woman Bacheeta, I went to the borders

of the lake to survey the country. It was beautifully clear, and with a powerful telescope I could distinguish two large waterfalls that cleft the sides of the mountains on the opposite shore. Although the outline of the mountains was distinct upon the bright blue sky, and the dark shades upon their sides denoted deep gorges, I could not distinguish other features than the two great falls, which looked like threads of silver on the dark face of the mountains. No base had been visible, even from an elevation of 1,500 feet above the water-level, on my first view of the lake, but the chain of lofty mountains on the west appeared to rise suddenly from the water. This appearance must have been due to the great distance, the base being below the horizon, as dense columns of smoke were ascending apparently from the surface of the water: this must have been produced by the burning of prairies at the foot of the mountains. The chief assured me that large canoes had been known to cross over from the other side, but that it required four days and nights of hard rowing to accomplish the voyage and that many boats had been lost in the attempt. The canoes of Unyoro were not adapted for so dangerous a journey; but the western shore of the lake was comprised in the great kingdom of Mallegga, governed by King Kajoro, who possessed large canoes, and traded with Kamrasi from a point opposite to Magungo, where the lake was contracted to the width of one day's voyage. He described Mallegga as a very powerful country, and of greater extent than either Unyoro or Uganda. . . . South of Mallegga was a country named Tori, governed by a king of the same name: beyond that country to the south on the western shore no intelligence could be obtained from any one.

The lake was known to extend as far south as Karagwé; and the old story was repeated, that Rumanika, the king of that country, was in the habit of sending ivory-hunting

parties to the lake at Utumbi, and that formerly they had navigated the lake to Magungo. This was a curious confirmation of the report given me by Speke at Gondokoro, who wrote: "Rumanika is constantly in the habit of sending ivory-hunting parties to Utumbi."

The eastern shores of the lake were, from north to south, occupied by Chopi, Unyoro, Uganda, Utumbi, and Karagwé: from the last point, which could not be less than about two degrees south latitude, the lake was reported to turn suddenly to the west, and to continue in that direction for an unknown distance. North of Mallegga, on the west of the lake, was a small country called M'Caroli; then Koshi, on the west side of the Nile at its exit from the lake; and on the east side of the Nile was the Madi, opposite to Koshi. Both the guide and the chief of Vacovia informed me that we should be taken by canoes to Magungo, to the point at which the Somerset that we had left at Karuma joined the lake; but that we could not ascend it, as it was a succession of cataracts the whole way from Karuma until within a short distance of Magungo. The exit of the Nile from the lake at Koshi was navigable for a considerable distance, and canoes could descend the river as far as the Madi.

They both agreed that the level of the lake was never lower than at present, and that it never rose higher than a mark upon the beach that accounted for an increase of about four feet. The beach was perfectly clean sand, upon which the waves rolled like those of the sea, throwing up weeds precisely as seaweed may be seen upon the English shore. It was a grand sight to look upon this vast reservoir of the mighty Nile, and to watch the heavy swell tumbling upon the beach, while far to the south-west the eye searched as vainly for a bound as though upon the Atlantic. It was with extreme emotion that I enjoyed this glorious

scene. My wife, who had followed me so devotedly, stood by my side pale and exhausted—a wreck upon the shores of the great Albert Lake that we had so long striven to reach. No European foot had ever trod upon its sand, nor had the eyes of a white man ever scanned its vast expanse of water. We were the first; and this was the key to the great secret that even Julius Cæsar yearned to unravel, but in vain. Here was the great basin of the Nile that received *every drop of water*, even from the passing shower to the roaring mountain torrent that drained from Central Africa towards the north. This was the great reservoir of the Nile!

The first *coup d'œil* from the summit of the cliff 1,500 feet above the level had suggested what a closer examination confirmed. The lake was a vast depression far below the general level of the country, surrounded by precipitous cliffs, and bounded on the west and south-west by great ranges of mountains from five to seven thousand feet above the level of its waters—thus it was the one great reservoir into which everything *must* drain; and from this vast rocky cistern the Nile made its exit, a giant in its birth. It was a grand arrangement of Nature for the birth of so mighty and important a stream as the river Nile. The Victoria N'yanza of Speke formed a reservoir at a high altitude, receiving a drainage from the west by the Kitangulé river and Speke had seen the M'fumbiro mountain at a great distance as a peak among other mountains from which the streams descended, which by uniting formed the main river Kitangulé, the principal feeder of the Victoria lake from the west, in about the 2° S. latitude: thus the same chain of mountains that fed the Victoria on the east must have a watershed to the west and north that would flow into the Albert lake. The general drainage of the Nile basin tending from south to north, and the Albert lake extending much farther north

than the Victoria, it receives the river from the latter lake, and thus monopolizes the entire head-waters of the Nile. The Albert is the grand reservoir, while the Victoria is the eastern source; the parent streams that form these lakes are from the same origin, and the Kitangulé sheds its waters to the Victoria to be received *eventually* by the Albert, precisely as the highlands of M'fumbiro and the Blue Mountains pour their northern drainage *direct* into the Albert lake. The entire Nile system, from the first Abyssinian tributary the Atbara in N. latitude $17^{\circ} 37'$ even to the equator, exhibits a uniform drainage from S.E. to N.W., every tributary flowing in that direction to the main stream of the Nile; this system is persisted in by the Victoria Nile, which having continued a northerly course from its exit from the Victoria lake to Karuma in lat. $2^{\circ} 16'$, N. turns suddenly to the west and meets the Albert lake at Magungo; thus, a line drawn from Magungo to the Ripon Falls from the Victoria lake will prove the general slope of the country to be the same as exemplified throughout the entire system of the eastern basin of the Nile, tending from S.E. to N.W.

That many considerable affluents flow into the Albert lake there is no doubt. The two waterfalls seen by telescope upon the western shore descending from the Blue Mountains must be most important streams, or they could not have been distinguished at so great a distance as fifty or sixty miles; the natives assured me that very many streams, varying in size, descended the mountains upon all sides into the general reservoir.

I returned to my hut: the flat turf in the vicinity of the village was strewn with the bones of immense fish, hippopotami, and crocodiles; but the latter reptiles were merely caught in revenge for any outrage committed by them, as their flesh was looked upon with disgust by the natives of Unyoro. They were so numerous and voracious in the lake,

that the natives cautioned us not to allow the women to venture into the water even to the knees when filling their water-jars.

It was most important that we should hurry forward on our journey, as our return to England depended entirely upon the possibility of reaching Gondokoro before the end of April, otherwise the boats would have departed. I impressed upon our guide and the chief that we must be furnished with large canoes immediately, as we had no time to spare, and I started off Rabonga to Magungo, where he was to meet us with our riding oxen. The animals would be taken by a path upon the high ground; there was no possibility of travelling near the lake, as the cliffs in many places descended abruptly into deep water. I made him a present of a large quantity of beads that I had promised to give him upon reaching the lake; he took his departure, agreeing to meet us at Magungo with our oxen, and to have porters in readiness to convey us direct to Shooa.

On the following morning not one of our party could rise from the ground. Thirteen men, the boy Saat, four women, and we ourselves, were all down with fever. The air was hot and close, and the country frightfully unhealthy. The natives assured us that all strangers suffered in a similar manner, and that no one could live at Vacovia without repeated attacks of fever.

The delay in supplying the boats was most annoying; every hour was precious; and the lying natives deceived us in every manner possible, delaying us purposely in the hope of extorting beads.

The latitude of Vacovia was $1^{\circ} 15'$, N.; longitude $30^{\circ} 50'$, E. My farthest southern point on the road from M'rooli was latitude $1^{\circ} 13'$. We were now to turn our faces towards the north, and every day's journey would bring us

nearer home. But where was home? As I looked at the map of the world, and at the little red spot that represented old England far, far away, and then gazed on the wasted form and haggard face of my wife and at my own attenuated frame, I hardly dared hope for home again. We had now been three years ever toiling onwards, and having completed the exploration of all the Abyssinian affluents of the Nile, in itself an arduous undertaking, we were now actually at the Nile head. We had neither health nor supplies, and the great journey lay all before us.

Notwithstanding my daily entreaties that boats might be supplied without delay, eight days were passed at Vacovia, during which time the whole party suffered more or less from fever. At length canoes were reported to have arrived, and I was requested to inspect them. They were merely single trees neatly hollowed out, but very inferior in size to the large canoes on the Nile at M'rooli. The largest boat was thirty-two feet long, but I selected for ourselves one of twenty-six feet, but wider and deeper. Fortunately I had purchased at Khartoum an English screw auger $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch in diameter, and this tool I had brought with me, foreseeing some difficulties in boating arrangements. I now bored holes two feet apart in the gunwale of the canoe, and having prepared long elastic wands, I spanned them in arches across the boat and lashed them to the auger holes. This completed, I secured them by diagonal pieces, and concluded by thatching the framework with a thin coating of reeds to protect us from the sun; over the thatch I stretched ox hides well drawn and lashed, so as to render our roof water-proof. This arrangement formed a tortoise-like protection that would be proof against sun and rain. I then arranged some logs of exceedingly light wood along the bottom of the canoe, and covered them with a thick bed of grass; this was covered

with an Abyssinian tanned ox hide, and arranged with Scotch plaids. The arrangements completed, afforded a cabin, perhaps not as luxurious as those of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's vessels, but both rain- and sun-proof, which was the great desideratum. In this rough vessel we embarked on a calm morning when hardly a ripple moved the even surface of the lake. Each canoe had four rowers, two at either end. Their paddles were beautifully shaped, hewn from one piece of wood, the blade being rather wider than that of an ordinary spade, but concave in the inner side, so as to give the rower a great hold upon the water. Having purchased with some difficulty a few fowls and dried fish, I put the greater number of my men in the larger canoe; and with Richarn, Saat, and the women, including the interpreter Bacheeta, we led the way, and started from Vacovia on the broad surface of the Albert N'yanza. The rowers paddled bravely; and the canoe, although heavily laden, went along at about four miles an hour. There was no excitement in Vacovia, and the chief and two or three attendants were all who came to see us off; they had a suspicion that bystanders might be invited to assist as rowers, therefore the entire population of the village had deserted.

At leaving the shore, the chief had asked for a few beads, which, on receiving, he threw into the lake to propitiate the inhabitants of the deep, that no hippopotami should upset the canoe.

Our first day's voyage was delightful. The lake was calm, the sky cloudy, and the scenery most lovely. At times the mountains on the west coast were not discernible, and the lake appeared of indefinite width. We coasted within a hundred yards of the east shore; sometimes we passed flats of sand and bush of perhaps a mile in width from the water to the base of the mountain cliffs; at other

times we passed directly underneath stupendous heights of about 1,500 feet, which ascended abruptly from the deep, so that we fended the canoes off the sides, and assisted our progress by pushing against the rock with bamboos. These precipitous rocks were all primitive, frequently of granite and gneiss, and mixed in many places with red porphyry. In the clefts were beautiful evergreens of every tint, including giant euphorbias; and wherever a rivulet or spring glittered through the dark foliage of a ravine, it was shaded by the graceful and feathery wild date.

Great numbers of hippopotami were sporting in the water, but I refused to fire at them, as the death of such a monster would be certain to delay us for at least a day, as the boatmen would not forsake the flesh. Crocodiles were exceedingly numerous both in and out of the water; wherever a sandy beach invited them to bask, several monsters were to be seen, like trunks of trees, lying in the sun. On the edge of the beach above high-water mark were low bushes, and from this cover the crocodiles came scuttling down into the water, frightened at the approach of the canoe. There were neither ducks nor geese, as there were no feeding-grounds: deep water was close to the shore.

Our boatmen worked well, and long after dark we continued our voyage, until the canoe was suddenly steered to the shore, and we grounded upon a steep beach of perfectly clean sand. We were informed that we were near a village, and the boatmen proposed to leave us here for the night, while they should proceed in search of provisions. Seeing that they intended to take the paddles with them, I ordered these important implements to be returned to the boats, and a guard set over them, while several of my men should accompany the boatmen to the reported village. In the meantime, we arranged our angareps upon the beach, lighted a fire with some drift-wood, and prepared for the

night. The men shortly returned, accompanied by several natives, with two fowls and one small kid. The latter was immediately consigned to the large copper pot, and I paid about three times its value to the natives, to encourage them to bring supplies on the following morning.

While dinner was preparing, I took an observation, and found our latitude was $1^{\circ} 33'$, N. We had travelled well, having made 16' direct northing.

On the first crowing of our solitary cock, we prepared to start; the boatmen were gone!

As soon as it was light, I took two men and went to the village, supposing they were sleeping in their huts. Within three hundred paces of the boats, upon a fine turfy sward, on rising ground, were three miserable fishing huts. These constituted the village. Upon arrival, no one was to be found: the natives had deserted. A fine tract of broken grass-land formed a kind of amphitheatre beneath the range of cliffs. These I scanned with the telescope, but I could trace no signs of man. We were evidently deserted by our boatmen, and the natives had accompanied them to avoid being pressed into our service.

On my return to the canoes with this intelligence, my men were quite in despair; they could not believe that the boatmen had really absconded, and they begged me to allow them to search the country in the hope of finding another village. Strictly forbidding any man to absent himself from the boats, I congratulated ourselves on having well guarded the paddles, which there was no doubt would have been stolen by the boatmen had I allowed them to remain in their possession. I agreed to wait until 3 P.M. Should the boatmen not return by that hour, I intended to proceed without them. There was no dependence to be placed upon these contradictory natives. Kindness was entirely thrown away upon them. We had Kamrasi's

orders for boats and men, but in this distant frontier, the natives did not appear to attach much importance to their king; nevertheless, we were dependent upon them. Every hour was valuable, as our only chance of reaching Gondokoro in time for the boats depended upon rapidity of travelling. At the moment when I wished to press forward, delays occurred that were most trying.

Three P.M. arrived, but no signs of natives. "Jump into the boats, my lads!" I cried to my men; "I know the route." The canoes were pushed from the shore, and my people manned the paddles. Five of my men were professional boatmen, but no one understood the management of paddles except myself. It was in vain that I attempted to instruct my crew. Pull they certainly did; but—ye gods, who watch over boats!—round and round we pirouetted, the two canoes waltzing and polking together in their great ball-room, the Albert N'yanza. The voyage would have lasted *ad infinitum*. After three hours' exertion, we reached a point of rock that stretched as a promontory into the lake. This bluff point was covered with thick jungle to the summit, and at the base was a small plot of sandy beach, from which there was no exit except by water, as the cliff descended sheer to the lake upon either side. It poured with rain, and with much difficulty we lighted a fire. Mosquitoes were in clouds, and the night was so warm that it was impossible to sleep beneath the blankets. Arranging the angareps upon the sand, with the raw ox-hides as coverlets, we lay down in the rain. It was too hot to sleep in the boat, especially as the temporary cabin was a perfect mosquito nest. That night I considered the best plan to be adopted, and I resolved to adapt a paddle as a rudder on the following morning. It rained without ceasing the whole night; and, at break of day, the scene was sufficiently miserable. The men lay on the wet

sand, covered up with their raw hides, soaked completely through, but still fast asleep, from which nothing would arouse them. My wife was also wet and wretched. It still rained. I was soon at work. Cutting a thwart in the stern of the canoe with my hunting-knife, I bored a hole beneath it with the large auger, and securely lashed a paddle with a thong of raw hide that I cut off my well-saturated coverlet. I made a most effective rudder. None of my men had assisted me; they had remained beneath their soaked skins, smoking their short pipes, while I was hard at work. They were perfectly apathetic with despair, as their ridiculous efforts at paddling on the previous evening had completely extinguished all hope within them. They were quite resigned to their destiny, and considered themselves as sacrificed to geography.

I threw them the auger, and explained that I was ready to start, and should wait for no one; and, cutting two bamboos, I arranged a mast and yard, upon which I fitted a large Scotch plaid for a sail. We shoved off the boat: fortunately we had two or three spare paddles, therefore the rudder paddle was not missed. I took the helm, and instructed my men to think of nothing but pulling hard. Away we went as straight as an arrow, to the intense delight of my people. There was very little wind, but a light air filled the plaid and eased us gently forward.

Upon rounding the promontory we found ourselves in a large bay, the opposite headland being visible at about eight or ten miles' distance. Should we coast the bay it would occupy two days. There was another small promontory farther in shore; I therefore resolved to steer direct for that point before venturing in a straight line from one headland to the other.

Upon looking behind me, I observed our canoe consort about a mile astern, amusing herself with pointing to all

parts of the compass—the lazy men not having taken the trouble to adapt the rudder as I had ordered them.

We travelled at about four miles an hour, and my people were so elated that they declared themselves ready to row, without assistance, to the Nile junction. The water was perfectly calm, and upon rounding the next promontory I was rejoiced to see a village in a snug little bay, and a great number of canoes, drawn up on the sandy beach, and others engaged in fishing. A number of natives were standing on the sand close to the water's edge, about half a mile from us, and I steered directly towards them. Upon our close approach, they immediately sat down, and held up their paddles above their heads; this was an unmistakeable sign that they intended to volunteer as boatmen, and I steered the boat upon the beach. No sooner had we grounded, than they rushed into the water and boarded us, most good-humouredly pulling down our mast and sail, which appeared to them highly absurd (as they never use sails); and they explained that they had seen on the other side the headland that we were strangers, and their chief had ordered them to assist. I now begged them to send six men to the assistance of the lagging canoe; this they promised to do, and, after waiting for some time, we started at a rattling pace to pull across the wide bay from point to point.

When in the centre of the bay we were about four miles from land. At this time a swell set in from the south-west. While at Vacovia I had observed that although the mornings were calm, a strong wind generally arose at 1 P.M. from S.W. that brought a heavy sea upon the beach. I was now afraid that we should be subject to a gale before we could reach the opposite headland, as the rising swell betokened wind from the old quarter, especially as dark thunder clouds were gathering on the western shore.



THE STORM ON THE ALBERT LAKE

I told Bacheeta to urge the rowers forward, as our heavy canoe would certainly be swamped in the event of a gale. I looked at my watch: it was past noon, and I felt sure that we should catch a south-wester by about one o'clock. My men looked rather green at the ominous black clouds and the increasing swell, but exclaimed, "*Inshallah*, there will be no wind." With due deference to their faith in predestination, I insisted upon their working the spare paddles, as our safety depended upon reaching the shore before the approaching storm. They had learnt to believe in my opinion, and they exerted themselves to their utmost. The old boat rushed through the water, but the surface of the lake was rapidly changing; the western shore was no longer visible, the water was dark, and innumerable white crests tipped the waves. The canoe laboured heavily, and occasionally shipped water, which was immediately baled out with gourd-shells by my men, who now exclaimed, "*Wah Illahi el kalâm betâr el Hawaga sahhé!*" (By Allah, what the Hawaga says is true!) We were within about a mile and a half of the point for which we had been steering, when we could no longer keep our course; we had shipped several heavy seas, and had we not been well supplied with utensils for baling, we should have been swamped. Several bursts of thunder and vivid lightning were followed by a tremendous gale from about the W.S.W. before which we were obliged to run for the shore.

In a short space of time a most dangerous sea arose, and on several occasions the waves broke against the arched covering of the canoe, which happily protected her in a slight degree, although we were drenched with water. Every one was at work baling with all their might; I had no idea that the canoe could live. Down came the rain in torrents, swept along with a terrific wind; nothing was discernible except the high cliffs looming through the storm,

and I only trusted that we might arrive upon a sandy beach, and not upon bluff rocks. We went along at a grand rate, as the arched cover of the canoe acted somewhat as a sail; and it was an exciting moment when we at length neared the shore, and approached the foaming breakers that were rolling wildly upon (happily) a sandy beach beneath the cliffs. I told my men to be ready to jump out the moment that we should touch the sand, and to secure the canoe by hauling the head up the beach. All were ready, and we rushed through the surf, the native boatmen paddling like steam-engines. "Here comes a wave; look out!" and just as we almost touched the beach, a heavy breaker broke over the black women who were sitting in the stern, and swamped the boat. My men jumped into the water like ducks, and the next moment we were all rolled in confusion on the sandy shore. The men stuck well to the boat, and hauled her firmly on the sand, while my wife crawled out of her primitive cabin like a caddis worm from its nest, half drowned, and jumped upon the shore. "El hamd el Illah!" (thank God!) we all exclaimed; "now for a pull—all together!" and having so far secured the boat that she could not be washed away, I ordered the men to discharge the cargo, and then to pull her out of the lake. Everything was destroyed except the gunpowder, that was all in canisters. But where was the other canoe? I made up my mind that it must be lost, for although much longer than our boat, it was lower in the water. After some time and much anxiety we perceived it running for the shore about half a mile in our rear; it was in the midst of the breakers, and several times I lost sight of it, but the old tree behaved well, and brought the crew safe to the shore.

Fortunately there was a village not far from the spot where we landed, and we took possession of a hut, lighted a good fire, and wrapped ourselves in Scotch plaids and

blankets wrung out, while our clothes were being dried, as there was not a dry rag in our possession.

We could procure nothing to eat, except a few dried fish that, not having been salted, were rather high flavoured. Our fowls, and also two pet quails, were drowned in the boat during the storm; however, the drowned fowls were made into a stew, and with a blazing fire, and clean straw to sleep upon, the night's rest was perhaps as perfect as in the luxury of home.

On the following morning we were detained by bad weather, as a heavy sea was still running, and we were determined not to risk our canoes in another gale. It was a beautiful neighbourhood, enlivened by a magnificent waterfall that fell about a thousand feet from the mountains, as the Kaiigiri river emptied itself into the lake in a splendid volume of water. This river rises in the great marsh that we had crossed on our way from M'rooli to Vacovia. In this neighbourhood we gathered some mushrooms—the true *Agaricus campestris* of Europe—which were a great luxury.

In the afternoon the sea subsided, and we again started. We had not proceeded above three miles from the village, when I observed an elephant bathing in the lake; he was in water so deep, that he stood with only the top of his head and trunk above the surface. As we approached, he sunk entirely, only the tip of his trunk remaining above the water. I ordered the boatmen to put the canoe as close to him as possible, and we passed within thirty yards, just as he raised his head from his luxurious bath. I was sorely tempted to fire, but remembering my resolve, I refrained from disturbing him, and he slowly quitted the lake, and entered the thick jungle. A short distance beyond this spot two large crocodiles were lying upon the beach asleep; but upon the approach of the canoe they plunged into the

water, and raised their heads above the surface at about twenty-five paces. I was uncertain about my Fletcher rifle, as it had been exposed to so much wet; therefore, to discharge it, I took a shot at the nearest crocodile just behind the eye. The little rifle was in perfect order—thanks to Eley's "double waterproof central fire-caps," which will resist all weathers—and the bullet striking the exact spot, the great reptile gave a convulsive lash with his tail, and turning on his back, with his paws above the water, he gradually sunk. The native boatmen were dreadfully frightened at the report of the rifle, to the great amusement of their countrywoman, Bacheeta, and it was with difficulty that I persuaded them to direct the canoe to the exact spot. Being close to the shore, the water was not more than eight feet deep, and so beautifully clear, that I could, when just above the crocodile, perceive it lying at the bottom on its belly, and distinguish the bloody head that had been shattered by the bullet. While one of my men prepared a slip-knot, I took a long lance that belonged to a boatman, and drove it deep through the tough scales into the back of the neck; hauling gently upon the lance I raised the head near to the surface, and slipping the noose over it, the crocodile was secured. It appeared to be quite dead, and the flesh would be a *bonne-bouche* for my men; therefore we towed it to the shore. It was a fine monster, about sixteen feet long; and although it had appeared dead, it bit furiously at a thick male bamboo which I ran into its mouth to prevent it from snapping during the process of decapitation. The natives regarded my men with disgust as they cut huge lumps of the choicest morsels and stowed them in the canoes; this did not occupy more than a quarter of an hour, and hurrying on board, we continued our voyage, well provided with meat—for all who liked it. To my taste, nothing can be more disgusting

than crocodile flesh. I have eaten almost everything; but although I have tasted crocodile, I could never succeed in swallowing it; the combined flavour of bad fish, rotten flesh, and musk, is the *carte de diner* offered to the epicure.

That evening we saw an elephant with an enormous pair of tusks; he was standing on a hill about a quarter of a mile from the boats as we halted. I was aided to resist this temptation by an attack of fever: it rained as usual, and no village being in the neighbourhood, we bivouacked in the rain on the beach in clouds of mosquitoes.

The discomforts of this lake voyage were great; in the day we were cramped in our small cabin like two tortoises in one shell, and at night it almost invariably rained. We were accustomed to the wet, but no acclimatisation can render the European body mosquito-proof; thus we had little rest. It was hard work for me, but for my unfortunate wife, who had hardly recovered from her attack of *coup de soleil*, such hardships were most distressing.

On the following morning the lake was calm, and we started early. The monotony of the voyage was broken by the presence of several fine herds of elephants, consisting entirely of bulls. I counted fourteen of these grand animals, all with large tusks, bathing together in a small shallow lake beneath the mountains, having a communication with the main lake through a sandy beach: these elephants were only knee deep, and having been bathing they were perfectly clean, and their colossal black forms and large white tusks formed a beautiful picture in the calm lake beneath the lofty cliffs. It was a scene in harmony with the solitude of the Nile Sources—the wilderness of rocks and forest, the Blue Mountains in the distance, and the great fountain of nature adorned with the mighty beasts of Africa; the elephants in undisturbed grandeur, and

hippopotami disporting their huge forms in the great parent of the Egyptian river.

I ordered the boatmen to run the canoe ashore, that we might land and enjoy the scene. We then discovered seven elephants on the shore within about two hundred yards of us in high grass, while the main herd of fourteen splendid bulls bathed majestically in the placid lake, showering cold streams from their trunks over their backs and shoulders. There was no time to lose, as every hour was important: quitting the shore, we once more paddled along the coast.

Day after day passed, the time occupied in travelling from sunrise to mid-day, at which hour a strong gale with rain and thunder occurred regularly, and obliged us to haul our canoes ashore. The country was very thinly inhabited, and the villages were poor and wretched; the people most inhospitable. At length we arrived at a considerable town situated in a beautiful bay beneath precipitous cliffs, the grassy sides of which were covered with flocks of goats; this was Eppigoya, and the boatmen that we had procured from the last village were to deliver us in this spot. The delays in procuring boatmen were most annoying: it appeared that the king had sent orders that each village was to supply the necessary rowers; thus we were paddled from place to place, at each of which the men were changed, and no amount of payment would induce them to continue with us to the end of our voyage.

Landing at Eppigoya we were at once met by the headman, and I proposed that he should sell us a few kids, as the idea of a mutton chop was most appetizing. Far from supplying us with this luxury, the natives immediately drove their flocks away, and after receiving a large present of beads, the headman brought us a present of a sick lamb almost at the point of natural death, and merely skin and bone. Fortunately there were fowls in thousands, as the

natives did not use them for food; these we purchased for one blue bead (monjoor) each, which in current value was equal to 250 fowls for a shilling. Eggs were brought in baskets containing several hundreds, but they were all poultry.

At Eppigoya the best salt was produced, and we purchased a good supply—also some dried fish: thus provisioned, we procured boatmen and again started on our voyage.

Hardly had we proceeded two hundred yards, when we were steered direct to the shore below the town, and our boatmen coolly laid down their paddles and told us that they had performed their share, and that as Eppigoya was divided into four parts under separate headmen, each portion would supply rowers!

Ridiculous as this appeared, there was no contesting their decision: and thus we were handed over from one to the other, and delayed for about three hours in changing boatmen four times within the distance of less than a mile! The perfect absurdity of such a regulation, combined with the delay when time was most precious, was trying to the temper. At every change, the headman accompanied the boatmen to our canoe, and presented us with three fowls at parting; thus our canoes formed a floating poultry show, as we had already purchased large supplies. Our livestock bothered us dreadfully: being without baskets, the fowls were determined upon suicide, and many jumped deliberately overboard, while others that were tied by the legs were drowned in the bottom of the leaky canoe.

After the tenth day from our departure from Vacovia the scenery increased in beauty. The lake had contracted to about thirty miles in width, and was decreasing rapidly northward; the trees upon the mountains upon the western shore could be distinguished. Continuing our voyage

north, the western shore projected suddenly, and diminished the width of the lake to about twenty miles. It was no longer the great inland sea that at Vacovia had so impressed me, with the clean pebbly beach that had hitherto formed the shore, but vast banks of reeds growing upon floating vegetation prevented the canoes from landing. These banks were most peculiar, as they appeared to have been formed of decayed vegetation, from which the papyrus rushes took root; the thickness of the floating mass was about three feet, and so tough and firm that a man could walk upon it, merely sinking above his ankles in the soft ooze. Beneath this raft of vegetation was extremely deep water, and the shore for a width of about half a mile was entirely protected by this extraordinary formation. One day a tremendous gale of wind and heavy sea broke off large portions, and the wind acting upon the rushes like sails, carried floating islands of some acres about the lake to be deposited wherever they might chance to hitch.

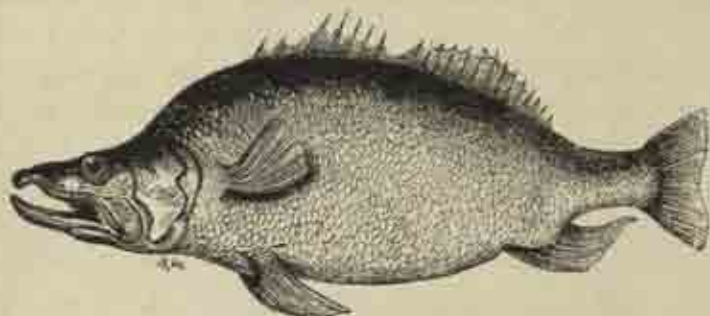
On the thirteenth day we found ourselves at the end of our lake voyage. The lake at this point was between fifteen and twenty miles across, and the appearance of the country to the north was that of a delta. The shores upon either side were choked with vast banks of reeds, and as the canoe skirted the edge of that upon the east coast, we could find no bottom with a bamboo of twenty-five feet in length, although the floating mass appeared like *terra firma*. We were in a perfect wilderness of vegetation. On the west were mountains of about 4,000 feet above the lake level, a continuation of the chain that formed the western shore from the south; these mountains decreased in height towards the north, in which direction the lake terminated in a broad valley of reeds.

We were told that we had arrived at Magungo, and that this was the spot where the boats invariably crossed from

Mallegga on the western shore to Kamrasi's country. The boatmen proposed that we should land upon the floating vegetation, as that would be a short cut to the village or town of Magungo; but as the swell of the water against the abrupt raft of reeds threatened to swamp the canoe, I preferred coasting until we should discover a good landing-place. After skirting the floating reeds for about a mile, we turned sharp to the east, and entered a broad channel of water bounded on either side by the everlasting reeds. This we were informed was the embouchure of the Somerset river from the Victoria N'yanza. The same river that we had crossed at Karuma, boiling and tearing along its rocky course, now entered the Albert N'yanza as dead water! I could not understand this; there was not the slightest current; the channel was about half a mile wide, and I could hardly convince myself that this was not an arm of the lake branching to the east. After searching for some time for a landing place among the wonderful banks of reeds, we discovered a passage that had evidently been used as an approach by canoes, but so narrow that our large canoe could with difficulty be dragged through—all the men walking through the mud and reeds, and towing with their utmost strength. Several hundred paces of this tedious work brought us through the rushes into open water about eight feet deep, opposite to a clean rocky shore. We had heard voices for some time while obscured on the other side of the rushes, and we now found a number of natives, who had arrived to meet us with the chief of Magungo and our guide Rabonga, whom we had sent in advance with the riding oxen from Vacovia. The water was extremely shallow near the shore, and the natives rushed in and dragged the canoes by sheer force over the mud to the land. We had been so entirely hidden while on the lake on the other side of the reed bank that we had been unable to see

the eastern, or Magungo shore; we now found ourselves in a delightful spot beneath the shade of several enormous trees on firm sandy and rocky ground, while the country rose in a rapid incline to the town of Magungo about a mile distant on an elevated ridge.

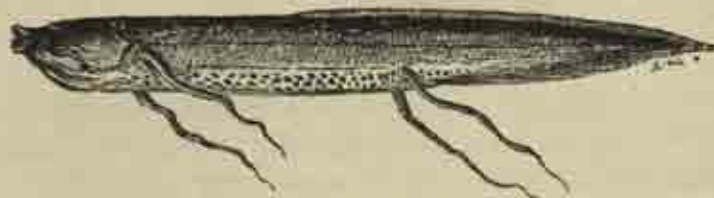
My first question was concerning the riding oxen. They were reported in good order. We were invited to wait under a tree until the presents from the headman should be delivered. Accordingly, while my wife sat under the shade, I went to the waterside to examine the fishing arrangements of the natives, that were on an extensive



The Baggera

scale. For many hundred feet, the edges of the floating reeds were arranged to prevent the possibility of a large fish entering the open water adjoining the shore without being trapped. A regular system of baskets were fixed at intervals, with guiding fences to their mouths. Each basket was about six feet in diameter, and the mouth about eighteen inches; thus the arrangements were for the monsters of the lake, the large bones of which, strewed about the vicinity, were a witness of their size. My men had just secured the half of a splendid fish, known in the Nile as the "baggera." They found it in the water, the other portion having been bitten off by a crocodile. The

piece in their possession weighed about fifty pounds. This is one of the best fish in the lake. It is shaped like the perch, but is coloured externally like the salmon. I also obtained from the natives an exceedingly good fish, of a peculiar form, having four long feelers at the positions that would be occupied by the limbs of reptiles; these looked like rudiments of legs. It had somewhat the appearance of an eel; but, being oviparous, it can have no connexion with that genus. The natives had a most killing way of fishing with the hook and line for heavy fish. They arranged rows of tall bamboos, the ends stuck firmly in the bottom, in a depth of about six feet of water, and about



Lepidosiren Annecteus

five or ten yards apart. On the top of each was a lump of ambatch-wood about ten inches in diameter. Around this was wound a powerful line, and, a small hole being made in this float, it was lightly fixed upon the point of the bamboo, or fishing-rod. The line was securely attached to the bamboo, then wound round the large float, while the hook, baited with a live fish, was thrown to some distance beyond. Long rows of these fixed rods were set every morning by natives in canoes, and watchers attended them during the day, while they took their chance by night. When a large fish took the bait, his first rush unhitched the ambatch-float from the point of the bamboo, which, revolving upon the water, paid out line as required. When entirely run out, the great size and buoyancy of the float served to check

and to exhaust the fish. There are several varieties of fish that exceed 200 lbs. weight.

A number of people now arrived from the village, bringing a goat, fowls, eggs, and sour milk, and, beyond all luxuries, fresh butter. I delighted the chief, in return for his civility, by giving him a quantity of beads, and we were led up the hill towards Magungo.

The day was beautifully clear. The soil was sandy and poor, therefore the road was clean and hard; and, after the many days' boating, we enjoyed the walk, and the splendid view that lay before us when we arrived at Magungo, and looked back upon the lake. We were about 250 feet above the water level. There were no longer the abrupt cliffs, descending to the lake, that we had seen in the south, but the general level of the country appeared to be about 500 feet above the water, at a distance of five or six miles, from which point the ground descended in undulations, Magungo being situated on the summit of the nearest incline. The mountains on the Mallegga side, with the lake in the foreground, were the most prominent objects, forming the western boundary. A few miles north there appeared to be a gap in the range, and the lake continued to the west, but much contracted, while the mountain range on the northern side of the gap continued to the north-east. Due north and north-east the country was a dead flat, and far as the eye could reach was an extent of bright green reeds, marking the course of the Nile as it made its exit from the lake. The sheet of water at Magungo being about seventeen miles in width, ended in a long strip or tail to the north, until it was lost in the flat valley of green rushes. This valley may have been from four to six miles wide, and was bounded upon its west bank by the continuation of the chain of mountains that had formed the western boundary of the lake. The natives told me that canoes could navigate

the Nile in its course from the lake to the Madi country, as there were no cataracts for a great distance, but that both the Madi and the Koshi were hostile, and that the current of the river was so strong, that should the canoe descend from the lake, it could not return without many rowers. They pointed out the country of Koshi on the west bank of the Nile, at its exit from the lake, which included the mountains that bordered the river. The small country, M'Caroli, joined Mallegga, and continued to the west, towards the Makkarika. The natives most positively refused to take me down the Nile from the lake into the Madi, as they said that they would be killed by the people, who were their enemies, as I should not be with them on their return up the river.

The exit of the Nile from the lake was plain enough, and if the broad channel of dead water were indeed the entrance of the Victoria Nile (Somerset) the information obtained by Speke would be remarkably confirmed. Up to the present time all the information that I had received from Kamrasi and his people had been correct. He had told me that I should be about twenty days from M'rooli to the lake; I had been eighteen. He had also told me that the Somerset flowed from Karuma direct to the lake, and that, having joined it, the great Nile issued from the lake almost immediately, and flowed through the Koshi and Madi tribes. I now saw the river issuing from the lake within eighteen miles of Magungo; and the Koshi and the Madi countries appeared close to me, bordering it on the west and east. Kamrasi being the king, it was natural that he should know his own frontier most intimately; but, although the chief of Magungo and all the natives assured me that the broad channel of dead water at my feet was positively the brawling river that I had crossed below the Karuma Falls, I could not understand how so fine a body of water as that

had appeared could possibly enter the Albert Lake as dead water. The guide and natives laughed at my unbelief, and declared that it was dead water for a considerable distance from the junction with the lake, but that a great waterfall rushed down from a mountain, and that beyond that fall the river was merely a succession of cataracts throughout the entire distance of about six days' march to Karuma Falls. My real wish was to descend the Nile in canoes from its exit from the lake with my own men as boatmen, and thus in a short time to reach the cataracts in the Madi country; there to forsake the canoes and all my baggage, and to march direct to Gondokoro with only our guns and ammunition. I knew from native report that the Nile was navigable as far as the Madi country to about Miani's tree, which Speke had laid down by astronomical observation in lat. $3^{\circ} 34'$; this would be only seven days' march from Gondokoro, and by such a direct course I should be sure to arrive in time for the boats to Khartoum. I had promised Speke that I would explore most thoroughly the doubtful portion of the river that he had been forced to neglect from Karuma Falls to the lake. I was myself confused at the dead water junction; and although I knew that the natives must be right—as it was their own river, and they had no inducement to mislead me—I was determined to sacrifice every other wish in order to fulfil my promise, and thus to settle the Nile question most absolutely. That the Nile flowed out of the lake I had heard, and I had also confirmed by actual inspection; from Magungo I looked upon the two countries, Koshi and Madi, through which it flowed, and these countries I must actually pass through and again meet the Nile before I could reach Gondokoro. Thus the only point necessary to swear to, was the river between the lake and the Karuma Falls.

I had a bad attack of fever that evening, and missed my

star for the latitude; but on the following morning before daybreak I obtained a good observation of Vega, and determined the latitude of Magungo $2^{\circ} 16'$ due west from Atada or Karuma Falls. This was a strong confirmation that the river beneath my feet was the Somerset that I had crossed in the same latitude at Atada, where the river was running due west, and where the natives had pointed in that direction as its course to the lake. Nevertheless, I was determined to verify it, although by this circuitous route I might lose the boats from Gondokoro and become a prisoner in Central Africa, ill, and without quinine, for another year. I proposed it to my wife, who not only voted in her state of abject weakness to complete the river to Karuma, but wished, if possible, to return and follow the Nile from the lake down to Gondokoro! This latter resolve, based upon the simple principle of "seeing is believing," was a sacrifice most nobly proposed, but simply impossible and unnecessary.

We saw from our point at Magungo the Koshi and Madi countries, and the Nile flowing out of the lake through them. We must of necessity pass through those countries on our road to Gondokoro direct from Karuma *via* Shooa, and should we not meet the river in the Madi and Koshi country, the Nile that we now saw would not be the Nile of Gondokoro. We knew, however, that it was so, as Speke and Grant had gone by that route, and had met the Nile near Miani's tree in lat. $3^{\circ} 34'$ in the Madi country, the Koshi being on its western bank; thus, as we were now at the Nile head and saw it passing through the Madi and Koshi, any argument against the river would be the *argumentum ad absurdum*. I ordered the boats to be got ready to start immediately.

The chief gave me much information, confirming the accounts that I had heard a year previous in the Latooka

countries, that formerly cowrie shells were brought in boats from the south, and that these shells and brass coil brackets came by the lake from Karagwé. He called also several of the natives of Mallegga, who had arrived with beautifully-prepared mantles of antelope and goat-skins, to exchange for bracelets and glass beads. The Mallegga people were in appearance the same as those of Unyoro, but they spoke a different language.

The boats being ready, we took leave of the chief, leaving him an acceptable present of beads, and we descended the hill to the river, thankful at having so far successfully terminated the expedition as to have traced the lake to that important point Magungo, which had been our clue to the discovery even so far away in time and place as the distant country of Latooka. We were both very weak and ill, and my knees trembled beneath me as we walked down the easy descent. I, in my enervated state, endeavouring to assist my wife, we were the "blind leading the blind;" but had life closed on that day we could have died most happily, for the hard fight through sickness and misery had ended in victory; and, although I looked to home as a paradise never to be regained, I could have lain down to sleep in contentment on this spot, with the consolation that, if the body had been vanquished, we died with the prize in our grasp.

On arrival at the canoes we found everything in readiness, and the boatmen already in their places. A crowd of natives pushed us over the shallows, and once in deep water we passed through a broad canal which led us into the open channel without the labour of towing through the narrow inlet by which we had arrived. Once in the broad channel of dead water we steered due east, and made rapid way until the evening. The river as it now appeared, although devoid of current, was an average of about 500

yards in width. Before we halted for the night I was subjected to a most severe attack of fever, and upon the boat reaching a certain spot I was carried on a litter, perfectly unconscious, to a village, attended carefully by my poor sick wife, who, herself half dead, followed me on foot through the marshes in pitch darkness, and watched over me until the morning. At daybreak I was too weak to stand, and we were both carried down to the canoes, and, crawling helplessly within our grass awning, we lay down like logs while the canoes continued their voyage. Many of our men were also suffering from fever. The malaria of the dense masses of floating vegetation was most poisonous; and, upon looking back to the canoe that followed in our wake, I observed all my men sitting crouched together sick and dispirited, looking like departed spirits being ferried across the melancholy Styx.

The river now contracted rapidly to about two hundred and fifty yards in width about ten miles from Magungo. We had left the vast flats of rush banks, and entered a channel between high ground, forming steep forest-covered hills, about 200 feet on either side, north and south; nevertheless there was no perceptible stream, although there was no doubt that we were actually in the channel of a river. The water was clear and exceedingly deep. In the evening we halted, and slept on a mud bank close to the water. The grass in the forest was very high and rank; thus we were glad to find an open space for a bivouac, although a nest of mosquitoes and malaria.

On waking the next morning, I observed that a thick fog covered the surface of the river; and as I lay upon my back, on my angarep, I amused myself before I woke my men by watching the fog slowly lifting from the river. While thus employed I was struck by the fact, that the little green water-plants, like floating cabbages (*Pistia Stratiotes*, L.),

were certainly, although very slowly, moving to the west. I immediately jumped up and watched them most attentively; there was no doubt about it; they were travelling towards the Albert Lake. We were now about eighteen miles in a direct line from Magungo, and there was a current in the river, which, however slight, was nevertheless perceptible.

Our toilette did not take long to arrange, as we had thrown ourselves down at night with our clothes on; accordingly we entered the canoe at once, and gave the order to start.

The woman Bacheeta knew the country, as she had formerly been to Magungo when in the service of Sali, who had been subsequently murdered by Kamrasi; she now informed me that we should terminate our canoe voyage on that day, as we should arrive at the great waterfall of which she had often spoken. As we proceeded, the river gradually narrowed to about 180 yards, and when the paddles ceased working we could distinctly hear the roar of water. I had heard this on waking in the morning, but at the time I had imagined it to proceed from distant thunder. By ten o'clock the current had so increased as we proceeded, that it was distinctly perceptible, although weak. The roar of the waterfall was extremely loud, and after sharp pulling for a couple of hours, during which time the stream increased, we arrived at a few deserted fishing-huts, at a point where the river made a slight turn. I never saw such an extraordinary show of crocodiles as were exposed on every sandbank on the sides of the river; they lay like logs of timber close together, and upon one bank we counted twenty-seven, of large size; every basking place was crowded in a similar manner. From the time we had fairly entered the river, it had been confined by heights somewhat precipitous on either side, rising to about 180 feet. At this

point the cliffs were still higher, and exceedingly abrupt. From the roar of the water, I was sure that the fall would be in sight if we turned the corner at the bend of the river; accordingly I ordered the boatmen to row as far as they could: to this they at first objected, as they wished to stop at the deserted fishing village, which they explained was to be the limit of the journey, further progress being impossible.

However, I explained that I merely wished to see the fall, and they rowed immediately up the stream, which was now strong against us. Upon rounding the corner, a magnificent sight burst suddenly upon us. On either side the river were beautifully wooded cliffs rising abruptly to a height of about 300 feet; rocks were jutting out from the intensely green foliage; and rushing through a gap that cleft the rock exactly before us, the river, contracted from a grand stream, was pent up in a narrow gorge of scarcely fifty yards in width; roaring furiously through the rock-bound pass, it plunged in one leap of about 120 feet perpendicular into a dark abyss below.

The fall of water was snow-white, which had a superb effect as it contrasted with the dark cliffs that walled the river, while the graceful palms of the tropics and wild plantains perfected the beauty of the view. This was the greatest waterfall of the Nile, and, in honour of the distinguished President of the Royal Geographical Society, I named it the Murchison Falls, as the most important object throughout the entire course of the river.

The boatmen, having been promised a present of beads to induce them to approach the fall as close as possible succeeded in bringing the canoe within about 300 yards of the base, but the power of the current and the whirlpools in the river rendered it impossible to proceed farther. There was a sand-bank on our left which was literally



The Murchison Falls, about 120 feet high, from the Victoria Nile or Somerset River, to the level of the Albert Lake

covered with crocodiles lying parallel to each other like trunks of trees prepared for shipment; they had no fear of the canoe until we approached within about twenty yards of them, when they slowly crept into the water; all excepting one, an immense fellow who lazily lagged behind, and immediately dropped dead as a bullet from the little Fletcher No. 24 struck him in the brain.

So alarmed were the boatmen at the unexpected report of the rifle that they immediately dropped into the body of the canoe, one of them losing his paddle. Nothing would induce them to attend to the boat, as I had fired a second shot at the crocodile as a "quietus," and the natives did not know how often the alarming noise would be repeated. Accordingly we were at the mercy of the powerful stream, and the canoe was whisked round by the eddy and carried against a thick bank of high reeds; hardly had we touched this obstruction when a tremendous commotion took place in the rushes, and in an instant a great bull hippopotamus charged the canoe, and with a severe shock striking the bottom he lifted us half out of the water. The natives who were in the bottom of the boat positively yelled with terror, not knowing whether the shock was in any way connected with the dreaded report of the rifle; the black women screamed; and the boy Saat handing me a spare rifle, and Richarn being ready likewise, we looked out for a shot should the angry hippo again attack us.

A few kicks bestowed by my angry men upon the recumbent boatmen restored them to the perpendicular. The first thing necessary was to hunt for the lost paddle that was floating down the rapid current. The hippopotamus, proud of having disturbed us, but doubtless thinking us rather hard of texture, raised his head to take a last view of his enemy, but sank too rapidly to permit a shot. Crocodile heads of enormous size were on all sides, appear-

ing and vanishing rapidly as they rose to survey us; at one time we counted eighteen upon the surface. Fine fun it would have been for these monsters had the bull hippo been successful in his attempt to capsize us; the fat black woman, Karka, would have been a dainty morsel. Having recovered the lost paddle, I prevailed upon the boatmen to keep the canoe steady while I made a sketch of the Murchison Falls, which being completed, we drifted rapidly down to the landing-place at the deserted fishing-village, and bade adieu to the navigation of the lake and river of Central Africa.

The few huts that existed in this spot were mere ruins. Clouds had portended rain, and down it came, as it usually did once in every twenty-four hours. However, that passed away by the next morning, and the day broke, discovering us about as wet and wretched as we were accustomed to be. I now started off four of my men with the boatmen and the interpreter Bacheeta to the nearest village, to inquire whether our guide Rabonga had arrived with our riding oxen, as our future travelling was to be on land, and the limit of our navigation must have been well known to him. After some hours the people returned, minus the boatmen, with a message from the headman of a village they had visited, that the oxen were there, but not the guide Rabonga, who had remained at Magungo, but that the animals should be brought to us that evening, together with porters to convey the luggage.

In the evening a number of people arrived, bringing some plantain cider and plantains as a present from the headman; and promising that, upon the following morning, we should be conducted to his village.

The next day we started, but not until the afternoon, as we had to await the arrival of the headman, who was to escort us. Our oxen were brought, and if we looked

wretched, the animals were a match. They had been bitten by the fly, thousands of which were at this spot. Their coats were staring, ears drooping, noses running, and heads hanging down; all the symptoms of fly-bite, together with extreme looseness of the bowels. I saw that it was all up with our animals. Weak as I was myself, I was obliged to walk, as my ox could not carry me up the steep inclination, and I toiled languidly to the summit of the cliff. It poured with rain. Upon arrival at the summit we were in precisely the same park-like land that characterises Chopi and Unyoro, but the grass was about seven feet high; and from the constant rain, and the extreme fertility of the soil, the country was choked with vegetation. We were now above the Murchison Falls, and we heard the roaring of the water beneath us to our left. We continued our route parallel to the river above the Falls, steering east; and a little before evening we arrived at a small village belonging to the headman who accompanied us. I was chilled and wet; my wife had fortunately been carried in her litter, which was protected by a hide roofing. Feverish and exhausted, I procured from the natives some good acid plums, and refreshed by these I was able to boil my thermometer and take the altitude.

On the following morning we started, the route as before parallel to the river, and so close that the roar of the rapids was extremely loud. The river flowed in a deep ravine upon our left. We continued for a day's march along the Somerset, crossing many ravines and torrents, until we turned suddenly down to the left, and arriving at the bank we were to be transported to an island called Patooān, that was the residence of a chief. It was about an hour after sunset, and being dark, my riding ox, who was being driven as too weak to carry me, fell into an elephant pitfall. After much hallooing, a canoe was brought from the island which

was not more than fifty yards from the mainland, and we were ferried across. We were both very ill with a sudden attack of fever; and my wife, not being able to stand, was, on arrival on the island, carried in a litter I knew not whither, escorted by some of my men, while I lay down on the wet ground quite exhausted with the annihilating disease. At length the remainder of my men crossed over, and those who had carried my wife to the village returning with firebrands, I managed to creep after them with the aid of a long stick, upon which I rested with both hands. After a walk, through a forest of high trees, for about a quarter of a mile, I arrived at a village where I was shown a wretched hut, the stars being visible through the roof. In this my wife lay dreadfully ill upon her angarep, and I fell down upon some straw. About an hour later, a violent thunder-storm broke over us, and our hut was perfectly flooded; we, being far too ill and helpless to move from our positions, remained dripping wet and shivering with fever until the morning. Our servants and people had, like all natives, made themselves much more comfortable than their employers; nor did they attempt to interfere with our misery in any way until summoned to appear at sunrise.

The island of Patooān was about half a mile long by 150 yards wide, and was one of the numerous masses of rocks that choke the river between Karuma Falls and the great Murchison cataract. The rock was entirely of grey granite, from the clefts of which beautiful forest trees grew so thickly that the entire island was in shade. In the middle of this secluded spot was a considerable village thickly inhabited, as the population of the mainland had fled from their dwellings and had taken refuge upon the numerous river islands, as the war was raging between Rionga and Kamrasi. A succession of islands from the east of Patooān continued to within a march of Karuma Falls. These were in the

possession of Rionga, and a still more powerful chief and ally, Fowooka, who were the deadly enemies of Kamrasi.

It now appeared that after my departure from M'rooli to search for the lake, Ibrahim had been instructed by Kamrasi to accompany his army, and attack Fowooka. This had been effected, but the attack had been confined to a bombardment by musketry from the high cliffs of the river upon the people confined upon one of the islands. A number of men had been killed, and Ibrahim had returned to Gondokoro with a quantity of ivory and porters supplied by Kamrasi; but he had left ten of his armed men as hostages with the king, to act as his guard until he should return on the following year to Unyoro. Ibrahim and his strong party having quitted the country, Fowooka had invaded the mainland of Chopi, and had burnt and destroyed all the villages, and killed many people, including a powerful chief of Kamrasi's, the father of the headman of the island of Patooān where we were now staying. Accordingly the fugitives from the destroyed villages had taken refuge upon the island of Patooān, and others of the same character. The headman informed us that it would be impossible to proceed along the bank of the river to Karuma, as that entire line of country was in possession of the enemy. This was sufficient to assure me that I should not procure porters.

There was no end to the difficulties and trouble in this horrible country. My exploration was completed, as it was by no means necessary to continue the route from Patooān to Karuma. I had followed the Somerset from its junction with the lake at Magungo to this point; here it was a beautiful river, precisely similar in character to the point at which I had left it at Karuma, we were now within thirty miles of that place, and about eighteen miles from the point opposite Rionga's island, where we had first hit

upon the river on our arrival from the north. The direction was perfectly in accordance with my observations at Karuma, and at Magungo, the Somerset running from east to west. The river was about 180 to 200 yards in width, but much obstructed with rocks and islands; the stream ran at about four miles per hour, and the rapids and falls were so numerous that the roar of water had been continuous throughout our march from Murchison's Falls. By observations of Casella's thermometer I made the altitude of the river level at the island of Patooān 3,195 feet; thus from this point to the level of the Albert Lake at Magungo, there was a fall of 475 feet—this difference being included between Patooān and the foot of Murchison Falls: the latter, being at the lowest estimate 120 feet, left 355 feet to be accounted for between Patooān and the top of the falls. As the ledges of rock throughout the course of the river formed a series of steps, this was a natural difference in altitude that suggested the correctness of the observations.

At the river level below Karuma Falls I had measured the altitude at 3,996 feet above the sea level. Thus, there was a fall from that point to Patooān of 801 feet, and a total of 1,276 feet in the descent of the river from Karuma to the Albert N'yanza. These measurements, most carefully taken, corroborated the opinion suggested by the natural appearance of the river, which was a mere succession of cataracts throughout its westerly course from Karuma.

To me these observations were more than usually interesting, as when I had met my friend Speke at Gondokoro, he was much perplexed concerning the extraordinary difference in his observation between the altitude of the river-level at Karuma Falls, lat. $2^{\circ} 15'$, and at Gebel Kookoo in the Madi country, lat. $3^{\circ} 34'$, the point at which he subsequently met the river. He *knew* that both rivers

were the Nile, as he had been told this by the natives; the one, before it had joined the Albert Lake—the other, after its exit; but he had been told that the river was *navigable* from Gebel Kookoo, lat. $3^{\circ} 34'$, straight up to the junction of the lake; thus, there could be no great difference in altitude between the lake and the Nile where he met it, in lat. $3^{\circ} 34'$. Nevertheless, he found so enormous a difference in his observations between the river at Karuma and at Gebel Kookoo that he concluded there must be a fall between Karuma and the Albert Lake of at least 1,000 feet; by careful measurements I proved the closeness of his reasoning and observation, by finding a fall of only 275 feet more than he had anticipated. From Karuma to the Albert Lake (although unvisited by Speke), he had marked upon his map, "river falls 1,000 feet;" by actual measurement I proved it to be 1,275 feet.

The altitudes measured by me have been examined, and the thermometer that I used has been tested at Kew, and its error corrected since my return to England; thus all altitudes observed with that thermometer should be correct, as the results after correction by Mr. Dunkin, of the Greenwich Royal Observatory, are those now quoted. It will therefore be interesting to compare the observations taken at the various points on the Nile and Albert Lake in the countries of Unyoro and Chopi—the correctness of which relatively will be seen by comparison:

1864		Feet
Jan. 22.	Rionga's island, 80 feet above the Nile	3,864
" 25.	Karuma, below the falls, river level (Atada)	3,996
" 31.	South of Karuma, river level on road to M'rooli	4,056
Feb. 21.	M'rooli lat. $1^{\circ} 38'$ river level	4061
Mar. 14.	Albert N'yanza, lake level	2,720
April 7.	Island of Patooñ (Shooa Morũ) river level	3,196

By these observations it will be seen that from M'rooli, in lat. $1^{\circ} 38'$ to Karuma in lat. $2^{\circ} 15'$, there is a fall of sixty-

five feet; say *minus* five feet, for the Karuma Falls equals sixty feet fall in 37' of latitude; or allowing for the great bend of the river, twenty miles of extra course, it will be equal to about sixty statute miles of actual river from M'rooli to Atada or Karuma Falls, showing a fall of one foot per mile. From M'rooli to the head of the Karuma Falls the river is navigable; thus the observations of altitudes showing a fall of one foot per mile must be extremely accurate.

The next observations to be compared are those from Karuma Falls throughout the westerly course of the river to the Albert Lake:

	Feet	Feet
River level below Karuma Falls	3,096	
Rionga's island 3,864—80 feet cliff to the west	3,784 =	212 fall
River level at island of Patooñ (Shooa Muró)	3,195 =	589 fall
from Rionga's island		
Level of Albert Lake	2,720 =	475 fall
from Patooñ to Lake		
From Karuma		1,276 fall

These observations were extremely satisfactory, and showed that the thermometer (Casella's) behaved well at every boiling, as there was no confusion of altitudes, but each observation corroborated the preceding. The latitude of island of Patooñ by observation was $2^{\circ} 16'$: we were thus due west of Magungo, and east of Karuma Falls.

CHAPTER XIII

TREACHEROUS DESIGNS OF THE NATIVES

WE were prisoners on the island of Patooán, as we could not procure porters at any price to remove our effects. We had lost all our riding oxen within a few days; they had succumbed to the flies, and the only animal alive was already half dead; this was the little bull that had always carried the boy Saat. It was the 8th April, and within a few days the boats upon which we depended for our return to civilization would assuredly quit Gondokoro. I offered the natives all the beads that I had (about 50 lbs.), and the whole of my baggage, if they would carry us to Shooa direct from this spot. We were in perfect despair, as we were both completely worn out with fever and fatigue, and certain death seemed to stare us in the face should we remain in this unhealthy spot; worse than death was the idea of losing the boats and becoming prisoners for another year in this dreadful land; which must inevitably happen should we not hurry direct to Gondokoro without delay. The natives, with their usual cunning, at length offered to convey us to Shooa, provided that I paid them the beads in advance; the boats were prepared to ferry us across the river, but I fortunately discovered through the woman Bacheeta their treacherous intention of placing us on the uninhabited wilderness on the north side, and leaving us to die of hunger. They had conspired together to land us, but to immediately return with the boats after having thus got rid of the incubus of their guests.

We were in a great dilemma—had we been in good health, I would have forsaken everything but the guns and ammunition, and have marched direct to Gondokoro on foot: but this was utterly impossible; neither my wife nor I could walk a quarter of a mile without fainting—there was no guide—and the country was now overgrown with impenetrable grass and tangled vegetation eight feet high—we were in the midst of the rainy season; not a day passed without a few hours of deluge—altogether it was a most heartbreaking position. Added to the distress of mind at being thus thwarted, there was also a great scarcity of provisions. Many of my men were weak, the whole party having suffered much from fever—in fact, we were completely helpless.

Our guide Rabonga, who had accompanied us from M'rooli, had absconded, and we were left to shift for ourselves. I was determined not to remain on the island, as I suspected that the boats might be taken away, and that we should be kept prisoners; I therefore ordered my men to take the canoes, and to ferry us to the main land, from whence we had come. The headman, upon hearing this order, offered to carry us to a village, and then to await orders from Kamrasi as to whether we were to be forwarded to Shooa or not. The district in which the island of Patooān was situated was called Shooa Morū, although having no connexion with the Shooa in the Madi country to which we were bound.

We were ferried across to the main shore, and both in our respective angareps were carried by the natives for about three miles, arriving at a deserted village, half of which was in ashes, having been burnt and plundered by the enemy; we were deposited on the ground in front of an old hut in the pouring rain, and were informed that we should remain there that night, but

that on the following morning we should proceed to our destination.

Not trusting the natives, I ordered my men to disarm them, and to retain their spears and shields as security for their appearance on the following day. This effected, we were carried into a filthy hut about six inches deep in mud, as the roof was much out of repair, and the heavy rain had flooded it daily for some weeks. I had a canal cut through the muddy floor, and in misery and low spirits we took possession.

On the following morning not a native was present! We had been entirely deserted; although I held the spears and shields, every man had absconded—there were neither inhabitants nor provisions—the whole country was a wilderness of rank grass that hemmed us in on all sides; not an animal, nor even a bird was to be seen; it was a miserable, damp, lifeless country. We were on elevated ground, and the valley of the Somerset was about two miles to our north, the river roaring sullenly in its obstructed passage, its course marked by the double belt of huge dark trees that grew upon its banks.

My men were naturally outrageous, and they proposed that we should return to Patooān, seize the canoes, and take provisions by force, as we had been disgracefully deceived. The natives had merely deposited us here to get us out of the way, and in this spot we might starve. Of course I would not countenance the proposal of seizing provisions, but I directed my men to search among the ruined villages for buried corn, in company with the woman Bacheeta, who, being a native of this country, would be up to the ways of the people, and might assist in the discovery.

After some hours passed in rambling over the black ashes of several villages that had been burnt, they discovered a hollow place, by sounding the earth with a stick, and, upon

digging, they arrived at a granary of the seed known as "tullaboon;" this was a great prize, as, although mouldy and bitter, it would keep us from starving. The women of the party were soon hard at work grinding, as many of the necessary stones had been found among the ruins.

Fortunately there were three varieties of plants growing wild in great profusion, that, when boiled, were a good substitute for spinach; thus we were rich in vegetables, although without a morsel of fat or animal food. Our dinner consisted daily of a mess of black porridge of bitter mouldy flour, that no English pig would condescend to notice, and a large dish of spinach. "Better a dinner of herbs where love is," &c. often occurred to me; but I am not sure that I was quite of that opinion after a fortnight's grazing upon spinach.

Tea and coffee were things of the past, the very idea of which made our mouths water; but I found a species of wild thyme growing in the jungles, and this, when boiled, formed a tolerable substitute for tea; sometimes our men procured a little wild honey, which, added to the thyme tea, we considered a great luxury.

This wretched fare, in our exhausted state from fever and general effects of climate, so completely disabled us, that for nearly two months my wife lay helpless on one angarep, and I upon the other; neither of us could walk. The hut was like all in Kamrasi's country, a perfect forest of thick poles to support the roof (I counted thirty-two); thus, although it was tolerably large, there was but little accommodation. These poles we now found very convenient, as we were so weak, that we could not rise from bed without hauling by one of the supports.

We were very nearly dead, and our amusement was a childish conversation about the good things in England, and my idea of perfect happiness was an English beefsteak

and a bottle of pale ale; for such a luxury I would most willingly have sold my birthright at that hungry moment. We were perfect skeletons; and it was annoying to see how we suffered upon the bad fare, while our men apparently thrived. There were plenty of wild red peppers, and the men seemed to enjoy a mixture of porridge, and *légumes à la sauce piquante*. They were astonished at my falling away on this food, but they yielded to my argument when I suggested that a "lion would starve where a donkey grew fat." I must confess that this state of existence did not improve my temper, which, I fear, became nearly as bitter as the porridge. My people had a windfall of luck, as Saat's ox, that had lingered for a long time, lay down to die, and stretching himself out, commenced kicking his last kick; the men immediately assisted him by cutting his throat, and this supply of beef was a luxury which, even in my hungry state, was not the English beefsteak for which I sighed; and I declined the diseased bull.

The men made several long excursions through the country to endeavour to purchase provisions, but in two months they procured only two kids; the entire country was deserted, owing to the war between Kamrasi and Fowooka. Every day the boy Saat and the woman Bacheeta sallied out and conversed with the inhabitants of the different islands on the river; sometimes, but very rarely, they returned with a fowl; such an event caused great rejoicing.

We had now given up all hope of Gondokoro, and were perfectly resigned to our fate; this, we felt sure, was to be buried in Chopi. I wrote instructions in my journal, in case of death, and told my headman to be sure to deliver my maps, observations, and papers to the English Consul at Khartoum; this was my only care, as I feared that all my labour might be lost should I die. I had no fear for my wife, as she was quite as bad as I, and if one should die, the

other would certainly follow; in fact, this had been agreed upon lest she should fall into the hands of Kamrasi at my death. We had struggled to win, and I thanked God that we had won; if death were to be the price, at all events we were at the goal, and we both looked upon death rather as a pleasure, as affording *rest*; there would be no more suffering; no fever; no long journey before us, that in our weak state was an infliction; the only wish was to lay down the burthen.

Curious is the warfare between the animal instincts and the mind! Death would have been a release that I would have courted, but I should have liked that one "English beefsteak and pale ale" before I died! During our misery of constant fever and starvation at Shooa Moru, insult had been added to injury. There was no doubt that we had been thus deserted by Kamrasi's orders, as every seven or eight days one of his chiefs arrived, and told me that the king was with his army only four days' march from me, and that he was preparing to attack Fowooka, but that he wished me to join him, as with my fourteen guns we should win a great victory. This treacherous conduct, after his promise to forward me without delay to Shooa, enraged me exceedingly. We had lost the boats at Gondokoro, and we were now nailed to the country for another year, should we live, which was not likely; not only had the brutal king thus deceived us, but he was deliberately starving us into conditions, his aim being that my men should assist him against his enemy. At one time the old enemy tempted me sorely to join Fowooka against Kamrasi; but, discarding the idea generated in a moment of passion, I determined to resist his proposals to the last. It was perfectly true that the king was within thirty miles of us, and that he was aware of our misery; he made use of our extremity to force us to become his allies.

After more than two months passed in this distress it became evident that something must be done; I sent my headman, or vakeel, and one man with a native as a guide (that Saat and Bacheeta had procured from an island), with instructions to go direct to Kamrasi, to abuse him thoroughly in my name for having thus treated us, and tell him that I was much insulted at his treating with me through a third party in proposing an alliance. My vakeel was to explain that I was a much more powerful chief than Kamrasi, and that if he required my alliance, he must treat with me in person, and immediately send fifty men to transport my wife, myself, and effects to his camp, where we might, in a personal interview, come to terms.

I told my vakeel to return to me with the fifty men, and to be sure to bring from Kamrasi some token by which I should know that he had actually seen him. The vakeel and Yaseen started.

After some days, the absconded guide, Rabonga, appeared with a number of men, but without either my vakeel or Yaseen. He carried with him a small gourd bottle, carefully stopped; this he broke, and extracted from the inside two pieces of printed paper, that Kamrasi had sent to me in reply.

On examining the papers, I found them to be portions of the English Church Service translated into (I think) the "Kisūahili" language, by Dr. Krapf! There were many notes in pencil on the margin, written in English, as translations of words in the text. It quickly occurred to me that Speke must have given this book to Kamrasi on his arrival from Zanzibar, and that he now extracted the leaves, and sent them to me as the token I had demanded to show that my message had been delivered to him.

Rabonga made a lame excuse for his previous desertion; he delivered a thin ox that Kamrasi had sent me, and he

declared that his orders were, that he should take my whole party immediately to Kamrasi, as he was anxious that we should attack Fowooka without loss of time; we were positively to start on the following morning! My bait had taken! and we should escape from this frightful spot, Shooa Morū.

On the following morning we were carried in our litters by a number of men. The ox had been killed, the whole party had revelled in good food, and a supply sufficient for the journey was taken by my men.

Without inflicting the tedium of the journey upon the reader, it will be sufficient to say that the country was the same as usual, being a vast park overgrown with immense grass. Every day the porters bolted, and we were left deserted at the charred ruins of various villages that had been plundered by Fowooka's people. It poured with rain; there was no cover, as all the huts had been burnt, and we were stricken with severe fever daily. However, after five days of absurdly slow marching, the roar of the rapids being distinctly audible at night, we arrived one morning at a deserted camp of about 3,000 huts, which were just being ignited by several natives. This had been Kamrasi's head-quarters, which he had quitted, and according to native custom it was to be destroyed by fire. It was reported, that the king had removed to another position within an hour's march, and that he had constructed a new camp. Although throughout the journey from Shooa Morū the country had been excessively wild and uncultivated, this neighbourhood was a mass of extensive plantain groves and burnt villages, but every plantain-tree had been cut through the middle and recklessly destroyed. This destruction had been perpetrated by Fowooka's people, who had invaded the country, but had retreated on the advance of Kamrasi's army.

After winding through dense jungles of bamboos and interminable groves of destroyed plantains, we perceived the tops of a number of grass huts appearing among the trees. My men now begged to be allowed to fire a salute, as it was reported that the ten men of Ibrahim's party that had been left as hostages were quartered at this village with Kamrasi. Hardly had the firing commenced, when it was immediately replied to by the Turks from their camp, who, upon our approach, came out to meet us with great manifestations of delight and wonder at our having accomplished our long and difficult voyage.

My vakeel and Yaseen were the first to meet us, with an apology that severe fever had compelled them to remain in camp instead of returning to Shooa Morū according to my orders, but they had delivered my message to Kamrasi, who had, as I had supposed, sent two leaves out of a book Speke had given him, as a reply. An immense amount of news had to be exchanged between my men and those of Ibrahim; they had quite given us up for lost, until they heard that we were at Shooa Morū. A report had reached them that my wife was dead, and that I had died a few days later. A great amount of kissing and embracing took place, Arab fashion, between the two parties; and they all came to kiss my hand and that of my wife, with the exclamation, that "By Allah, no woman in the world had a heart so tough as to dare to face what she had gone through." "El hamd el Illah! El hamd el Illah bel salaam!" ("Thank God—be grateful to God"), was exclaimed on all sides by the swarthy throng of brigands who pressed round us, really glad to welcome us back again; and I could not help thinking of the difference in their manner now and fourteen months ago, when they had attempted to drive us back from Gondokoro.

On entering the village I found a hut prepared for me by

the orders of my vakeel: it was very small, and I immediately ordered a fence and courtyard to be constructed. There were great numbers of natives, and a crowd of noisy fellows pressed around us that were only dispersed by a liberal allowance of the stick, well laid on by the Turks, who were not quite so mild in their ways as my people. A fat ox was immediately slaughtered by the vakeel commanding the 'Turks' party, and a great feast was soon in preparation, as our people were determined to fraternize.

Hardly were we seated in our hut, when my vakeel announced that Kamrasi had arrived to pay me a visit. In a few minutes he was ushered into the hut. Far from being abashed, he entered with a loud laugh totally different to his former dignified manner. "Well, here you are at last!" he exclaimed. Apparently highly amused with our wretched appearance, he continued, "So you have been to the M'wootan N'zige! well, you don't look much the better for it; why, I should not have known you! ha, ha, ha!" I was not in a humour to enjoy his attempts at facetiousness; I therefore told him, that he had behaved disgracefully and meanly, and that I should publish his character among the adjoining tribes as below that of the most petty chief that I had ever seen. "Never mind," he replied, "it's all over now; you really are thin, both of you; it was your own fault, why did you not agree to fight Fowooka? You should have been supplied with fat cows and milk and butter, had you behaved well. I will have my men ready to attack Fowooka to-morrow; the Turks have ten men; you have thirteen; thirteen and ten make twenty-three; you shall be carried if you can't walk, and we will give Fowooka no chance—he must be killed—only kill him, and MY BROTHER will give you half of his kingdom." He continued, "You shall have supplies to-morrow; I will go to my *brother*, who is the great M'Kamma

Kamrasi, and he will send you all you require. I am a little man, he is a big one; I have nothing; he has everything, and he longs to see you; you must go to him directly, he lives close by." I hardly knew whether he was drunk or sober—"my brother the great M'Kamma Kamrasi!" I felt bewildered with astonishment; then, "If you are not Kamrasi, pray who are you?" I asked. "Who am I?" he replied, "ha, ha, ha! that's very good; who am I?—why, I am M'Gambi, the brother of Kamrasi—I am the younger brother, but *he is the King*."

The deceit of this country was incredible—I had positively never seen the real Kamrasi up to this moment, and this man M'Gambi now confessed to having impersonated the king his brother, as Kamrasi was afraid that I might be in league with Debono's people to murder him, and therefore he had ordered his brother M'Gambi to act the king.

I now remembered, that the woman Bacheeta had on several occasions during the journey told us that the Kamrasi we had seen was not the true M'Kamma Kamrasi, but at the time I had paid little attention to her, as she was constantly grumbling, and I imagined that this was merely said in ill temper, referring to her murdered master Sali as the rightful king.

I called the vakeel of the Turks, Eddrees: he said, that he also had heard long since that M'Gambi was not Kamrasi as we had all supposed, but that he had never seen the great king, as M'Gambi had always acted as viceroy; he confirmed the accounts I had just received, that the real Kamrasi was not far from this village, the name of which was "Kisoona." I told M'Gambi that I did not wish to see his brother the king, as I should perhaps be again deceived and be introduced to some impostor like himself; and that as I did not choose to be made a fool of, I should decline the introduc-

tion. This distressed him exceedingly; he said, that the "king was really so great a man that he, his own brother, dared not sit on a stool in his presence, and that he had only kept in retirement as a matter of precaution, as Debono's people had allied themselves with his enemy Rionga in the preceding year and he dreaded treachery." I laughed contemptuously at M'Gambi, telling him that if a woman like my wife dared to trust herself far from her own country among such savages as Kamrasi's people, their king must be weaker than a woman if he dare not show himself in his own territory. I concluded by saying, that I should not go to see Kamrasi, but that he should come to visit me. M'Gambi promised to send a good cow on the following morning, as we had not tasted milk for some months, and we were in great want of strengthening food. He took his leave, having received a small present of minute beads of various colours.

I could not help wondering at the curious combination of pride and abject cowardice that had been displayed by the redoubted Kamrasi ever since our first entrance to his territory. Speke when at Gondokoro had told me how he had been kept waiting for fifteen days before the king had condescended to see him. I now understood that this delay had been occasioned more by fear than pride, and that, in his cowardice, the king fell back upon his dignity as an excuse for absenting himself.

With the addition of the Turks' party we were now twenty-four armed men. Although they had not seen the real king Kamrasi, they had been well treated since Ibrahim's departure, having received each a present of a young slave girl as a wife, while, as a distinguishing mark of royal favour, the vakeel Eddrees had received two wives instead of one; they had also received regular supplies of flour and beef—the latter in the shape of a fat ox presented

every seventh day, together with a liberal supply of plantain cider.

On the following morning after my arrival at Kisoona, M'Gambi appeared, beseeching me to go and visit the king. I replied that "I was hungry and weak from want of food, and that I wanted to see meat, and not the man who had starved me." In the afternoon a beautiful cow appeared with her young calf, also a fat sheep, and two pots of plantain cider, as a present from Kamrasi. That evening we revelled in milk, a luxury that we had not tasted for some months. The cow gave such a quantity that we looked forward to the establishment of a dairy, and already contemplated cheese-making. I sent the king a present of a pound of powder in canister, a box of caps, and a variety of trifles, explaining that I was quite out of stores and presents, as I had been kept so long in this country that I was reduced to beggary, as I had expected to have returned to my own country long before this.

In the evening, M'Gambi appeared with a message from the king, saying that I was his greatest friend, and that he would not think of taking anything from me, as he was sure that I must be hard up; that he desired nothing, but would be much obliged if I would give him the "little double rifle that I always carried, and my watch, and compass!" He wanted "*nothing*," only my Fletcher rifle, that I would as soon have parted with as the bone of my arm: and these three articles were the same for which I had been so pertinaciously bored before my departure from M'rooli. It was of no use to be wroth; I, therefore, quietly replied that "I should not give them, as Kamrasi had failed in his promise to forward me to Shooa; but that I required no presents from him, as he always expected a thousandfold in return." M'Gambi said that all would be right if I would only agree to pay the king a visit. I objected to this, as I

told him the king, his brother, did not want to see me, but only to observe what I had, in order to beg for all that he saw. He appeared much hurt, and assured me that he would be himself responsible that nothing of the kind should happen, and that he merely begged as a favour that I would visit the king on the following morning, and that people should be ready to carry me if I were unable to walk. Accordingly I arranged to be carried to Kamrasi's camp at about 8 A.M.

At the hour appointed M'Gambi appeared, with a great crowd of natives. My clothes were in rags, and as personal appearance has a certain effect, even in Central Africa, I determined to present myself to the king in as favourable a light as possible. I happened to possess a full-dress Highland suit that I had worn when I lived in Perthshire many years ago; this I had treasured as serviceable upon an occasion like the present—accordingly I was quickly attired in kilt, sporran, and Glengarry bonnet, and to the utter amazement of the crowd, the ragged-looking object that had arrived in Kisoona now issued from the obscure hut, with plaid and kilt of Athole tartan. A general shout of exclamation arose from the assembled crowd; and taking my seat upon an angarep, I was immediately shouldered by a number of men, and attended by ten of my people as escort, I was carried towards the camp of the great Kamrasi.

In about half an hour we arrived. The camp composed of grass huts extended over a large extent of ground, and the approach was perfectly black with the throng that crowded to meet me. Women, children, dogs, and men all thronged at the entrance of the street that led to Kamrasi's residence. Pushing our way through this inquisitive multitude, we continued through the camp until at length we reached the dwelling of the king. Halting for the

moment, a message was immediately received that we should proceed; we accordingly entered through a narrow passage between high reed fences, and I found myself in the presence of the actual king of Unyoro, Kamrasi. He was sitting in a kind of porch in front of a hut, and upon seeing me he hardly condescended to look at me for more than a moment; he then turned to his attendants and made some remark that appeared to amuse them, as they all grinned as little men are wont to do when a great man makes a bad joke.

I had ordered one of my men to carry my stool; I was determined not to sit upon the earth, as the king would glory in my humiliation. M'Gambi, his brother, who had formerly played the part of king, now sat upon the ground a few feet from Kamrasi, who was seated upon the same stool of copper that M'Gambi had used when I first saw him at M'rooli. Several of his chiefs also sat upon the straw with which the porch was littered. I made a "salaam," and took my seat upon my stool. Not a word passed between us for about five minutes, during which time the king eyed me most attentively, and made various remarks to the chiefs who were present; at length he asked me why I had not been to see him before? I replied, "Because I had been starved in his country, and I was too weak to walk." He said—I should soon be strong, as he would now give me a good supply of food, but that he could not send provisions to Shooa Morū, as Fowooka held that country. Without replying to this wretched excuse for his neglect, I merely told him that I was happy to have seen him before my departure, as I was not aware until recently that I had been duped by M'Gambi. He answered me very coolly, saying that although I had not seen him he had nevertheless seen me, as he was among the crowd of native escort on the day that we left M'rooli. Thus he had

watched our start at the very place where his brother M'Gambi had impersonated the king.

Kamrasi was a remarkably fine man, tall and well proportioned, with a handsome face of a dark brown colour, but a peculiarly sinister expression; he was beautifully clean, and instead of wearing the bark cloth common among the people, he was dressed in a fine mantle of black and white goat skins, as soft as chamois leather. His people sat on the ground at some distance from his throne; when they approached to address him on any subject they crawled upon their hands and knees to his feet, and touched the ground with their foreheads.

True to his natural instincts, the king commenced begging, and being much struck with the Highland costume, he demanded it as a proof of friendship, saying, that if I refused I could not be his friend. The watch, compass, and double Fletcher rifle were asked for in their turn, all of which I refused to give him. He appeared much annoyed, therefore I presented him with a pound canister of powder, a box of caps, and a few bullets. He replied, "What's the use of the ammunition if you won't give me your rifle?" I explained that I had already given him a gun, and that he had a rifle of Speke's. Disgusted with his importunity I rose to depart, telling him, that "I should not return to visit him, as I did not believe he was the real Kamrasi. I had heard that Kamrasi was a great king, but that he was a mere beggar, and was doubtless an impostor, like M'Gambi." At this he seemed highly amused, and begged me not to leave so suddenly, as he could not permit me to depart empty handed. He then gave certain orders to his people, and after a little delay, two loads of flour arrived, together with a goat and two jars of sour plantain cider. These presents he ordered to be forwarded to Kisoona. I rose to take leave, but the crowd, eager to see what was

going forward, pressed closely upon the entrance of the approach; seeing which, the king gave certain orders, and immediately four or five men with long heavy bludgeons rushed at the mob and belaboured them right and left, putting the mass to flight *pêle-mêle* through the narrow lanes of the camp.

I was then carried back to my camp at Kisoona, where I was received by a great crowd of people.

CHAPTER XIV

AT HOME IN KISOONA

It appeared that Kisoona was to be head-quarters until I should have an opportunity of quitting the country for Shooa. Therefore I constructed a comfortable little hut surrounded by a court-yard strongly fenced, in which I arranged a Rakooaba, or open shed, in which to sit during the hottest hours of the day.

My cow that I had received from Kamrasi gave plenty of milk, and every second day we were enabled to make a small cheese about the size of a six-pound cannon-shot. The abundance of milk made a rapid change in our appearance; and Kisoona, although a place of complete "ennui," was a delightful change after the privations of the last four months. Every week the king sent me an ox and a quantity of flour for myself and people, and the whole party grew fat. We used the milk native fashion, never drinking it until curdled; taken in this form it will agree with the most delicate stomach, but if used fresh in large quantities it induces biliousness. The young girls of thirteen and fourteen that are the wives of the king are not appreciated unless extremely fat—they are subjected to a regular system of fattening in order to increase their charms; thus at an early age they are compelled to drink daily about a gallon of curdled milk, the swallowing of which is frequently enforced by the whip; the result is extreme obesity. In hot climates milk will curdle in two or three hours if placed in a vessel that has previously contained sour milk. When

curdled, it should be well beaten together until it assumes the appearance of cream; in this state, if seasoned with a little salt, it is most nourishing and easy of digestion. The Arabs invariably use it in this manner and improve it by the addition of red pepper. The natives of Unyoro will not eat red pepper, as they believe that men and women become barren by its use.

Although the fever had so completely taken possession of me that I was subject to an attack almost daily, the milk fattened me extremely, and kept up my strength, which otherwise must have failed. The change from starvation to good food produced a marvellous effect. Curious as it may appear, although we were in a land of plantains, the ripe fruit was in the greatest scarcity. The natives invariably eat them unripe, the green fruit when boiled being a fair substitute for potatoes—the ripe plantains were used for brewing plantain cider, but they were never eaten. The method of cider-making was simple. The fruit was buried in a deep hole and covered with straw and earth; at the expiration of about eight days the green plantains thus interred had become ripe; they were then peeled and pulped within a large wooden trough resembling a canoe; this was filled with water, and the pulp being well mashed and stirred, it was left to ferment for two days, after which time it was fit to drink.

Throughout the country of Unyoro, plantains in various forms were the staple article of food upon which the inhabitants placed more dependance than upon all other crops. The green plantains were not only used as potatoes, but when peeled they were cut in thin slices and dried in the sun until crisp; in this state they were stored in the granaries, and when required for use they were boiled into a pulp and made into a most palatable soup or stew. Flour of plantains was remarkably good; this was made by

grinding the fruit when dried as described; it was then, as usual with all other articles in that country, most beautifully packed in long narrow parcels, either formed of plantain bark or of the white interior of rushes worked into mats. This bark served as brown paper, but had the advantage of being waterproof. The fibre of the plantain formed both thread and cord, thus the principal requirements of the natives were supplied by this most useful tree. The natives were exceedingly clever in working braid from the plantain fibre, which was of so fine a texture that it had the appearance of a hair chain, nor could the difference be detected without a close examination. Small bags netted with the same twine were most delicate, and in all that was produced in Unyoro there was a remarkably good taste displayed in the manufacture.

The beads most valued were the white opal, the red porcelain, and the minute varieties generally used for working on screens in England; these small beads* of various colours were much esteemed, and were worked into pretty ornaments, about the shape of a walnut, to be worn suspended from the neck. I had a small quantity of the latter variety that I presented to Kamrasi, who prized them as we should value precious stones.

Not only were the natives clever generally in their ideas, but they were exceedingly cunning in their bargains. Every morning shortly after sunrise, men might be heard crying their wares throughout the camp—such as “Tobacco, tobacco; two packets going for either beads or simbis!” (cowrie shells). “Milk to sell for beads or salt!” “Salt to exchange for lance heads!” “Coffee, coffee, going cheap for red beads!” “Butter for five jenettos (red beads) a lump!”

The butter was invariably packed in a plantain leaf, but

* These were given to me by Speke at Gondokoro.

frequently the package was plastered with cow-dung and clay, which, when dry, formed a hard coating, and protected it from the air; this gave it a bad flavour, and we returned it to the dealer as useless. A short time after, he returned with fresh butter in a perfectly new green leaf, and we were requested to taste it. Being about the size and shape of a cocoanut, and wrapped carefully in a leaf with only the point exposed, I of course tasted from that portion, and approving the flavour, the purchase was completed. We were fairly cheated, as the butter dealer had packed the old rejected butter in a fresh leaf, and had placed a small piece of sweet butter on the top as a tasting point. They constantly attempted this trick.

As retailers they took extraordinary pains to divide everything into minimum packets, which they sold for a few beads, always declaring that they had only one packet to dispose of, but immediately producing another when that was sold. This method of dealing was exceedingly troublesome, as it was difficult to obtain supplies in any quantity. My only resource was to send Saat to market daily to purchase all he could find, and he usually returned after some hours' absence with a basket containing coffee, tobacco, and butter.

We were comfortably settled at Kisoona, and the luxury of coffee after so long an abstinence was a perfect blessing. Nevertheless, in spite of good food, I was a martyr to fever, which attacked me daily at about 2 P.M. and continued until sunset. Being without quinine I tried vapour baths, and by the recommendation of one of the Turks I pounded and boiled a quantity of the leaves of the castor-oil plant in a large pot containing about four gallons: this plant was in great abundance. Every morning I arranged a bath by sitting in a blanket, thus forming a kind of tent with the pot of boiling water beneath my stool. Half an hour

passed in this intense heat produced a most profuse perspiration, and from the commencement of the vapour system the attacks of fever moderated both in violence and frequency. In about a fortnight, the complaint had so much abated that my spirits rose in equal proportion, and, although weak, I had no mortal fear of my old enemy.

The king, Kamrasi, had supplied me with provisions, but I was troubled daily by messengers who requested me to appear before him to make arrangements for the proposed attack upon Rionga and Fowooka. My excuse for non-attendance was my weak state; but Kamrasi determined not to be evaded, and one day his headman Quonga announced that the king would pay me a visit on the following morning. Although I had but little remaining from my stock of baggage except the guns, ammunition, and astronomical instruments, I was obliged to hide everything underneath the beds, lest the avaricious eyes of Kamrasi should detect a "want." True to his appointment, he appeared with numerous attendants, and was ushered into my little hut. I had a very rude but serviceable arm-chair that one of my men had constructed; in this the king was invited to sit. Hardly was he seated, when he leant back, stretched out his legs, and making some remark to his attendants concerning his personal comfort, he asked for the chair as a present. I promised to have one made for him immediately. This being arranged, he surveyed the barren little hut, vainly endeavouring to fix his eyes upon something that he could demand; but so fruitless was his search, that he laughingly turned to his people and said, "How was it that they wanted so many porters, if they have nothing to carry?" My interpreter explained that many things had been spoiled during the storms on the lake, and had been left behind; that our

provisions had long since been consumed, and that our clothes were worn out—thus we had nothing left but a few beads. "New varieties, no doubt," he replied; "give me all that you have of the small blue and the large red!" We had carefully hidden the main stock, and a few had been arranged in bags to be produced as the occasion might require; these were now unpacked by the boy Saat and laid before the king. I told him to make his choice, which he did precisely as I had anticipated, by making presents to his surrounding friends out of my stock, and monopolizing the remainder for his share: the division of the portions among his people was a modest way of taking the whole, as he would immediately demand their return upon quitting my hut. No sooner were the beads secured than he repeated the original demand for my watch and the No. 24 double rifle; these I resolutely refused. He then requested permission to see the contents of a few of the baskets and bags that formed our worn-out luggage. There was nothing that took his fancy except needles, thread, lancets, medicines, and a small tooth-comb; the latter interested him exceedingly, as I explained that the object of the Turks in collecting ivory was to sell it to Europeans who manufactured it into many articles, among which were small tooth-combs such as he then examined. He could not understand how the teeth could be so finely cut. Upon the use of the comb being explained, he immediately attempted to practise upon his woolly head; failing in the operation, he adapted the instrument to a different purpose, and commenced scratching beneath the wool most vigorously: the effect being satisfactory, he at once demanded the comb, which was handed to each of the surrounding chiefs all of whom had a trial of its properties, and, every head having been scratched, it was returned to the king, who handed it to Quonga, the headman that received his

presents. So complete was the success of the comb that he proposed to send me one of the largest elephant's tusks, which I was to take to England and cut into as many small tooth-combs as it would produce for himself and his chiefs.

The lancets were next admired, and were declared to be admirably adapted for paring his nails—they were therefore presented to him. Then came the investigation of the medicine chest, and every bottle was applied to his nose, and a small quantity of the contents was requested. On the properties of tartar-emetic being explained, he proposed to swallow a dose immediately, as he had been suffering from headache, but as he was some distance from home I advised him to postpone the dose until his return; I accordingly made up about a dozen powders, one of which (three grains) he was to take that evening.

The concave mirror, our last looking-glass, was then discovered; the distortion of face it produced was a great amusement, and after it had been repeatedly handed round, it was added to his presents. More gunpowder was demanded, and a pound canister and a box of caps were presented to him, but I positively refused the desired bullets.

To change the conversation, I inquired whether he or any of his people knew from whence their race originated, as their language and appearance was totally different to the tribes that I had visited from the north. He told me that he knew his grandfather, whose name was Cherrybambi, but that he knew nothing of the history of the country, except that it had formerly been a very extensive kingdom, and that Uganda and Utumbi had been comprised in the country of Kitwara with Unyoro and Chopi. The kingdom of Kitwara extended from the frontier of Karagwé to the Victoria Nile at Magungo, and Karuma, bounded on all

sides but the south by that river and the Victoria and the Albert Lakes; the latter lake forming the western frontier. During the reign of Cherrybambi, the province of Utumbi revolted, and not only became independent, but drove Cherrybambi from Uganda across the Kafoor river to Unyoro. This revolt continued until Cherrybambi's death, when the father of M'tesé (the present king of Uganda), who was a native of Utumbi, attacked and conquered Uganda and became king. From that time there has been continual war between Uganda and Unyoro, or, as Kamrasi calls his kingdom, Kitwara, that being the ancient name: to the present day, M'tesé, the king of Uganda, is one of his greatest enemies. It was in vain that I attempted to trace his descent from the Gallas; both upon this and other occasions he and his people denied all knowledge of their ancient history.

He informed me that Chopi had also revolted after the death of Cherrybambi, and that he had reconquered it only ten or twelve years ago, but that even now the natives were not to be trusted, as many had leagued with Fowooka and Rionga, whose desire was to annex Chopi and to form a separate kingdom: these chiefs had possession of the river islands, which strongholds it was impossible to attack without guns, as the rapids were so dangerous that canoes could only approach by a certain passage.

Kamrasi expressed his determination to kill both of the refractory chiefs, as he would have no rest during their lives; he disclaimed all relationship with Rionga, who had been represented to Speke as his brother, and he concluded by requesting me to assist him in an attack upon the river islands, promising that if I should kill Fowooka and Rionga he would give me a large portion of his territory.

He suggested that I should stand upon a high cliff that commanded Fowooka's island; from that point I could pick

off not only the chief, but all his people, by firing steadily with the little double 24 rifle; he continued even farther, that if I were too ill to go myself, I should *lend* him my little Fletcher 24 rifle, give him my men to assist his army, and he would pick off Rionga himself from the cliff above the river: this was his mild way of securing the rifle which he had coveted ever since my arrival in his country. I told him plainly that I could not mix myself up with his quarrels; that I travelled with only one object, of doing good, and that I would harm no one unless in self-defence, therefore I could not be the aggressor; but that should Fwooka and Rionga attack his position I should be most happy to lend my aid to repel them. Far from appreciating my ideas of fair play, he immediately rose from his chair, and without taking leave he walked out of the hut attended by his people.

The next morning I heard that he had considered himself poisoned by the tartar-emetic, but that he was now well.

From that day I received no supplies for myself or people, as the king was affronted. A week passed away, and I was obliged to purchase meat and flour from Eddrees, the lieutenant who commanded the 'Turks' party of nine men. I gave this man a double-barrelled gun, and he behaved well.

One day I was lying upon my bed with a fit of ague, when it was reported that four men had arrived from M'tesé, the king of Uganda, who wished to see me.

Unfortunately my vakeel delayed the men for so long that they departed, promising to return again, having obtained from my people all information concerning me: these were spies from the king of Uganda, whose object at that time was unknown to us.

The weeks passed slowly at Kisoona, as there was a tedious monotony in the lack of incident; every day was a repetition of the preceding. My time was passed in

keeping a regular journal; mapping; and in writing letters to friends in England, although there was no communication. This task afforded the greatest pleasure, as I could thus converse in imagination with those far away. The thought frequently occurred to me that they might no longer exist, and that the separation of years might be the parting for ever; nevertheless there was a melancholy satisfaction at thus blankly corresponding with those whom I had loved in former years. Thus the time slowly ebbed away; the maps were perfected; information that I had received was confirmed by the repeated examination of natives, and a few little black children who were allowed to run about our court-yard like so many puppies, afforded a study of the African savage in *embryo*. This monotony was shortly disturbed.

At about 9 P.M. one night we were suddenly disturbed by a tremendous din—hundreds of nogaras were beating, horns blowing, and natives screaming in all directions. I immediately jumped out of bed, and buckling on my belt I took my rifle and left the hut. The village was alive with people all dressed for war, and bearded with cows' tails, dancing and rushing about with shields and spears, attacking imaginary enemies. Bacheeta informed me that Fowooka's people had crossed the Nile and were within three hours' march of Kisoona, accompanied by a *hundred and fifty* of Debono's trading party, the same that had formerly attacked Kamrasi in the preceding year in company with Rionga's people. It was reported, that having crossed the Nile they were marching direct on Kisoona with the intention of attacking the country and of killing Kamrasi. M'Gambi, the brother of Kamrasi, whose hut was only twenty yards distant, immediately came to me with the news: he was in a great state of alarm, and was determined to run off to the king immediately to

recommend his flight. After some time I succeeded in convincing him that this was unnecessary, and that I might be of great service in this dilemma if Kamrasi would come personally to me early on the following morning.

The sun had just risen, when the king unceremoniously marched into my hut; he was no longer the dignified monarch of Kitwara clothed in a beautiful mantle of fine skins, but he wore nothing but a short kilt of blue baize that Speke had given him, and a scarf thrown across his shoulders. He was dreadfully alarmed, and could hardly be persuaded to leave his weapons outside the door, according to the custom of the country—these were three lances and a double-barrelled rifle that had been given him by Speke. I was much amused at his trepidation, and observing the curious change in his costume, I complimented him upon the practical cut of his dress, that was better adapted for fighting than the long and cumbrous mantle. "*Fighting!*" he exclaimed, with the horror of "Bob Acres," "I am not going to fight! I have dressed lightly to be able to run quickly. I mean to run away! Who can fight against guns? Those people have one hundred and fifty guns; you must run with me; we can do nothing against them; you have only thirteen men; Eddrees has only ten; what can twenty-three do against a *hundred and fifty*? Pack up your things and run; we must be off into the high grass and hide, at once; the enemy is expected every moment!"

I never saw a man in such a deplorable state of abject fright, and I could not help laughing aloud at the miserable coward who represented a kingdom. Calling my headman, I ordered him to hoist the English ensign on my tall flag-staff in the court-yard. In a few moments the old flag was waving in a brisk breeze and floating over my little hut. There is something that warms the heart in the sight of the

Union Jack when thousands of miles away from the old country. I now explained to Kamrasi that both he and his country were under the protection of that flag, which was the emblem of England; and that so long as he trusted to me, although I had refused to join him in attacking Fowooka, he should see that I was his true ally, as I would defend him against all attacks. I told him to send a large quantity of supplies into my camp, and to procure guides immediately, as I should send some of my men without delay to the enemy's camp with a message to the vakeel of Debono's party. Slightly reassured by this arrangement, he called Quonga, and ordered him to procure two of his chiefs to accompany my men. The best of his men, Cassavé, appeared immediately; this was a famous fellow who had always been civil and anxious to do his duty both to his master and to me. I summoned Eddrees, and ordered him to send four of his men with an equal number of mine to the camp of Fowooka, to make a report of the invading force, and to see whether it was true that Debono's people were arrived as invaders. In half an hour from the receipt of my order, the party started—eight well-armed men accompanied by about twenty natives of Kamrasi's with two days' provisions. Kisoona was about ten miles from the Victoria Nile.

At about 5 p.m. on the following day my men returned, accompanied by ten men and a choush, or sergeant, of Debono's party; they had determined to prove whether I was actually in the country, as they had received a report some months ago that both my wife and I were dead; they imagined that the men that I had sent to their camp were those of the rival party belonging to Ibrahim, who wished to drive them out of Kamrasi's country by using my name. However, they were now undeceived, as the first object that met their view was the English flag on the high flag-

staff, and they were shortly led into my court-yard, where they were introduced to me in person. They sat in a half-circle around me.

Assuming great authority, I asked them how they could presume to attack a country under the protection of the British flag? I informed them that Unyoro belonged to me by right of discovery, and that I had given Ibrahim the exclusive right to the produce of that country on the condition that he should do nothing contrary to the will of the reigning king, Kamrasi; that Ibrahim had behaved well; that I had been guided to the lake and had returned, and that we were now actually fed by the king; and we were suddenly invaded by Turkish subjects in connexion with a hostile tribe who thus insulted the English flag. I explained to them that I should not only resist any attack that might be made upon Kamrasi, but that I should report the whole affair to the Turkish authorities upon my return to Khartoum; and that, should a shot be fired or a slave be stolen in Kamrasi's country, the leader of their party, Mahommed Wat-el-Mek, would be hanged.

They replied that they were not aware that I was in the country; that they were allies of Fowooka, Rionga, and Owine, the three hostile chiefs; that they had received both ivory and slaves from them on condition that they should kill Kamrasi; and that, according to the custom of the White Nile trade, they had agreed to these conditions. They complained that it was very hard upon them to march six days through an uninhabited wilderness between their station at Faloro and Fowooka's islands and to return empty handed. In reply I told them, that they should carry a letter from me to their vakeel Mahommed, in which I should give him twelve hours from the receipt of my order to re-cross the river with his entire party and their allies and quit Kamrasi's country.

They demurred to this alternative ; but I shortly settled their objections, by ordering my vakeel to write the necessary letter, and desiring them to start before sunrise on the following morning. Kamrasi had been suspicious that I had sent for Mahommed's party to invade him because he had kept me starving at Shooa Morū instead of forwarding me to Shooa as he had promised. This suspicion placed me in an awkward position ; I therefore called M'Gambi (his brother) in presence of the Turks, and explained the whole affair face to face, desiring Mahommed's people themselves to explain to him that they would retire from the country simply because I commanded them to do so, but that, had I not been there, they would have attacked him. This they repeated with a very bad grace, boasting, at the completion, that, were it not for me, they would shoot M'Gambi where he stood at that moment. The latter, fully aware of their good intentions, suddenly disappeared. . . . My letter to Mahommed was delivered to Suleiman Choush, the leader of his party, and I ordered a sheep to be killed for their supper. . . . At sunrise on the following morning they all departed, accompanied by six of my men, who were to bring a reply to my letter. These people had two donkeys, and just as they were starting, a crowd of natives made a rush to gather a heap of dung that lay beneath the animals ; a great fight and tussle took place for the possession of this valuable medicine, in the midst of which the donkey lifted up his voice and brayed so lustily that the crowd rushed away with more eagerness than they had exhibited on arriving, alarmed at the savage voice of the unknown animal. It appeared that the dung of the donkey rubbed upon the skin was supposed to be a cure for rheumatism, and that this rare specific was brought from a distant country in the East where such animals existed.

CHAPTER XV

KAMRASI BEGS FOR THE BRITISH FLAG

KAMRASI, thus freed from his invaders, was almost stupefied with astonishment. He immediately paid me a visit, and as he entered the court-yard he stopped to look at the flag that was gaily fluttering above him, as though it were a talisman. He inquired "why the Turks were awed by an apparent trifle." I explained that the flag was well known, and might be seen in every part of the world; wherever it was hoisted it was respected, as he had just witnessed, even at so great a distance from home and unsupported, as in Unyoro.

Seizing the opportunity, he demanded it, saying, "What shall I do when you leave my country and take that with you? These Turks will surely return. Give me the flag, and they will be afraid to attack me!" I was obliged to explain to him that "the respect for the British ensign had not been gained by running away on the approach of danger as he had proposed on the arrival of the enemy, and that its honour could not be confided to any stranger." True to his uncontrollable instinct of begging, he replied, "If you cannot give me the flag, give me at least that little double-barrelled rifle that you do not require as you are going home; then I can defend myself should the Turks attack me."

I was excessively disgusted; he had just been saved by my intervention, and his manner of thanking me was by begging most pertinaciously for the rifle that I had refused

him on more than twenty occasions. I requested him never to mention the subject again, as I would not part with it under any circumstances. Just at this moment I heard an uproar outside my gate, and loud screams, attended with heavy blows. A man was dragged past the entrance of the court-yard bound hand and foot, and was immediately cudgelled to death by a crowd of natives. This operation continued for some minutes, until his bones had been thoroughly broken up by the repeated blows of clubs. The body was dragged to a grove of plantains, and was there left for the vultures, who in a few minutes congregated around it.

It appeared that the offence thus summarily punished was the simple act of conversing with some of the natives who had attended Mahommed's men from Fowooka's island to Kisoona: a conversation with one of the enemy was considered high treason, and was punished with immediate death. In such cases where either Kamrasi or his brother M'Gambi determined upon the sudden execution of a criminal, the signal was given by touching the condemned with the point of a lance: this sign was the order that was immediately obeyed by the guards who were in attendance, and the culprit was beaten to death upon the spot. Sometimes the condemned was touched by a stick instead of a lance point; this was a signal that he should be killed by the lance, and the sentence was carried out by thrusting him through the body with numerous spears—thus the instrument used to slay the criminal was always contrary to the sign.

On the day following this event, drums were beating, horns blowing, and crowds of natives were singing and dancing in all directions; pots of plantain cider were distributed, and general festivities proclaimed the joy of the people at the news that Mahommed's party had

retreated across the river, according to their agreement with me. My men had returned with a letter from Mahommed, stating that he was neither afraid of Ibrahim's people nor of Kamrasi, but that as I claimed the country, he must retire. Not only had he retired with his thwarted allies, but disgusted at the failure of his expedition, he had quarrelled with Fowooka, and had plundered him of all his cattle, together with a number of slaves; this termination of the affair had so delighted Kamrasi that he had ordered general rejoicings: he killed a number of oxen, and distributed them among his people, and intoxicated half the country with presents of maroua, or the plantain cider.

Altogether Mahommed, the vakeel of Debono, had behaved well to me in this affair, although rather shabbily to his allies: he sent me six pieces of soap, and a few strings of blue beads and jenettos (red glass beads) as a proof that he parted with no ill feeling.

Hardly were the Turks in retreat when Kamrasi determined to give the finishing stroke to his enemies. He sent great quantities of ivory to the camp, and one evening his people laid about twenty tusks at my door, begging me to count them. I told him to give the ivory to Ibrahim's men, as I required nothing; but that should Ibrahim find a large quantity ready for him on his return to the country, he would do anything that he might desire.

A few days later, whole lines of porters arrived, carrying enormous elephants' tusks to Eddrees, the vakeel. Early the next morning, Kamrasi's entire army arrived laden with provisions, each man carrying about 40 lbs. of flour in a package upon his head. The Turks' party of ten men joined them, and I heard that an attack was meditated upon Fowooka.

A few days after the expedition had started, the Turks and about 1,000 natives returned. Kamrasi was overjoyed;

they had gained a complete victory, having entirely routed Fowooka, and not only captured the islands and massacred the greater number of the inhabitants, but they had captured all the wives of the rebel chiefs, together with a number of inferior slaves, and a herd of goats that had fortunately escaped the search of Mahommed's retreating party. Fowooka and Owine had escaped by crossing to the northern shore, but their power was irretrievably ruined, their villages plundered and burned, and their women and children captured.

A number of old women had been taken in the general razzia; these could not walk sufficiently fast to keep up with their victors during the return march, they had accordingly all been killed on the road as being cumbersome: in every case they were killed by being beaten on the back of the neck with a club. Such were the brutalities indulged in.

On the following morning I went to visit the captives; the women were sitting in an open shed, apparently much dejected. I examined the hands of about fourteen, all of which were well shaped and beautifully soft, proving that they were women of high degree who never worked laboriously: they were for the most part remarkably good looking, of soft and pleasing expression, dark brown complexion, fine noses, woolly hair, and good figures, precisely similar to the general style of women in Chopi and Unyoro.

Among the captives was a woman with a most beautiful child, a boy about twelve months old; all these were slaves, and the greater number were in a most pitiable state, being perfectly unfit for labour, having been accustomed to luxury as the women of chiefs of high position. Curiously enough, the woman Bacheeta, who had accompanied us to visit these unfortunate captives, now recognised her former mistress, who was the wife of the murdered Sali; she had been captured with the wives and daughters of Rionga,

Bacheeta immediately fell on her knees and crept towards her on all fours, precisely as the subjects of Kamrasi were accustomed to approach his throne. Sali had held as high a position as Fowooka, and had been treacherously killed by Kamrasi at M'rooli in the presence of Bacheeta. At that time peace had been established between Kamrasi and the three great chiefs, who were invited to a conference at M'rooli with a treacherous design on the part of the king. Hardly had they arrived, when Rionga was seized by Kamrasi's orders, and confined in a circular hut with high mud walls and no doorway; the prisoner was hoisted up and lowered down through an aperture in the roof. He was condemned to be burnt alive on the following morning for some imaginary offence, while Sali and Fowooka were to be either pardoned or murdered, as circumstances might dictate. Sali was a great friend of Rionga, and determined to rescue him; accordingly he plied the guards with drink, and engaged them in singing throughout the night on one side of the prison, while his men burrowed like rabbits beneath the wall on the opposite side, and rescued Rionga, who escaped.

Sali showed extreme folly in remaining at M'rooli, and Kamrasi, suspicious of his complicity, immediately ordered him to be seized and cut to pieces: he was accordingly tied to a stake, and tortured by having his limbs cut off piece-meal—the hands being first severed at the wrists, and the arms at the elbow joints. Bacheeta was an eye-witness of this horrible act, and testified to the courage of Sali, who, while under the torture, cried out to his friends in the crowd, warning them to fly and save themselves, as he was a dead man, and they would share his fate should they remain. Some escaped, including Fowooka, but many were massacred on the spot, and the woman Bacheeta was captured by Kamrasi and subsequently sent by him to the Turks'

camp at Faloro, as already described. From that day unremitting warfare was carried on between Kamrasi and the island chiefs; the climax was their defeat, and the capture of their women, through the assistance of the Turks.

Kamrasi's delight at the victory knew no bounds; ivory poured into the camp, and a hut was actually filled with elephants' tusks of the largest size. Eddrees, the leader of the Turks' party, knowing that the victory was gained by the aid of his guns, refused to give up the captives to the demand of the king, claiming them as prisoners belonging to Ibrahim, and declining any arguments upon the matter until his master should arrive in the country. Kamrasi urged that, although the guns had been of great service, no prisoners could have been captured without the aid of his canoes that had been brought by land, dragged all the way from Karuma by hundreds of his people in readiness for the attack upon the islands.

As usual in all cases of dispute, I was to be referee. Kamrasi sent his factotum Cassavé in the night to my hut to confer with me without the Turks' knowledge; then came his brother, M'Gambi, and at length, after being pestered daily by messengers, the great king arrived in person. He said that Eddrees was excessively insolent, and had threatened to shoot him; that he had insulted him when on his throne surrounded by his chiefs, and that, had he not been introduced into the country by me, he would have killed him and his men on the spot.

I advised Kamrasi not to talk too big, as he had lately seen what only ten guns had effected in the fight with Fowooka, and he might imagine the results that would occur should he even hint at hostility, as the large parties of Ibrahim and the men of Mahommed Wat-el-Mek would immediately unite and destroy both him and his country, and place his now beaten enemy Fowooka upon *his* throne,

should a hair of a Turk's head be missing. The gallant Kamrasi turned almost green at the bare suggestion of this possibility. I advised him not to quarrel about straws, assuring him that, as I had become responsible for the behaviour of the Turks while in his country, he need have no fear; but that, on the other hand, he must be both just and generous. If he would give them a supply of ivory, he might always reckon upon them as valuable allies; but if he attempted to quarrel, they would assuredly destroy his country after my departure. Of course he requested me never to think of leaving him, but to take up my abode for life in Kitwara, promising me all that I should require in addition to a large territory. I replied that the climate did not agree with me, and that nothing would induce me to remain, but that, as the boats would not arrive at Gondokoro for six months (until February), I might as well reside with him as anywhere else. At the same time, I assured him that his professed friendship for me was a delusion, as he only regarded me as a shield between him and danger. After a long conversation, I succeeded in persuading him not to interfere in matters regarding prisoners of war, and to look upon Eddrees only as a vakeel until Ibrahim should arrive. He left my hut promising not to mention the affair again; but the next day he sent Cassavé to Eddrees, demanding two of the prettiest women who were captives. In reply, Eddrees, who was an extremely hot-headed fellow, went straight to Kamrasi, and spoke to him in a most insulting manner, refusing his request. The king immediately rose from his seat and turned his back upon the offender. Off rushed Eddrees, boiling with passion, to his camp, summoned his men well armed, and marched straight towards the residence of Kamrasi to demand satisfaction for the affront. Fortunately, my vakeel brought me the intelligence, and I sent after him, ordering his immediate

return, and declaring that no one should break the peace so long as I was in the country. In about ten minutes, both he and his men slunk back ashamed, mutually accusing each other, as is usual in cases of failure. There was an instance of the madness of these Turks in assuming the offensive, when in the event of a fight, defeat must have been certain. They were positively without ammunition! having fired away all their cartridges except about five rounds for each man in the attack upon Fowooka. Fortunately, this was unknown to Kamrasi. I had a large supply, as my men were never permitted to fire a shot without my special permission.

The party of Turks were now completely in my power. I sent for Eddrees, and also for the king; the latter had already heard from the natives of the approach of the armed Turks, and of my interference. He refused to appear in person, but sent his brother M'Gambi, who was, as usual, the cat's-paw. M'Gambi was highly offended, and declared that Kamrasi had forbidden Eddrees ever to appear again in his presence. I insisted upon Eddrees apologising, and it was resolved that all future negotiations should be carried on through me alone. I suggested that it would be advisable for all parties that a message should be sent without delay to Ibrahim at Shooa, as it was highly necessary that he should be present, as I should not continue responsible for the conduct of the Turks. When I arrived in Unyoro it was with the intention of visiting the lake, and returning immediately. I had been delayed entirely through Kamrasi's orders, and I could not be held responsible for Eddrees; my agreement had been to guarantee the conduct of the Turks under Ibrahim, who was the commander of the party. Eddrees, who, being without ammunition, was now excessively humble and wished for reinforcements, offered to send five men to

Shooa, provided that Kamrasi would allow some natives to accompany them. This did not suit the ideas of the suspicious M'Gambi, who suspected that he intended to misrepresent Kamrasi's conduct to prejudice Ibrahim against him. Accordingly, he declined his offer, but agreed to give porters and guides, should I wish to send any of my men with a letter. This suited my views exactly; I longed to quit Kamrasi's country, as Kisoona was a prison of high grass and inaction, and could I only return to Shooa, I could pass my time pleasantly in a fine open country and healthy climate, with the advantage of being five days' march nearer home than Unyoro. Accordingly, I instructed my vakeel to write a letter to Ibrahim, calling him immediately to Kisoona, informing him that a large quantity of ivory was collected, which, should Eddrees create a disturbance, would be lost. On the following morning, four of my men started for Shooa, accompanied by a number of natives.

Kisoona relapsed into its former monotony—the war with Fowooka being over, the natives, free from care, passed their time in singing and drinking; it was next to impossible to sleep at night, as crowds of people all drunk were yelling in chorus, blowing horns and beating drums from sunset until morning. The women took no part in this amusement, as it was the custom in Unyoro for the men to enjoy themselves in laziness, while the women performed all the labour of the fields. Thus they were fatigued, and glad to rest, while the men passed the night in uproarious merriment. The usual style of singing was a rapid chant delivered as a solo, while at intervals the crowd burst out in a deafening chorus together with the drums and horns; the latter were formed of immense gourds which, growing in a peculiar shape, with long bottle necks, were easily converted into musical (?) instruments. Every now and then a cry of fire in the middle of the night enlivened the *ennui* of our

existence: the huts were littered deep with straw, and the inmates, intoxicated, frequently fell asleep with their huge pipes alight, which, falling in the dry straw, at once occasioned a conflagration. In such cases the flames spread from hut to hut with immense rapidity, and frequently four or five hundred huts in Kamrasi's large camp were destroyed by fire, and rebuilt in a few days. I was anxious concerning my powder, as, in the event of fire, the blaze of the straw hut was so instantaneous that nothing could be saved: should my powder explode I should be entirely defenceless. Accordingly, after a conflagration in my neighbourhood, I insisted upon removing all huts within a circuit of thirty yards of my dwelling; the natives demurring. I at once ordered my men to pull down the houses, and thereby relieved myself from drunken and dangerous neighbours.

Although we had been regularly supplied with beef by the king, we now found it most difficult to procure fowls; the war with Fowooka had occasioned the destruction of nearly all the poultry in the neighbourhood of Kisoona, as Kamrasi and his *kojoores* (magicians) were occupied with daily sacrifices, deducing prognostications of coming events from the appearances of the entrails of the birds slain. The king was surrounded by sorcerers, both men and women; these people were distinguished from others by witch-like chaplets of various dried roots worn upon the head; some of them had dried lizards, crocodiles' teeth, lions' claws, minute tortoise-shells, &c. added to their collection of charms. They could have subscribed to the witches' cauldron of Macbeth:

"Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blindworm's sting,
Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble."

On the first appearance of these women, many of whom were old and haggard, I felt inclined to repeat Banquo's question: "What are these, so withered and so wild in their attire, that look not like the inhabitants o' the earth, and yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught that man may question?"

In such witches and wizards Kamrasi and his people believed implicitly. Bacheeta and also my men told me that when my wife was expected to die during the attack of *coup de soleil*, the guide had procured a witch, who had killed a fowl to question it, "Whether she would recover and reach the lake?" The fowl in its dying struggle protruded its tongue, which sign is considered affirmative; after this reply the natives had no doubt of the result. These people, although far superior to the tribes on the north of the Nile in general intelligence, had no idea of a Supreme Being, nor any object of worship, their faith resting upon a simple belief in magic like that of the natives of Madi and Obbo.

Some weeks passed without a reply from Shooa to the letter I had forwarded by my men, neither had any news been received of their arrival; we had relapsed into the usual monotony of existence. This was happily broken by a most important event.

On the 6th September, M'Gambi came to my hut in a great state of excitement, with the intelligence that the M'was, the natives of Uganda, had invaded Kamrasi's country with a large army; that they had already crossed the Kafoor river and had captured M'rooli, and that they were marching through the country direct to Kisoona, with the intention of killing Kamrasi and of attacking us, and annexing the country of Unyoro to M'tesé's dominions. My force was reduced by four men that I had sent to Shooa—thus we were a party of twenty guns, including the

Turks, who unfortunately had no ammunition. There was no doubt about the truth of the intelligence; the natives seemed in great consternation, as the M'was were far more powerful than Kamrasi's people, and every invasion from that country had been attended with the total rout of the Unyoro forces. I told M'Gambi that messengers must be sent off at once to Shooa with a letter that I would write to Ibrahim, summoning him immediately to Karuma with a force of 100 men; at the same time I suggested that we should leave Kisoona and march with Kamrasi's army direct to Karuma, there to establish a fortified camp to command the passage of the river, and to secure a number of canoes to provide a passage for Ibrahim's people whenever they could effect a junction: otherwise, the M'was might destroy the boats and cut off the Turks on their arrival at the ferry. Kisoona was an exceedingly disadvantageous situation, as it was a mere forest of trees and tangled herbage ten or twelve feet high, in which the enemy could approach us unperceived, secure from our guns. M'Gambi quite approved of my advice, and hurried off to the king, who, as usual in cases of necessity, came to me without delay. He was very excited, and said that messengers arrived four or five times a day, bringing reports of every movement of the enemy, who were advancing rapidly in three divisions, one by the route direct from M'rooli to Karuma that I had followed on my arrival at Atada, another direct to Kisoona, and a third between these two parallels, so as to cut off his retreat to an island in the Nile, where he had formerly taken refuge when his country was invaded by the same people. I begged him not to think of retiring to the island, but to take my advice and fight it out, in which case I should be happy to assist him as I was his guest, and I had a perfect right to repel any aggression. Accordingly I drew a plan of operations,

showing how a camp could be formed on the cliff above Karuma Falls, having two sides protected by the river, while a kraal could be formed in the vicinity completely commanded by our guns, where his cattle would remain in perfect security. He listened with wandering eyes to all military arrangements, and concluded by abandoning all idea of resistance, but resolutely adhering to his plan of flight to the island that had protected him on a former occasion. We could only agree upon two points, the evacuation of Kisoona as untenable, and the necessity of despatching a summons to Ibrahim immediately. The latter decision was acted upon that instant, and runners were despatched with a letter to Shooa. Kamrasi decided to wait until the next morning for reports from expected messengers on the movements of the enemy, otherwise he might run into the very jaws of the danger he wished to avoid, and he promised to send porters to carry us and our effects, should it be necessary to march to Karuma: with this understanding, he departed. Bacheeta now assured me that the M'was were so dreaded by the Unyoro people that nothing would induce them to fight; therefore I must not depend upon Kamrasi in any way, but must make independent arrangements: she informed me, that the invasion was caused by accounts given to M'tesé by Goobo Goolah, one of Speke's deserters, who had run away from Kamrasi shortly after our arrival in the country, and had reported to M'tesé, the king of Uganda, that we were on our way to pay him a visit with many valuable presents, but that Kamrasi had prevented us from proceeding, in order to monopolise the merchandise. Enraged at this act of his great enemy Kamrasi, he had sent spies to corroborate the testimony of Goobo Goolah (these were the four men who had appeared some weeks ago), which being confirmed, he had sent an army to destroy both Kamrasi and his

country, and to capture us and lead us to his capital. This was the explanation of the affair given by Bacheeta, who, with a woman's curiosity and tact, picked up information in the camps almost as correctly as a *Times'* correspondent.

This was very enjoyable—the monotony of our existence had been unbearable, and here was an invigorating little difficulty with just sufficient piquancy to excite our spirits. My men were so thoroughly drilled and accustomed to complete obedience and dependence upon my guidance that they had quite changed their characters. I called Eddrees, gave him ten rounds of ball cartridge for each of his men, and told him to keep with my party should we be obliged to march; he immediately called a number of natives and concealed all his ivory in the jungle.

At about 9 P.M. the camp was in an uproar; suddenly drums beat in all quarters, in reply to nogaras that sounded the alarm in Kamrasi's camp; horns bellowed; men and women yelled; huts were set on fire; and in the blaze of light hundreds of natives all armed and dressed for war, rushed frantically about, as usual upon such occasions, gesticulating and engaging in mock fight with each other as though full of valour, and boiling over with a desire to meet the enemy. Bacheeta, who was a sworn enemy to Kamrasi, was delighted at his approaching discomfiture. As some of the most desperate looking warriors, dressed with horns upon their heads, rushed up to us brandishing their spears, she shouted in derision, "Dance away, my boys! Now's your time when the enemy is far away; but if you see a M'wa, as big as the boy Saat, you will run as fast as your legs can carry you."

The M'was were reported to be so close to Kisoona that their nogaras had been heard from Kamrasi's position, therefore we were to be ready to march for Atada before daybreak on the following morning. There was little sleep

that night, as all the luggage had to be packed in readiness for the early start. Cassavé, who could always be depended upon, arrived at my hut, and told me that messengers had reported that the M'was had swept everything before them, having captured all the women and cattle of the country and killed a great number of people; that they had seen the light of burning villages from Kamrasi's camp, and that it was doubtful whether the route was open to Atada. I suggested that men should be sent on in advance to report if the path were occupied—this was immediately done.

Before daybreak on the following morning an immense volume of light with dense clouds of smoke in the direction of Kamrasi's position showed that his camp had been fired according to custom, and that his retreat had commenced; many thousand grass huts were in flames, and I could not help being annoyed at the folly of these natives at thus giving the enemy notice of their retreat by a signal that could be seen at many miles' distance, when success depended upon rapid and secret movements. Shortly after these signs of the march, crowds of women, men, cows, goats, and luggage appeared, advancing in single file through a grove of plantains and passing within twenty yards of us in an endless string. It was pouring with rain, and women carrying their children were slipping along the muddy path, while throngs of armed men and porters pushed rudely by, until at last the gallant Kamrasi himself appeared with a great number of women (his wives), several of whom were carried on litters, being too fat to walk. He took no notice of me as he passed by. M'Gambi was standing by me, and he explained that we were to close the rear, Kamrasi having concluded that it was advisable to have the guns between him and the enemy. For upwards of an hour the crowd of thousands of people and cattle filed past; at length the last straggler closed the

line of march; but where were our promised porters? Not a man was forthcoming, and we were now the sole occupants of the deserted village excepting M'Gambi and Cassavé. These men declared that the people were so frightened that no one would remain to carry us and our effects, but that they would go to a neighbouring village and bring porters to convey us to Foweera to-morrow, as that was the spot where Kamrasi wished us to camp; at Foweera there was no high grass, and the country was perfectly open, so that rifles could command an extensive range. The cunning and duplicity of Kamrasi were extraordinary—he promised, only to deceive: his object in leaving us here was premeditated, as he knew that the M'was, should they pursue him, must fight us before they could follow on his path; we were therefore to be left to defend his rear. The order to camp at Foweera had a similar motive. I knew the country, as we had passed it on our march from Atada to M'rooli; it was about three miles from Karuma Falls, and would form a position in Kamrasi's rear when he should locate himself upon the island. Foweera was an excellent military point, as it was equidistant from the Nile north and east at the angle where the river turned to the west from Atada.

I was so annoyed at the deception practised by Kamrasi that I determined to fraternise with the M'was should they appear at Kisoona, and I made up my mind not to fire a shot except in absolute necessity for so faithless an ally as the king. This I explained to M'Gambi, and threatened that if porters were not supplied I would wait at Kisoona, join the M'was on their arrival, and with them as allies I would attack the island which Kamrasi boasted was his stronghold. This idea frightened M'Gambi, and both he and Cassavé started to procure porters, promising most faithfully to appear that evening and to start together to

Foweera on the following morning. We were a party of twenty guns, therefore there was no fear in the event of an attack. I ordered all the huts of the village to be burned except those belonging to our men; thus we had a clear space for the guns in case of necessity.

In the evening, true to his promise, M'Gambi appeared with a number of natives, but Cassavé had followed Kamrasi.

At sunrise on the following day we started, my wife in a litter, and I in a chair. The road was extremely bad, excessively muddy from the rain of yesterday, trodden deeply by the hoofs of herds of cattle, and by the feet of the thousands that had formed Kamrasi's army and camp followers. There was no variety in the country, it was the same undulating land overgrown with impenetrable grass, and wooded with mimosas; every swamp being shaded by clumps of the graceful wild date. After a march of about eight miles we found the route dry and dusty, the rain on the preceding day having been partial. There was no water on the road and we were all thirsty, having calculated on a supply from the heavy rain. Although many thousand people had travelled on the path so recently as the previous day, it was nevertheless narrow and hemmed in by the high grass, as the crowd had marched in single file and had therefore not widened the route. This caused great delay to the porters who carried the litter, as they marched two deep; thus one man had to struggle through the high grass. M'Gambi started off in advance of the party with several natives at a rapid pace, while the Turks and some of my men guarded the ammunition, and I remained in company with the litter and five of my men to bring up the rear. The progress of the litter was so slow that, after travelling all day until sunset, we were outmarched, and just as it was getting dark we arrived at a spot where a path branched to

the south, while the main path that we had been following continued E.N.E. At this point a native was waiting, having been stationed there by the Turks to direct us to the south; he explained that the people had halted at a village close by. Pushing our way through the narrow path we shortly arrived at the village of Deäng. This consisted of a few deserted huts scattered among extensive groves of plantains. Here we found Eddrees and the Turks, with their captives from the attack on Fowooka; passing their huts, we took possession of two clean and new huts in the midst of a well cultivated field of beans that were about six inches above the ground, the cleared field forming an oasis in the midst of the surrounding grass jungle. There was no water; it was already dark, and, although we had travelled through the heat of the day no one had drunk since the morning. We were intensely thirsty, and the men searched in vain among the deserted huts in the hope of finding a supply in the water jars—they were all empty. Fortunately we had a little sour milk in a jar that we had carried with us, barely sufficient for two persons. There was nothing to eat except unripe plantains; these we boiled as a substitute for potatoes. I disarmed all the porters, placing their lances and shields under my bedstead in the hut, lest their owners should abscond during the night. It now appeared that our party had scattered most disgracefully: those in advance with the ammunition, who had been ordered not to quit their charge for an instant, had outmarched the main body, leaving Eddrees and a few men with the captive women who could not walk fast, and my small guard who had attended the litter.

No one ate much that night, as all were too thirsty. On the following morning I found to my dismay that all of our porters had absconded except two men who had slept in the same hut with my people; we were for about the

hundredth time deserted in this detestable country. I ordered Eddrees to push on to Foweera, and to desire my men with the ammunition to wait there until I should arrive, and to request Kamrasi to send porters immediately to assist us. Foweera was about thirteen miles from Deāng, our present position. Eddrees and his party started, and I immediately sent my men with empty jars to search in all directions for water; they returned in about an hour, having been unsuccessful. I again ordered them to search in another direction, and should they find a native, to force him to be their guide to a drinking place. In about three hours they returned, accompanied by two old men, and laden with three large jars of good water; they had found the old people in a deserted village, and they had guided them to a spring about three miles distant. Our chief want being supplied, we had no fear of starving, as there was abundance of plantains, and we had about a dozen cheeses that we had manufactured while at Kisoona, in addition to a large supply of flour. A slight touch of fever attacked me, and I at length fell asleep.

I was awakened by the voices of my men, who were standing at the door of my hut with most doleful countenances. They explained that Richarn was missing, and was supposed to have been killed by the natives. My vakeel held a broken ramrod in his hand: this suspicious witness was covered with blood. It appeared that while I was asleep, Richarn and one of my men named Mahommed had taken their guns, and without orders had rambled through the country in search of a village, with the intention of procuring porters, if possible, to carry us to Foweera. They had succeeded in engaging four men; these Richarn left in charge of Mahommed while he proceeded alone to a neighbouring village. Shortly after his departure Mahommed heard the report of a gun in that direction about half a mile

distant, and leaving his charge, he ran towards the spot. On arrival, he found the village deserted, and on searching the neighbourhood and vainly calling Richarn, he came upon a large pool of blood opposite several huts; lying upon the blood was the broken ramrod of Richarn's gun. After searching without success, he had returned with the melancholy report of this disaster. I was very fond of Richarn; he had followed me faithfully for years, and with fewer faults than most of his race, he had exhibited many sterling qualities. I waited for two days in this spot, searching for him in all directions. On one occasion my men saw a number of men and women howling in a village not far from the place where the accident had happened; on the approach of my people they fled into the jungles: thus, there was no doubt that Richarn must have shot a man before he had been killed, as the natives were mourning for the dead. I was much distressed at this calamity; my faithful Richarn was dead, and the double-barrelled Purdey that he carried was lost; this belonged to my friend Oswell, of South African and Lake Ngami celebrity; it was a much-prized weapon, with which he had hunted for five years all the heavy game of Africa with such untiring zeal that much of the wood of the stock was eaten away by the "wait a bit" thorns in his passage on horseback at full speed through the jungles. He had very kindly lent me this old companion of his sports, and I had entrusted it to Richarn as my most careful man; both man and gun were now lost.

Having vainly searched for two days, and my men having seen several village dogs with their mouths and feet covered with blood, we came to the conclusion that his body had been dragged into the grass jungle by the natives, and there, concealed, it had been discovered and devoured by the dogs.

No porters had arrived from Kamrasi, neither had any reply been sent to the message I had forwarded by Eddrees; the evening arrived, and much dispirited at the loss of my old servant, I lay down on my angarep for the night. At about eight o'clock, in the stillness of our solitude, my men asleep, with the exception of the sentry, we were startled by the sound of a nogara at no great distance to the south of our huts. The two natives who had remained with us immediately woke the men, and declared that the drums we heard were those of the M'was, who were evidently approaching our village; the natives knew the peculiar sound of the nogaras of the enemy, which were different to those of Kamrasi. This was rather awkward—our ammunition was at Foweera, and we had no more than the supply in our cartouche boxes, my men thirty rounds each, while I carried in my pouch twenty-one. Our position was untenable, as the drinking place was three miles distant. Again the nogara sounded, and the native guides declared that they could not remain where we then were, but they would conceal themselves in the high grass. My wife proposed that we should forsake our luggage, and march at once for Foweera and effect a junction with our men and ammunition before daybreak. I was sure that it could not be less than twelve or thirteen miles, and in her weak state it would be impossible for her to accomplish the distance, through high grass, in darkness, over a rough path, with the chance of the route being already occupied by the enemy. However, she was determined to risk the march. I accordingly prepared to start at 9 P.M., as at that time the moon would be about 30° above the horizon and would afford us a good light. I piled all the luggage within the hut; packed our blankets in a canvas bag, to be carried by one of the natives, and ordered one of our black women to carry a jar of water. Thus provided, and

forsaking all other effects, we started at exactly nine o'clock, following our two natives as guides.

Our course was about E.N.E. The moon was bright, but the great height of the grass shadowed the narrow path so that neither ruts nor stones were visible. The dew was exceedingly heavy, and in brushing through the rank vegetation we were soon wet to the skin. This was our first attempt at walking a distance since many months, and being dreadfully out of condition, I much feared that one of us might be attacked by fever before we should have accomplished the march; at all events, there was no alternative but to push ahead until we should reach Foweera, however distant. We walked for about three hours along a narrow but unmistakeable path, well trodden by the cattle and people that had accompanied Kamrasi. Suddenly we arrived at a place where a path diverged to the right, while another led to the left: the former was much trodden by cattle, and the guides declared this to be the right direction. Perfectly certain of their mistake, as Foweera lay to the east, while such a course would lead us due south, I refused to follow, and ordered the party to halt while I made a survey of the neighbourhood. I shortly discovered in the bright moonlight that the larger path to the south had been caused by the cattle that had been driven in that direction, but had again returned by the same route. It was evident that some village lay to the south, at which Kamrasi and his army had slept, and that they had returned by the same path to the Foweera main route on the following morning. I soon discovered cattle tracks on the smaller path to the east; this I determined to follow. My guides were of little use, and they confessed that they had only once visited the Foweera country. We were bound for the principal village that belonged to the chief Kallóé, an excellent man, who had frequently visited us at Kisoona.

Not far from the branch roads we came suddenly upon a few huts, the inmates of which were awake. They gave us the unpleasant intelligence that the M'was occupied the country in advance, and that we should not be able to pass them on our present route, as they were close to that spot. It was now past midnight, the country was perfectly still, and having no confidence in the guides I led the way.

About a mile from the huts that we had passed I suddenly observed the light of numerous fires, and a great number of temporary huts formed of green grass and plantain leaves: this was the camp of the M'was. I did not observe any people, nor did we wait long in our present position, but taking a path that led to the north, we quietly and stealthily continued our march through walls of high grass, until in about an hour, we arrived in a totally different country. There was no longer the dismal grass jungle in which a man was as much lost as a rabbit in a field of corn, but beautiful park-like glades of rich and tender grass, like an English meadow, stretched before us in the pale moonlight, darkened in many places by the shadows of large isolated trees and clumps of forest. Continuing along this agreeable route, we suddenly arrived at a spot where numerous well-beaten paths branched in all directions. This was extreme confusion. We had left the direct route to Foweera when we had made the *détour* to avoid the M'was' camp. I knew that, as we had then turned to the north, our course should now be due east. There was a path leading in that direction; but just as we were quietly deliberating upon the most advisable course, we heard distant voices. Any voice in this neighbourhood I concluded must be that of an enemy, therefore I ordered my people to sit down, while two men concealed themselves on the borders of a jungle, about a hundred yards distant, as sentries.

I then sent Bacheeta and one of the guides towards the spot, from which the sound of voices had proceeded, to listen to their language, and to report whether they were M'was, or people of Foweera. The spies started cautiously on their errand.

About five minutes passed in utter silence; the voices that we had heard had ceased. We were very cold, being wet through with the dew. My wife was much fatigued, and now rested by sitting on the bag of blankets. I was afraid of remaining long in inaction, lest she should become stiff and be unable to march.

We had been thus waiting for about ten minutes, when we were suddenly started by the most fearful and piercing yell I ever heard. This proceeded from the jungle where one of my men was on guard at about one hundred yards distant. For the moment I thought that he had been caught by a lion, and cocking my rifle, I ran towards the spot. Before I reached the jungle I saw one of the sentries running in the same direction, and two other figures approaching, one being dragged along by the throat by my man Moosa. He had a prisoner. It appeared, that while he was crouching beneath the bushes at the entrance of the main path that led through the jungle, he suddenly observed a man quietly stealing along the forest close to him. He waited unobserved until the figure had passed him, when he quickly sprang upon him from behind, seizing his spear with his left hand and grasping his throat with his right. This sudden and unexpected attack from an unseen enemy had so terrified the native that he had uttered the extraordinary yell that had startled our party. He was now triumphantly led by his captor, but he was so prostrated by fear that he trembled as though in an ague fit. I endeavoured to reassure him, and Bacheeta shortly returning with the guide, we discovered the value of our prize. Far

from being an enemy, he was one of Kalloé's men who had been sent to spy the M'was from Foweera: thus we had a dependable guide. This little incident was as refreshing as a glass of sherry during the night's march, and we enjoyed a hearty laugh. Bacheeta had been unsuccessful in finding the origin of the voices, as they had ceased shortly after she had left us. It appeared that our captive had also heard the voices, and he was stealthily endeavouring to ascertain the cause when he was so roughly seized by Moosa. We now explained to him our route, and he at once led the way, relieving the native who had hitherto carried the bag of blankets. We had made a considerable circuit by turning from the direct path, but we now had the advantage of seeing the open country before us, and marching upon a good and even path. We walked for about three hours from this spot at a brisk pace, my wife falling three times from sheer fatigue, which induced stumbling over the slightest inequalities in the road. At length we descended a valley, and crossing a slight hollow, we commenced the ascent of a gentle inclination upon a beautiful grassy undulation crowned by a clump of large trees. In the stillness of the night wherever we had halted we had distinctly heard the distant roar of the river; but the sound had so much increased within the last hour that I felt convinced we must be near Foweera at the bend of the Victoria Nile. My wife was so exhausted with the long march, rendered doubly fatiguing by the dew that had added additional weight to her clothes, that she could hardly ascend the hill we had just commenced. For the last hour our guide had declared that Foweera was close to us; but experienced in natives' descriptions of distance, we were quite uncertain as to the hour at which we should arrive. We were nearly at the top of the hill, and within about two hundred yards of the dense clump of trees my wife was obliged to

confess that she could go no farther. Just at that moment a cock crowed; another replied immediately from the clump of trees close to us, and the guide, little appreciating the blessing of his announcement, told us that we had arrived at Kalloé's village, for which we were bound.

It was now nearly 5 A.M., and we had marched from Deäng at 9 P.M. There was some caution required in approaching the village, as, should one of the Turks' sentries be on guard, he would in all probability fire at the first object he might see, without a challenge. I therefore ordered my men to shout, while I gave my well-known whistle that would be a signal of our arrival. For some time we exerted our lungs in this manner before we received a reply, and I began to fear that our people were not at this village: at length a well-known voice replied in Arabic. The sentries and the whole party were positively *asleep*, although close to an enemy's country. They were soon awake when it was reported that we had arrived, and upon our entering the village they crowded around us with the usual welcome. A large fire was lighted in a spacious hut, and fortunately, the portmanteau having preceded us together with the ammunition, we were provided with a change of clothes.

I slept for a couple of hours, and then sent for the chief of Foweera, Kalloé. Both he and his son appeared; they said that their spies had reported that the M'was would attack this village on the following day; that they had devastated the entire country and occupied the whole of Unyoro and Chopi; that they had cut off a large herd of cattle belonging to Kamrasi, and he had only just reached the island in time for security, as the enemy had arrived at the spot and killed a number of people who were too late to embark. Kalloé reported that Kamrasi had fired at the M'was from the island, but having no bullets his rifle was

useless. The M'was had returned the fire, being provided with four guns that they had procured from Speke's deserters; they were in the same condition as Kamrasi, having no bullets; thus a harmless fusilade had been carried on by both parties. The M'was had retired from their position on the bank of the river by Kamrasi's island, and had proceeded to Atāda, which they had destroyed. They were now within three miles of us; nevertheless the foolish Kalloé expressed his determination of driving his cattle to Kamrasi's island for security, about two miles distant. I endeavoured to persuade him that they would be perfectly safe if under our protection, but his only reply was to order his son to drive them off immediately.

That day, Kalloé and all the natives quitted the village and fled to an island for security, leaving us masters of the position. I served out a quantity of ammunition to the Turks, and we were perfectly prepared. The drums of the M'was were heard in all directions both day and night, but we were perfectly comfortable, as the granaries were well filled, and innumerable fowls stored both this and the closely adjoining deserted villages.

On the following day M'Gambi appeared with a message from Kamrasi, begging us to come and form a camp on the bank of the river opposite to his island to protect him from the M'was, who would assuredly return and attack him in canoes. I told him plainly that I should not interfere to assist him, as he had left me on the road at Deāng; that Richarn had been killed by his people, and that one of my guns was still in their possession, added to which I had been obliged to forsake all my baggage, owing to the desertion of the porters;—for all these errors I should hold Kamrasi responsible. He replied that he did not think Richarn was killed, but that he had shot the chief of a village dead, having got into some quarrel with the natives.

The conversation ended by my adhering to my intention of remaining independent at Foweera. M'Gambi said they were very miserable on the island, that no one could rest day or night for the mosquitoes, and that they were suffering from famine; he had several men with him who at once set to work to thresh out corn from the well-filled granaries of the village, and they departed heavily laden.

During the day a few natives of the district found their way into the village for a similar purpose. I had previously heard that the inhabitants of Foweera were disaffected, and that many were in correspondence with the enemy. I accordingly instructed Bacheeta to converse with the people, and to endeavour through them to get into communication with the M'was, assuring them that I should remain neutral unless attacked, but if their intentions were hostile I was quite ready to fight. At the same time I instructed her to explain that I should be sorry to fire at the servants of M'tesé, as he had behaved well to my friends Speke and Grant, but that the best way to avoid a collision would be for the M'was to keep at a distance from my camp. Bacheeta told me that this assurance would be certain to reach the chief of the M'was, as many of the natives of Chopi were in league with them against Kamrasi.

In the afternoon of that day I strolled outside the village with some of my men to accompany the party to the drinking place from which we procured our water; it was about a quarter of a mile from the camp, and it was considered dangerous for any one to venture so far without the protection of an armed party.

We had just returned, and were standing in the cool of the evening on the lawn opposite the entrance of the camp, when one of my men came rushing towards us shouting, "Richarn! Richarn's come back!" In another moment I saw with extreme delight the jet black Richarn whom I

had mourned as lost, quietly marching towards us. The meeting was almost pathetic. I took him warmly by the hand and gave him a few words of welcome, but my vakeel, who had never cared for him before, threw himself upon his neck and burst out crying like a child. How long this sobbing would have continued I know not, as several of my Arabs caught the infection and began to be lachrymose, while Richarn, embraced on all sides, stood the ordeal most stoically, looking extremely bewildered, but totally unconscious of the cause of so much weeping. To change the current of feeling, I told the boy Saat to fetch a large gourd-shell of merissa (native beer), of which I had received a good supply from Kalloé. This soon arrived and was by far the most acceptable welcome to Richarn, who drank like a whale. So large was the gourd, that even after the mighty draught enough remained for the rest of the party to sip. Refreshed by the much-loved drink, Richarn now told us his story. When separated from Mahommed at the village he had found a great number of people, some of whom were our runaway porters; on his attempting to persuade them to return, a quarrel had taken place, and the chief of the village heading his men had advanced on Richarn and seized his gun; at the same time the chief called to his men to kill him. Richarn drew his knife to release his gun; seeing which, the chief relaxed his hold, and stepping a pace back he raised his lance to strike; at the same moment Richarn pulled the trigger and shot him dead. The natives, panic-stricken at the sudden effect of the shot, rushed away and Richarn, profiting by the opportunity, disappeared in the high grass, and fled. Once in the interminable sea of grass that was almost impenetrable, he wandered for two days without water: hearing the distant roar of the Nile, he at length reached it when nearly exhausted with thirst and fatigue; he then followed up the

stream to Karuma, avoided the M'was—and knowing the road thence to M'rooli that we had formerly travelled, he arrived at Foweera. His ramrod had been broken in the struggle when the chief seized his gun, and to his great astonishment I now showed him the piece that we had picked up on the pool of blood. He had made an excellent loading-rod with his hunting knife by shaping a sapling of hard wood, and had reloaded his gun; thus with a good supply of ammunition he had not much fear of the natives. Kamrasi had evidently heard the true account of the affair.

Late in the evening we heard from a native that the whole of Kalloé's cattle that he had driven from Foweera had been captured by the enemy on their way to the river island, and that one of his sons and several natives who had driven them were killed; this was the result of his precipitate flight.

The M'was followed up their advantages with uninterrupted success, overrunning the entire country even to the shores of the Albert Lake, and driving off the cattle, together with all the women that had not taken refuge upon the numerous islands of the Victoria Nile. During this time, Kamrasi and his wives, together with his principal chiefs, resided in the misery of mosquitoes and malaria on the river; great numbers of people died of disease and starvation. M'Gambi appeared frequently at our camp in order to procure corn, and from him we received reports of the distress of the people; his appearance had much changed; he looked half starved, and complained that he had nothing to drink but Nile water, as they had neither corn, nor pots in which they could make merissa, and the M'was had destroyed all the plantains, therefore they could not prepare cider.

Among other losses my two cows were reported by M'Gambi to have been stolen by the M'was, in company

with the cattle of Kamrasi with which they had been driven from Kisoona. I did not believe it, as he also told me that all the luggage that I had left at Deāng had likewise been stolen by the enemy. But I had heard from Bacheeta that the natives of that neighbourhood had carried it (about six loads) direct to Kamrasi's island; thus it was in his possession at the same time that he declared it to have been stolen by the M'was. I told him, that I should hold him responsible, and that he should pay me the value of the lost effects in a certain number of cows. A few days after this conversation, my cows and the whole of my luggage were delivered to me in safety. Kamrasi had evidently intended to appropriate them, but being pressed by the M'was and his old enemies on the east bank of the Nile (the Langgos), who had made common cause with the invaders, the time was not favourable for a quarrel with either me or the Turks.

On the evening of the 19th September, a few days after this occurrence, intelligence was brought into camp that Ibrahim and a hundred men had arrived at Karuma Falls at the ferry by which we had formerly crossed the river to Atāda. I immediately despatched ten men to investigate the truth of the report. In about two hours they returned in high spirits, having exchanged greeting with Ibrahim and his party across the river. Kamrasi had despatched boats to another ferry above the Falls to facilitate the passage of the entire party on the following morning, as he wished them to attack the M'was immediately.

Not being desirous of such an encounter, the M'was, who had witnessed the arrival of this powerful reinforcement, immediately retreated, and by sunrise they had fallen back about twenty miles on the road to M'rooli.

On the morning of the 20th Ibrahim arrived, bringing with him the *post* from England; that being addressed to

the consul at Khartoum had been forwarded to Gondokoro by the annual boats, and taken charge of by Ibrahim on his arrival at that station last April with ivory from the interior. My letters were of very old dates, none under two years, with the exception of one from Speke, who had sent me the *Illustrated London News*, containing his portrait and that of Grant; also *Punch*, with an illustration of *Punch's* discovery of the Nile sources. For a whole day I revelled in the luxury of letters and newspapers.

Ibrahim had very kindly thought of our necessities when at Gondokoro, and had brought me a piece of coarse cotton cloth of Arab manufacture (darmoor) for clothes for myself, and a piece of cotton print for a dress for Mrs. Baker, in addition to a large jar of honey, and some rice and coffee—the latter being the balance of my old stock that I had been obliged to forsake for want of porters at Shooa. He told me that all my effects that I had left at Obbo had been returned to Gondokoro, and that my two men, whom I had left in charge, had returned with them to Khartoum, on board the vessel that had been sent for me from that place, but which had joined the traders' boats on their return voyage. Ibrahim had assured the captain that it was impossible that we could arrive during that year. It was thus fortunate that we had not pushed on for Gondokoro after April in expectation of finding the boat awaiting us. However, "All's well that ends well," and Ibrahim was astounded at our success, but rather shocked at our personal appearance, as we were thin and haggard, and our clothes had been so frequently repaired that they would hardly hold together.

On the 23d September we moved our camp, and took possession of a village within half a mile of the Victoria Nile. Kamrasi was now very valorous, and returned from his island to a large village on the banks of the river. He

sent Ibrahim an immense quantity of ivory, in addition to the store that had been concealed by Eddrees on our departure from Kisoona; this was sent for, and in a few days it was safely deposited in the general camp. Ibrahim was amazed at the fortune that awaited him. I congratulated him most heartily on the success of the two expeditions—the geographical, and the ivory trade; the latter having far more than fulfilled my promise.

Kamrasi determined to invade the Langgo country immediately, as they had received Fowooka after his defeat, and he was now residing with the chief. Accordingly eighty of Ibrahim's men were despatched across the river, and in three days they destroyed a number of villages, and captured about 200 head of cattle, together with a number of prisoners, including many women. Great rejoicings took place on their return; Ibrahim presented Kamrasi with a hundred cows, and in return for this generosity the king sent thirty immense tusks, and promised a hundred more within a few days.

Another expedition was demanded, and was quickly undertaken with similar success; this time Fowooka narrowly escaped, as a Turk fired at him, but missed and killed a native who stood by him. On the return of the party, Kamrasi received another present of cattle, and again the ivory flowed into the camp.

In the meantime, I had made myself excessively comfortable; we were in a beautiful and highly cultivated district, in the midst of immense fields of sweet potatoes. The idea struck me that I could manufacture spirit from this source, as they were so excessively sweet as to be disagreeable as a vegetable. Accordingly I collected a great number of large jars that were used by the natives for brewing merissa; in these I boiled several hundredweight of potatoes to a pulp. There were jars containing about

twenty gallons; these I filled with the pulp mashed with water, to which I added yeast from a brewing of merissa. While this mixture was fermenting I constructed my still, by fixing a jar of about twelve gallons on a neat furnace of clay, and inserting the mouth of a smaller jar upon the top; the smaller jar thus inverted became the dome of the still. In the top of this I bored a hole, in which I fitted a long reed of about an inch in diameter which descended to my condenser; the latter was the kettle, sunk by a weight in a large pan of cold water. My still worked beautifully, and produced four or five bottles of good spirit daily; this I stored in large bottle gourds, containing about four gallons each. My men were excessively fond of attending to the distillery, especially Richarn, who took a deep interest in the operation, but who was frequently found dead asleep on his back; the fire out; and the still at a standstill. Of course he could not be suspected of having tried the produce of his manufactory! I found an extraordinary change in my health from the time that I commenced drinking the potato-whisky. Every day I drank hot toddy. I became strong, and from that time to the present day my fever left me, occurring only once or twice during the first six months, and then quitting me entirely. Not having tasted either wine or spirits for nearly two years, the sudden change from total abstinence to a moderate allowance of stimulant produced a marvellous effect. Ibrahim and some of his men established stills, several became intoxicated, which so delighted M'Gambi, who happened to be present, that he begged a bottle of spirit from Ibrahim as a sample for Kamrasi. It appears that the king got drunk so quickly upon the potent spirit, that he had an especial desire to repeat the dose—he called it the maroua (cider) of our country, and pronounced it so far superior to his own that he determined to establish a factory. When I

explained to him that it was the produce of sweet potatoes, he expressed his great regret that he had never sufficiently appreciated their value, and he expressed a determination to cultivate whole districts. Ibrahim was requested to leave one of his men who understood the management of a still, to establish and undertake the direction of "King Kamrasi's Central African Unyoro Potato-Whisky Company, unlimited."

Ibrahim had brought a variety of presents for Kamrasi: fifty pounds of beads, a revolver pistol, cotton cloths, blue glass tumblers, looking-glasses, &c. These donations, added to the pleasure afforded by the defeat of his enemies, put his majesty into excellent humour, and he frequently came to visit us. On one occasion I gave him the portraits of Speke and Grant: the latter he recognised immediately; he could not understand the pictures in *Punch*, declaring that he (*Punch*) was not an Englishman, as he neither resembled me nor Speke; but he was exceedingly pleased with the Paris fashions in the *Illustrated London News*, which we cut out with a pair of scissors and gave him as specimens of English ladies in full dress.

The war being concluded by the total discomfiture of his enemies, Kamrasi was determined to destroy all those inhabitants of Foweera who had in any way connived at the attack of the M'was. Daily executions took place in the summary manner already described, the victims being captured, led before the king, and butchered in his presence without a trial.

Among others suspected as favourable to revolution was Kalloé, the chief of Foweera; next to Kamrasi and M'Gambi he was the principal man in the kingdom; he was much beloved by the entire population of Chopi and Foweera, and I had always found him most intelligent and friendly. One night at about eight o'clock, Ibrahim came to my hut

looking very mysterious, and after assuring himself that no one was present, he confided to me that he had received orders from Kamrasi to attack Kalloé's village before day-break on the following morning, to surround his dwelling, and to shoot him as he attempted to escape; Ibrahim was further instructed to capture the women and children of the village as his perquisites. At the very moment that this treacherous compact had been entered into with Ibrahim, Kamrasi had pretended to be upon the most friendly terms with Kalloé, who was then in his camp; but he did not lay violent hands upon him, as, many of the natives being in his favour, the consequences might have been disagreeable: thus he had secretly ordered his destruction. I at once desired Ibrahim at all hazards to renounce so horrible a design. Never did I feel so full of revolution as at that moment; my first impulse was to assist Kalloé to dethrone Kamrasi, and to usurp the kingdom. Ibrahim had an eye to business; he knew that should he offend Kamrasi there would be an end to the ivory trade for the present. The country was so rich in ivory that it was a perfect bank upon which he could draw without limit, provided that he remained an ally of the king; but no trade could be carried on with the natives, all business being prohibited by Kamrasi, who himself monopolised the profits. In the event of war, not a tusk would be obtained, as the ivory in possession of the natives was never stored in their huts, but was concealed in the earth. The Turks were now mercenaries employed by the king to do any bloody work that he might require. Ibrahim was in a dilemma. I offered to take the entire onus upon myself. That Kalloé should not be murdered I was determined; the old man had on several occasions been very obliging to me and to my people, and I resolved to save him at any risk. His son, perfectly unsuspecting of evil, was at that moment

in our camp, having fraternized with some of my men. I sent for him immediately, and explained the entire plot, concluding by telling him to run that instant at full speed to his father (about two miles distant), and to send away all the women and children from the village; but to bring Kalloé to my hut, that I would hoist the British flag, as I had done at Kisoona, and this should protect him from the bloodthirsty Kamrasi, who would not dare to seize him. Should he refuse to trust me, he must fly immediately, as the Turks would attack the village before daybreak. Away started the astonished son in the dark night at full speed along the well-known path, to give the warning.

I now arranged with Ibrahim that to avoid offending Kamrasi he should make a false attack upon the village at the time appointed; he would find it deserted, and there would be an end of the matter should Kalloé prefer flight to trusting in my protection, which I felt sure he would. Midnight arrived, and no signs of Kalloé had appeared; I went to sleep, satisfied that he was safe.

Before daybreak eighty men of the Turks' party started upon their feigned expedition; in about two hours they returned, having found the village deserted; the bird had flown. I was delighted at the success of this ruse, but I should have been more satisfied had Kalloé placed himself in my hands: this I had felt sure he would decline, as the character of the natives is generally so false and mistrustful that he would suspect a snare.

At about noon we heard yells; drums were beating, and horns blowing in all directions. For the moment I thought that Kalloé had raised the country against Kamrasi, as I observed many hundred men dressed for war, scouring the beautiful open park, like hounds upon a scent. The Turks beat their drum and called their men under arms beneath the ensign planted outside the village—not knowing the

intention of the unusual gathering. It shortly transpired that Kamrasi had heard of the escape of Kalloé, and, enraged at the loss of his prey, he had immediately started off about a thousand men in pursuit.

In the evening I heard that he had been captured. I sent to Kamrasi directly, to beg him to postpone his execution, as I wished to speak with him on the following morning.

At sunrise I started, and found the king sitting in his hut, while Kalloé was lying under a plantain tree perfectly resigned, with his leg in the Kamrasi shoe—a block of wood of about four feet long and ten inches thick (the rough trunk of a tree); his left foot had been thrust through a small hole in the log, while a peg driven through at right angles just above the instep effectually secured the prisoner. This was a favourite punishment of the king; the prisoner might thus languish until released by death; it was impossible to sit up, and difficult to lie down, the log having to be adjusted by an attendant according to the movement of the body. I told Kamrasi that as I had saved him from the attack of the Turks at Kisoona he must grant me a favour, and spare Kalloé's life; This request, to my astonishment, he at once granted,* and added, that he should only keep him in the "shoe" for a few days until his people should bring him a hundred cows as a fine, in which case he should release him. I had no faith in his promise, as I had before heard that it was his practice to put the shoe upon any rich man in order to extract a fine, upon the payment of which the unfortunate prisoner was on some occasions killed instead of liberated. However, I had done all in my power; and had Kalloé been a man of determination, he could have saved himself by trusting implicitly to me. As I returned to the camp, I could not help reflecting

* A few days afterwards he shot Kalloé with his own hands.

on the ingratitude I had experienced among all the natives; on many occasions I had exerted myself to benefit others in whom I had no personal interest, but in no single instance had I ever received even a look of gratitude.

Two days after this occurrence I ordered the boy Saat to go as usual in search of supplies to the neighbouring villages; but as he was starting, Ibrahim advised him to wait a little, as something was wrong, and it would be dangerous to go alone. A few minutes later, I heard three shots fired in rapid succession at about three-quarters of a mile distant. The Turks and my men immediately thronged outside the village, which position being on a hill, we had a panoramic view of the surrounding country. We shortly perceived a number of men, including a few of the Turks' party, approaching from an opposite hill, carrying something heavy in their arms. With the telescope I distinguished a mat on which some object of weight was laboriously supported, the bearers grasping the corners in their hands. "One of our people is killed!" murmured one Turk. "Perhaps it's only a native," said another. "Who would trouble himself to carry a black fellow home!" exclaimed a third. The mystery was soon cleared by the arrival of the party with the dead body of one of Kamrasi's headmen; one ball had struck him through the chest, another through the right arm, and the third had passed through the body from side to side. He had been shot by some Bari slaves who acted as soldiers belonging to the Turks' party. It appeared that the deceased had formerly sent seventy elephants' tusks to the people of Mahommed Wat-el-Mek against the orders of Kamrasi, who had prohibited the export of ivory from his kingdom, as he had agreed to deal exclusively with Ibrahim. The culprit was therefore condemned to death, but having some powerful adherents in his village, Kamrasi had thought it advisable

to employ the Turks to shoot him; this task they gladly accepted, as they were minus seventy tusks through his conduct. Without my knowledge, a small party had started in open daylight to his village close to our camp, and on attempting to enter the fence, several lances were thrown at the Turks; the deceased rushed from the hut attempting to escape, and was immediately shot dead by three of the Bari soldiers. The hands were then (as usual in all these countries) amputated at the wrists, in order to detach the copper bracelets; the body being dragged about two hundred paces from the village, was suspended by the neck to a branch of the tamarind tree. All the slave women (about seventy) and children were then driven down to the spot by the Turks to view the body as it swung from the branch; when thoroughly horrified by the sight, they were threatened to be served precisely in a similar manner should they ever attempt to escape. Superlatively brutal as this appeared, I could not help reflecting that our public executions in England convey a similar moral; the only difference being in the conduct of the women; the savages having to be *driven* to the sight as witnesses, while European females throng curiously to such disgusting exhibitions. A few minutes after the departure of the crowd, the tree was covered with vultures, all watching the prospective feast.*

In the evening Kamrasi sent a number of women and children as presents to Ibrahim; altogether he had given him seventy-two slaves in addition to those captured in the various wars. There never was a more supreme despot than the king Kamrasi—not only the property, but the families of his subjects were at his disposal; he boasted that “all belonged to him.” Thus, when disposed to be

* The woman Bacheeta ran away, and we never saw her again. Some time after, we heard that she had escaped to Fowooka's people, fearing to be left by us, as we had promised, in Chopi.

liberal, he took from others and bestowed upon his favourites; should any sufferer complain, there were no lawyer's costs, but the "shoe," or death. His power depended upon a perfect system of espionage by which he obtained a knowledge of all that passed through his kingdom; that being divided into numerous small districts, each governed by a chief who was responsible for the acts committed within his jurisdiction, the government was wonderfully simplified. Should a complaint be made against a governor, he was summoned before the king; if guilty, death, or the "shoe!" To be suspected of rebellion, was to die. A body-guard of about 500 men, who were allowed to pillage the country at discretion, secured the power of the king, as with this organized force always at hand he could pounce upon the suspected and extinguish them at once; thus the tyrant held his sway over a population so timid that they yielded tamely to his oppression. Having now allied himself to the Turks, he had conceived the most ambitious views of conquering Uganda, and of restoring the ancient kingdom of Kitwara; but the total absence of physical courage will utterly frustrate such plans for extension, and Kamrasi the Cruel will never be known as Kamrasi the Conqueror.

CHAPTER XVI

KAMRASI'S ADIEU

It was the middle of November—not the wretched month that chills even the recollection of Old England, but the last of the ten months of rain that causes the wonderful vegetation of the fertile soil in Equatorial Africa. The Turks were ready to return to Shooa, and I longed for the change from this brutal country to the still wilder but less bloody tribe of Madi, to the north.

The quantity of ivory in camp was so large that we required 700 porters to carry both tusks and provisions, &c. for the five days' march through uninhabited country. Kamrasi came to see us before we parted; he had provided the requisite porters. We were to start on the following day; he arrived with the Blissett rifle that had been given him by Speke. He told me that he was sorry we were going; and he was much distressed that he had burst his rifle!—he had hammered a large bullet in the endeavour to fit the bore; and the lump of lead having stuck in the middle, he had fired his rifle and split the barrel, which being of remarkably good metal had simply opened. He told me that it did not matter so very much after all, as he had neither powder nor ball (this was false, as Ibrahim had just given him a quantity), therefore his rifle would have been useless if sound; but, he added, "You are now going home, where you can obtain all you require, therefore you will want for nothing; give me, before you leave, the little double-barrelled rifle that *you promised* me, and a

supply of ammunition!" To the last moment he was determined to persevere in his demand, and, if possible, to obtain my handy little Fletcher 24 rifle, that had been demanded and refused ever since my residence in his country. I was equally persistent in my refusal, telling him that there were many dangers on the road, and I could not travel unarmed.

On the following morning our people crossed the river; this was a tedious operation, as our party consisted of about 700 porters and eighty armed men, as Ibrahim had arranged to leave thirty men with Kamrasi to protect him from the M'was until he should return in the following season, when he promised to bring him a great variety of presents. By 4 P.M. the whole party had crossed the river with ivory and baggage. We now brought up the rear, and descended some fine crags of granite to the water's edge; there were several large canoes in attendance, one of which we occupied, and, landing on the opposite shore, we climbed up the steep ascent and looked back upon Unyoro, in which we had passed ten months of wretchedness. It had poured with rain on the preceding day, and the natives had constructed a rough camp of grass huts.

On the break of day on the 17th November we started. It would be tedious to describe the journey, as, although by a different route, it was through the same country that we had traversed on our arrival from Shooa. After the first day's march we quitted the forest and entered upon the great prairies. I was astonished to find after several days' journey a great difference in the dryness of the climate. In Unyoro we had left the grass an intense green, the rain having been frequent: here it was nearly dry, and in many places it had been burnt by the native hunting parties. From some elevated points in the route I could distinctly make out the outline of the mountains running

from the Albert Lake to the north, on the west bank of the Nile; these would hardly have been observed by a person who was ignorant of their existence, as the grass was so high that I had to ascend a white ant-hill to look for them; they were about sixty miles distant, and my men, who knew them well, pointed them out to their companions.

The entire party, including women and children, amounted to about 1,000 people. Although they had abundance of flour, there was no meat, and the grass being high there was no chance of game. On the fourth day only I saw a herd of about twenty *tétel* (*hartebeest*) in an open space that had been recently burnt. We were both riding upon oxen that I had purchased of Ibrahim, and we were about a mile ahead of the flag in the hope of getting a shot; dismounting from my animal I stalked the game down a ravine, but upon reaching the point that I had resolved upon for the shot, I found the herd had moved their position to about 250 paces from me. They were all looking at me, as they had been disturbed by the oxen and the boy Saat in the distance. Dinner depended on the shot. There was a leafless bush singed by the recent fire; upon a branch of this I took a rest, but just as I was going to fire they moved off—a clean miss!—whizz went the bullet over them, but so close to the ears of one that it shook its head as though stung by a wasp, and capered round and round; the others stood perfectly still, gazing at the oxen in the distance. Crack went the left-hand barrel of the little Fletcher 24, and down went a *tétel* like a lump of lead, before the satisfactory sound of the bullet returned from the distance. Off went the herd, leaving a fine beast kicking on the ground. It was shot through the spine, and some of the native porters having witnessed the sport from a great distance, threw down their loads and came racing towards the meat like a pack of wolves scenting blood. In a few minutes the prize

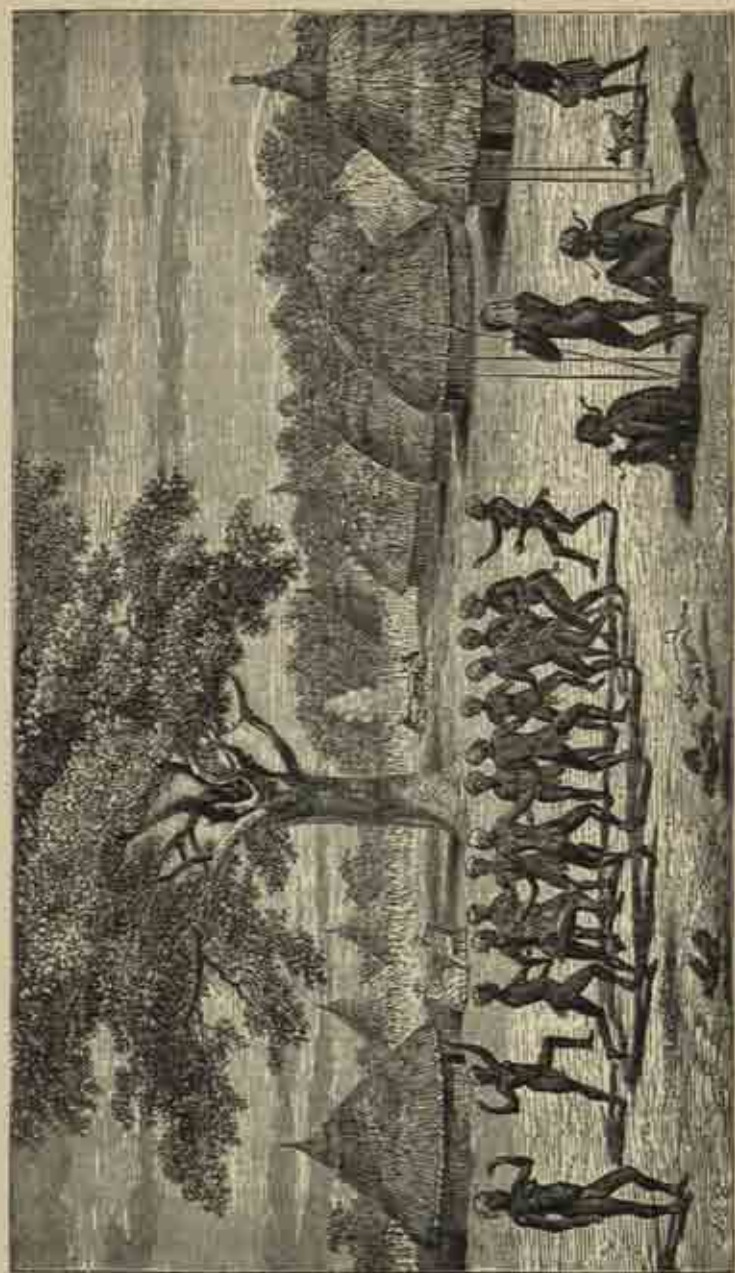
was divided, while a good portion was carried by Saat for our own use: the tétel, weighing about 500 lbs. vanished among the crowd in a few minutes.

On the fifth day's march from the Victoria Nile we arrived at Shooa; the change was delightful after the wet and dense vegetation of Unyoro: the country was dry, and the grass low and of fine quality. We took possession of our camp, that had already been prepared for us in a large court-yard well cemented with cow-dung and clay, and fenced with a strong row of palisades. A large tree grew in the centre. Several huts were erected for interpreters and servants, and a tolerably commodious hut, the roof overgrown with pumpkins, was arranged for our mansion.

That evening the native women crowded to our camp to welcome my wife home, and to dance in honour of our return; for which exhibition they expected a present of a cow.

Much to my satisfaction I found that my first-rate riding ox that had been lamed during the previous year by falling into a pitfall, and had been returned to Shooa, was perfectly recovered; thus I had a good mount for my journey to Gondokoro.

Some months were passed at Shooa, during which I occupied my time by rambling about the neighbourhood, ascending the mountain, making duplicates of my maps, and gathering information, all of which was simply a corroboration of what I had heard before, excepting from the East. The Turks had discovered a new country called Lira, about thirty miles from Shooa; the natives were reported as extremely friendly, and their country as wonderfully fertile, and rich in ivory. Many of the people were located in the Turks' camp; they were the same type as the Madi, but wore their hair in a different form: this was woven into a thick felt, which covered the shoulders,



THE WELCOME ON OUR RETURN TO CAMP AT HINGOA

and extended as low upon the back as the shoulder-blade. They were not particular about wearing false hair, but were happy to receive subscriptions from any source; in case of death the hair of the deceased was immediately cut off and shared among his friends to be added to their felt. When in full dress (the men being naked) this mass of felt was plastered thickly with a bluish clay, so as to form an even surface; this was most elaborately worked with the point of a thorn, so as to resemble the cuttings of a file: white pipe-clay was then arranged in patterns on the surface, while an ornament made of either an antelope's or giraffe's sinew was stuck in the extremity and turned up for about a foot in length. This when dry was as stiff as horn, and the tip was ornamented with a tuft of fur—the tip of a leopard's tail being highly prized.

I am not aware that any Lord Chancellor of England or any member of the English bar has ever penetrated to Central Africa, therefore the origin of fashion and the similarity in the wigs is most extraordinary; a well-blacked barrister in full wig and nothing else would thoroughly impersonate a native of Lira. The tribe of Lira was governed by a chief; but he had no more real authority than any of the petty chiefs who ruled the various portions of the Madi country. Throughout the tribes, excepting the kingdom of Unyoro, the chiefs had very little actual power, and so uncertain was their tenure of office that the rule seldom remained two generations in one family. On the death of the father, the numerous sons generally quarrelled for his property and for the right of succession, ending in open war, and in dividing the flocks and herds, each settling in a separate district and becoming a petty chief; thus there was no union throughout the country, and consequently great weakness. The people of Lira were fighting with their neighbours the Langgos—those of Shooa with the

natives of Fatiko; nor were there two neighbouring tribes that were at peace. It was natural that such unprincipled parties as those of the Khartoum traders should turn this general discord to their advantage; thus within the ten months that I had been absent from Shooa a great change had taken place in the neighbourhood. The rival parties of Koorshid and Debono, under their respective leaders, Ibrahim and Mahommed Wat-el-Mek, had leagued themselves with contending tribes, and the utter ruin of the country was the consequence. For many miles' circuit from Shooa, the blackened ruins of villages and deserted fields bore witness to the devastation committed; cattle that were formerly in thousands, had been driven off, and the beautiful district that had formerly been most fertile was reduced to a wilderness. By these wholesale acts of robbery and destruction the Turks had damaged their own interests, as the greater number of the natives had fled to other countries; thus it was most difficult to obtain porters to convey the ivory to Gondokoro. The people of the country had been so spoiled by the payment in cows instead of beads for the most trifling services, that they now refused to serve as porters to Gondokoro under a payment of four cows each; thus, as 1,000 men were required, 4,000 cows were necessary as payment. Accordingly razzias must be made.

Upon several expeditions, the Turks realized about 2,000 cows; the natives had become alert, and had driven off their herds to inaccessible mountains. Debono's people at their camp, about twenty-five miles distant, were even in a worse position than Ibrahim; they had so exasperated the natives by their brutal conduct, that tribes formerly hostile to each other now coalesced and combined to thwart the Turks by declining to act as porters; thus their supply of ivory could not be transported to Gondokoro. This led to

extra violence on the part of the Turks, until at last the chief of Faloro (Werdella) declared open war, and suddenly driving off the Turks' cattle, he retired to the mountains, from whence he sent an impertinent message inviting Mahommed to try to rescue them.

This act of insolence united the rival trading parties against Werdella: those of Ibrahim and Mahommed agreed to join in an attack upon his village. They started with a force of about 300 armed men, and arriving at the foot of the mountains at about 4 A.M. they divided their force into two parties of 150 men each, and ascended the rocky hill upon two sides, intending to surprise the village on one side, while the natives and their herds would be intercepted in their flight upon the other.

The chief, Werdella, was well experienced in the affairs of the Turks, as he had been for two or three years engaged with them in many razzias upon the adjoining tribes; he had learnt to shoot while acting as their ally, and having received as presents two muskets, and two brace of pistols from Debono's nephew Amabilé, he thought it advisable to supply himself with ammunition; he had therefore employed his people to steal a box of 500 cartridges and a parcel containing 10,000 percussion caps from Mahommed's camp. Werdella was a remarkably plucky fellow; and thus strengthened by powder and ball, and knowing the character of the Turks, he resolved to fight.

Hardly had the Turks' party of 150 men advanced half-way up the mountain path in their stealthy manner of attempting a surprise, when they were assailed by a shower of arrows, and the leader who carried the flag fell dead at the report of a musket fired from behind a rock. Startled at this unexpected attack, the Turks' party recoiled, leaving their flag upon the ground by the dead standard-bearer. Before they had time to recover from their first panic,

another shot was fired from the same shelter at a distance of about thirty paces, and the brains of one of the Turks' party were splattered over his comrades, as the ball took the top of his head completely off. Three Bagāra Arabs, first-rate elephant-hunters, who were with the Turks, now rushed forward and saved the flag and a box of ammunition that the porter had thrown down in his flight. These Arabs, whose courage was of a different class to that of the traders' party, endeavoured to rally the panic-stricken Turks, but just as they were feebly and irresolutely advancing, another shot rang from the same fatal rock, and a man who carried a box of cartridges fell dead. This was far too hot for the traders' people, who usually had it all their own way, being alone possessed of fire-arms. A disgraceful flight took place, but Werdella was again too much for them. On their arrival at the bottom of the hill, they ran round the base to join the other division of their party; this effected, they were consulting together as to retreat or advance, when close above their heads from an overhanging rock another shot was fired, and a man dropped, shot through the chest. The head of Werdella was distinctly seen grinning in triumph; the whole party fired at him! "He's down!" was shouted, as the head disappeared; a puff of smoke from the rock, and a shriek from one of the Turks at the sound of another musket shot from the same spot, settled the question; a man fell mortally wounded. Four men were shot dead, and one was brought home by the crestfallen party to die in two or three days; five shots had been fired, and five killed, by one native armed with two guns against 300 men. "Bravo, Werdella!" I exclaimed, as the beaten party returned to camp and Ibrahim described the fight. He deserved the Victoria Cross. This defeat completely cowed the cowardly Turks; nor would any persuasions on the part

of Ibrahim induce them to make another razzia within the territory of the redoubted chief, Werdella.

During the absence of the traders' party upon various expeditions, about fifty men were left in their camp as head-quarters. Nothing could exceed the brutality of the people; they had erected stills, and produced a powerful corn spirit from the native merissa; their entire time was passed in gambling, drinking, and fighting, both by night and day. The natives were ill treated, their females slaves and children brutally ill used, and the entire camp was a mere slice from the infernal regions. My portion of the camp being a secluded court-yard, we were fortunately independent.

On one occasion a razzia had been made; and although unsuccessful in cattle, it had been productive in slaves. Among the captives was a pretty young girl of about fifteen; she had been sold by auction in the camp, as usual, the day after the return from the razzia, and had fallen to the lot of one of the men. Some days after her capture, a native from the village that had been plundered confidently arrived at the camp with the intention of offering ivory for her ransom. Hardly had he entered the gateway, when the girl, who was sitting at the door of her owner's hut, caught sight of him, and springing to her feet, she ran as fast as her chained ankles would allow her, and threw herself in his arms, exclaiming, "My father!" It was her father, who had thus risked his life in the enemy's camp to ransom his child.

The men who were witnesses to this scene immediately rushed upon the unfortunate man, tore him from his daughter, and bound him tightly with cords.

While this was enacting, I happened to be in my hut: thus I was not an eye-witness. About an hour later, I called some of my men to assist me in cleaning some rifles.

Hardly had we commenced, when three shots were fired within a hundred paces of my hut. My men exclaimed, "They have shot the Abid (native)!" "What native?" I inquired. They then related the story I have just described. Brutal as these bloodthirsty villains were, I could hardly believe in so cold-blooded a murder. I immediately sent my people and the boy Saat to verify it; they returned with the report that the wretched father was sitting on the ground, bound to a tree—dead; shot by three balls.

I must do Ibrahim the justice to explain that he was not in the camp; had he been present, this murder would not have been committed, as he scrupulously avoided any such acts in my vicinity. A few days later, a young girl about sixteen, and her mother, who were slaves, were missing; they had escaped. The hue and cry was at once raised. Ibrahimawa, the "Sinbad" of Bornu, who had himself been a slave, was the most indefatigable slave-hunter. He and a party at once started upon the tracks of the fugitives. They did not return until the following day; but where was the runaway who could escape from so true a bloodhound? The young girl and her mother were led into camp tied together by the neck, and were immediately condemned to be hanged. I happened to be present, as, knowing the whole affair, I had been anxiously awaiting the result. I took this opportunity of explaining to the Turks that I would use any force to prevent such an act, and that I would report the names of all those to the Egyptian authorities who should commit any murder that I could prove; neither would I permit the two captives to be flogged—they were accordingly pardoned.*

* It will be observed that at this period of the expedition I had acquired an extraordinary influence over the people, that enabled me to exert an authority which saved the lives of many unfortunate creatures who would otherwise have been victims.

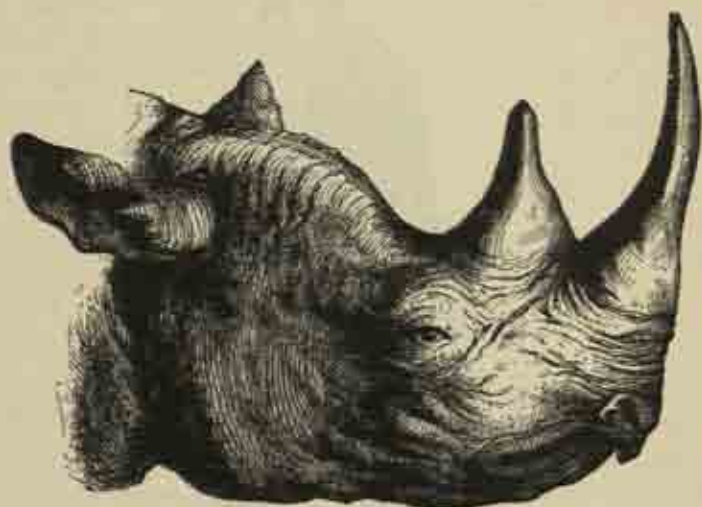
There was among the slaves a woman who had been captured in the attack upon Fowooka. This woman I have already mentioned as having a very beautiful boy, who at the time of the capture was a little more than a year old. So determined was her character, that she had run away five times with her child, but on every occasion she had been recaptured, after having suffered much by hunger and thirst in endeavouring to find her way back to Unyoro through the uninhabited wilderness between Shooa and Karuma. On the last occasion of her capture, the Turks had decided upon her being incorrigible, therefore she had received 144 blows with the coorbach (hippopotamus whip), and had been sold separately from her child to the party belonging to Mahommed Wat-el-Mek. Little Abbai had always been a great pet of Mrs. Baker's, and the unfortunate child being now motherless, he was naturally adopted, and led a most happy life. Although much under two years old, he was quite equal in precocity to a European child of three; in form and strength he was a young Hercules, and, although so young, he would frequently follow me out shooting for two or three miles, and return home with a guinea-fowl hanging over his shoulder, or his hands full of pigeons. Abbai became very civilized; he was taught to make a Turkish "salaam" upon receiving a present, and to wash his hands both before and after his meals. He had the greatest objection to eat alone, and he generally invited three or four friends of about his own age to dine with him; on such occasions, a large wooden bowl, about twenty inches in diameter, was filled with soup and porridge, around which steaming dish the young party sat, happier in their slavery than kings in power. There were two lovely girls of three and eight years of age that belonged to Ibrahim; these were not black, but of the same dark brown tint as Kamrasi and many of the Unyoro people.

Their mother was also there, and their history being most pitiable, they were always allowed free access to our hut and the dinner bowl. These two girls were the daughters of Owine, one of the great chiefs who were allied with Fowooka against Kamrasi. After the defeat of Fowooka, Owine and many of his people with their families quitted the country, and forming an alliance with Mahommed Wat-el-Mek, they settled in the neighbourhood of his camp at Faloro, and built a village. For some time they were on the best terms, but some cattle of the Turks being missed, suspicion fell upon the new settlers. The men of Mahommed's party desired that they might be expelled, and Mahommed, in a fit of drunken fury, at once ordered them to be *massacred*. His men, eager for murder and plunder, immediately started upon their bloody errand, and surrounding the unsuspecting colony, they fired the huts and killed *every man*, including the chief, Owine; capturing the women and children as slaves. Ibrahim had received the mother and two girls as presents from Mahommed Wat-el-Mek. As the two rival companies had been forced to fraternize, owing to the now generally hostile attitude of the surrounding tribes, the leaders had become wonderfully polite, exchanging presents, getting drunk together upon raw spirits, and behaving in a brotherly manner—according to their ideas of fraternity. There was a peculiar charm in the association with children in this land of hardened hearts and savage natures: there is a time in the life of the most savage animal when infancy is free from the fierce instincts of race; even the lion's whelp will fondle the hand that it would tear in riper years: thus, separated in this land of horrors from all civilization, and forced by hard necessity into the vicinity of all that was brutal and disgusting, it was an indescribable relief to be surrounded by those who were yet innocent, and who clung in their

forsaken state to those who looked upon them with pity. We had now six little dependents, none of whom could ever belong to us, as they were all slaves, but who were well looked after by my wife; fed, amused, and kept clean. The boy Abbai was the greatest favourite, as, having neither father nor mother, he claimed the greatest care; he was well washed every morning, and then to his great delight smeared all over from head to toes with red ochre and grease, with a cock's feather stuck in his woolly pate. He was then a most charming pet savage, and his toilette completed, he invariably sat next to his mistress, drinking a gourd-shell of hot milk, while I smoked my early morning pipe beneath the tree. I made bows and arrows for my boys, and taught them to shoot at a mark, a large pumpkin being carved into a man's head to excite their aim. Thus the days were passed until the evening; at that time a large fire was lighted to create a blaze, drums were collected, and after dinner a grand dance was kept up by the children, until the young Abbai ended regularly by creeping under my wife's chair, and falling sound asleep: from this protected spot he was carried to his mat, wrapped up in a piece of old flannel (the best cloth we had), in which he slept till morning. Poor little Abbai! I often wonder what will be his fate, and whether in his dreams he recalls the few months of happiness that brightened his earliest days of slavery.

Although we were in good health in Shooa, many of the men were ill, suffering generally from headache; also from ulcerated legs; the latter was a peculiar disease, as the ulcer generally commenced upon the ankle bone and extended to such a degree that the patient was rendered incapable of walking. The treatment for headache among all the savage tribes was a simple cauterization of the forehead in spots burnt with a hot iron close to the roots

of the hair. The natives declared that the water was unwholesome from the small stream at the foot of the hill, and that all those who drank from the well were in good health. I went down to examine the spring, which I found beautifully clear, while the appearance of the stream was quite sufficient to explain the opposite quality. As I was walking quietly along the bank, I saw a bright ray of light in the grass upon the opposite side; in another moment I perceived the head of a crocodile who was concealed in the



Head of Black Rhinoceros

grass, the brightness of the sun's reflexion upon the eye having attracted my attention. A shot with the little 24 rifle struck just above the eye and killed it; it was a female from which we extracted seven large eggs, all with hard shells.

The shooting that I had while at Shooa was confined to antelopes; of these there was no variety excepting water-buck and hartebeest. Whenever I shot an animal, the Shooa natives would invariably cut its throat, and drink

the hot blood as it gushed from the artery. In this neighbourhood there was a great scarcity of game; the natives of Lira described their country as teeming with elephants and rhinoceros; a fine horn of the latter they brought with them to Shooa. There is only one variety of rhinoceros that I have met with in the portions of Africa that I have visited: this is the two-horned, a very exact sketch of which I made of the head of one that I cut off after I had



The Chief of the Lira Tribe

shot it. This two-horned black rhinoceros is extremely vicious. I have remarked that they almost invariably charge any enemy that they smell, but do not see; they generally retreat if they observe the object before obtaining the wind.

In my rambles in search of game, I found two varieties of cotton growing indigenous to the country; one with a yellow blossom was so short in the staple as to be worthless,

but the other (a red blossom) produced a fine quality that was detached with extreme ease from the seeds. A sample of this variety I brought to England, and deposited the seed at the Royal Botanical Gardens at Kew. A large quantity was reported to be grown at Lira, some of which was brought me by the chief; this was the inferior kind. I sketched the old chief of Lira, who when in full dress wore a curious ornament of cowrie-shells upon his felt wig that gave him a most comical appearance, as he looked like the caricature of an English judge. The Turks had extended their excursions in their search for ivory, and they returned from an expedition sixty miles east of Shooa, bringing with them two donkeys that they had obtained from the natives. This was an interesting event, as for nearly two years I had heard from the natives of Latooka, and from those of Unyoro, that donkeys existed in a country to the east. These animals were the same in appearance as those of the Soudan; the natives never rode, but simply used them to transport wood from the forest to their villages; the people were reported as the same in language and appearance as the Lira tribe.

CHAPTER XVII

THE NATIVES IN MOURNING

THE hour of deliverance from our long sojourn in Central Africa was at hand;—it was the month of February, and the boats would be at Gondokoro. The Turks had packed their ivory; the large tusks were fastened to poles to be carried by two men, and the camp was a perfect mass of this valuable material. I counted 609 loads of upwards of 50 lbs. each; thirty-one loads were lying at an out-station: therefore the total results of the ivory campaign during the last twelve months were about 32,000 lbs., equal to about £9,630 when delivered in Egypt. This was a perfect fortune for Koorshid.

We were ready to start. My baggage was so unimportant that I was prepared to forsake everything and to march straight for Gondokoro independently with my own men, but this the Turks assured me was impracticable, as the country was so hostile in advance that we must of necessity have some fighting on the road; the Bari tribe would dispute our right to pass through their territory. The porters were all engaged to transport the ivory, but I observed that the greater number were in mourning for either lost friends or cattle, having ropes twisted round their necks and waists, as marks of sorrow. About 800 men received payment of cattle in advance; the next day they had all absconded with their cows, having departed during the night. This was a planned affair to "spoil the Egyptians;" a combination had been entered into some months before by the Madi

and Shooa tribes, to receive payment and to abscond, and to leave the Turks helpless to remove their stock of ivory. The people of Mahommed Wat-el-Mek were in a similar dilemma; not a tusk could be delivered at Gondokoro. This was not my affair. The greater portion of Ibrahim's immense store of ivory had been given to him by Kamrasi; I had guaranteed him a hundred cantars (10,000 lbs.) should he quit Obbo and proceed to the unknown south; in addition to a large quantity that he had collected and delivered at Gondokoro in the past year, he had now more than three times that amount. Although Kamrasi had on many occasions offered the ivory to me, I had studiously avoided the acceptance of a single tusk, as I wished the Turks to believe that I would not mix myself up with trade in any form, and that my expedition had purely the one object that I had explained to Ibrahim when I first won him over on the road to Ellyria more than two years ago—"the discovery of the Albert Lake." With a certain number of presents of first-class forty-guinea rifles and guns, &c. &c., to Ibrahim, I declared my intention of starting for Gondokoro. My trifling articles of baggage were packed; a few of the Lira natives were to act as porters, as, although the ivory could not be transported, it was necessary for Ibrahim to send a strong party to Gondokoro to procure ammunition and the usual supplies forwarded annually from Khartoum; the Lira people who carried my luggage would act as return porters.

The day arrived for our departure; the oxen were saddled and we were ready to start. Crowds of people came to say "good bye," but dispensing with the hand-kissing of the Turks who were to remain in camp, we prepared for our journey towards *home*. Far away although it was, every step would bring us nearer. Nevertheless there were ties even in this wild spot, where all was savage

and unfeeling—ties that were painful to sever, and that caused a sincere regret to both of us when we saw our little flock of unfortunate slave children crying at the idea of separation. In this moral desert, where all humanized feelings were withered and parched like the sands of the Soudan, the guilelessness of the children had been welcomed like springs of water, as the only refreshing feature in a land of sin and darkness. "Where are you going?" cried poor little Abbai in the broken Arabic that we had taught him. "Take me with you, Sitty!" (lady), and he followed us down the path as we regretfully left our protégés, with his fists tucked into his eyes, weeping from his heart, although for his own mother he had not shed a tear. We could not take him with us; he belonged to Ibrahim; and had I purchased the child to rescue him from his hard lot and to rear him as a civilized being, I might have been charged with slave dealing. With heavy hearts we saw him taken up in the arms of a woman and carried back to camp, to prevent him from following our party, that had now started.

We had turned our backs fairly upon the south, and we now travelled for several days through most beautiful park-like lands, crossing twice the Un-y-Amé stream, that rises in the country between Shooa and Unyoro, and arriving at the point of junction of this river with the Nile, in latitude $3^{\circ} 32' N$. On the north bank of the Un-y-Amé, about three miles from the embouchure of that river where it flows into the Nile, the tamarind tree was shown me that forms the limit of Signor Miani's journey from Gondokoro, the extreme point reached by any traveller from the north until the date of my expedition. This tree bore the name of "Shedder-el-Sowār" (the traveller's tree), by which it was known by the traders' parties. Several of the men belonging to Ibrahim, also Mahommed Wat-el-Mek, the vakeel of Debono's people, had accompanied Signor Miani

on his expedition to this spot. Loggo, the Bari interpreter, who had constantly acted for me during two years, happened to have been the interpreter of Signor Miani; he confessed to me how he had been compelled by his master's escort to deceive him, by pretending that a combined attack was to be made upon them by the natives. Upon this excuse, Miani's men refused to proceed, and determined to turn back to Gondokoro—thus ended his expedition. I regarded the tree that marked the limit of his journey with much sympathy. I remembered how I had formerly contended with similar difficulties, and how heart-breaking it would have been to have returned, baffled by the misconduct of my own people, when the determination of my heart urged me forward to the south; thus I appreciated the disappointment that so enterprising a traveller must have felt in sorrowfully cutting his name upon the tree, and leaving it as a record of misfortune. With a just tribute to the perseverance that had carried him farther than any European traveller had penetrated before him, we continued our route over a most beautiful park of verdant grass, diversified by splendid tamarind trees, the dark foliage of which afforded harbour for great numbers of the brilliant yellow-breasted pigeon. We shortly ascended a rocky mountain by a stony and difficult pass, and upon arrival at the summit, about 800 feet above the Nile, which lay in front at about two miles' distance, we halted to enjoy the magnificent view. "Hurrah for the old Nile!" I exclaimed, as I revelled in the scene before me: here it was, fresh from its great parent, the Albert Lake, in all the grandeur of Africa's mightiest river. From our elevated point we looked down upon a broad sheet of unbroken water, winding through marshy ground, flowing from W.S.W. The actual breadth of clear water, independent of the marsh and reedy banks, was about 400

yards, but, as usual in the deep and flat portions of the White Nile, the great extent of reeds growing in deep water rendered any estimate of the positive width extremely vague. We could discern the course of this great river for about twenty miles, and distinctly trace the line of mountains on the west bank that we had seen at about sixty miles' distance when on the route from Karuma to Shooa; the commencement of this chain we had seen when at Magungo, forming the Koshi frontier of the Nile. The country opposite to the point on which we now stood was Koshi, which, forming the west bank of the Nile, extended the entire way to the Albert Lake. The country that we occupied was Madi, which extended as the east bank of the Nile to the angle of the Victoria Nile (or Somerset river) junction opposite Magungo. These two countries, Koshi and Madi, we had seen from Magungo when we had viewed the exit of the Nile from the lake, as though a tail-like continuation of the water, until lost in the distance of the interminable valley of high reeds. Having, from Magungo, in lat. $2^{\circ} 16'$, looked upon the course of the river far to the north, and from the high pass, our present point, in lat. $3^{\circ} 34' N.$, we now comprised an extensive view of the river to the south; the extremities of the limits of view from north and south would almost meet, and leave a mere trifle of a few miles not actually inspected.

Exactly opposite the summit of the pass from which we now scanned the country, rose the precipitous mountain known as Gebel Kookoo, which rose to a height of about 2,500 feet above the level of the Nile, and formed the prominent feature of a chain which bordered the west bank of the Nile with few breaks to the north, until within thirty miles of Gondokoro. The pass upon which we stood was the southern extremity of a range of high rocky hills that formed the east cliff of the Nile; thus the broad and noble

stream that arrived from the Albert Lake in a sheet of unbroken water received the Un-y-Amé river, and then suddenly entered the pass between the two chains of hills—Gebel Kookoo on the west, and the ridge that we now occupied upon the east. The mouth of the Un-y-Amé river was the limit of navigation from the Albert Lake. As far as the eye could reach to the south-west, the country was dead flat and marshy throughout the course of the river; this appearance proving the correctness of the information I had received from the natives of Unyoro, and from Kamrasi himself, that the Nile was navigable for some days' journey from the Albert Lake. Precisely the same information had been given to Speke, and the river level at this point showed by his thermometer so great a difference between that of Karuma, that he had concluded the fall of 1,000 feet must exist between the foot of Karuma Falls and the Albert Lake; this, as already described, I proved to be 1,275 feet.

It would be impossible to describe the calm enjoyment of the scene from this elevated pass, from which we confirmed the results of our own labours and of Speke's well-reflected suggestions. We were now on the track by which he and Grant had returned; but I believe they had rounded the foot of the hill that we had ascended; the two routes led to the same point, as our course brought us at right angles with the Nile that flowed beneath us. Descending the pass through a thorny jungle, we arrived at the river, and turning suddenly to the north, we followed its course for about a mile, and then bivouacked for the evening. The Nile having entered the valley between Gebel Kookoo and the western range, was no longer the calm river that we had seen to the south: numerous rocky islands blocked its course, and mud-banks covered with papyrus rush so obstructed the stream that the river widened to about a

mile—this width was composed of numerous channels, varying in breadth between the obstructing rock and island. Upon one of the rush-covered islands a herd of elephants was discovered, almost concealed by the height of the vegetation. As they approached the edge of the water and became exposed, I tried about twenty shots at them with the Fletcher rifle, sighted to 600 yards, but in no instance could I either touch or disturb them by the bullets; this will afford some idea of the width of the river, the island appearing to be in the middle of the stream.

A short distance below this spot, the Nile rapidly contracted, and at length became a roaring torrent, passing through a narrow gorge between perpendicular cliffs, with a tremendous current. In some places the great river was pent up between rocks, which confined it to a width of about 120 yards—through such channels the rush of water was terrific, but to a casual observer approaching from the north, the volume of the Nile would have been underrated, unless calculated by the velocity of the stream.

From this point we followed the bank of the Nile over a difficult route, down steep ravines and up precipitous crags, by a winding path along the foot of the range of syenite hills that hemmed in the river on the west bank. Several considerable waterfalls added to the grandeur of the pass, through which for many miles the angry Nile chafed and roared like a lion in its confined den.

At length we arrived at a steep descent, and dismounting from our oxen after a walk of about a quarter of a mile over rough stones, we reached the Asua river, about a quarter of a mile above its junction with the Nile. The bed was rocky; but although the Atabbi had subscribed its waters above the point where we now crossed, there was merely a trifling stream occupying about a quarter of the river's bed, with a current of about two and a half miles an hour.

Crossing this on foot, the water in the deepest part reached to the middle of my thighs. The Asua river, as already described, at the time that I crossed it on the route from Farājoke to Shooa, is a mountain torrent formidable during the rains; quickly flooding and quickly emptying from its rapid inclination, it is exhausted during the dry season.

The crossing of this river was a signal for extra precaution in the arrangement of our march: we had entered the territory of the ever hostile Bari tribe; we had been already warned that we could not pass to Gondokoro without being attacked.

We slept on the road, about seven miles to the north of the Asua. On the following morning we started. The route led over a fine country parallel with the Nile, that still continued in a rock-bound channel on the west of the march. Throughout the route from the Un-y-Amé junction, the soil had been wretchedly poor—a mass of rock and decomposed granite forming a sand that quickly parched during the dry season. The level of the country being about 200 feet above the Nile, deep gullies cut the route at right angles, forming the natural drains to the river.

In these ravines grew dense thickets of bamboos. Having no native guide, but trusting solely to the traders' people, who had travelled frequently by this route, we lost the path, and shortly became entangled amongst the numerous ravines. At length we passed a village, around which were assembled a number of natives. Having regained the route, we observed the natives appearing in various directions, and as quickly disappearing only to gather in our front in increased numbers. Their movements exciting suspicion, in a country where every man was an enemy, our party closed together; we threw out an advance guard—ten men on either flank—the porters, ammunition, and effects in the centre; while about ten men

brought up the rear. Before us lay two low rocky hills covered with trees, high grass and brushwood, in which I distinctly observed the bright red forms of natives painted according to the custom of the Bari tribe.

We were evidently in for a fight. The path lay in a gorge between the low rocky hills in advance. My wife dismounted from her ox, and walked at the head of our party with me, Saat following behind with the gun that he usually carried, while the men drove several riding-oxen in the centre. Hardly had we entered the pass, when—whizz went an arrow over our heads. This was the signal for a repeated discharge. The natives ran among the rocks with the agility of monkeys, and showed a considerable amount of daring in standing within about eighty yards upon the ridge, and taking steady shots at us with their poisoned arrows. The flanking parties now opened fire, and what with the bad shooting of both the escort and the native archers, no one was wounded on either side for the first ten minutes. The rattle of musketry, and the wild appearance of the naked vermilion-coloured savages, as they leapt along the craggy ridge, twanging their bows at us with evil but ineffectual intent, was a charming picture of African life and manners. Fortunately the branches of numerous trees and intervening clumps of bamboo frustrated the good intentions of the arrows, as they glanced from their aim; and although some fell among our party, we were as yet unscathed. One of the enemy, who was most probably a chief, distinguished himself in particular, by advancing to within about fifty yards, and standing on a rock, he deliberately shot five or six arrows, all of which missed their mark; the men dodged them as they arrived in their uncertain flight: the speed of the arrows was so inferior, owing to the stiffness of the bows, that nothing was easier than to evade them. Any halt was unnecessary. We

continued our march through the gorge, the men keeping up an unremitting fire until we entered upon a tract of high grass and forest; this being perfectly dry, it would have been easy to set it on fire, as the enemy were to leeward; but although the rustling in the grass betokened the presence of a great number of men, they were invisible. In a few minutes we emerged in a clearing, where corn had been planted; this was a favourable position for a decisive attack upon the natives, who now closed up. Throwing out skirmishers, with orders that they were to cover themselves behind the trunks of trees, the Baris were driven back. One was now shot through the body and fell; but recovering he ran with his comrades, and fell dead after a few yards.

What casualties had happened during the passage of the gorge, I cannot say, but the enemy were now utterly discomfited. I had not fired a shot, as the whole affair was perfect child's play, and any one who could shoot would have settled the fortune of the day by half a dozen shots; but both the traders' people and my men were "shooters, but not hitters." We now bivouacked on the field for the night.

During the march on the following day, the natives watched us at a distance, following in great numbers parallel with our route, but fearing to attack. The country was perfectly open, being a succession of fine downs of low grass, with few trees, where any attack against our guns would have been madness.

In the evening we arrived at two small deserted villages; these, like most in the Bari country, were circular, and surrounded by a live and impenetrable fence of euphorbia, having only one entrance. The traders' people camped in one, while I took up my quarters in the other. The sun had sunk, and the night being pitch dark, we had a glorious fire, around which we placed our angareps opposite the

narrow entrance of the camp, about ten yards distant. I stationed Richarn as sentry outside the gateway, as he was the most dependable of my men, and I thought it extremely probable that we might be attacked during the night: three other sentries I placed on guard at various stations. Dinner being concluded, Mrs. Baker lay down on her angarep for the night. I drew the balls from a double No. 10 smooth bore, and loaded with cartridge containing each twenty large-mould shot (about a hundred to the pound); putting this under my pillow I went to sleep. Hardly had I begun to rest, when my men woke me, saying that the camp was surrounded by natives. Upon inquiry I found this to be correct; it was so dark that they could not be seen without stooping to the ground and looking along the surface. I ordered the sentries not to fire unless hostilities should commence on the side of the natives, and in no case to draw trigger without a challenge.

Returning to the angarep I laid down, and not wishing to sleep, I smoked my long Unyoro pipe. In about ten minutes—bang! went a shot, quickly followed by another from the sentry at the entrance of the camp. Quietly rising from my bed, I found Richarn reloading at his post. "What is it, Richarn?" I asked. "They are shooting arrows into the camp, aiming at the fire, in hopes of hitting you who are sleeping there," said Richarn. "I watched one fellow," he continued, "as I heard the twang of his bow four times. At each shot I heard an arrow strike the ground between me and you, therefore I fired at him, and I think he is down. Do you see that black object lying on the ground?" I saw something a little blacker than the surrounding darkness, but it could not be distinguished. Leaving Richarn with orders not to move from his post, but to keep a good look-out until relieved by the next watch, I again went to sleep.

Before break of day, just as the grey dawn slightly improved the darkness, I visited the sentry; he was at his post, and reported that he thought the archer of the preceding night was dead, as he had heard a sound proceeding from the dark object on the ground after I had left. In a few minutes it was sufficiently light to distinguish the body of a man lying about thirty paces from the camp entrance. Upon examination, he proved to be a Bari;—his bow was in his hand, and two or three arrows were lying by his side; thirteen mould shot had struck him dead; one had cut through the bow. We now searched the camp for arrows, and as it became light, we picked up four in various places, some within a few feet of our beds, and all horribly barbed and poisoned, that the deceased had shot into the camp gateway.

This was the last attack during our journey. We marched well, generally accomplishing fifteen miles of latitude daily from this point, as the road was good and well known to our guides. The country was generally poor, but beautifully diversified with large trees, the tamarind predominating. Passing through the small but thickly-populated and friendly little province of Moir, in a few days we sighted the well-known mountain Belignian, that we had formerly passed on its eastern side when we had started on our uncertain path from Gondokoro upwards of two years ago. The mountain of Belignian was now N.E. from our point of observation. We had a splendid view of the Ellyria Mountain, and of the distant cone, Gebel el Assul (Honey Mountain), between Ellyria and Obbo. All these curiously-shaped crags and peaks were well known to us, and we welcomed them as old friends after a long absence; they had been our companions in times of doubt and anxiety, when success in our undertaking appeared hopeless. At noon on the following day,

as we were as usual marching parallel with the Nile, the river, having made a slight bend to the west, swept round, and approached within half a mile of our path; the small conical mountain Regiäf, within twelve miles of Gondokoro, was on our left, rising from the west bank of the river. We felt almost at home again, and marching until sunset, we bivouacked within three miles of Gondokoro. That night we were full of speculations. Would a boat be waiting for us with supplies and letters? The morning anxiously looked forward to at length arrived. We started; the English flag had been mounted on a fine straight bamboo with a new lancehead specially arranged for the arrival at Gondokoro. My men felt proud, as they would march in as conquerors; according to White Nile ideas such a journey could not have been accomplished with so small a party. Long before Ibrahim's men were ready to start, our oxen were saddled and we were off, longing to hasten into Gondokoro and to find a comfortable vessel with a few luxuries, and the post from England. Never had the oxen travelled so fast as on that morning;—the flag led the way, and the men in excellent spirits followed at double quick pace. "I see the masts of the vessels!" exclaimed the boy Saat. "El hambd el Illah!" (Thank God!) shouted the men. "Hurrah!" said I—"Three cheers for old England and the Sources of the Nile! Hurrah!" and my men joined me in the wild, and to their ears savage, English yell. "Now for a salute! Fire away all your powder if you like, my lads, and let the people know that we're alive!" This was all that was required to complete the happiness of my people, and loading and firing as fast as possible, we approached near to Gondokoro. Presently we saw the Turkish flag emerge from Gondokoro, at about a quarter of a mile distant, followed by a number of the traders' people, who waited to receive us. On our arrival, they

immediately approached and fired salutes with ball cartridge, as usual advancing close to us and discharging their guns into the ground at our feet. One of my servants, Mahomet, was riding an ox, and an old friend of his in the crowd happening to recognise him, immediately advanced and saluted him by firing his gun into the earth directly beneath the belly of the ox he was riding—the effect produced made the crowd and ourselves explode with laughter. The nervous ox, terrified at the sudden discharge between his legs, gave a tremendous kick, and continued madly kicking and plunging, until Mahomet was pitched over his head, and lay sprawling on the ground; this scene terminated the expedition.

Dismounting from our tired oxen, our first inquiry was concerning boats and letters. What was the reply? Neither boats, letters, supplies, nor any intelligence of friends or the civilized world! We had long since been given up as dead by the inhabitants of Khartoum, and by all those who understood the difficulties and dangers of the country. We were told that some people had suggested that we might possibly have gone to Zanzibar, but the general opinion was that we had all been killed. At this cold and barren reply, I felt almost choked. We had looked forward to arriving at Gondokoro as to a home; we had expected that a boat would have been sent on the chance of finding us, as I had left money in the hands of an agent in Khartoum—but there was literally nothing to receive us, and we were helpless to return. We had worked for years in misery, such as I have but faintly described, to overcome the difficulties of this hitherto unconquerable exploration; we had succeeded—and what was the result? Not even a letter from home to welcome us if alive! As I sat beneath a tree and looked down upon the glorious Nile that flowed a few yards beneath my feet, I pondered upon

the value of my toil. I had traced the river to its great Albert source, and as the mighty stream glided before me, the mystery that had ever shrouded its origin was dissolved. I no longer looked upon its waters with a feeling approaching to awe, for I knew its home, and had visited its cradle. Had I overrated the importance of the discovery? and had I wasted some of the best years of my life to obtain a shadow? I recalled to recollection the practical question of Commoro, the chief of Latooka—"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?"

CHAPTER XVIII

THE LATEST NEWS FROM KHARTOUM

THE various trading parties were assembled in Gondokoro with a total of about three thousand slaves; but there was a general consternation depicted upon every countenance. Only three boats had arrived from Khartoum—one diah-biah and two noggors—these belonged to Koorshid Aga. The resumé of news from Khartoum was as follows:

“Orders had been received by the Egyptian authorities from the European Governments to suppress the slave-trade. Four steamers had arrived at Khartoum from Cairo. Two of these vessels had ascended the White Nile, and had captured many slavers; their crews were imprisoned, and had been subjected to the bastinado and torture; the captured slaves had been *appropriated* by the Egyptian authorities.

“It would be impossible to deliver slaves to the Soudan this season, as an Egyptian regiment had been stationed in the Shillook country, and steamers were cruising to intercept the boats from the interior in their descent to Khartoum; thus the army of slaves then at Gondokoro would be utterly worthless.

“The plague was raging at Khartoum, and had killed 15,000 people; many of the boats’ crews had died on their passage from Khartoum to Gondokoro of this disease, which had even broken out in the station where we then were: people died daily.

“The White Nile was dammed up by a freak of nature,

and the crews of thirty vessels had been occupied five weeks in cutting a ditch through the obstruction, wide enough to admit the passage of boats."

Such was the intelligence received by the latest arrival from Khartoum. No boats having been sent for me, I engaged the *diahbiah* that had arrived for Koorshid's ivory; this would return empty, as no ivory could be delivered at Gondokoro. The prospect was pleasant, as many men had died of the plague on board our vessel during the voyage from Khartoum; thus we should be subject to a visitation of this fearful complaint as a wind-up to the difficulties we had passed through during our long exile in Central Africa. I ordered the vessel to be thoroughly scrubbed with boiling water and sand, after which it was fumigated with several pounds of tobacco, burnt within the cabin.

Three days were employed in ferrying the slaves across the river in the two noggors, or barges, as they must be returned to their respective stations. I rejoiced at the total discomfiture of the traders, and, observing a cloud of smoke far distant to the north, I spread the alarm that a steamer was approaching from Khartoum! Such was the consternation of the traders' parties at the bare idea of such an occurrence that they prepared for immediate flight into the interior, as they expected to be captured by Government troops sent from Khartoum to suppress the slave-trade. Profiting by this nervous state of affairs, I induced them to allow the boat to start immediately, and we concluded all our arrangements, contracting for the *diahbiah* at 4,000 piastres (£40). The plague having broken out at Gondokoro, the victims among the natives were dragged to the edge of the cliff and thrown into the river; it is impossible to describe the horrible effluvium produced by the crowds of slaves that had been confined upon the limited area of the

station. At length the happy moment arrived that we were to quit the miserable spot. The boat was ready to start—we were all on board, and Ibrahim and his people came to say good-bye. It is only justice to Ibrahim to say, that, although he had been my great enemy when at Gondokoro in 1863, he had always behaved well since peace was established at Ellyria; and, although by nature and profession a slave-hunter, like others of the White Nile, he had frequently yielded to my interference to save the lives of natives who would otherwise have been massacred without pity.

I had gained an extraordinary influence over all these ruffianly people. Everything that I had promised them had been more than performed; all that I had foretold had been curiously realized. They now acknowledged how often I had assured them that the slave-trade would be suppressed by the interference of European powers, and the present ruin of their trade was the result; they all believed that I was the cause, by having written from Gondokoro to the Consul-general of Egypt in 1863, when the traders had threatened to drive me back. Far from retaliating upon me, they were completely cowed. The report had been spread throughout Gondokoro by Ibrahim and his people that their wonderful success in ivory hunting was chiefly due to me; that their sick had been cured; that good luck had attended their party; that disaster had befallen all who had been against me; and that no one had suffered wrong at our hands. With the resignation of Mahommedans they yielded to their destiny, apparently without any ill-feeling against us. Crowds lined the cliff and the high ground by the old ruins of the mission-station to see us depart. We pushed off from shore into the powerful current; the English flag that had accompanied us through all our wanderings now fluttered proudly from

the mast-head unsullied by defeat, and amidst the rattle of musketry we glided rapidly down the river, and soon lost sight of Gondokoro.

What were our feelings at that moment? Overflowing with gratitude to a Divine Providence that had supported us in sickness, and guided us through all dangers. There had been moments of hopelessness and despair; days of misery, when the future had appeared dark and fatal; but we had been strengthened in our weakness, and led, when apparently lost, by a unseen hand. I felt no triumph, but with a feeling of calm contentment and satisfaction we floated down the Nile. My great joy was in the meeting that I contemplated with Speke in England, as I had so thoroughly completed the task we had agreed upon.

Silently and easily we floated down the river; the oars keeping us in mid-stream. The endless marshes no longer looked so mournful as we glided rapidly past, and descended the current against which we had so arduously laboured on our ascent to Gondokoro. As we thus proceeded on our voyage through the monotonous marshes and vast herds of hippopotami that at this season thronged the river, I had ample leisure to write my letters for England, to be posted on arrival at Khartoum, and to look back upon the results of the last few years.

The Nile, cleared of its mystery, resolves itself into comparative simplicity. The actual basin of the Nile is included between about the 22° and 39° East longitude, and from 3° South to 18° North latitude. The drainage of that vast area is monopolized by the Egyptian river. The Victoria and Albert lakes, the two great equatorial reservoirs are the recipients of all affluents south of the Equator; the Albert lake being the grand reservoir in which are concentrated the entire waters from the south, in addition to tributaries from the Blue Mountains, from the north of the

Equator. The Albert N'yanza is the great basin of the Nile; the distinction between that and the Victoria N'yanza is, that the Victoria is a reservoir receiving the eastern affluents, and it becomes a starting point or the most elevated *source* at the point where the river issues from it at the Ripon Falls; the Albert is a reservoir not only receiving the western and southern affluents direct from the Blue Mountains, but it also receives the supply from the Victoria and from the entire equatorial Nile basin. The Nile, as it issues from the Albert N'yanza, is the *entire* Nile; prior to its birth from the Albert lake it is *not* the entire Nile. A glance at the map will at once exemplify the relative value of the two great lakes. The Victoria gathers all the waters on the eastern side and sheds them into the northern extremity of the Albert: while the latter, from its character and position, is the direct channel of the Nile that receives all waters that belong to the equatorial Nile basin. Thus the Victoria is the first *source*; but from the Albert the river issues at once as the great White Nile.

It is not my intention to claim a higher value for my discovery than is justly due, neither would I diminish in any way the lustre of the achievements of Speke and Grant; it has ever been my object to confirm and support their discoveries, and to add my voice to the chorus of praise that they have so justly merited. A great geographical fact has through our joint labours been most thoroughly established by the discovery of the Sources of the Nile. I lay down upon the map exactly what I saw, and what I gathered from information afforded by the natives most carefully examined.

My exploration confirms all that was asserted by Speke and Grant: they traced the country from Zanzibar to the northern watershed of Africa, commencing at about 3° south latitude, at the southern extremity of the Victoria

N'yanza. They subsequently determined the river at the Ripon Falls flowing from that lake to be the highest source of the Nile. They had a perfect right to arrive at this conclusion from the data then afforded. They traced the river for a considerable distance to Karuma Falls, in lat. $2^{\circ} 15' N.$; and they subsequently met the Nile in lat. $3^{\circ} 32' N.$ They had heard that it flowed into the Luta N'zigé, and that it issued from it; thus they were correct in all their investigations, which my discoveries have confirmed. Their general description of the country was perfect, but not having visited the lake heard of as the Luta N'zigé, they could not possibly have been aware of the vast importance of that great reservoir in the Nile system. The task of exploring that extraordinary feature having been accomplished, the geographical question of the sources of the Nile is explained. Ptolemy had described the Nile sources as emanating from two great lakes that received the snows of the mountains in Ethiopia. There are many ancient maps existing upon which these lakes are marked as positive: although there is a wide error in the latitude, the fact remains, that two great lakes were reported to exist in Equatorial Africa fed by the torrents from lofty mountains, and that from these reservoirs two streams issued, the conjunction of which formed the Nile. The general principle was correct, although the detail was wrong. There can be little doubt that trade had been carried on between the Arabs from the Red Sea and the coast opposite Zanzibar in ancient times, and that the people engaged in such enterprise had penetrated so far into the interior as to have obtained a knowledge of the existence of the two reservoirs; thus may the geographical information originally have been brought into Egypt.

The rainfall to within 3° north of the Equator extends over ten months, commencing in February and terminating

in the end of November. The heaviest rains fall from April till the end of August; during the latter two months of this season the rivers are at their maximum: at other times the climate is about as uncertain as that of England; but the rain is of the heavy character usual in the tropics. Thus the rivers are constant throughout the year, and the Albert Lake continues at a high level, affording a steady volume of water to the Nile. On the map given to me by Captain Speke he has marked the Victoria Nile below the Ripon Falls as the Somerset river. As I have made a point of adhering to all native names as given by him upon that map, I also adhere to the name Somerset river for that portion of the Nile between the Victoria and the Albert Lakes; this must be understood as Speke's *Victoria Nile* source; bearing the name of Somerset, no confusion will arise in speaking of the Nile, which would otherwise be ambiguous, as the same name would apply to two distinct rivers, the one emanating from the Victoria and flowing into the Albert; the other the entire river Nile as it leaves the Albert lake. The White Nile, fed as described by the great reservoirs supplied by the rains of equatorial districts, receives the following tributaries:

From the East bank—The Asua, important from 15th April till 15th November: dry after that date.

From West bank—The Yé, third class; full from 15th April till 15th November.

Ditto—Another small river, third class; full from 15th April till 15th November.

Ditto—The Bahr el Gazal; little or no water supplied by this river.

From East bank—The Sobat, first class; full from June to December.

The Bahr Giraffe I omit, as it is admitted by the natives to be a branch of the White Nile that leaves the main river

at the Aliab country and re-unites in lat. $9^{\circ} 25'$ between the Bahr el Gazal and the Sobat. The latter river (Sobat) is the most powerful affluent of the White Nile, and is probably fed by many tributaries from the Galla country about Kaffa, in addition to receiving the rivers from the Berri and Latooka countries. I consider that the Sobat must be supplied by considerable streams from totally distinct countries east and south, having a rainfall at different seasons, as it is bank-full at the end of December, when the southern rivers (the Asua, &c.) are extremely low. North from the Sobat, the White Nile has no other tributaries until it is joined by the Blue Nile at Khartoum, and by its last affluent the Atbara in lat. $17^{\circ} 37'$. Those two great mountain streams flooding suddenly in the end of June, fed by the rains of Abyssinia, raise the volume of the Nile to an extent that causes the inundations of Lower Egypt.

The basin of the Nile being thus understood, let us reflect upon the natural resources of the vast surface of fertile soil that is comprised in that portion of Central Africa. It is difficult to believe that so magnificent a soil and so enormous an extent of country is destined to remain for ever in savagedom, and yet it is hard to argue on the possibility of improvement in a portion of the world inhabited by savages whose happiness consists in idleness or warfare. The advantages are few, the drawbacks many. The immense distance from the sea-coast would render impossible the transport of any merchandise unless of extreme value, as the expenses would be insupportable. The natural productions are *nil*, excepting ivory. The soil being fertile and the climate favourable to cultivation, all tropical produce would thrive—cotton, coffee, and the sugar-cane are indigenous; but also both climate and soil are favourable, the conditions necessary to successful enterprise are wanting; the population is scanty, and the material of

the very worst; the people vicious and idle. The climate, although favourable for agriculture, is adverse to the European constitution; thus colonization would be out of the question. What can be done with so hopeless a prospect? Where the climate is fatal to Europeans, from whence shall civilization be imported? The heart of Africa is so completely secluded from the world, and the means of communication are so difficult, that although fertile, its geographical position debars that vast extent of country from improvement: thus shut out from civilization it has become an area for unbridled atrocities, as exemplified in the acts of the ivory traders.

Difficult and almost impossible is the task before the Missionary. The Austrian Mission has failed, and the stations have been forsaken; their pious labour was hopeless, and the devoted priests died upon their barren field. What curse lies so heavily upon Africa and bows her down beneath all other nations? It is the infernal traffic in slaves—a trade so hideous, that every heart of slave and owner becomes deformed, and shrinks like a withered limb incapable of action. The natural love of offspring, shared with the human race by the most savage beast, ceases to warm the heart of the wretched slave. Why should the mother love her child, if it is born to become the *property* of her owner?—to be *sold* as soon as it can exist without the mother's care. Why should the girl be modest, when she knows that she is the actual *property*, the slave, of every purchaser? Slavery murders the sacred feeling of love, that blessing that cheers the lot of the poorest man, that spell that binds him to his wife, and child, and home. Love cannot exist with slavery—the mind becomes brutalised to an extent that freezes all those tender feelings that Nature has implanted in the human heart to separate it from the beast; and the mind, despoiled

of all noble instincts, descends to hopeless brutality. Thus is Africa accursed: nor can she be raised to any scale approaching to civilization until the slave-trade shall be totally suppressed. The first step necessary to the improvement of the savage tribes of the White Nile is the annihilation of the slave-trade. Until this be effected, no legitimate commerce can be established; neither is there an opening for missionary enterprise; the country is sealed and closed against all improvement.

Nothing would be easier than to suppress this infamous traffic, were the European Powers in earnest. Egypt is in favour of slavery. I have never seen a Government official who did not in argument uphold slavery as an institution absolutely necessary to Egypt—thus any demonstration made against the slave-trade by the Government of that country will be simply a *pro forma* movement to blind the European Powers. Their eyes thus closed, and the question shelved, the trade will resume its channel. Were the reports of European consuls supported by their respective Governments, and were the consuls themselves empowered to seize vessels laden with slaves, and to liberate gangs of slaves when upon a land journey, that abominable traffic could not exist. The hands of the European consuls are tied, and jealousies interwoven with the Turkish question act as a bar to united action on the part of Europe; no Power will be the first to disturb the muddy pool. The Austrian consul at Khartoum, Herr Natterer, told me, in 1862, that he had vainly reported the atrocities of the slave-trade to his Government—NO REPLY HAD BEEN RECEIVED to his report. Every European Government *knows* that the slave-trade is carried on to an immense extent in Upper Egypt, and that the Red Sea is the great Slave Lake by which these unfortunate creatures are transported to Arabia and to Suez—but the jealousies

concerning Egypt muzzle each European Power. Should one move, the other would interfere to counteract undue influence in Egypt. Thus is immunity insured to the villanous actors in the trade. Who can prosecute a slave trader of the White Nile? What legal evidence can be produced from Central Africa to secure a conviction in an English Court of Law? The English consul (Mr. Petherick) arrested a Maltese, the nephew of Debono; the charge could not be legally supported. Thus are the consuls fettered, and their acts nullified by the impossibility of producing reliable evidence—the facts are patent; but who can prove them legally?

Stop the White Nile trade; prohibit the departure of any vessels from Khartoum for the south, and let the Egyptian Government grant a concession to a company for the White Nile, subject to certain conditions, and to a special supervision. There are already four steamers at Khartoum. Establish a military post of 200 men at Gondokoro; an equal number below the Shillook tribes in 13° latitude, and with two steamers cruising on the river, not a slave could descend the White Nile.

Should the slave-trade be suppressed, there will be a good opening for the ivory trade; the conflicting trading parties being withdrawn, and the interest of the trade exhibited by a single company, the natives would no longer be able to barter ivory for cattle; thus they would be forced to accept other goods in exchange. The newly-discovered Albert Lake opens the centre of Africa to navigation. Steamers ascend from Khartoum to Gondokoro in latitude 4° 55'. Seven days' march south from that station, the navigable portion of the Nile is reached, where vessels can ascend direct to the Albert lake—thus an enormous extent of country is opened to navigation, and Manchester goods and various other articles would find a ready market in

exchange for ivory, at a prodigious profit, as in those newly-discovered regions ivory has a merely nominal value. Beyond this commencement of honest trade, I cannot offer a suggestion, as no produce of the country except ivory could afford the expense of transport to Europe. If Africa is to be civilized, it must be effected by commerce, which once established, will open the way for missionary labour; but all ideas of commerce, improvement, and the advancement of the African race that philanthropy could suggest must be discarded until the traffic in slaves shall have ceased to exist.

Should the slave-trade be suppressed, a field would be opened, the extent of which I will not attempt to suggest, as the future would depend upon the good government of countries now devoted to savage anarchy and confusion.

Any Government that would insure security would be the greatest blessing, as the perpetual hostilities among the various tribes prevent an extension of cultivation. The sower knows not who will reap, thus he limits his crop to his bare necessities.

The ethnology of Central Africa is completely beyond my depth. The natives not only are ignorant of writing, but they are without traditions—their thoughts are as entirely engrossed by their daily wants as those of animals; thus there is no clue to the distant past; history has no existence. This is much to be deplored, as peculiarities are specific in the type of several tribes both in physical appearance and in language. The Dinka; Bari; Latooka; Madi; and Unyoro or Kitwara, are distinct languages on the east of the Nile, comprising an extent of country from about 12° north to the Equator. The Makkarika have also a distinct language, and I was informed in Kamrasi's country, that the Mallegga, on the west of the Albert lake, speak a different tongue to that of Kitwara (or Unyoro)—this may

possibly be the same as the Makkarika, of which I have had no experience by comparison. Accepting the fact of five distinct languages from the Equator to 12° N. lat., it would appear by analogy that Central Africa is divided into numerous countries and tribes, distinct from each other in language and physical conformation, whose origin is perfectly obscure. Whether the man of Central Africa be pre-Adamite is impossible to determine; but the idea is suggested by the following data. The historical origin of man, or Adam, commences with a knowledge of God. Throughout the history of the world from the creation of Adam, God is connected with mankind in every creed, whether worshipped as the universal sublime Spirit of omnipotence, or shaped by the forms of idolatry into representations of a deity. From the creation of Adam, mankind has acknowledged its inferiority, and must bow down and worship either the true God or a graven image; or something that is in heaven or in earth. The world, as we accept that term, was always actuated by a natural religious instinct. Cut off from that world, lost in the mysterious distance that shrouded the origin of the Egyptian Nile, were races unknown, that had never reckoned in the great sum of history—races that we have brought to light, whose existence had been hidden from mankind, and that now appear before us like the fossil bones of antediluvian animals. Are they vestiges of what existed in a pre-Adamite creation?

The geological formation of Central Africa is primitive; showing an altitude above the sea-level averaging nearly 4,000 feet. This elevated portion of the globe, built up in great part of granitic and sandstone rocks, has never been submerged, nor does it appear to have undergone any changes, either volcanic or by the action of water. Time, working through countless ages, with the slow but certain

instrument of atmospheric influence, has rounded the surface and split into fragments the granite rocks, leaving a sandy base of disintegrated portions, while in other cases the mountains show as hard and undecayed a surface as though fresh from Nature's foundry. Central Africa never having been submerged, the animals and races must be as old, and may be older, than any upon the earth. No geological change having occurred in ages long anterior to man, as shown by Sir R. I. Murchison theoretically so far back as the year 1852, when Central Africa was utterly unknown, it is natural to suppose that the races that exist upon that surface should be unaltered from their origin. That origin may date from a period so distant, that it preceded the Adamite creation. Historic man believes in a divinity; the tribes of Central Africa know no God. Are they of our Adamite race? The equatorial portion of Africa at the Nile sources, has an average altitude above the sea-level of about 4,000 feet; this elevated plateau forms the base of a range of mountains, that I imagine extends, like the vertebræ of an animal, from east to west, shedding a drainage to the north and south. Should this hypothesis be correct, the southern watershed would fill the Tanganika lake; while farther to the west another lake, supplied by the southern drainage, may form the head of the river Congo. On the north a similar system may drain into the Niger and Lake Tchad: thus the Victoria and the Albert lakes, being the two great reservoirs or sources of the Nile, may be the first of a system of African equatorial lakes fed by the northern and southern drainage of the mountain range, and supplying all the principal rivers of Africa from the great equatorial rainfall. The fact of the centre of Africa at the Nile sources being about 4,000 feet above the ocean, independently of high mountains rising from that level, suggests that the drainage of the Equator from the central

and elevated portion must find its way to the lower level and reach the sea. Wherever high mountain ranges exist, there must also be depressions; these situated in an equatorial rainfall must receive the drainage from the high lands and become lakes, the overflow of which must form the sources of rivers, precisely as exemplified in the sources of the Nile from the Victoria and the Albert lakes.

The fact that Sir Roderick Murchison, as a geologist, laid down a theory of the existence of a chain of lakes upon an elevated plateau in Central Africa, which theory has been now, in great measure confirmed by actual inspection, induces me to quote an extract from his address at the anniversary meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, 23d May, 1864. In that address, he expressed opinions upon the geological structure, and the races of Central Africa, which preceded those that I formed when at the Albert lake. It is with intense interest that I have read the following extract since my return to England:

"In former addresses, I suggested that the interior mass and central portions of Africa constituting a great plateau occupied by lakes and marshes, from which the waters escaped by cracks or depressions in the subtending older rocks, had been in that condition during an enormously long period. I have recently been enabled, through the apposite discovery of Dr. Kirk, the companion of Livingstone, not only to fortify my conjecture of 1852, but greatly to extend the inferences concerning the long period of time during which the central parts of Africa have remained in their present condition, save their degradation by ordinary atmospheric agencies. My view, as given to this Society in 1852, was mainly founded on the original and admirable geological researches of Mr. Bain, in the colony of the Cape of Good Hope. It was, that, inasmuch as in the secondary or mesozoic age of geologists, the northern interior of that

country was occupied by great lakes and marshes, as proved by the fossil reptile discovered by Bain, and named *Dicynodon* by Owen, such it has remained for countless ages, even up to the present day. The succeeding journeys into the interior, of Livingstone, Thornton and Kirk, Burton and Speke, and Speke and Grant, have all tended to strengthen me in the belief that Southern Africa has not undergone any of those great submarine depressions which have so largely affected Europe, Asia, and America, during the secondary, tertiary, and *quasi* modern periods.

"The discovery of Dr. Kirk has confirmed my conclusion. On the banks of an affluent of the Zambesi, that gentleman collected certain bones, apparently carried down in watery drifts from inland positions, which remains have been so fossilized as to have all the appearance of antiquity which fossils of a tertiary or older age usually present. One of these is a portion of the vertebral column and sacrum of a buffalo, undistinguishable from that of the Cape buffalo; another is a fragment of a crocodile, and another of a water-tortoise, both undistinguishable from the forms of those animals now living. Together with these, Dr. Kirk found numerous bones of antelopes and other animals, which, though in a fossil condition, all belonged, as he assured me, to species now living in South Africa.

"On the other hand, none of our explorers, including Mr. Bain, who has diligently worked as a geologist, have detected in the interior any limestones containing marine fossil remains, which would have proved that South Africa had, like other regions, been depressed into oceanic conditions, and re-elevated. On the contrary, in addition to old granitic and other igneous rocks, all explorers find only either innumerable undulations of sandstones, schistose, and quartzose rocks, or such tufaceous and ferruginous deposits as would naturally occur in countries long occupied

by lakes and exuberant jungles, separated from each other by sandy hills, scarcely any other calcareous rocks being found except tufas formed by the deposition of land-springs. It is true that there are marine tertiary formations on the coasts (around the Cape Colony, near the mouth of the Zambesi opposite Mozambique, and again on the coasts of Mombas opposite Zanzibar), and that these have been raised up into low-coast ranges, followed by rocks of igneous origin. But in penetrating into the true interior, the traveller takes a final leave of all such formations; and in advancing to the heart of the continent, he traverses a vast region which, to all appearance, has ever been under terrestrial and lacustrine conditions only. Judging, indeed from all the evidences as yet collected, the interior of South Africa has remained in that condition since the period of the secondary rocks of geologists! Yet, whilst none of our countrymen found any evidences of old marine remains, Captain Speke brought from one of the ridges which lay between the coast and the lake Victoria N'yanza a fossil shell, which, though larger in size, is undistinguishable from the *Achatina perdix* now flourishing in South Africa. Again, whilst Bain found fossil plants in his reptiliferous strata north of the Cape, and Livingstone and Thornton discovered coal in sandstone, with fossil plants, like those of our old coal of Europe and America—yet both these mesozoic and palæozoic remains are terrestrial, and are not associated with marine limestones, indicative of those oscillations of the land which are so common in other countries.

“It is further to be observed, that the surface of this vast interior is entirely exempt from the coarse superficial drift that encumbers so many countries, as derived from lofty mountain-chains from which either glaciers or great torrential streams have descended. In this respect, it is

also equally unlike those plains of Germany, Poland, and Northern Russia, which were sea-bottoms when floating icebergs melted and dropped the loads of stone which they were transporting from Scandinavia and Lapland.

"In truth, therefore, the inner portion of Southern Africa is, in this respect, as far as I know, geologically unique in the long conservation of ancient terrestrial conditions. This inference is further supported by the concomitant absence, throughout the larger portion of all this vast area, *i.e.* south of the Equator, of any of those volcanic rocks which are so often associated with oscillations of the *terra firma*.*

"With the exception of the true volcanic hills of the Cameroons recently described by Burton, on the west coast, a little to the north of the Equator, and which possibly may advance southwards towards the Gaboon country, nothing is known of the presence of any similar foci of sub-aërial eruption all round the coasts of Africa south of the Equator. If the elements for the production of them had existed, the coast-line is precisely that on which we should expect to find such volcanic vents, if we judge by the analogy of all volcanic regions where the habitual igneous eruptions are not distant from the sea, or from great internal masses of water. The absence, then, both on the coasts and in the interior, of any eruptive rocks which can have been thrown up under the atmosphere since the period when the tertiary rocks began to be accumulated, is in concurrence with all the physical data as yet got together. These demonstrate that, although the geologist finds here none of those characters of lithological structure and curiously diversified organic remains, which enable him to fix the epochs of succession in the crust of the earth in

* "Although Kilimandjaro is to a great extent igneous and volcanic, there is nothing to prove that it has been in activity during the historic era."

other quarters of the globe, the interior of South Africa is unquestionably a grand type of a region which has preserved its ancient terrestrial conditions during a very long period, unaffected by any changes except those which are dependent on atmospheric and meteoric influences.

"If, then, the lower animals and plants of this vast country have gone on unchanged for a very long period, may we infer that its human inhabitants are of like antiquity? If so, the Negro may claim as old a lineage as the Caucasian or Mongolian races. In the absence of any decisive fact, I forbear, at present, to speculate on this point; but as, amid the fossil specimens procured by Livingstone and Kirk, there are fragments of pottery made by human hands, we must wait until some zealous explorer of Southern Africa shall distinctly bring forward proofs that the manufactured articles are of the same age as the fossil bones. In other words, we still require from Africa the same proofs of the existence of links which bind together the sciences of Geology and Archæology which have recently been developed in Europe. Now, if the unquestioned works of man should be found to be coeval with the remains of fossilized existing animals in Southern Africa, the travelled geographer, who has convinced himself of the ancient condition of its surface, must admit, however unwillingly, that although the black man is of such very remote antiquity, he has been very stationary in civilization and in attaining the arts of life, if he be compared with the Caucasian, the Mongolian, the Red Indian of America, or even with the aborigines of Polynesia."*

* "The most remarkable proof of the inferiority of the Negro, when compared with the Asiatic, is, that whilst the latter has domesticated the elephant for ages and rendered it highly useful to man, the Negro has only slaughtered the animal to obtain food or ivory."

CHAPTER XIX

THE BLACK ANTELOPE

WE continued our voyage down the Nile, at times scudding along with a fair wind and stream, when a straight portion of the river allowed our men respite from the oars. This was the termination of the dry season, in this latitude 7° (end of March); thus, although the river was nearly level with the banks, the marshes were tolerably firm, and in the dryer portions the reeds had been burnt off by the natives. In one of these cleared places we descried a vast herd of antelopes, numbering several thousands. The males were black, and carried fine horns, while the females were reddish-brown and without horns. Never having shot this species, I landed from the boat, which I ordered to wait in a sheltered nook, while, accompanied by the boy Saat and Richarn, I took the little Fletcher 24 rifle and commenced a stalk.

The antelopes did not evince their usual shyness, and with a tolerable amount of patience I succeeded in getting within about 120 paces of two splendid black bucks that were separated from the herd; a patch of half-burnt reeds afforded a good covering point. The left-hand buck was in a good position for a shoulder shot, standing with his flank exposed, but with his head turned towards me. At the crack of the rifle he sprang upon his hind legs—gave two or three convulsive bounds, and fell. His companion went off at full speed, and the left-hand barrel unfortunately broke his hind leg as the half-burnt reeds hindered a correct

aim. Reloading, while my men bled the dead buck, I fired a long shot at the dense mass of antelopes who were now in full retreat at about 600 yards distance crowded together in thousands. I heard, or fancied I heard, the ball strike some object, and as the herd passed on, a reddish object remained behind that we could hardly distinguish, but on nearer approach I found a doe lying dead—she had been by chance struck by the ball through the neck at this great distance. The game being at full speed in retreat, my sport would have been over had we not at that moment heard shouts and yells exactly ahead of the vast herd of antelopes. At once they halted, and we perceived a number of natives, armed with spears and bows, who had intercepted the herd in their retreat, and who now turned them by their shouts exactly towards us. The herd came on at full speed; but seeing us, they slightly altered their line, and rushed along, thundering over the ground almost in single file, thus occupying a continuous line of about half a mile in length. Running towards them at right angles for about a quarter of a mile, I at length arrived at a white ant-hill about ten feet high; behind this I took my stand within about seventy yards of the string of antelopes that were filing by at full gallop. I waited for a buck with fine horns. Several passed, but I observed better heads in their rear; they came bounding along. "Crack!" went the rifle; and a fine buck pitched upon his head. Again the little Fletcher spoke, and down went another within ten yards of the first. "A spare gun, Richarn!" and Oswell's Purdey was slipped into my hand. "Only one barrel loaded," said Richarn. I saw a splendid buck coming along with a doe by his side;—she protected him from the shot as they came on at right angles with the gun; but knowing that the ball would go through her and reach him on the other side, I fired at her shoulder—she fell dead to

the shot, but he went off scatheless. I now found that Richarn had loaded the gun with twenty mould shot instead of ball; these were confined in a cartridge, and had killed her on the spot.

I had thus bagged five antelopes; and cutting off the heads of the bucks we left the bodies for the natives, who were anxiously watching us from a distance, but afraid to approach. The antelope first shot that was nearer to the boat, we dragged on board, with the assistance of ten or twelve men. The buck was rather larger than an average donkey—colour, black, with a white patch across the withers; a white crown to the head; white round the eyes; chest black, but belly white; the horns about two feet four inches long, and bending gracefully backwards.

A few days after this incident we arrived at the junction of the Bahr el Gazal, and turning sharp to the east, we looked forward to arriving at the extraordinary obstruction that since our passage in 1863 had dammed the White Nile.

There was considerable danger in the descent of the river upon nearing this peculiar dam, as the stream plunged below it by a subterranean channel with a rush like a cataract. A large diahbiah laden with ivory had been carried beneath the dam on her descent from Gondokoro in the previous year, and had never been seen afterwards. I ordered the reis to have the anchor in readiness, and two powerful hawsers; should we arrive in the evening, he was to secure the vessel to the bank, and not to attempt the passage through the canal until the following morning.

We anchored about half a mile above the dam.

This part of the Nile is boundless marsh, portions of which were at this season *terra firma*. The river ran from west to east; the south bank was actual ground covered with mimosas, but to the north and west the flat marsh covered with high reeds was interminable.

At daybreak we manned the oars and floated down the rapid stream. In a few minutes we heard the rush of water, and we saw the dam stretching across the river before us. The marsh being firm, our men immediately jumped out on the left bank and manned the hawsers—one fastened from the stern, the other from the bow; this arrangement prevented the boat from turning broadside on to the dam, by which accident the shipwrecked *diahbiah* had been lost. As we approached the dam I perceived the canal or ditch that had been cut by the crews of the vessels that had ascended the river; it was about ten feet wide, and would barely allow the passage of our *diahbiah*. This canal was already choked with masses of floating vegetation and natural rafts of reeds and mud that the river carried with it, the accumulation of which had originally formed the dam.

Having secured the vessel by carrying out an anchor astern and burying it on the marsh, while a rope fastened from the bow to the high reeds kept her stern to the stream, all hands jumped into the canal and commenced dragging out the entangled masses of weeds, reeds, ambatch wood, grass, and mud that had choked the entrance. Half a day was thus passed, at the expiration of which time we towed our vessel safely into the ditch, where she lay out of danger. It was necessary to discharge all cargo from the boat, in order to reduce her draught of water. This tedious operation completed, and many bushels of corn being piled upon mats spread upon the reeds beaten flat, we endeavoured to push her along the canal. Although the obstruction was annoying, it was a most interesting object.

The river had suddenly disappeared; there was apparently an end to the White Nile. The dam was about three-quarters of a mile wide; it was perfectly firm, and was already overgrown with high reeds and grass, thus

forming a continuation of the surrounding country. Many of the traders' people had died of the plague at this spot during the delay of some weeks in cutting the canal; the graves of these dead were upon the dam. The bottom of the canal that had been cut through the dam was perfectly firm, composed of sand, mud, and interwoven decaying vegetation. The river arrived with great force at the abrupt edge of the obstruction, bringing with it all kinds of trash and large floating islands. None of these objects hitched against the edge, but the instant they struck, they dived under and disappeared. It was in this manner that the vessel had been lost—having missed the narrow entrance to the canal, she had struck the dam stem on; the force of the current immediately turned her broadside against the obstruction; the floating islands and masses of vegetation brought down by the river were heaped against her, and heeling over on her side she was sucked bodily under and carried beneath the dam; her crew had time to save themselves by leaping upon the firm barrier that had wrecked their ship. The boatmen told me that dead hippopotami had been found on the other side, that had been carried under the dam and drowned.

Two days' hard work from morning till night brought us through the canal, and we once more found ourselves on the open Nile on the other side of the dam. The river was in that spot perfectly clean, not a vestige of floating vegetation could be seen upon its waters; in its subterranean passage it had passed through a natural sieve, leaving all foreign matter behind to add to the bulk of the already stupendous work.

All before us was clear and plain sailing. For some days two or three of our men had been complaining of severe headache, giddiness, and violent pains in the spine and between the shoulders. I had been anxious when at

Gondokoro concerning the vessel, as many persons had died on board of the plague during the voyage from Khartoum. The men assured me that the most fatal symptom was violent bleeding from the nose; in such cases no one had been known to recover. One of the boatmen, who had been ailing for some days, suddenly went to the side of the vessel and hung his head over the river; his nose was bleeding!

Another of my men, Yaseen, was ill; his uncle, my vakeel, came to me with a report that "his nose was bleeding violently!" Several other men fell ill: they lay helplessly about the deck in low muttering delirium, their eyes as yellow as orange-peel. In two or three days the vessel was so horribly offensive as to be unbearable; *the plague had broken out!* We floated past the river Sobat junction; the wind was fair from the south, thus fortunately we in the stern were to windward of the crew. Yaseen died; he was one who had bled at the nose. We stopped to bury him. The funeral hastily arranged, we again set sail. Mahomed died; he had bled at the nose. Another burial. Once more we set sail and hurried down the Nile. Several men were ill, but the dreaded symptom had not appeared. I had given each man a strong dose of calomel at the commencement of the disease; I could do nothing more, as my medicines were exhausted. All night we could hear the sick, muttering and raving in delirium, but from years of association with disagreeables we had no fear of the infection. One morning the boy Saat came to me with his head bound up, and complained of severe pain in the back and limbs, with all the usual symptoms of plague: in the afternoon I saw him leaning over the ship's side; his nose was bleeding violently! At night he was delirious. On the following morning he was raving, and on the vessel stopping to collect firewood he threw himself into the river to cool the

burning fever that consumed him. His eyes were suffused with blood, which, blended with a yellow as deep as the yolk of egg, gave a horrible appearance to his face, that was already so drawn and changed as to be hardly recognised. Poor Saat! the faithful boy that we had adopted, and who had formed so bright an exception to the dark character of his race, was now a victim to this horrible disease. He was a fine strong lad of nearly fifteen, and he now lay helplessly on his mat, and cast wistful glances at the face of his mistress as she gave him a cup of cold water mixed with a few lumps of sugar that we had obtained from the traders at Gondokoro.

We arrived at Fashōder, in the Shillook country, where the Egyptian Government had formed a camp of a thousand men to take possession of the country. We were well received and hospitably entertained by Osman Bey, to whom our thanks are due for the first civilized reception after years of savagedom. At Fashōder we procured lentils, rice, and dates, which were to us great luxuries, and would be a blessing to the plague-smitten boy, as we could now make some soup. Goats we had purchased in the Shir country for molotes (iron hoes) that we had received in exchange for corn at Gondokoro from Koorshid's agent who was responsible for the supply I had left in depôt. We left Fashōder, and continued our voyage towards Khar-toum.

Saat grew worse and worse: nothing would relieve the unfortunate boy from the burning torture of that frightful disease. He never slept, but night and day he muttered in delirium, breaking the monotony of his malady by occasionally howling like a wild animal. Richarn won my heart by his careful nursing of the boy, who had been his companion through years of hardship. We arrived at the village of Wat Shély, only three days from Khartoum.

Saat was dying. The night passed, and I expected that all would be over before sunrise; but as morning dawned a change had taken place—the burning fever had left him, and although raised blotches had broken out upon his chest and various parts of his body, he appeared much better. We now gave him stimulants; a tea-spoonful of araki that we had bought at Fashōder was administered every ten minutes on a lump of sugar. This he crunched in his mouth, while he gazed at my wife with an expression of affection, but he could not speak. I had him well washed, and dressed in clean clothes, that had been kept most carefully during the voyage, to be worn on our *entrée* to Khartoum. He was laid down to sleep upon a clean mat, and my wife gave him a lump of sugar to moisten his mouth and to relieve his thickly-furred tongue. His pulse was very weak, and his skin cold. "Poor Saat," said my wife, "his life hangs upon a thread. We must nurse him most carefully; should he have a relapse, nothing will save him." An hour passed, and he slept. Karka, the fat, good-natured slave woman, quietly went to his side: gently taking him by the ankles and knees, she stretched his legs into a straight position, and laid his arms parallel with his sides. She then covered his face with a cloth, one of the few rags that we still possessed. "Does he sleep still?" we asked. The tears ran down the cheeks of the savage but good-hearted Karka, as she sobbed, "He is dead!"

We stopped the boat. It was a sandy shore; the banks were high, and a clump of mimosas grew above high water-mark. It was there that we dug his grave. My men worked silently and sadly, for all loved Saat: he had been so good and true, that even their hard hearts had learnt to respect his honesty. We laid him in his grave on the desert shore, beneath the grove of trees. Again the sail was set, and, filled by the breeze, it carried us away from

the dreary spot where we had sorrowfully left all that was good and faithful. It was a happy end—most merciful, as he had been taken from a land of iniquity in all the purity of a child converted from Paganism to Christianity. He had lived and died in our service a good Christian. Our voyage was nearly over, and we looked forward to home and friends, but we had still fatigues before us: poor Saat had reached his home and rest. Two faithful followers we had buried—Johann Schmidt at the commencement of the voyage, and Saat at its termination.

A few miles from this spot, a head wind delayed us for several days. Losing patience, I engaged camels from the Arabs; and riding the whole day, we reached Khartoum about half an hour after sunset on the 5th of May, 1865.

On the following morning we were welcomed by the entire European population of Khartoum, to whom are due my warmest thanks for many kind attentions. We were kindly offered a house by Monsieur Lombrosio, the manager of the Khartoum branch of the "Oriental and Egyptian Trading Company."

I now heard the distressing news of the death of my poor friend Speke. I could not realize the truth of this melancholy report until I read the details of his fatal accident in the appendix of a French translation of his work. It was but a sad consolation that I could confirm his discoveries, and bear witness to the tenacity and perseverance with which he had led his party through the untrodden path of Africa to the first Nile source. This being the close of the expedition, I wish it to be distinctly understood how thoroughly I support the credit of Speke and Grant for their discovery of the first and most elevated source of the Nile in the great Victoria N'yanza. Although I call the river between the two lakes the "Somerset," as it was named by Speke upon the map he gave to me, I must repeat that

it is positively the Victoria Nile, and the name "Somerset" is only used to distinguish it, in my description, from the entire Nile that issues from the Albert N'yanza.

Whether the volume of water added by the latter lake be greater than that supplied by the Victoria, the fact remains unaltered: the Victoria is the highest and first-discovered source; the Albert is the second source, but the *entire reservoir* of the Nile waters. I use the term *source* as applying to each reservoir as a head or main starting-point of the river. I am quite aware that it is a debated point among geographers, whether a lake can be called a *source*, as it owes its origin to one or many rivers; but, as the innumerable torrents of the mountainous regions of Central Africa pour into these great reservoirs, it would be impossible to give preference to any individual stream. Such a theory would become a source of great confusion, and the Nile sources might remain for ever undecided; a thousand future travellers might return, each with his particular source in his portfolio, some stream of insignificant magnitude being pushed forward as the true origin of the Nile.

I found few letters awaiting me at Khartoum: all the European population of the place had long ago given us up for lost. It was my wish to start without delay direct for England, but there were extraordinary difficulties in this wretched country of the Soudan. A drought of two years had created a famine throughout the land, attended by a cattle and camel plague, that had destroyed so many camels that all commerce was stagnated. No merchandise could be transported from Khartoum; thus no purchases could be made by the traders in the interior: the country, always wretched, was ruined.

The plague, or a malignant typhus, had run riot in Khartoum: out of 4,000 black troops, only a remnant

below 400 remained alive! This frightful malady, that had visited our boat, had revelled in the filth and crowded alleys of the Soudan capital.

The Blue Nile was so low that even the noggors drawing three feet of water could not descend the river. Thus, the camels being dead, and the river impassable, no corn could be brought from Sennaar and Watmedené: there was a famine in Khartoum—neither fodder for animals, nor food for man. Being unable to procure either camels or boats, I was compelled to wait at Khartoum until the Nile should rise sufficiently to enable us to pass the cataracts between that town and Berber.*

We remained two months at Khartoum. During this time we were subjected to intense heat and constant dust-storms, attended with a general plague of boils. Verily, the plagues of Egypt remain to this day in the Soudan. On the 26th June, we had the most extraordinary dust-storm that had ever been seen by the inhabitants. I was sitting in the court-yard of my agent's house at about 4.30 P.M.: there was no wind, and the sun was as bright as usual in this cloudless sky, when suddenly a gloom was cast over all—a dull yellow glare pervaded the atmosphere. Knowing that this effect portended a dust-storm, and that the present calm would be followed by a hurricane of wind, I rose to go home, intending to secure the shutters. Hardly had I risen, when I saw approaching, from the S.W. apparently, a solid range of immense brown mountains, high in air. So rapid was the passage of this extraordinary phenomenon, that in a few minutes we were in actual pitchy darkness. At first there was no wind, and the peculiar calm gave an oppressive character to the event. We were

* The want of water in the Blue Nile, as here described, exemplifies the theory that Lower Egypt owes its existence during the greater portion of the year entirely to the volume of the White Nile.

in "a darkness that might be felt." Suddenly the wind arrived, but not with the violence that I had expected. There were two persons with me, Michael Latfalla, my agent, and Monsieur Lombrosio. So intense was the darkness, that we tried to distinguish our hands placed close before our eyes—not even an outline could be seen. This lasted for upwards of twenty minutes: it then rapidly passed away, and the sun shone as before; but we had *felt* the darkness that Moses had inflicted upon the Egyptians.

The Egyptian Government had, it appeared, been pressed by some of the European Powers to take measures for the suppression of the slave-trade: a steamer had accordingly been ordered to capture all vessels laden with this infamous cargo. Two vessels had been seized and brought to Khartoum, containing 850 human beings!—packed together like anchovies, the living and the dying festering together, and the dead lying beneath them. European eye-witnesses assured me that the disembarking of this frightful cargo could not be adequately described. The slaves were in a state of starvation, having had nothing to eat for several days. They were landed in Khartoum; the dead and many of the dying were tied by the ankles, and dragged along the ground by donkeys through the streets. The most malignant typhus, or plague, had been engendered among this mass of filth and misery, thus closely packed together. Upon landing, the women were divided by the Egyptian authorities among the soldiers. These creatures brought the plague to Khartoum, which, like a curse visited upon this country of slavery and abomination, spread like a fire throughout the town, and consumed the regiments that had received this horrible legacy from the dying cargo of slaves. Among others captured by the authorities on a charge of slave-trading, was an Austrian subject, who was then in the custody of

the Consul. A French gentleman, Monsieur Garnier, had been sent to Khartoum by the French Consulate of Alexandria on a special inquiry into the slave-trade; he was devoting himself to the subject with much energy.

While at Khartoum I happened to find Mahommed Heri the vakeel of Chenooda's party, who had instigated my men to mutiny at Latooka, and had taken my deserters into his employ. I had promised to make an example of this fellow; I therefore had him arrested, and brought before the Divan. With extreme effrontery, he denied having had anything to do with the affair, adding to his denial all knowledge of the total destruction of his party, and of my mutineers by the Latookas. Having a crowd of witnesses in my own men, and others that I had found in Khartoum who had belonged to Koorshid's party at that time, his barefaced lie was exposed, and he was convicted. I determined that he should be punished, as an example that would insure respect to any future English traveller in those regions. My men, and all those with whom I had been connected, had been accustomed to rely most implicitly upon all that I had promised, and the punishment of this man had been an expressed determination.

I went to the Divan and demanded that he should be flogged. Omer Bey was then Governor of the Soudan, in place of Moosa Pasha deceased. He sat upon the Divan, in the large hall of justice by the river. Motioning me to take a seat by his side, and handing me his pipe, he called the officer in waiting, and gave the necessary orders. In a few minutes the prisoner was led into the hall, attended by eight soldiers. One man carried a strong pole about seven feet long, in the centre of which was a double chain, riveted through in a loop. The prisoner was immediately thrown down with his face to the ground, while two men stretched out his arms and sat upon them; his feet were then placed

within the loop of the chain, and the pole being twisted round until firmly secured, it was raised from the ground sufficiently to expose the soles of the feet. Two men with powerful hippopotamus whips stood, one on either side. The prisoner thus secured, the order was given. The whips were most scientifically applied, and after the first five dozen, the slave-hunting scoundrel howled most lustily for mercy. How often had he flogged unfortunate slave women to excess, and what murders had that wretch committed, who now howled for mercy? I begged Omer Bey to stop the punishment at 150 lashes, and to explain to him publicly in the Divan, that he was thus punished for attempting to thwart the expedition of an English traveller, by instigating my escort to mutiny.

This affair over—all my accounts paid—and my men dismissed with their hands full of money—I was ready to start for Egypt. The Nile rose sufficiently to enable the passage of the Cataracts, and on the 30th June we took leave of all friends in Khartoum, and of my very kind agent, Michael Latfalla, well known as Hallil el Shami, who had most generously cashed all my bills on Cairo, without charging a fraction of exchange. On the morning of the 1st July, we sailed from Khartoum to Berber.

On approaching the fine basalt hills through which the river passes during its course from Khartoum, I was surprised to see the great Nile contracted to a trifling width of from eighty to a hundred and twenty yards. Walled by high cliffs of basalt upon either side, the vast volume of the Nile flows grandly through this romantic pass, the water boiling up in curling eddies, showing that rocky obstructions exist in its profound depths below.

Our voyage was very nearly terminated at the passage of the Cataracts. Many skeletons of wrecked vessels lay upon the rocks in various places: as we were flying along in

full sail before a heavy gale of wind, descending a cataract, we struck upon a sandbank, fortunately not upon a rock, or we should have gone to pieces like a glass bottle. The tremendous force of the stream, running at the rate of about ten or twelve miles per hour, immediately drove the vessel broadside upon the bank. About sixty yards below us was a ridge of rocks upon which it appeared certain that we must be driven should we quit the bank upon which we were stranded. The reis and crew, as usual in such cases, lost their heads. I emptied a large waterproof portmanteau, and tied it together with ropes, so as to form a life-buoy for my wife and Richarn, neither of whom could swim; the maps, journals, and observations, I packed in an iron box, which I fastened with a tow line to the portmanteau. It appeared that we were to wind up the expedition with shipwreck, and thus lose my entire collection of hunting spoils. Having completed the preparations for escape, I took command of the vessel, and silenced the chattering crew.

My first order was to lay out an anchor up stream. This was done: the water was shallow, and the great weight of the anchor, carried on the shoulders of two men, enabled them to resist the current, and to wade hip-deep about forty yards up the stream upon the sand-bank.

Thus secured, I ordered the crew to haul upon the cable. The great force of the current bearing upon the broadside of the vessel, while her head was anchored up stream, bore her gradually round. All hands were now employed in clearing away the sand, and deepening a passage: loosening the sand with their hands and feet, the powerful rapids carried it away. For five hours we remained in this position, the boat cracking and half filled with water: however, we stopped the leak caused by the strain upon her timbers, and having, after much labour, cleared a channel

in the narrow sand-bank, the moment arrived to slip the cable, hoist the sail, and trust to the heavy gale of wind from the west to clear the rocks, that lay within a few yards of us to the north. "Let go!" and, all being prepared, the sail was loosened, and filling in the strong gale with a loud report, the head of the vessel swung round with the force of wind and stream. Away we flew!—for an instant we grated on some hard substance: we stood upon the deck, watching the rocks exactly before us, with the rapids roaring loudly around our boat as she rushed upon what looked like certain destruction. Another moment, and we passed within a few inches of the rocks within the boiling surf. Hurrah, we are all right! We swept by the danger, and flew along the rapids, hurrying towards Old England.

We arrived at Berber, the spot from which we had started upwards of four years ago for our Atbara expedition. Here we were most hospitably received by Monsieur and Madame Laffargue, a French gentleman and his charming wife, who had for many years been residents in the Soudan. It is with feelings of gratitude that I express my thanks to all Frenchmen that I have met in those wild countries, for courtesies and attention, that were appreciated by me like unexpected flowers in a desert. I can only hope that Frenchmen may, when in need, receive the same kindness from my countrymen, when travelling in lands far distant from *la belle France*.

I determined upon the Red Sea route to Egypt, instead of passing the horrible Korosko desert during the hot month of August. After some delay I procured camels, and started east for Souakim, from whence I hoped to procure a steamer to Suez.

This route from Berber is not the usual caravan road: the country was in rather a disturbed state, owing to the mutiny of all the black troops in the Egyptian service in

the Taka province; and the Hadendowa Arabs, who are at no time the best of their race, were very excited. The first eight days' journey are devoid of water, except at two stations, the route being desert. Our party consisted of my wife, Richarn, Achmet, and Zéneb; the latter was a six-foot girl of the Dinka tribe, with whom Richarn had fallen in love and married during our sojourn at Khartoum. Zéneb was a good girl, rather pretty, as strong as a giraffe, and a good cook; a very valuable acquisition for Richarn. Her husband, who had been my faithful follower, was now a rich man, being the owner of thirty napoleons, the balance of his wages. Achmet was an Egyptian servant, whom I had recently engaged in Khartoum. I had also offered a Swiss missionary the protection of our party.

One day, during the heat of noon, after a long march in the burning sun through a treeless desert, we descried a solitary tree in the distance, to which we hurried as to a friend. Upon arrival, we found its shade occupied by a number of Hadendowa Arabs. Dismounting from our camels, we requested them to move and to give place for our party—as a tree upon the desert is like a well of water, to be shared by every traveller. Far from giving the desired place, they most insolently refused to allow us to share the tree. Upon Richarn attempting to take possession, he was rudely pushed on one side, and an Arab drew his knife. Achmet had a coorbach (hippopotamus whip) in his hand, that he had used on his camel; the act of raising this to threaten the Arab who had drawn his knife, was the signal for hostilities. Out flashed the broadswords from their sheaths! and the headman of the party aimed a well-intended cut at my head. Parrying the cut with my sun umbrella, I returned with a quick thrust directly in the mouth, the point of the peaceful weapon penetrating to his throat with such force that he fell upon his back. Almost

at the same moment I had to parry another cut from one of the crowd that smashed my umbrella completely, and left me with my remaining weapons, a stout Turkish pipe-stick about four feet long, and my fist. Parrying with the stick, thrusting in return at the face, and hitting sharp with the left hand, I managed to keep three or four of the party on and off upon their backs, receiving a slight cut with a sword upon my left arm in countering a blow which just grazed me as I knocked down the owner, and disarmed him. My wife picked up the sword, as I had no time to stoop, and she stood well at bay with her newly-acquired weapon that a disarmed Arab wished to wrest from her, but dared not close with the naked blade. I had had the fight all my own way, as, being beneath the tree (the boughs of which were very near the ground), the Arabs, who do not understand the use of the point, were unable to use their swords, as their intended cuts were intercepted by the branches. Vigorous thrusting and straight hitting cleared the tree, and the party were scattered right and left, followed up by Richarn and Achmet, armed with double-barrelled rifles. I was determined to disarm the whole party, if possible. One of the Arabs, armed with a lance, rushed up to attack Richarn from behind; but Zéneb was of the warlike Dinka tribe, and having armed herself with the hard wood handle of the axe, she went into the row like "Joan of Arc," and hastening to the rescue of Richarn, she gave the Arab such a whack upon the head that she knocked him down on the spot, and seizing his lance she disarmed him. Thus armed, she rushed into the thickest of the fray.

"Bravo, Zéneb!" I could not help shouting. Seizing a thick stick that had been dropped by one of the Arabs, I called Richarn and our little party together, and attacking the few Arabs who still offered resistance, they were immediately knocked down and disarmed. The leader of

the party who had been the first to draw his sword, and had received a mouthful of umbrella, had not moved from the spot where he fell, but amused himself with coughing and spitting. I now ordered him to be bound, and threatened to tie him to my camel's tail and lead him a prisoner to the Governor of Souakim, unless he called all those of his party who had run away. They were now standing at a distance in the desert, and I insisted upon the delivery of their weapons. Being thoroughly beaten and cowed, he conferred with those whom he had taken prisoners, and the affair ended by all the arms being delivered up. We counted six swords, eleven lances, and a heap of knives, the number of which I forget.

I ordered the entire party to stand in a line; and I gave them their choice, whether the ringleaders would receive a flogging from me, or whether I should tie them to the tails of camels and lead them to the Turkish Governor of Souakim? They immediately chose the former; and, calling them from the rank, I ordered them to lie down on the ground to receive punishment.

They submitted like dogs; Richarn and Achmet stood over them with their whips, ready for the word. At this moment an old white-headed Arab of my caravan came to me: kneeling down, he stroked my beard with his dirty hands, and implored pardon for the offenders. Thoroughly understanding the Arab character, I replied, "They are miserable sons of dogs, and their swords are like the feathers of a fowl; they deserve flogging, but when a white head asks for pardon, it should be granted. God is merciful, and we are all his children." Thus was the affair ended to the satisfaction of our side. I broke all the lances into fragments upon a rock—ordered Zéneb to make a fire with the wood of the handles, to boil some coffee; and tying the swords into a bundle, we packed the lanceheads and knives

in a basket, with the understanding that they should be delivered to their owners on our arrival at the last well, after which point there would be water on the route every day. From that place, there would be no fear of our camels being stolen, and of our being deserted in the desert.

On arrival at the well a few days later, I delivered the weapons to their owners as promised, they having followed our party. Souakim is about 275 miles from the Nile at Berber. At Kokreb, about half-way, we entered the chain of mountains that extends from Suez parallel with the Red Sea to the south; many portions of this chain are four or five thousand feet above the sea-level. The mountains were exceedingly beautiful, their precipitous sides of barren rock exhibiting superb strata of red and grey granite, with vast masses of exquisite red and green porphyry. Many hills were of basalt, so black that during an entire day's journey the face of the country appeared like a vast desert of coal, in broken hills and blocks strewed over the surface of the ground. Kokreb was a lovely oasis beneath the high mountains, with a forest of low mimosas in full leaf, and a stream running from the mountains, the produce of a recent storm. Throughout this country there are no rivers that should be noticed on a map, as the torrents are merely the effects of violent storms, which, falling upon the mountains several times during the rainy season from June to the end of August, tear their boisterous way along their stony course and dry up in a few hours, becoming exhausted in the sand of the deserts. For some days our course lay along a deep ravine between stupendous cliffs; this was the bed of a torrent, that, after heavy storms, flowed through the mountains, inclining to the east; in this were pools of most beautifully clear water. In many places the nooks among the cliffs were fringed with lovely green trees. It was extraordinary to observe the activity

of the camels in climbing the most difficult passes, and in picking their way among the rocks and stones that obstructed the route. In many places camels might be seen grazing upon the green mimosa bushes, that growing among the rocks high upon the mountains had tempted the animals into places that I should not have believed they could have reached.

After a journey of twenty-four days from the Nile at Berber, we emerged from the mountain-pass, and from the elevated *embouchure* we obtained a sudden and most welcome view of the Red Sea. We now quickly descended: the heat increased every hour; and after a long day's march, we slept within a few miles of Souakim. On the following morning we entered the town.

Souakim is a considerable town; the houses are all built of coral. The principal dwellings, and the custom-house and Government offices are situated on an island in the harbour. We were received with much attention by the Governor, Moomtazzé Bey, who very kindly offered us a house. The heat was frightful, the thermometer 115° Fahr., and in some houses 120°.

There is no doubt that Souakim should be the port for all exports and imports for the Soudan provinces. Were a line of steamers established from Suez, to call regularly at Souakim, at a moderate freight, it would become a most prosperous town, as the geographical position marks it as the nucleus for all trade with the interior. At present there is no regularity: the only steamers that touch at Souakim are those belonging to the Abdul Azziz Company that trade between Suez and Jedda. Although advertised for distinct periods, they only visit Souakim when they think proper, and their rates are most exorbitant.

There was no steamer upon our arrival. After waiting in intense heat for about a fortnight, the Egyptian thirty-

two gun steam frigate, *Ibrahimiya*, arrived with a regiment of Egyptian troops, under Giaffer Pasha, to quell the mutiny of the black troops at Kassala, twenty days' march in the interior. The General Giaffer Pasha, and Mustapha Bey the captain of the frigate, gave us an entertainment on board in English style, in honour of the completion of the Nile discovery. Giaffer Pasha most kindly placed the frigate at our disposal to convey us to Suez, and both he and Mustapha Bey endeavoured in every way to accommodate us. For their extreme courtesy I take this opportunity of making my acknowledgment.

Orders for sailing had been received, but suddenly a steamer was signalled as arriving: this was a transport with troops. As she was to return immediately to Suez, I preferred the dirty transport rather than incur a further delay. We started from Souakim, and in five days' voyage we arrived at Suez. Landing from the steamer, I once more found myself in an English hotel. The spacious inner court was arranged as an open conservatory; in this was a bar for refreshments, with "Allsopp's Pale Ale" on draught, with an ice accompaniment. What an Elysium! The beds had *sheets* and *pillow-cases*! neither of which I had possessed for years.

The hotel was thronged with passengers to India, with rosy, blooming English ladies, and crowds of my own countrymen. I felt inclined to talk to everybody. Never was I so in love with my own countrymen and women; but they (I mean the ladies) all had large balls of hair at the backs of their heads! What an extraordinary change! I called Richarn, my pet savage from the heart of Africa, to admire them. "Now, Richarn, look at them!" I said. "What do you think of the English ladies? eh, Richarn? Are they not lovely?"

"Wah Illahi!" exclaimed the astonished Richarn, "they

are beautiful! What hair! they are not like the negro savages, who work other people's hair into their own heads; theirs is all real—all their own—how beautiful!"

"Yes, Richarn," I replied, "*all their own!*" This was my first introduction to the "chignon."

We arrived at Cairo, and I established Richarn and his wife in a comfortable situation, as private servants to Mr. Zech, the master of Sheppard's Hotel. The character I gave him was one that I trust has done him service: he had shown an extraordinary amount of moral courage in totally reforming from his original habit of drinking. I left my old servant with a heart too full to say good-bye; a warm squeeze of his rough, but honest black hand, and the whistle of the train sounded—we were off!

I had left Richarn, and none remained of my people. The past appeared like a dream—the rushing sound of the train renewed ideas of civilization. Had I really come from the Nile Sources? It was no dream. A witness sat before me; a face still young, but bronzed like an Arab with years of exposure to a burning sun; haggard and worn with toil and sickness, and shaded with cares, happily now past; the devoted companion of my pilgrimage to whom I owed success and life—my wife.

I had received letters from England, that had been waiting at the British Consulate; the first I opened informed me, that the Royal Geographical Society had awarded me the Victoria Gold Medal, at a time when they were unaware whether I was alive or dead, and when the success of my expedition was unknown. This appreciation of my exertions was the warmest welcome that I could have received on my first entrance into civilization after so many years of savagedom: it rendered the completion of the Nile sources doubly grateful, as I had fulfilled the expectations that the Geographical Society had so generously expressed by the presentation of their medal *before* my task was done.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

COMPUTATION OF MR. BAKER'S OBSERVATIONS

Heights of Stations above the Mean Level of the Sea determined by Boiling-water Observations by S. W. BAKER, Esq. computed by E. DUNKIN, Esq. of Greenwich Observatory.

	Foot
Tarrangollé	2047
Obbo	3480
Shoggo	3770
Asua River	2619
Shooa	3619
Rionga's Island	3685
Karuma, below falls	3737
" south of falls.	3796
South of Karuma, at river level	3794
M'rooli, river level, junction of Kafoor	3796
West of M'rooli, on road to Albert Lake	4291
Land above lake, east cliff	4117
Albert N'yanza, lake level	2448
Shooa Morru, island of Patooñ	2918
Gondokoro	1636

The above heights will be found to differ considerably from those given by Mr. Baker in his letter, written from Khartoum in May, 1865, and published in the *Times* newspaper in June. This arises from Mr. Baker having corrected his observations, whilst in the interior of Africa, from what have since proved erroneous data: the above are the correct computations of the same observations.

Remarks on the Thermometer B.W. used by Mr. S. W. BAKER in determining Heights. By Staff-Commander C. GEORGE, Curator of Maps, Royal Geographical Society.

THIS thermometer was one of the three supplied by the Royal Geographical Society to Consul Petherick, in 1861, and was made by Mr. Casella.

At Gondokoro, in March, 1862, it was lent to Mr. Baker, who made all his observations with it and brought it back safe: it has, therefore, been in use about $4\frac{3}{4}$ years.

On November 9th, 1865, Mr. Baker returned it to the Royal Geographical Society, and it was immediately taken to Mr. Casella, who tested its accuracy by trying its boiling point, in nearly the same manner as Mr. Baker had made his observations. The result by two independent observers was that the boiling point had increased in its reading by $0^{\circ}\cdot75$ in $4\frac{3}{4}$ years, or $0^{\circ}\cdot172$ yearly.

On November 23d the thermometer was again tested by Mr. Baker at the Kew Observatory. The observation was made under the same conditions as those near the Albert N'yanza, as nearly as it was possible to make it.* The result gave the thermometer $0^{\circ}\cdot80$ too much at the boiling-point.

The readings of the thermometer have, therefore, been *too much*; and by *reducing* the readings, it *elevates* all positions at which observations were made.

Table No. 1.—In this Table the error obtained at Kew Observatory has been treated like that of a chronometer, the error being assumed increasing and regular.

Table No. 2. is to correct the height, computed by Mr. Dunkin, using the quantity taken from Table No. 1.

Table No. 3 is the final result of the observations for height, corrected for instrumental error.

* By immersion in boiling water.

TABLE No. 1

Table for Increased Reading of Thermometer, using 0°·80 as the Result of Observations for its Error

Month	1861	1862	1863	1864	1865
January . . .	—	0·143	0·314	0·487	0·659
February . . .	—	·157	·328	·501	·673
March . . .	0·000	·172	·344	·516	·688
April . . .	·014	·186	·358	·530	·702
May . . .	·028	·200	·372	·544	·716
June . . .	·043	·214	·387	·559	·730
July . . .	·057	·228	·401	·573	·744
August . . .	·071	·243	·415	·587	·758
September . .	·086	·257	·430	·602	·772
October . . .	·100	·271	·444	·616	·786
November . .	·114	·285	·458	·630	0·800
December . .	0·129	0·300	0·473	0·645	—

TABLE No. 2

At the elevation of 3,500 feet, 1° equals about 520 feet, from which the following—

°	Feet	°	Feet	°	Feet
1·0 . . .	520	·7 . . .	364	·3 . . .	156
·9 . . .	468	·6 . . .	312	·25 . . .	130
·8 . . .	416	·5 . . .	260	·2 . . .	104
·75 . . .	390	·4 . . .	208	·1 . . .	52

TABLE NO. 3

Date	Name of Place	Approximate Position		Reading of Thermometer, B. P.	Temperature	Height		
		Latitude	Longitude			Baker	Dunkin	Kew Correction
April 13, 1863	Tarrangallé (Latoeka)	4 30 S.	32 55 E.	208.5	89	Foot	Foot	Foot
May 6, "	Obbo (camp)	4 40 "	32 31 "	200.0	76	2003	2047	189
" 12, "	Shoggo (Farajoke)	3 32 "	32 32 "	205.5	75	3365	3480	194
Jan. 12, 1864	Asua River	3 12 "	32 11 "	207.5	82	3843	3770	196
" 15, "	Shooa	3 4 "	32 4 "	205.8	82	2543	2619	256
" 22, "	Rionga's Island, 80 feet above river	2 18 "	32 9 "	205.7	84	3522	3619	258
" 25, "	Karuma, below falls (Atada)	2 15 "	32 26 "	205.6	82	3400	3685	259
" 31, "	Karuma, south of falls, on road to M'rooli	2 10 "	32 29 "	205.5	84	3637	3737	259
" 31, "	Karuma, south of, at river level	1 53 "	32 26 "	205.4	84	3708	3796	260
Feb. 21, "	M'rooli, river level junction of Kafoor	1 38 "	32 20 "	205.5	82	3706	3794	260
Mar. 9, "	West of M'rooli, on road to Albert Lake	1 13 "	31 24 "	204.5	80	3695	3796	265
" 12, "	Land above lake, forming east cliff	1 15 "	30 51 "	204.8	80	4254	4291	271
" 14, "	Albert N'yanza, lake level	1 14 "	30 50 "	207.8	84	4085	4117	271
April 7, "	Shooa Morru (Island Patookan)	2 16 "	31 55 "	207.0	84	2388	2448	272
Mar. 21, 1865	Gondokoro*	4 54 "	31 46 "	200.2	86	2843	2918	277
						1592	1636	363
								1999

* Dr. Bellet, in the "Sources of the Nile," published in 1860, from page 30 to 36, investigates the levels of the Nile from Cairo to Gondokoro; at page 36 he makes the latter place 1011 feet above the level of the sea—a remarkable confirmation of the above.

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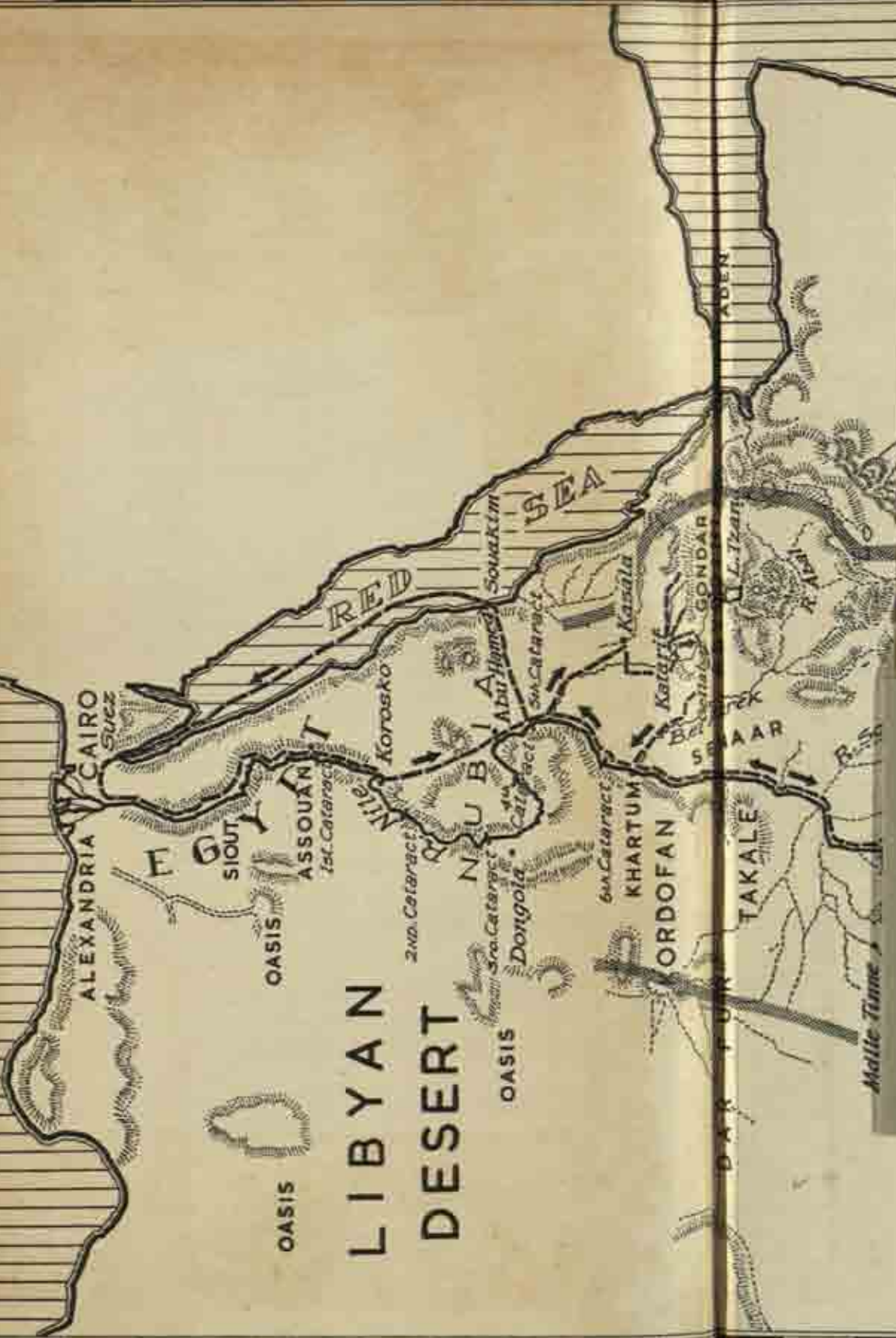
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